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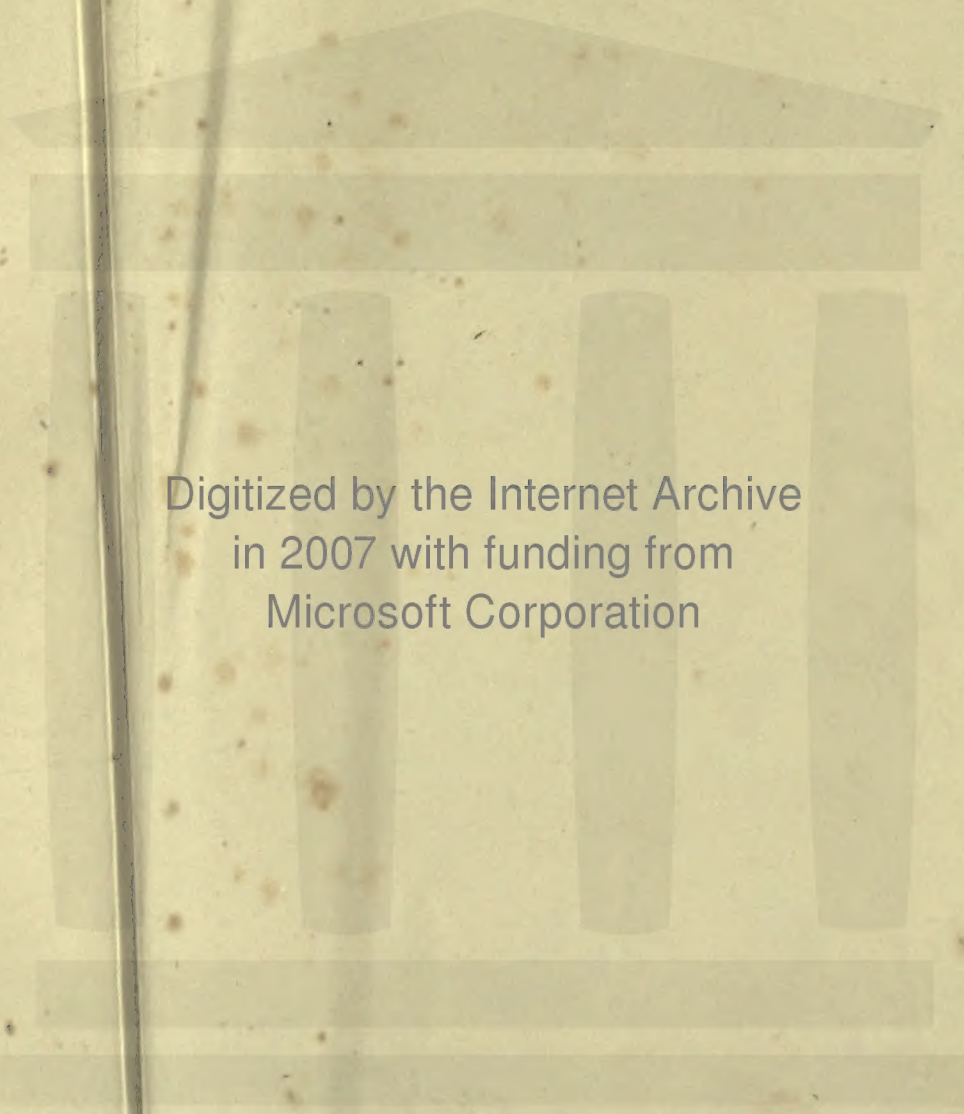


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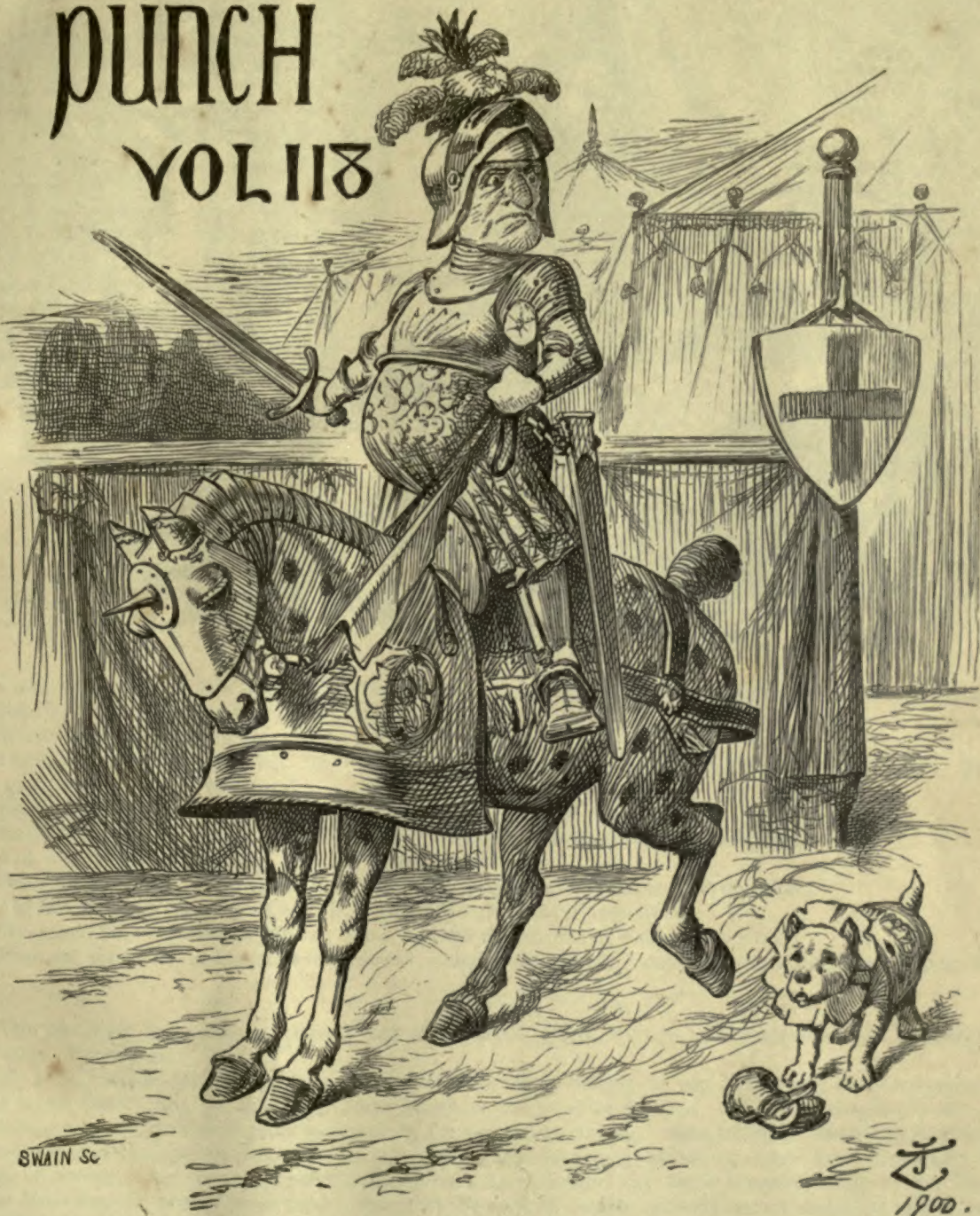






# PUNCH

## VOL 118



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PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 10, BOUVERIE STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.  
1900.





AP  
101  
P8  
1900





IT was a nice frosty day in late July. The Chief, after a two hours' turn of inspection in the saddle, was engaged in breaking fast with a nipping and an eager air.

"What is that cheering in camp?" he asked of a member of his Staff.

"Distinguished-looking civilian, Sir," replied the Officer, "just come up by the new Laing's Nek route. Getting a great reception from the men."

"Pass properly signed?" asked the Chief.

"Seems to have got through without one, Sir. Just showed his card, and came straight on."

"And what was the name that had this magic power?"

"Well, Sir, if I may venture to say so, there can only be one answer to that question."

"Not Mr. PUNCH?" cried the Chief, in a flash of incredulous illumination.

"The same, Sir," replied the Officer; "and he begs the honour of a short audience."

"Then say that I am at his immediate service," replied the Chief; "and we must arrange to postpone the battle for a bit."

"And how goes the world at home?" said the Greatest Little Soldier to the Greatest Little Civilian, after a warm exchange of greetings.

"My Lord," replied Mr. PUNCH, "the country is rather more obliged to you than I can ever remember its being to anybody in my time. But no doubt you have heard of the relief of London. Well, the shouting is off just now, and the bunting has gone to the cleaners to get ready for your home-coming. Meanwhile, we await the finishing strokes with perfect patience; tempered, perhaps, by a paltry prejudice in favour of seeing a few guns captured; merely as mementoes, of course. But you yourself, my Lord, must have noticed the curious secretiveness of the Boer nature in regard to this class of portable bric-à-brac. However, the best of human systems cannot command perfect success, as they say at the War Office. And the mention of that Institution reminds me that the country, which is not in a mood for forgetting, looks to you and your Chief of Staff for a few home truths in a certain quarter on your return. Apart from the immediate fruits of victory, your splendid work and the generous sacrifice of England's best blood will not have been without their reward if we take to heart the lesson we have learned against the future's needs. You have saved us, my Lord, in a tight corner; it must, and shall, be the business of those at home to whom the nation entrusts her destinies to invent a better system, which shall have no use for tight corners at all."

At this juncture the eloquence of the Distinguished Civilian was interrupted by an A.D.C., who approached and saluted.

"Commando of two thousand, Sir, just brought in under guard."

"Who took them?" asked the Chief.



"Sergeant of the Dublins, Sir, on outpost duty, reports that he surrounded them with a picket of twelve."

"Good for the ould country," replied the Chief; "but what are the actual facts?"

"Commandant has another story, Sir, which you might like to hear."

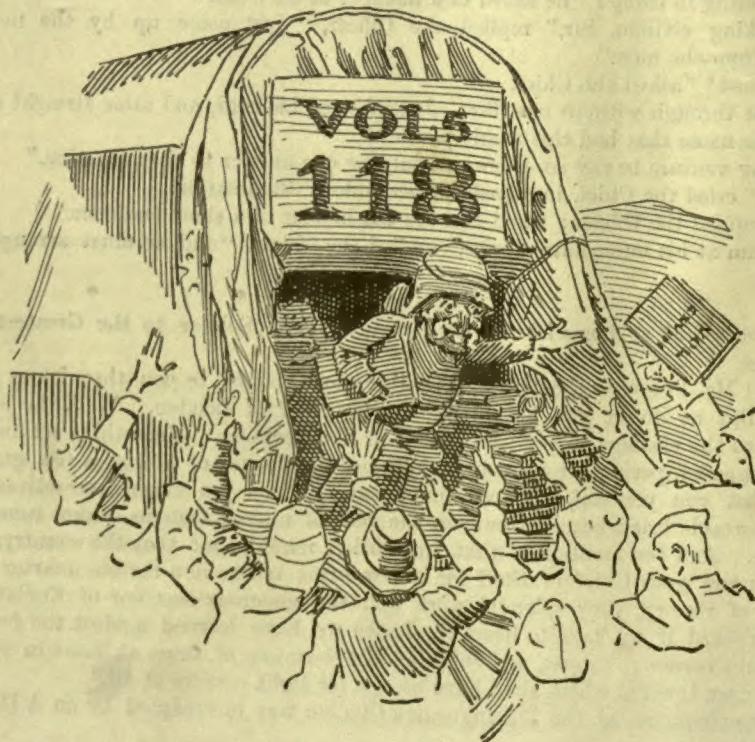
"Have him brought round," said the Chief.

Briefly, the statement of the Boer leader went to show that his commando had yielded not to physical force but to moral pressure, under the following remarkable circumstances. With their recognised aptitude for acquiring information of events in our camp almost prior to their occurrence, they had heard of the arrival of Mr. PUNCH and the fresh enthusiasm with which his presence had inspired the British troops. His mere name had long been associated in the minds of the Boers with a holy awe which did credit to their limited intelligence. And now he had appeared in the midst of an army already confident of ultimate triumph, and, according to rumour, had brought with him, under cover of a private ambulance waggon, a species of ammunition so constructed as to render those who employed it invulnerable to attack, and to guarantee a holocaust of the enemy at every discharge. Against these conditions the Boers had concluded that it was not good enough to prolong the struggle, and had accordingly come in to surrender their arms.

"Believe me," said the Chief when the Commandant had withdrawn under escort with a bottle of champagne and a brace of Havanas, "believe me that I am delighted to accept any assistance, even from unofficial sources, which may tend to accelerate the conclusion of this war. I speak, therefore, in no spirit of petty envy when I say that I sincerely trust that you have not, in a moment of absent-mindedness, brought into camp any form of ammunition which is not permitted by the unwritten laws of international courtesy. The propriety of lyddite has been called in question: but it would seem to be entirely negligible in its effects as compared with the explosive which you are understood to have introduced. May I ask for a description of its character?"

"My Lord," replied the Sage, "it would not hurt a child. Indeed, it is less a detonative than a kind of food for the thoughtful mind; if I may say so, a sort of potted charivari. I had intended it as a light delicacy for your sick and wounded. But I hope also that there is stuff in it to suit strong men; and I am sure that only a bad conscience, or a digestion unlubricated by humour, has any need to fear its effects. You will, I hope, permit me to distribute it, with my best love and profoundest admiration, among your gallant troops. As a proof of good faith, each packet bears on its exterior the modest assertion that it is my

## "One Hundred and Eighteenth Volume."







Charles Keene. "The Year 1888"

## TO ALL AND SINGULAR!

We drink to you in the Loving Cup, wishing you, with all our heart, a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

**PUNCH.**

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If my Nautical Retainer is a little belated in his remarks on EDMUND GOSSE's *Life and Letters of John Donne* (HEINEMANN), he assures me that this solid and enduring addition to the storehouse of English literature can well afford to wait till the vanities of the season have had their little vogue. Two massive tomes; yet are they light as air in the hand. So with the gravity of the matter, handled with a devout erudition which still betrays the manifest heart of wit. It is a fascinating figure, this of the prodigal poet, who could never quite "disculp" himself (as he would say) of the follies of his fescennine period (as Mr. GOSSE would say), yet ended in the odour of a Deanery, the most pious and popular of English divines. As a poet, there is something most attractive in his studied aloofness from his kind. Of all stars of the Elizabethan galaxy, SHAKESPEARE, DRAYTON, and the rest, he deigned to notice only one. It was Big BEN, whose admiration for him was coloured by a very perfect candour; as when he said that "DONNE, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging," and "for not being understood, would perish." From such shadows of oblivion, which DONNE half courted and half shunned, "expecting all along," in the words of his biographer, "to be ultimately

pushed up the slopes of Helicon, faintly resisting," one can imagine no man more fitted to rescue him than the author of these most charming volumes.

THE BARON DE B. W.

## CONGRATULATIONS.

CHER MONSIEUR.—Vous avez entendu dire que M. LUDWIG et moi nous sommes disputés à Gênes sur des choses de peu d'importance, une vraie querelle d'Allemand. Eh bien! C'était vite finie, la querelle. Au premier buffet nous nous rencontrâmes. Moi je demandais un bock, et lui *ein Glas Bier*. Et l'Italienne n'aurait jamais compris si un brave monsieur ne lui avait pas traduit ces mots, si faciles, d'ailleurs, à comprendre. Comme ça, comme dit l'illustre SHAKESPIR, "*one toucheth off the nature do all the world kind*," M. LUDWIG et moi nous sommes désormais inséparables. Et le monsieur, l'Italien, c'est aussi un de vos collaborateurs, M. BUONARROTI. Quelle chance!

Nous sommes venus ici, à Nice, tous les trois, et nous nous empressons de vous envoyer, à l'occasion de l'agrandissement de votre magnifique journal, toutes nos félicitations.

AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE.

Freundliche Glückwünsche!

LUDWIG MÜLLER.

Mille felici auguri!

LEONARDO TIZIANO BUONARROTI.

## Nigger News from Transvaal.

DE British hab got alongside o' Modder. But they habn't got no Farder.





"WELL, FREDDY, GOING OUT TO MEET THE BOERS?"  
 "ER—ER—NO. I NEVER GET ON WELL WITH STRANGERS!"

#### THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER.

(For the use of Commanding Officers at the front. Framed after the latest pattern.)

I.

From General A., investing town of X., to General B., in command of defending force.

MY DEAR B.,—What delightful weather this is, to be sure! I hardly ever remember to have seen the crops looking better at this time of year. You and your men are in the best of health, I trust? Possibly the mosquitoes may be troubling you; in this case I would recommend the application of a little ammonia. As your game-larder may be not particularly full just now, I am sending you five brace of ostriches; please accept them with my warmest compliments, and believe me, most sincerely yours, A.

P.S.—I almost forgot to mention that some of my fellows mean to drop a few shells in your direction about 5 P.M. to-day. Would that hour suit you? I do hope the noise will not disturb you, but you will understand that I am bound to give my men a little occupation now and then.

(Reply.)

MY DEAR A.,—Our best thanks for the ostriches, safely to hand. Thanks also for your kind enquiries; all of us are in the best of health. Would you think me very rude if I asked you to put the shelling an hour earlier? The fact is, that five o'clock is our tea-time, so that we might miss seeing your performance, which would be a real pity. There's nothing we enjoy so much as to watch your guns ploughing up the earth half-a-mile or more away—it's as good as a play, and simply

convulses us all with laughter. So do begin a bit earlier, and oblige yours very sincerely, B.

P.S.—Some of my chaps complain that they're getting a bit bored here. So, just to humour them, we shall make a little sortie to-night, if you've no objection. Unless I hear from you before then, you may expect us about ten o'clock.

II.

From General A. to General B.

DEAR SIR,—As you are aware, I have carried on this siege with the utmost regard to etiquette, and so far my courtesy has been reciprocated. The fact increases my regret at the grave breach of this principle which was committed by your force in last night's attack. In a word, Sir, some of the ruffians under your command actually employed the bayonet, with the result that no less than five of my men were severely injured! I cling to the belief that this outrage was committed without your cognisance; but none the less you must be held in some degree responsible. My Government, at my request, is telegraphing a formal complaint to each of the European Powers. And I must insist on a full and immediate apology from yourself. Yours faithfully, A.

P.S.—It would simplify matters if you would surrender at once.

(Reply.)

SIR,—If your fellows choose to get in front of my men's bayonets, they must take the consequences.

Yours truly, B.

P.S.—Why don't you all run away at once? You'll have to, sooner or later.

III.

General A. begs to inform General B. that, in spite of his protest, another outrage was committed yesterday by General B.'s force. A shell was fired by them which actually burst. None of the ammunition employed by General A. behaves in this way. The time for apologies is past, and General A. must now insist on a prompt and unconditional surrender.

(Reply.)

Go to blazes.

(At this point the correspondence terminates.)

A. C. D.

AFFAIRS IN NEWFOUNDLAND.—As matters stood just at Christmas time, Premier WINTER had ten men of the Government Party, and another twenty-five were divided between the Opposition. "Owing," said the *Times*, "to the ice blockade of the coast, a general election is impossible before the end of May." Evidently a bad look-out for Premier WINTER, who, if he in no way differs from other winters, will have quite disappeared by the commencement of Spring.





A SOLILOQUY.

Tragedian. "CHEAP! HA, HA! WHY IN MY TIME THEY THREW THEM AT US!"





## SOUTH AFRICA. 1900.

*A Happy New Year for the Transport Department.**"YOUR MAIL, SIR. AND PLEASE, SIR, THE 'EAVY THINGS IS A COMIN' IN A CART!"*

## TO MR. PUNCH IN HIS NEW YEAR'S SUIT.

*(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)*

HAIL, best of free-lance laughing-men, most admirable Punch,  
Amidst our Fleet Street favourites the pick of all the bunch!  
Behold me in your presence, Sir, devoted and sincere,  
With loyal heart to pledge your health throughout the coming year.

Oh, age it cannot wither you, and custom cannot stale  
Your infinite variety of jest and quip and tale.  
Though some be frail and tottering you keep your sturdy gait,  
A ruddy, hearty gentleman of more than fifty-eight.

Full-voiced, erect and merry-eyed, and hale and debonair,  
And fashionably garmented you take the morning air;  
And if, where'er you turn your back, we must observe your  
hunch,

Well, what of that? less oddly backed you wouldn't be our  
Punch.

You visited your tailor, Sir; his measure he unreeled,  
And smiled at the circumference that truthful tape revealed:  
"The cut shall be the same old cut—I think we know your  
taste;

But, oh, you need some inches more," he added, "round the  
waist."

"A gentleman of fifty-eight—forgive the simple truth—  
Must recognise that slinness is the attribute of youth;  
And he who laughs at everyone and everything on earth  
Must look to pay in corpulence the penalty of mirth."

"I own I felt a tightness here," 'twas thus that you replied,  
"When lately in my laughing fits I held each aching side.

I failed to note the flying years, for in my heart I clung  
To all that made life happier when you and I were young."

"But, since your tape has found it so, so let the suit be made;  
No girth that comes of laughing much should make a man afraid.  
And, as for me, the larger garb in which I shall be dressed  
Will give me ampler limits still for merriment and jest."

And so, in this your New Year's suit we look upon you now,  
As right and bright a gentleman as ever made his bow.  
And ever, as you greet your friends, your twinkling eyes  
proclaim

That in the fuller measurement your spirit is the same.

So take from one who loves you well, however poor it seem  
'Mid all the showered eulogies, this tribute of esteem.  
And, though his words be few and weak, I pray you, Sir, unbend,  
And own him, what he fain would be, your servant and your  
friend.

R. C. L.

## BETTER THAN LYDDITE.

THE alacrity with which the War Office has accepted Sir BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's patriotic offer to go to the front in South Africa affords pleasing proof of the bursting of the hide-bound traditions of the Department. The strategy is as novel as it is simple, and will prove effective. It is intended that on the eve of any engagement with the Boers, the Sheffield knight shall be sent forth to address them in the trenches. Judging from what takes place in the House of Commons in similar circumstances, it is confidently reckoned that the trenches will be rapidly emptied.

H. W. L.

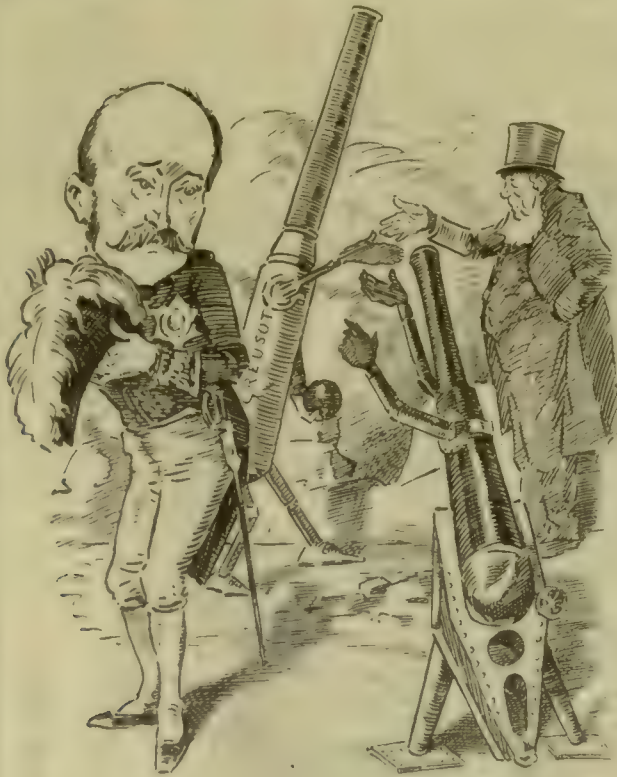
NEW ISSUE.—Nothing ought to be easier to "float" than a "Cork Company." Even when "in low water" it would still be buoyant.





THE NEW COLOURS.





G. H. Harter

## A QUESTION WITHIN RANGE.

*Field Post (to the Secretary for War).* "MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP TO SAY WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR SENDING OUT LITTLE CHAPS LIKE ME TO FIGHT AGAINST GREAT HULKING FELLOWS LIKE THAT?"

## LITTLE QUEENIE'S GUIDE TO DOLLISHOUSE ETTIKET.

(A Complete Manual of Nursery Manners and Customs.)

## PREFIS.

SEVERIL Members of my Famaly and other Friends have been so delighted with my Book on Cookery for Children that they have begged me to do a simular handbook on Ettiket in Nursery Cerkels, which is sawly neded in surtan nurseries which I will not name here, tho *their own consciences* will tell them who.



(R.H.)

What dreadful sollysisms do we not see habichuly comitted in our intercoarse with Dolls and other denisons of the Nursery, and alas not by groanups only, who cannot be expected to know any beter at their age—but by Children which is a truly mellowely reflection!

A sollysisim is somthing so apauling and mysterius that you genaly never even know you have done it till afterwords, when you rithe—but what is the use of rithing when it is too late?

Few peple have the least idear how sharp Dolls are realy, and how qickly they nottice goatcheries and things which show that you are unfamilliar with the usiges of Good Society, and this Book is intended to teech you how Dolls expect to be

treted, and how they like things done, and other maters which nobody is suposed to know untill it is explained to them.

I have made it up a little from a real groanup book of Ettiket, and a little from things Mother says somtimes, but most of all from what I have been told by leding dolls with whom I am in intamit turns, so you may be sure that everything it tells you is corect, even if PAULEAN PRATT does say *she* never heard of all these rules before, because PAULEAN'S own dolls are (I mene it qite kindly) desided frumps—but *what* a shame when *she* thinks they are so smart, and they are dear things and it is not *their* falt if they are comon!

This is all of the Prefis.

## I.—ABOUT SOSHUL POSISHUN.

I hope none of you would make such a vulger error as suposing that a Doll's rank in Sosiety is what she cost, which is nothing whatever to do with it.

For a Doll may posses a welth of golden hare, and luvly close that take off, and eyes that open and shut, like my sister MABLE'S last burthday one, and yet she may never be admited into the realy exclueiv set, where all of my dolls are.

And sumtimes a Doll of plane unasuming apearence (and praps not even wax) is in reality the grandest pursonage in the Nursery, besides being the dearest.

Most groanups (except my Uncle MONTY, who is a very simpathysing purson) never *can* understand this, so they think it is wity and amusing to make funy remarks on dolls before their faces, which is abomnible bad form, and how would they like it if dolls said outloud what they thought about *them*?

A groanup nealy always fansies just because he is old he is obbliged to be funy, and it is mostly *such* a failure! but my advice to all my young reders is to folow their doll's exampel and not nottice it.

Now I am going to tell you all about Sosiety and who are in it and who are outside the pail.

According to the best orthoritos Sosiety consists of any doll that is capabel of sitting down, whether it is wax, china, wood, or any other material, but it is sumtimes difficult to draw a line and there are severil excepsions.

For instans, the little man and woman in a weather house that come out if it is wet or fine are surtinly in Sosiety, tho they cannot sit down, and the tin niger playing his banjoe on a chaire is sitting down, but not striely in Sosiety.

Proibly you would think it is just the same with a mekanical Clown, even if, when he is properly wound up, he can draw a portrate of Mr. Punch on a rele peice of paper. But Nursery Sosiety is mutch more tollerent than it used to be and now welcoms Clowns and Artists and anybody who is entertaning. A Jester who can turn somersets in whatever posishun he is put is sure to be poppular and goes everywhere not because he is a gentelman but because he is clever.

But it is diferent with injaruber figures, espeshaly if all the wind is out of them, and a fur munkey like Cusin LILY'S, though surtantly rather swete, is, I'm *afraide*, not in Sosiety.

In some rather old-fashuned Nurseries, like PAULEAN'S, the peple in the dollishouse are on caulng terms with Mr. and Mrs. NOA and all the famaly in the Ark. But I have ofun herd Mother say what is the good of keeping up intimasies of that sort when you have abslutely nothing in comon?

Resently there have sprung up severil funy kinds of stufed dolls which are rather puzling. One is cauled a "Goliwog," out of a pikehurbook, and has furry hare and a black face, with large white shirtbutons insted of eyes, and he may be a gentelman without looking it. Another is the Humty-Dumty Doll, which is a mere callico egg with arms and legs, and I realy couldnt send any lady doll I cared about into diner with him, myself.

As to the peple in the Toy Farm and the little man who bellongs to the Grosery, they are of corse in Trade, so I need not say more about *them*, except that they *may* be invited to



Primrose Leeg Fate, where all classes can mix without counting as an introdukshin.

Now I have told you all I can think of about Sosiaty, so I will stop for the present as I want to fede my dawmouse, so I must reserve some hints on Cauling and Entertanin for another time.

Your loving little QUEENIE.

(N.B.—The Composition and Spelling of the above revised and corrected by F. ANSTLEY.)

### "HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

ONCE more has the Druriolanian Army, led by Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, Commander-in-Chief and Managing Director of everything in general at Drury Lane, been true to its great traditions of the Augustan Age, with the result that the combined forces, under the command of thoroughly experienced Scenical, Musical, Dramatical, Costumical, Terpsichorean and Vocal Generals, Colonels, and Captains, have scored a success for the Pantomime of 1899, entitled *Jack and the Beanstalk*, written by two Dramatic ARTHURS, STURGESS and COLLINS. And 'scored a



Dame Trot and Bobbie.

success' is the right phrase, as no small part of the "go" of the Pantomime is due to Mr. J. M. GLOVER, the energetic Handy-Man, *chef d'orchestre*, and singing-prompter, who has a word for everybody when anybody wants it, and who boldly, at the very commencement, "faces the music" and the vast audience, deliberately (if he ever does anything deliberately) turning his back on the stage, and leading *Rule Britannia* and the National Anthem, orchestra and spectators all standing, with such a thoroughness as sets the whole auditorium applauding and cheering vociferously, thus putting them in such good humour with themselves and with everybody on and off the stage, that by this manoeuvre the success of the entertainment is, at its very commencement, more than half secured.

But where would this Drury Lane Pantomime be without DAN LENO as *Dame Trot*, the mother of *Bobbie*, played by that fairy-like comedian, Master HERBERT CAMPBELL? They have not, as yet, been provided with a duet, which used to be one of the chief features in former years; and, as yet, they have not drawn largely on their store of humour; but, doubtless, soon they will be "too funny for words," and will be keeping the house in fits of laughter by "business only."

The part of *Jack* is capitally played by handsome and shapely Miss MOLLY LOWELL (taking at short notice the place of Miss NELLIE STEWART), who has for his lady-love Miss MABEL NELSON as the lively *Princess Pretty I*. Miss RITA PRESANO, with taking



Awfully Grand Procession in the Land of Harmony.

song and chorus, is *Prince Racket*. Madame GRIGOLATI flies several times half-way up to the gallery, as if she were about to join the Gods, but on seeing the place full up to the ceiling, she changes her mind and "returns to the stage."

The Giants are a prodigiously stolid set. Mr. JOHNNIE DANVERS is a funny King with dance and song. *The Cow*, by Messrs. QUEEN and LE BRUN, keeps alive the four-footed animal tradition of pantomime in the most admirable manner.

The Seventh Scene, *The Land of Harmony*, by W. HAREFORD, ends the first part brilliantly, and his artistic fancy and taste, displayed in the permutations and combinations of colour and design, merit the highest praise. Admirably effective, too, is the scene entitled *The End of the Century*, by Mr. BRUCE SMITH.

The lateness of the hour prevented us from welcoming our old friend *Clown*; doubtless he, with his harlequinade party, will arrive twenty minutes earlier ere a few nights have



Dame Trot and the Cow. Messrs. Queen, Le Brun, and Dan Leno.

elapsed. Nobody, with a chance of refreshment in view, wants to be in a theatre after eleven. The Pantomime will have to be cut; and as it was, a considerable portion of the audience were compelled to take the matter in their own hands, and, there and then, "cut it." Pictures by HARRY'S SON. F. C. B.

SAD CASE.—An eminent literary man, who for many years had invariably used quills, found himself without a single one; and so, in order to gain his livelihood by the sale of various articles, he was reduced to steel pens!!





## A WISE CHILD.

*Inspector.* "SUPPOSE I LENT YOUR FATHER £100 IN JUNE, AND HE PROMISED TO PAY ME BACK £10 ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, HOW MUCH WOULD HE OWE ME AT THE END OF THE YEAR? NOW THINK WELL BEFORE YOU ANSWER."

*Pupil.* "£100, SIR."

*Inspector.* "YOU'RE A VERY IGNORANT LITTLE GIRL. YOU DON'T KNOW THE MOST ELEMENTARY RULES OF ARITHMETIC!"

*Pupil.* "AH, SIR, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW FATHER!"

## JANUARY 1.

I AM resolved this year to try  
A series of new plans, whereby  
I shall become so good and true,  
That I shall not know what to do.

I am resolved this year to make  
One piece of toast at breakfast take  
Both jam and butter—on such wise  
A man may best economise.

To smoke cigars my mind is set  
(Discarding pipe and cigarette),  
They can't be smoked a whole day long,  
Especially if dark and strong.

Cheap clarets will I set aside,  
By good champagne I will abide.  
The extra outlay doubtless will  
Be balanced by the doctor's bill.

In point of fact this year I am  
Determined to discard the sham  
Of cheap economies which tend  
To large expenses in the end. G. C. P.

**ROSES AND TARTARS.**—MR. PLOWDEN, presiding at the Marylebone Police Court, flashed a precious gleam of unconscious humour through the murk of Christmas week. He had before him a case where a butcher had a row in the street with a stranger, and in the course of subsequent proceedings discovered that he was entertaining—not an angel, but—a professional boxer unawares. MR. PLOWDEN, commenting on this disconcerting incident, sententiously observed, "The unexpected often happens, and people sometimes find that instead of being on a bed of roses they have caught a Tartar." Another eminent, though probably mythical judicial authority, with his famous address to the prisoner at the bar leading up to the remark, "Instead of which, you go about the country stealing ducks," must look to his laurels.

**MUSICAL NOTE.**—Q. What is the best way of mending a young chorister's cracked voice? A. Why, with a tonic chord.

## A NEW LEAF.

COME, New Year, a welcome guest,  
Fill with hope each anxious breast,  
Whom the sad old ninety-nine  
(Every rosy promise breaking,)

Left in its ill-starred decline  
Disillusioned, scarred and aching;  
Come! a new and healing balm  
Spread around of peace and calm.

Give glad Springtime once again,  
With the song-birds' merry strain;  
Let her bring us flowery May,

Then give place to radiant Summer,  
With red roses and sweet hay  
(Though, alas! the birds are dumber).  
Then proud Autumn give once more,  
Rich with ripe and golden store.

So your course we now forecast,  
And, when you retire at last,—  
All your promises proved vain,  
Curst, discredited, detected,—  
We those pleasures yet again,

Which in you we once expected,  
Credulous will hope to see  
In another century. A. J. C.

"A 'TIRING' TIME."—When the dressing-bell rings.









“PRO P





2

TRIA!"









**T** WAS in the days when the tide of Mahdism which had swept in such a flood from the great Lakes and Darfur to the con-

finances of Egypt had at last come to its full and even begun, as some hoped, to show signs of a turn. At its outset it had been terrible. It had engulfed Hicks' army, swept over GORDON and Khartoum, rolled behind the British forces as they retired down the river, and finally cast up a spray of raiding parties as far north as Assouan. Then it found other channels to east and to west, to Central Africa and to Abyssinia, and retired a little on the side of Egypt. For ten years there ensued a lull, during which the frontier garrisons looked out upon those distant blue hills of Dongola. Behind the violet mists which draped them, lay a land of blood and horror. From time to time some adventurer went south towards those haze-girt mountains, tempted by stories of gum and ivory, but none ever returned. Once a mutilated Egyptian and once a Greek woman, mad with thirst and fear, made their way to the lines. They were the only exports of that country of darkness. Sometimes the sunset would turn those distant mists into a bank of crimson, and the dark mountains would rise from that sinister reek like islands in a sea of blood. It seemed a grim symbol in the southern heaven when seen from the fort-capped hills by Wady Halfa.

Ten years of lust in Khartoum, ten years of silent work in Cairo, and then all was ready, and it was time for civilisation to take a trip south once more, travelling as her wont is, in an armoured train. Everything was ready, down to the last pack-saddle of the last camel, and yet no one suspected it, for an unconstitutional Government has its advantages. A great administrator had argued and managed, and cajoled; a great soldier had organised and planned and made piastres do the work of pounds. And then one night these two master spirits met and clasped hands, and the soldier vanished away upon some

business of his own. And just at that very time Bimbashi HILARY JOYCE, seconded from the Royal Mallow Fusiliers, and temporarily attached to the Ninth Soudanese, made his first appearance in Cairo.

NAPOLEON had said, and HILARY JOYCE had noted, that great reputations are only to be made in the East. Here he was in the East with four tin cases of baggage, a Wilkinson sword, a Bond's slug-throwing pistol, and a copy of *Green's Introduction to the Study of Arabic*. With such a start and the blood of youth running hot in his veins, everything seemed easy. He was a little frightened of the General, he had heard stories of his sternness to young officers, but with tact and suavity he hoped for the best. So leaving his effects at Shephard's Hotel he reported himself at head-quarters.

It was not the General but the head of the Intelligence Department who received him, the Chief being still absent upon that business which had called him. HILARY JOYCE found himself in the presence of a short thick-set officer, with a gentle voice and a placid expression which covered a remarkably acute and energetic spirit. With that quiet smile and guileless manner he had undercut and outwitted the most cunning of Orientals. He stood, a cigarette between his fingers, looking at the newcomer.

"I heard that you had come. Sorry the Chief isn't here to see you. Gone up to the frontier, you know."

"My regiment is at Wady Halfa. I suppose, Sir, that I should report myself there at once."

"No, I was to give you your orders." He led the way to a map upon the wall, and pointed with the end of his cigarette. "You see this place. It's the Oasis of Kurkur—a little quiet, I am afraid, but excellent air. You are to get out there as quick as possible. You'll find a company of the Ninth, and half a squadron of cavalry. You will be in command."

HILARY JOYCE looked at the name, printed at the intersection of two black lines, without another dot upon the map for several inches round it.

"A village, Sir?"

"No, a well. Not very good water, I'm afraid, but you soon get accustomed to natron. It's an important post, as being at the junction of two caravan routes. All routes are closed now of course, but still you never know who *might* come along them."



"We are there, I presume, to prevent raiding?"

"Well, between you and me, there's really nothing to raid. You are there to intercept messengers. They must call at the wells. Of course you have only just come out, but you probably understand already enough about the conditions of this country to know that there is a great deal of disaffection about, and that the Khalifa is likely to try and keep in touch with his adherents. Then again, *SENOUSSI* lives up that way"—he waved his cigarette to the westward—"the Khalifa might send a message to him along that route. Anyhow, your duty is to arrest everyone coming along, and get some account of him before you let him go. You don't talk Arabic, I suppose?"

"I am learning, Sir."

"Well, well, you'll have time enough for study there. And you'll have a native officer. All something or other, who speaks English, and can interpret for you. Well, good-bye—I'll tell the Chief that you reported yourself. Get on to your post now as quickly as you can."

Railway to Bahiani, the post-boat to Assouan, and then two days on a camel in the Libyan Desert, with an Ababdeh guide, and three baggage camels to tie one down to their own exasperating pace. However, even two and a half miles an hour mount up in time, and at last, on the third evening, from the blackened slag-heap of a hill which is called the *Jebel Kukur*, *HILARY JOYCE* looked down upon a distant clump of palms, and thought that this cool patch of green in the midst of the merciless blacks and yellows was the fairest colour effect that he had ever seen. An hour later he had ridden into the little camp, the guard had turned out to salute him, his native subordinate had greeted him in excellent English, and he had fairly entered into his own.

It was not an exhilarating place for a lengthy residence. There was one large bowl-shaped grassy depression sloping down to the three pits of brown and brackish water. There was the grove of palm-trees also, beautiful to look upon, but exasperating in view of the fact that Nature has provided her least shady trees on the very spot where shade is needed most. A single wide-spread acacia did something to restore the balance. Here *HILARY JOYCE* slumbered in the heat, and in the cool he inspected his square-shouldered spindle-shanked Soudanese, with their cheery black faces and their funny little pork-pie forage caps. *JOYCE* was a martinet at drill, and the blacks loved being drilled, so the *Bimbashi* was soon popular among them. But one day was exactly like another. The weather, the view, the employment, the food, everything was the same. At the end of three weeks he felt that he had been there for interminable years. And then at last there came something to break the monotony.

One evening, as the sun was sinking, *HILARY JOYCE* rode slowly down the old caravan road. It had a fascination for him this narrow track, winding among the boulders and curving up

the nullahs, for he remembered how in the map it had gone on and on, stretching away into the unknown heart of Africa. The countless pads of innumerable camels through many centuries had beaten it smooth, so that now, unused and deserted, it still wound away, the strangest of roads, a foot broad, and perhaps two thousand miles in length. *JOYCE* wondered as he rode how long it was since any traveller had journeyed up it from the south, and then he raised his eyes, and there was a man coming along the path.

For an instant *JOYCE* thought that it might be one of his own men, but a second glance assured him that this could not be so. The stranger was dressed in the flowing robes of an Arab, and not in the close-fitting khaki of a soldier. He was very tall, and a high turban made him seem gigantic. He strode swiftly along, with head erect and the bearing of a man who knows no fear.

Who could he be, this formidable giant coming out of the unknown? The precursor possibly of a horde of savage spearmen. And where could he have walked from? The nearest well was a long hundred miles down the track. At any rate the frontier post of *Kurkur* could not afford to receive casual visitors. *HILARY JOYCE* whisked round his horse, galloped into camp, and gave the alarm. Then, with twenty horsemen at his back, he rode out again to reconnoitre.

The man was still coming on in spite of these hostile preparations. For an instant he had hesitated when first he saw the cavalry, but escape was out of the question, and he advanced with the air of a man who makes the best of a bad job. He made no resistance and said nothing when the hands of two troopers clutched at his shoulders, but walked quietly between their horses into camp. Shortly afterwards the patrols came in again. There were no signs of any Dervishes. The man was alone. A splendid trotting camel had been found lying dead a little way down the track. The

mystery of the stranger's arrival was explained. But why and whence and whither—these were questions for which a zealous officer must find an answer.

*HILARY JOYCE* was disappointed that there were no Dervishes. It would have been a great start for him in the Egyptian army had he fought a little action on his own account. But even as it was, he had a rare chance of impressing the authorities. He would love to show his capacity to the head of the Intelligence, and even more to that grim Chief who never forgot what was smart, or forgave what was slack. The prisoner's dress and bearing showed that he was of importance. Mean men do not ride pure-bred trotting camels. *JOYCE* sponged his head with cold water, drank a cup of strong coffee, put on an imposing official tarboosh instead of his sun-helmet, and formed himself into a court of inquiry and judgment, under the acacia tree.

He would have liked his people to have seen him now, with his two black orderlies in waiting, and his Egyptian native officer at his side. He sat behind a camp table, and the prisoner,



An hour later he had ridden into the little camp.



strongly guarded, was led up to him. The man was a handsome fellow with bold grey eyes and a long black beard.

"Why!" cried JOYCE, "the rascal is making faces at me."

A curious contraction had passed over the man's features, but so swiftly that it might have been a nervous twitch. He was now a model of Oriental gravity.

"Ask him who he is, and what he wants?"

The native officer did so, but the stranger made no reply, save that the same sharp spasm passed once more over his face.

"He has come far, Sir. A trotting camel does not die easily. He has come from Dongola at least."

"Well, we must get him to talk."

"It is possible that he is deaf and dumb."

"Not he. I never saw a man look more all there in my life."

"You might send him across to Assouan."

"And give some one else the credit! No, thank you. This is my bird. But how are we going to get him to find his tongue?"



The prisoner looked at Joyce with his inscrutable eyes and occasionally twitched his face at him, but never opened his mouth.

"Well, I'm blessed!" cried HILARY JOYCE. "Of all the impudent scoundrels! He keeps on winking at me. Who are you, you rascal? Give an account of yourself! D'y'e hear!"

But the tall Arab was as impervious to English as to Arabic. The Egyptian tried again and again. The prisoner looked at JOYCE with his inscrutable eyes and occasionally twitched his face at him, but never opened his mouth. The Bimbashi scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Look here, MAHOMET ALI, we've got to get some sense out of this fellow. You say there are no papers on him?"

"No, Sir, we found no papers."

"No clue of any kind?"

The Egyptian's dark eyes skirted the encampment and rested on the cook's fire.

"Perhaps," said he, "if the Bimbashi thought fit——." He looked at the prisoner and then at the burning wood.

"No, no, it wouldn't do. No, by Jove, that's going too far."

"A very little might do it."

"No, no. It's all very well here, but it would sound just awful if ever it got as far as Fleet Street. But, I say," he whispered, "we might frighten him a bit. There's no harm in that."

"No, Sir."

"Tell them to undo the man's Galabceah. Order them to put a horse-shoe in the fire and make it red-hot."



The prisoner watched the proceedings with an air which had more of amusement than of uneasiness. He never winced as the black sergeant approached with the glowing shoe held upon two bayonets.

"Will you speak now?" asked the Bimbashi, savagely.

The prisoner smiled gently and stroked his beard.

"Oh, chuck the infernal thing away!" cried JOYCE, jumping up in a passion. "There's no use trying to bluff the fellow. He knows we won't do it. But I *can* and I *will* flog him, and you tell him from me that if he hasn't found his tongue by to-morrow morning, I'll take the skin off his back as sure as my name's JOYCE. Have you said all that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you can sleep upon it, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!" He adjourned the Court, and the prisoner, as imperturbable as ever, was led away by the guard to his supper of rice and water.

HILARY JOYCE was a kind-hearted man, and his own sleep was considerably disturbed by the prospect of the punishment which he must inflict next day. He had hopes that the mere sight of the koorbash and the thongs might prevail over his prisoner's obstinacy. And then again he thought how shocking it would be if the man proved to be really dumb after all. The possibility shook him so that he had almost determined by daybreak that he would send the stranger on unhurt to Assouan. And yet what a tame conclusion it would be to the incident! He lay upon his angareeb still debating it when the question suddenly and effectively settled itself. ALI MAHOMET rushed into his tent.

"Sir," he cried, "the prisoner is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, Sir, and your own best riding camel as well. There is a slit cut in the tent, and he got away unseen in the early morning."

The Bimbashi acted with all energy. Cavalry rode along every track. Scouts examined the soft sand of the wadys for signs of the fugitive. But no trace was discovered. The man had utterly disappeared. With a heavy heart HILARY JOYCE wrote an official report of the matter and forwarded it to Assouan. Five days later there came a curt order from the Chief that he should report himself there. He feared the worst from the stern soldier, who spared others as little as he spared himself.

And his worst forebodings were realised. Travel-stained and weary he reported himself one night at the General's quarters. Behind a table piled with papers and strewn with maps the famous soldier and his Chief of Intelligence were deep in plans and figures. Their greeting was a cold one.

"I understand, Captain JOYCE," said the General, "that you have allowed a very important prisoner to slip through your fingers."

"I am sorry, Sir."

"No doubt. But that will not mend matters. Did you ascertain anything about him before you lost him?"

"No, Sir."

"How was that?"

"I could get nothing out of him, Sir."

"Did you try?"

"Yes, Sir, I did what I could."

"What did you do?"

"Well, Sir, I threatened to use physical force."

"What did he say?"

"He said nothing."

"What was he like?"

"A tall man, Sir. Rather a desperate character, I should think."

"Any way by which we could identify him?"

"A long black beard, Sir. Grey eyes. And a nervous way of twitching his face."

"Well, Captain JOYCE," said the General, in his stern inflexible voice, "I cannot congratulate you upon your first exploit in the Egyptian army. You are aware that every English officer in this force is a picked man. I have the whole British army from which to draw. It is necessary therefore that I should insist upon the very highest efficiency. It would be unfair upon the others to pass over any obvious want of zeal or intelligence. You are seconded from the Royal Mallows, I understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I have no doubt that your Colonel will be glad to see you fulfilling your regimental duties again."

HILARY JOYCE'S heart was too heavy for words. He was silent.

"I will let you know my final decision to-morrow morning."

JOYCE saluted and turned upon his heel.

"You can sleep upon that, you beauty, and a good night's rest may it give you!"

JOYCE turned in bewilderment. Where had those words been used before? Who was it who had used them?

The General was standing erect. Both he and the Chief of the Intelligence were laughing. JOYCE stared at the tall figure, the erect bearing, the inscrutable grey eyes.

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

"Well, well, Captain JOYCE, we are quits!" said the General, holding out his hand. "You gave me a bad ten minutes with that infernal red-hot horse-shoe of yours. I've done as much for you. I don't think we can spare you for the Royal Mallows just yet awhile."

"But, Sir—But—!"

"The fewer questions the better, perhaps. But of course it must seem rather amazing. I had a little private business with the Kabbabish. It must be done in person. I did it, and came to your post in my return. I kept on winking at you as a sign that I wanted a word with you alone."

"Yes, yes. I begin to understand."

"I couldn't give it away before all those blacks, or where should I have been the next time I used my false beard and Arab dress? You put me in a very awkward position. But at last I had a word alone with your Egyptian officer, who manages my escape all right."

"He! MAHOMET ALI!"

"I ordered him to say nothing. I had a score to settle with you. But we dine at eight, Captain JOYCE. We live plainly here, but I think I can do you a little better than you did me at Kurkur."

*A Conan Doyle*

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NOTICE.—NEXT WEEK, "MR. PUNCH'S EXTRA PAGES" WILL CONTAIN A STORY ENTITLED

"THE OPERATIC STORES,"

BY

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.





*Aunt Gease.* "WHAT A LOVELY FOOTBALL! DID SANTA CLAUS PUT THAT IN YOUR STOCKING LAST NIGHT?"

*Harry.* "No, he couldn't get it in. So he put it in MA'S INSTEAD!"

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

*Edited by OWEN SEAMAN (Mr. Punch's Depreciator).*

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.  
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### II.—THE BODLEY HEAD SECTION.

JANUARY 1ST.—[New Year's Day].

Potential in the marble's maiden womb,

The living forms of BEONAROTTI lay;

So in the New Year's Alpha dimly loom

The orb'd infinitudes of Omega!—*W-ll-m W-t-s-n.*

2ND.—The Key-note of a woman's nature is palpabilities.

*G-rge Eg-rt-n.*

3RD.—To make a differentiative discernment twixt nature and artifice, rouge and the blood's red, were, in the poignant phrase of your proletariat, mere tommyrot.—*M-x B-rb-hm.*

4TH and 5TH.

The smouldering pit with plaudits rang;

COPHETUA beamed above the throng;

A popular comedian sang

The Absent-minded Beggar's song.

COPHETUA wagged his kingly head;

"'Tis well!" he cried aloud—and paid;

Then, in his beard, "Give me," he said,

"The Present-bodied Beggar-maid!"

*J-hn D-rs-n.*

6TH.—Seen in perspective there is symmetry even in the suburb, futile else. Peckham has this dominant note.

*Mrs. M-g-n-l.*

7TH.—The virtue of salad, even as of woman, lies in the dressing of it.—*Mrs. P-n-l (Autolyous).*

8TH.—Garlic for piquancy, as rue for remembrance. Do but

draw one root athwart the hollow of the crater twice and yet again, and the savour thereof, though it were scarce a suspicion, shall attain to harmonize the whole.—*The same.*

9TH.—Dryads, why wring ye so your vacant arms?

What means this pallor of grief that stirs

Mute lips that once could shame the claret's red?

It is because NARCISSUS,

Whose face was as a limpid moon

Framed in the dark of dusky conifers,—

NARCISSUS,

Who used to kiss us,

And call us each his own and only elf,

And ever let the anxious public know

That this was so—

NARCISSUS,

Losing his balance, owing to the charms

Of his own loveliness,

Has had an accident and drowned himself,

And with his hairpins all the marge is strewn.

*R. le G-l-ane.*

10TH.—[Penny Post instituted, 1840.] To a spirit like my own, inebriate of Georgian impulse, there is something of strangely exhaurent in this so-called Victorian Era. Its urgency is too much for me. Already am I sub-conscious of a rather senility.

*M-x.*

11TH.—Epitaph on a rooster, shot in mistake for a cock-pheasant.

Count no man monk because he wears a cowl!

Had I but closer looked thou hadst not passed!

I took thee for thy better, tumid fowl!

And there thou liest, irrevocably grassed!—*W. W-t-s-n.*

12TH.—Detached in his equilibrium, the Young Child is instinct with the ichor of Spring. He flushes a rhythmic pink, the implicit Colour of Life.—*Mrs. M-g-n-l.*

13TH. A little louder. Thank you. So again.

Shall I go out and slay my brother Boer?

Unflinching rhetorician! strong to floor

The irresponsible casuistry of CAIN!—*W. W-t-s-n.*

14TH.—Ah! the Discord of key-notes jangled! 'Tis the apple of Discord, flung on the nuptial board of the first wife, EVE, that has poisoned the wells of marriage, and still lies at the very root of the Divorce Court.—*G-rge Eg-rt-n.*

15TH.—[British Museum opened, 1759.]

Avid of knowledge, you that blindly rage

After the Undiscoverable Clue,

Walk up and see yon antic sarcophagus;

Its rusty mummy was as wise as you!—*W. W-t-s-n.*

16TH.—The vital movement of grass is toward reticence rather than greenness.—*Mrs. M-g-n-l.*

17TH.—By the highways you shall see its embroidery, a mute protest to shame the scarlet resonance of the pillar-box. That is why the vestries will not have it so.—*The same.*

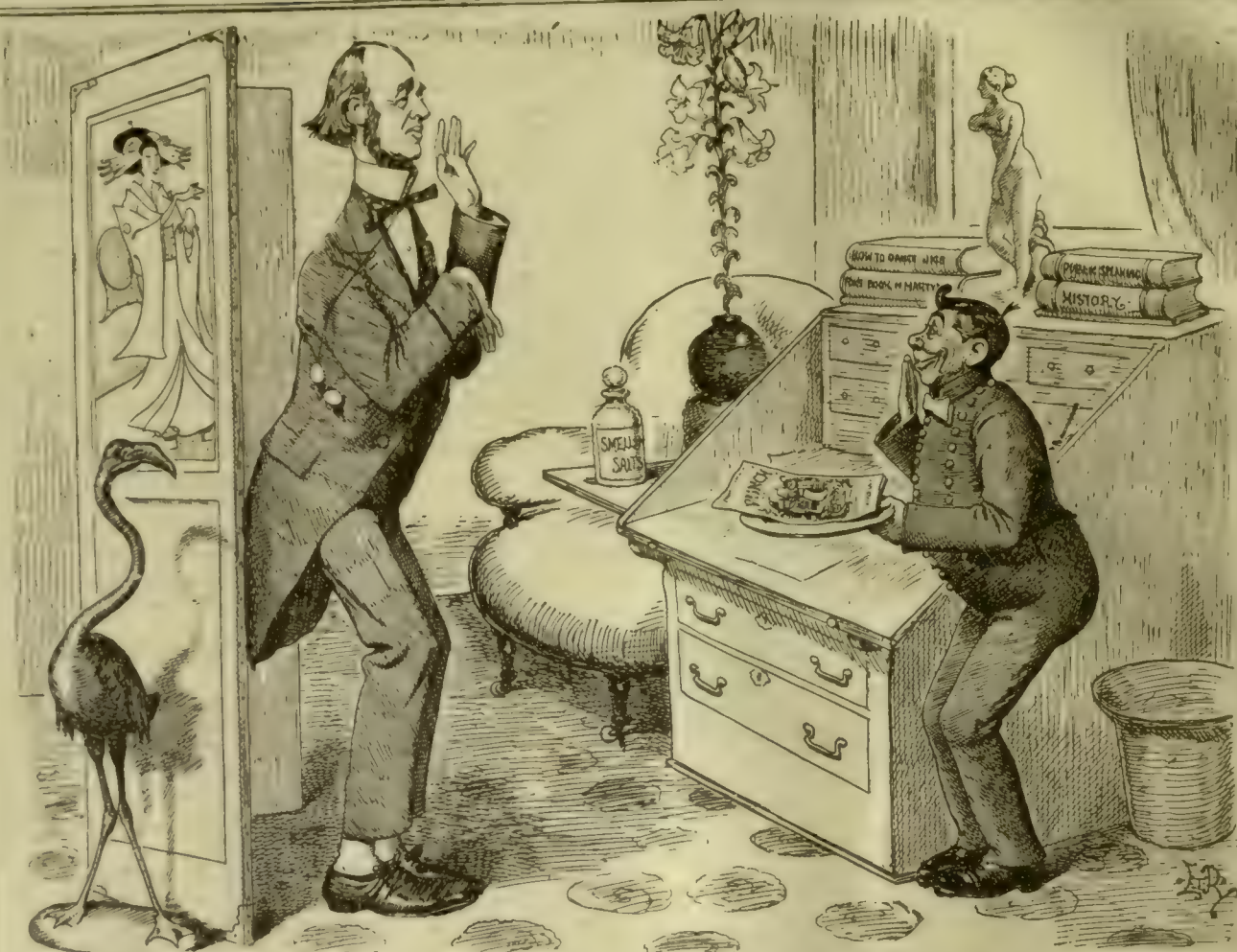
(To be continued.)

*Who's Who* (A. & C. BLACK) appears in the New Year without the name of Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN, under whose editorship this ancient annual renewed its youth like the eagle. The many excellencies he introduced into the volume, advancing it at a bound to the position of one of the most popular, indeed the most indispensable of its class, are preserved in the new issue. It is brought as nearly up to date as the exigencies of the Press and the happy condition of a large circulation will permit. At the price it is, in view of its intrinsic value, a marvel of cheapness.

HENRY LUCY.

TWO VERY DIFFERENT PERSONAGES.—"A Society man" and "a Secret Society man."





### CELEBRITIES (MORE OR LESS) AT HOME. No. III.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. HARTPOLE LCKY, P.C., M.P.

*Buttons.* "THIS WEEK'S—(pff)—PUNCH, SIR! SOMETHINK SPESHUL, SIR! 'SCUSE ME, SIR, THERE'S A—(pff)—PICKER O' YOU, SIR! WUSS THAN HEVER, SIR!"

*Mr. Lcky.* "TAKE IT AWAY, YOU HORRID RUDE VULGAR LITTLE BOY!"

#### PRINCIPAL QUESTIONS FOR 1900.

Did the first of January commence the twentieth century?  
 What will the War Office have to say when the House meets?  
 What will happen—day-by-day—in South Africa?  
 Who will win the Boat Race?  
 What will be the Income Tax?  
 Who will come in first for the Derby and all the other races?  
 Will the season escape being duller than ditchwater?  
 What will be the state of the Moors?  
 How about the harvest?  
 Will anyone visit the Paris Exhibition?  
 What will happen during the cricket and football season?  
 What will be the fluctuations hour by hour of the Stocks?  
 Will any game be quite worth the candle?  
 Will the thirty-first of December end the nineteenth century?  
 A. A'B.

#### SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

As thro' the Strand at eve we went,  
 The Strategist and I,  
 We taught the Generals their trade,  
 We threw VON MOLTKE in the shade,  
 We knew the reason why,  
 O blessings on the good conceit  
 That never need be shy,  
 That could each difficultly meet,  
 And every peril spy.  
 For when we came to Charing Cross,  
 And would have passed thereby,  
 A Brompton 'bus we did not see  
 Came at us—bang!—  
 And where were we?  
 The Strategist and I! E. T. H.

"A GOOD JUDGE" (to attend to the Doppers after the War).—M. Q. DE BOER-REPAIR.

O. K. ALL ROUND.—ROBERTS of Kandahar and KITCHENER of Khartum.

#### HOW TO TREAT A DIARY.

A few Practical Suggestions.

DETERMINE to write little, but regularly.  
 Make up your mind never to omit any thing of importance, and to shun trivialities.  
 Remember that what you write may be of signal service to your possible biographer.  
 Select for preservation your deepest thoughts and most original imaginations.  
 Criticise with discrimination your contemporaries with a view to the judgment of posterity.  
 Let the keeping of your diary be your first duty and your last.  
 Recollect at every crisis in your life that your action will have to be recorded without fear or favour.  
 In fact, take the greatest possible care of your diary, making it the cherished companion of your leisure.  
 Keep your diary in a safe place. Lose it. Forget to buy another. A. A'B.



## AURI FAMES.

[A lady's gold watch-chain has been found in the gizzard of a fowl.]

MYSTERIOUS bauble! Come, read me the riddle,

What is the link 'twixt thy present and past?

What was thy story before in his middle  
A fowl of the farmyard concealed thee  
at last?

Back in thy past can I picture a present,  
Bringing delight to a rapturous maid?  
Haply the days of thy youth were as pleasant

Then, when but golden, as now when inlaid.

Was it thy fault that thou 'seapedst from her pocket?

Was it misfortune—the way they are built?

Kept she no watch on thee? Was it a locket

Led thee astray by example of gilt?

I adjure thee by Æsop! Come, answer my question:

How dost thou come to be aiding digestion?



The 'cello

A.C. Gould



PATRIOTISM DAMPED; OR, THE VACARIES OF A LONDON FOG.

## YOUTH AND THE STAGE.

[Mr. Langton, Solicitor, in applying for Licences on behalf of Mr. Beerbohm Tree to enable children to appear in the forthcoming production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, explained that elaborate arrangements had been made for the well-being, physical and educational, of the little ones. —*Daily Telegraph*, January 3.]



■ Of course, further arrangements will be made. An eminent German Professor will look after the musical education of the children.



And a distinguished French scholar will teach the children the French language.



English, Roman History, and Astronomy will be taught by the most eminent Professors.



While Mr. Beerbohm Tree will undertake to personally conduct his little charges through the Lowther Arcade at least once a week.





### EVERY MAN TO HIS TRADE.

*Exasperated Amateur (to Pace-Caddie, who will not go on ahead). "Go along, MAN. Do get on TOWARDS THE NEXT GREEN."*  
*Caddie. "BEG PARDING, CAPTAIN. YOU WON'T NEVER GET HIM TO GO NO MORE THAN TWENTY YARDS AHEAD. 'E'S BEEN USED TO CARRYING A FLAG IN FRONT OF A STEAM-ROLLER."*

### "CELEUM NEC ANIMUM MUTANT."

(Diary of one who "can't stand winter time in England.")

**Monday.**—Horridly cold to-day. Great mistake to be in England at the end of December. All very well to talk about spending Christmas at home and that kind of thing, but give me sunshine. Frost and snow very seasonable things no doubt, but if winter isn't an agreeable season in England, it's no great praise of the weather to call it seasonable.

**Tuesday.**—Colder than ever. Sleet too this morning. This is too bad. Why not go to Paris? Not very far after all, and it's always bright in Paris. Pack up at once: 11 A.M. Victoria.

**Wednesday.**—Have gone to Paris. Colder than London. Raining too. No use to stay in Paris when it rains. Perfectly ridiculous to take all the trouble to cross the Channel in order to find exactly the same weather the other side. Can't bear being ridiculous. Shall go on to Florence. Florence very agreeable place, I'm told. Shall start to-morrow.

**Thursday.**—Florence. Ugh! Fifteen degrees of frost, and not a fire in the hotel. Heated throughout with hot water. Bah! Give me an English coal

fire, and I can put up with cold weather. But without a fire—. Shall go on to Rome first thing to-morrow morning. Often heard of people "wintering in Rome." Sounds promising. Guide book says agreeable winter climate. Rome by all means.

**Friday.**—Agreeable winter climate! Might as well be in Russia. No fires again, of course. "All the passages heated," says the Manager. But I can't live in a passage. And the smoking-room is like an ice-house. Am sitting at this moment in an overcoat with my legs wrapped up in a rug and my hat on. Shall try Naples to-morrow. "The Sunny South." Just the place to cure the cold which I feel coming on. Continue notes at Naples.

### DEPRESSION.

*Disconsolate Author (gazing at list of subscriptions to the Transatlantic Refugees' Fund). Afraid my new book will stand no chance of selling, now. With all the public devoting their money to good works—*

*Cynical Friend (interrupting). You naturally think that yours wouldn't stand much chance, eh?*

### THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM.

(A Prophecy for 1901.)

**SIR WILLIAM** will occupy the Woolsack. The toast of the London County Council will be received with wild enthusiasm.

The French Generals will be entertained at the Service Clubs.

Bicyclists will be the most popular of men.

**SHAKESPEARE** will be played to crowded houses without scenery.

The public will insist upon giving their military rank to officers of the Militia.

The Northern lines will be admonished to imitate the sterling qualities of the Southern railways.

The Poet-Laureate, amidst universal approbation, will accept a peerage.

The pen will have the pull of the pencil in journalism.

The House of Lords will, in the popular estimation, be considered infinitely superior to the House of Commons.

The army will attract more attention than the navy.

And, finally, the statue to **CROMWELL** outside Westminster Hall will be supplied with an entirely pleasing pendant in the shape of a stone effigy of **KRÜGER**.





UNAUTHORISED WAR RUMOURS. THE LENO LIGHT HORSE!

THE REPORT THAT COLONEL SIR DANIEL LENO IS RAISING A SQUADRON OF LIGHT HORSE, DRAWN ENTIRELY FROM STAGE CIRCLES, IS, WE REGRET TO LEARN, WITHOUT FOUNDATION.





### VERY SMALL TALK.

"EAR-RINGS ARE ALL THE GO NOW, AREN'T THEY? ARE YOU HAVING YOUR EARS PIERCED?"

"No. I'M ONLY HAVING THEM BORED!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR ALGERNON WEST is the youngest-mannered Methuselah of my Baronite's acquaintance. His *Recollections*, just published by SMITH, ELDER, go back to the year 1832. As a matter of fact he was born a few months before the Reform Bill. He remembers running a race with the Duke of WELLINGTON down the grass hill to Walmer Castle. Presumably he came in last, and his otherwise innocent childhood was marred by vengeful feeling. However that be, he soon after flung a stone which nearly hit the Duke—probably on the nose, that being a prominent feature. "Who taught you to throw stones?" said the Duke, standing the onslaught with the cool courage that might be expected from the victor of Waterloo. "My brother RICHARD, Sir," said ALGY, with faint but distinct reminiscence of ADAM'S answer when challenged with respect to the missing apple. "I hope," said the Duke, and this is worth remembering, "he will soon teach you something better than that." Striking testimony to Sir ALGERNON'S antiquity appears on the face of another sentence, also relevant to Walmer Castle. "Lord and Lady SALISBURY and their children, who were always running on the beach without shoes and stockings, spent some Autumns there." The idea of Lord SALISBURY running on the beach without shoes or stockings is alluring; but on closer consideration it is probable that Sir ALGERNON alludes only to the children. There is, later on, another unexpected peep at the Prime Minister, who was the Recollector's contemporary at Oxford. He once played a rubber of whist in a room at Peckwater with Lord ROBERT CECIL, our Premier's then style; WARD HUNT, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer; and a fourth

partner, the four averaging six feet three inches in height. Sir ALGERNON regretted, when he went to Oxford, that he had not adopted cricket instead of rowing. Of course, if he had, he would have been long stop. Great-great-grandson of ROBERT WALPOLE, married to a granddaughter of Earl GREY, young WEST was predestined for a public career. He early found the opportunity, and he has filled it not only with distinction, but with a tact and good-nature that have made him troops of friends. There are few men living who have come in closer contact with a singularly wide range of men, and have not made a single enemy. A shrewd observer, with a keen sense of humour, always living with interesting people, Sir ALGERNON'S *Recollections* form one of the pleasantest books of the year. They bubble with good stories admirably told. The descriptions of London in his youth and early manhood are a sort of prose *Trivium*.

Miss BRADDON has always proved herself an able writer of society stories, and in *His Darling Sin* (SIMPKIN & Co.) she once again empties the whole bag of tricks for our edification. The *coulisses* of the fashionable world, its great ladies and their little scandals, murders and law-suits, and those marvellous detectives who vie with LECOQ himself in their instinctive knowledge of everything about everybody,—they are all here again; and if the prolific authoress's legion readers still clamour for these things, who shall complain that she supplies them?

In *Singing-Time* (CONSTABLE) the prettiest of compliments is paid to the intelligence of children by Messrs. ARTHUR SOMERVELL and L. LESLIE BROOKE. Miss AGNES REPLIER, in one of her delightful songs, has pictured the polite tolerance with which the children of SOUTHEY must have listened to that poet when he came into the nursery to recite "How the water comes down at Lodore;" the masterpiece which he had dedicated to his innocent boy. Whoever these other more fortunate children may be, the happy "VIOLA, KATHERINE, and LEONARD," to whom the book before us is inscribed, it is clear that both musician and artist have thought that no work in their honour could be too well done. In their labour of love they have even taken the pains to do all the letters and notation with their own hands. It is a song-book good to sing from, whether you are child or only wish you were. So says my Nautical Retainer.

*Villette* comes as the third volume of the Hayworth Edition of the life and works of CHARLOTTE BRONTE and her sisters, issued in monthly numbers by SMITH, ELDER. Like its predecessors it is beautifully printed, neatly bound, and illustrated with some interesting plates. Amongst them is a portrait of M. HÉGER, CHARLOTTE'S principal in the school at Brussels, who figures largely in the novel. (His face, by the way, bears a strong resemblance to that of the late Sir GEORGE BOWEN in rare moments of repose.) Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD continues her introductory notes. After the carping at *Jane Eyre*, it is pleasant to find that *Villette* meets with fuller favour at the hands of a sister novelist. From the chapter my Baronite learns what is news to him, that Graham Bretton—Dr. John—is a character founded upon a study of Mr. GEORGE SMITH, still at the head of the great firm which, not having had the opportunity of consulting Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, laid the world under everlasting obligation by publishing *Jane Eyre*. The secret out, it is no wonder to find Dr. John one of the most charming characters in the novel.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

### AGREED ALL ROUND.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Daily News*:

YOUNG JOURNALIST.—Contributor leading weeklies, editorial experience, seeks CHANGE. Specialities: fire-arms and shooting.

Doubtless the desire for a change is fully shared by the colleagues of the advertiser. In the necessarily limited area of the average newspaper office, a journalist, however young, whose specialities are fire-arms and shooting, is an embarrassing companion.



## 'INTS ON 'UNTING BY 'ARRY.



IF YOU SEE WILLOWS ALONG A FENCE, PUT ON THE FACE: THERE'S SURE TO BE A DITCH —



OR, MIGHT BE A CANAL!

## ONE AMONGST OUR NEW-YEAR HOPES.

THE New Woman lived in a part of the town  
Where very few men lived, and none of them good;  
Her wardrobe was scant—only one yellow gown—  
And scorn of mankind was her best-relished food.

Her joys were akin to the Red Indian's joys,—  
With flourishing scalp-knife the war-path to pace;  
She never went shopping for nick-nacks or toys,  
But only to meet with and slap a man's face.

She had but one purpose—to "live her own life"  
In ecstatic self-worship—a sweet little plan!  
There, there, where all lovely emotions were rife,  
With ANNUNZIO, IBSEN, and chaste SUDERMANN!

In the clear amber light of their teaching, she wrote  
Books as freely as water in gutters will flow,  
Which newspapers noticed but seldom dare quote—  
From dread of Lord CAMPBELL'S enactment, you know!

Some admirers she had who preached about Art  
And the sin of restricting its beautiful right  
To prefer, at its pleasure, the scavenger's cart  
To Oberon's car, and in dirt find delight.

*Chacun à son goût.* Art still goes on its way  
With a palette unladen with gamboge and chrome,—  
And, I fancy, will go on for many a day,  
When no one will find the New Woman "at home."

Even now, is she living or dead?—the deuce knows;  
And further, I'm sure, I don't care to enquire.  
She came like a scent that was not of the rose—  
I hope she's dissolved in congenial mire!





Small Boy (who is somewhat cramped for room). "ARE YOU STILL THERE, BILLY? I THOUGHT YOU WAS LOST."

### CAT'S MEAT SQUARE.

"[At an inquest held on a child that died of consumption, it was stated in evidence that eight people lived in the room, ten feet square, the rent of which was 4s. 6d. a week. The room was situated in a notoriously overcrowded district known as 'Cat's Meat Square'.]"—*Daily Paper.*

Air! Air! Air!

What is a body to breathe?

The pestilential vapours that poison and seethe

In Cat's Meat Square?—

Hark to the cry of despair!

Look at the misery there!

Children are lying

In sickness, and crying—

Children are dying

For air.

Eight in a horrible den,

Reeking of sickness and death!

Crowded together like sheep in a pen,

Stifling for want of a breath.

Women and children and men

Huddled like rats in a hole,

And lulled, as they lie,  
By the agonised cry  
Of a perishing soul.

Air! Air! Air!

Life-giving breath of the sky!

Out on the tyrant that dares to deny

The poor his share!

Out on the monster, that rack-rents this  
sty,

This plague-stricken lair!

Justice! O Justice! How long

Ere thou rescue the weak from the strong?

How long shall the poor give their lives

To an ogre that thrives

On a crime and a wrong?

Ah! If there be laws, as they say,

And if there be hearts that can  
care,

Put an end to the horrors that darken our  
day!

Air! Give us air!

Away with these fever-dens! Sweep them  
away

With the pitiless Harpies that batten and  
prey

On Cat's Meat Square!

### THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(SOME SPECIMEN LETTERS ADDRESSED TO  
VARIOUS EDITORS.)

(Forwarded per A. A. S.)

SIR,—On December 31st, 1899, as the clock was striking midnight, we packed up our 1900th bottle of Automatic Hair-wash (which has created such a *furor* in fashionable circles, price 3s. 6d. only), and started upon the next hundred. The Twentieth Century has therefore begun. Yours obediently,

DE CAPILLE, Ltd.

SIR,—The Christian era started at 0 years 0 months 0 days 0 hours 0 minutes 0 seconds. When it was one second old, it was dated 0 years 0 months 0 days 0 hours 0 minutes 1 second A.D. I think nobody will deny this. Consequently, when it was two seconds old, it follows quite clearly that the date was 0 years 0 months 0 days 0 hours 2 seconds. Proceeding thus carefully second by second (every second is of equal importance), we shall not, I imagine, find a single opponent left to confute the contention that we are now in the 20th century.

J. Y. BABBAGE,

President of the

Statistical Babbler's Asylum.

Dated: 1900 years 1. month 5 days  
12 hours 20 minutes 15 seconds.

SIR,—I am a firm believer in the German Emperor, and a martyr to the cause of my belief. Having been further convinced by Sir COURTENAY BOYLE, and by actual experiment in counting 0, 1, 2, 3. . . up to 99, that £99 is change for a hundred-pound note, I am now starting the new century under remand. It is, I am afraid, quite clear from the bigoted turn of mind of the presiding Magistrate, that this year will be a year 0, as far as I personally am concerned. It could not, therefore, be the last year of the nineteenth century.

Yours regretfully,

Jan. 5, 1900.

AN EX-CASHIER.

DERE SIR,—I had a berthday this morn-  
yere. Daddy says i interred my tenth  
yere. Daddy says you inter a thing wen  
it is finished and dun with; i have  
therefor dun with ten and must be eleven  
by now tho i was borne in 1891 i think the  
rithmytic must be rong sumware daddy  
could not be becos he rites to the Times  
and says it is now the new sentry in sack  
the middel of nex weak alreddy. Think-  
ing yow wood like to no i am

yore loving

5 Jan. 1900.

TOMMY WROTAR.

### CONCLUSIVE.

Mr. Boskins (after reading correspond-  
ence on the subject of the commencement of  
the Century). As for me, I don't care a  
hang whether I'm a centurian or not, but  
if a man owes me a hundred pounds, I'm  
blowed if I let him off with ninety-nine.





# A COUNCIL OF PATIENCE.

SCENE.—The Camp, Iuvavay Street, Aquanum, MARQUESS OF S-LAB-REY; Mendels, MARQUESS OF L-NSH-WNE; Nestor, DUKE OF D-VNSH-RE; Ulysses, MR. CHAMBERLAIN; and others.

The ample preposition that hope makes  
In all designa begun on earth below.

Fails in the promised largeness: cheeks and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear d.

Princes,  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

*Troilus and Cressida, Act I., Scene 3.*





### THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID.

He. "AWFULLY FUNNY THING HAPPENED TO ME THE OTHER DAY. I WAS BEST MAN TO MY OWN GRANDFATHER."

She. "REALLY? HOW FUNNY! HADN'T HE EVER BEEN MARRIED BEFORE?"

### LITTLE QUEENIE'S GUIDE TO DOLLHOUSE ETTIKET.

(A Complete Manual of Nursery Manners and Customs.)

#### II.—ALL ABOUT LEVING CARDS, WHAT TO LEVE, AND ON WHO.



WHEN a new doll comes to the Nursery it is customary, provided the doll is unconnected with Trade and unobjectionable in other ways, for all the leading members of Sociaty to leve cards.

This shows they desire to be naberly and it doesn't matter whether they are "Snap" or "Animil Grab" but it is incorrect to turn them up at the corner.

Sometimes you leve cards on New cumers that, although they are not strictly

dolls, still they may be desirable acquaintances and useful people to know, like a plaster figure full of sweeties or the casteyon purson with the monybox who takes a place on the nursery mantlepiece.

But to leve a card on a mere animil, like a white rabbit or wooly cokatoo, would betray grosse ignirans of the usiges of good Sociaty.

After a sutible interval, which should never excede five minutes, the new cumer has to leve a card or a historiecle domano on each inhabbitent in return, but does not ask if they are at home which would be bad taste.

Then each inhabbitent leves another card and the new cumer leves one on them and so they go on till they are tired out.

Praps you may think there is not much sence in all this, but it is what kepes Sosiaty together.

#### ABOUT CAULING AND CONVERSATION.

When enuff cards have been left to brake the ice then it is time to begin cauling.

Let us supose it is your best doll and she wishes to pay a formel caul.

Having thuraly washed her face (unless it is paint that comes off) and put her hat strate, and seen that she has both shoes on and propaly butoned, you acompany her to wherever the new doll is and inquire if she is at home and if the anser is No, it means that she does not desire to continue the aquaintence, so you simply say 'How lukky!' and go away. At least Mother does, so it must be all rite.

But supose she is in, then you will have to do the tauking for both dolls, because they are always shy about conversing outloud.

It is most important to select just the rite toppies, as dolls hate being made to tauk about anything they don't understand, like novils and pollytics, which are never discused in really good Sociaty.

Some people, such as my sister MABLE, genally make their dolls begin with the wether, but this is a silly stuffy toppie and should be left to groanups.

What dolls do enjoy is tauking about their servants. You can make your doll say she has a purfec treshur of a cook, only she will spend most of the time lying under the kichen dresser, and how thoutless of nurse to go and leve the mekanikle pig all night in baby's cradel, and etsetra.

Then the new doll says no one would beleve the truble she has with hers, and her parlurmade is leving her just when she had lern't to dress hare to mary the plaster groom in Brother FRANKY's stabels, but servants are so inconsiderit and never studdy anybody's convience except their own, and you can go on like that ever so long if nurse is out of the room.

Then your doll asks the other has she got to know many of the naburs yet, and tells her about them how stuppid they are and what boaring parties they give, tho of corse one must go to them occasionally or they think it so unfrendly of you.

And at the end your doll says she's afrade she must be runing away, and she is always at home the second Tuseday and third Friday every other month and will the other doll remember.

Then go, being careful to leve an Animil Grab card outside, which is for the Doll's husband, if any.

If not, or a widdow, leve a 'Happy Famalies' card insted.

#### HOW TO BE AT HOME AND RECEVE CAULERS.

First you must setle when it is your doll's At Home Day, and if she has a dollshouse of her own, see that the droynroom is thuraly tidey and free from bedroom furnichur, briks, and glass marbles, which kepe on geting in whatever you do, and I beleve it is TOMMY does it.

Then unhook the front of the dollshouse, which signafies she is at home, and sit your doll on the best chare by the mantlepiece, with the teathings close by.

Never alow a puter teaset in the droynroom it is dredfully boorshuaw. Direcly the other doll is shown in, make your doll say How swete of you to come, and the other doll will probly anser she has been dying to for absalute ages only somehow one never can find time to see anything of one's rele frends.

If the cauler is a gentelman doll, he will remove his hat as a mater of corse, unless it is not ment to take off, in which case it will be qite corect for him to retane it on.

A Gentelman doll begins conversing by saying was your doll in the Park that morning, and will he see her at the Dutches of Dumpshire's to-night, and yours says she doesn't know, she has so many things on this evening—but I'm sure Mother doesn't know any dutcheses and I don't beleve Mr. BLUFFEY does ether.



Each cauler on his arival should be ofered make beleve tea and pritense cake or bred and butter.

Then you tauk as alrede explained, till the cauler gets up to take his love and your doll says must you realy be going alrede we have had no tauk at all, and after the other has left yours must say she thoutt that tiresome little man (or woman) was never going.

Unless you keep up caulering you can never expect to become realy intamit. Next time I am going to tell you all about entertaning and the propper way to manige your parties, but here I must lay down my pen as it is scoolroom tea, and I haven't washed my hands yet so no more this week from

Your loving little QUENIE.

(N.B.—The Composition and Spelling of the above revised and corrected by F. ANSTEY.)

A RETROSPECT AND REFERENCE. "Is the old min friendly?" Certainly he is, meaning General FÉVRIER up to a certain point. General FÉVRIER'S laudatory comments on the British soldier, as given by the Paris Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, were decidedly not hostile. A great General of this name, if not absolutely and entirely favourable to us, was, on one momentous occasion, decidedly fatal to our enemy. See Mr. Punch's impressive cartoon, February, 1855.



W. A. Russell.

#### THE RISE OF KING COAL.

The British Householder beseeches King Coal to come down a few shillings lower—singing:—

"Old King Coal is a merry old soul,  
And he likes his bit of fun;  
But he carried the joke a trifle far  
When he rose ten bob a ton!"

["In Edinburgh and Glasgow they have increased by about forty per cent."—*Westminster Gazette*.]



Customer. "You told me that this 'Oss 'ad won a dozen Matches agin some o' th' best 'Osses in the County. Why 'e can't trot a mile in ten minutes to save 'is life."

Dealer. "I didn't say 'e could. You never asked me what sort o' Matches. It was in Ploughin' Matches 'e took the Prizes!"

#### NOS ET MUTAMUR.

["The necessaries of life may be purchased for £2,000 a year."—*The Times*.]

At a long past day,

At a date of which

My knowledge isn't clear,

A man, they say,

Was passing rich

On forty pounds a year.

A dusty tome

He reckoned bliss,

As he conned it beside the fire

In his trim-kept home,

And he thought that this

Was all man could desire.

No doubt, he 'd see

That folk like me

Had something very far wrong with them;

But times do change,

And it would be strange  
If we didn't change along with them.

I care not, I,

For your dusty tome,

But I love the oysters at PIM'S,

And I gladly fly

From the mutton at home

To a delicate dinner at JIM'S.

The best of wine

And the best cigar

From the Caribbean Sea,

Let these be mine!

Such trifles are

Necessities to me.

The couple of thou.

That the *Times* allow

Is running it close, unless it is

Distinctly meant

To be only spent

Upon the strictest necessities.





Bernard Partridge fec.

"WELL, SAUNDERS, WHAT SORT OF WEATHER HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING WHILE I'VE BEEN AWAY?"  
 "IT'S BIN JUST SHOCKIN', MISSY. FUST IT FRIZ, AN' THEN IT THEW; AN' THEN IT SNEW; AN' THEN IT THEW AGIN AN' FRIZ ON IT!"

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### II.—THE BODLEY HEAD SECTION.

(For January, continued.)

JAN. 18TH. —The crenelled bastion sealed the sky;  
 The careless city slept below;  
 From off his vantage-seat, pardie!  
 Crash fell Sir U'MPTIO D'U'MPTIO!

His shattered members strawed the plain;  
 In vain the King cried out for dole;  
 The mounted infantry in vain  
 Essayed a mournful caracole.

The chargers held their bits and wailed;  
 The heir-apparent rived his gear;  
 Not less the total knighthood failed  
 To reconstruct their stricken peer.

J-hu D-c-ds-n.

19TH. —Khaki has the colour of secretiveness; but the robin wears a cuirass that recalls the published blood. Yet is there also a privacy of the woods, where the bird takes on the tone of his environment. The ancients felt this when they discovered a note of khaki in the flutings of Philomel. Mrs. M-y-n-l.

20TH. —Rye's<sup>1</sup> son, chi's<sup>2</sup> son, son of a gorgio<sup>3</sup> gun,  
 Romany,<sup>4</sup> rawni's<sup>5</sup> tarno<sup>6</sup>, vardey<sup>7</sup> an' gries<sup>8</sup> an' all,  
 Kollo<sup>9</sup> wi' tuv<sup>10</sup> in the puv<sup>11</sup>, and lollo<sup>12</sup> o' nock<sup>13</sup> wi' the sun:—

Dukkerin<sup>14</sup> keep 'em and bring 'em palall,<sup>15</sup> palall.  
 palall! Th-d-re W-tts-D-nt-n.

[Guide to language:—Gentleman<sup>1</sup>, gipsy-girl<sup>2</sup>, gentile<sup>3</sup>, gipsy<sup>4</sup>, lady<sup>5</sup>, gentleman<sup>6</sup>, waggons<sup>7</sup>, horses<sup>8</sup>, black<sup>9</sup>, smoke<sup>10</sup>, field<sup>11</sup>, red<sup>12</sup>, nose<sup>13</sup>, good-luck<sup>14</sup>, back<sup>15</sup>.]

21ST. Passive, through the numbing thraldom of tradition, we women hanker to vibrate to some masterful Ideal.

G-rye Eg-rt-n.

22ND. —Our beauty lies dormant till the Right One shall come for its awakening. If the Fairy Prince is late through oversight, or otherwise detained, we must go out to meet him by the way; we must encourage him to scare us into surrender.—The same.

23RD.

I hark the cry of the peoples, the little and honest and poor,  
 The plea of the Pole, the mew of the Manx, the bray of the Boer.

R. le G-ll-nne.

24TH, 25TH.—[The same: one day for each of the little peoples.]

26TH. New Atalantas, straining fast and far,  
 How shall the old Milanious hope to beat?  
 On what incalculable motor-car  
 Follow the trailing thunders of their feet?

W. W-ts-n.





## “THE OPEN DOOR.”

(And the closed eye.)

PORTUGUESE CUSTOMS OFFICER. “ANYTHING TO DECLARE? NOTHING CONTRABAND, I HOPE?”  
 ROER. “OH DEAR ME, NO!”







27TH. —Gravity is the soul of wit. — M-x.

28TH. —What is this talk of my affectations? As well might we arraign our BRUMMEL on a charge of elegant posturing. As of need there must be modes, so must there ever be men to set them. —The same.

29TH. Her purple breathing smote the air;  
"Ride forth," she said; he said, "I shall;"  
He gripped his hunter by the hair,  
And plunged to meet his Orde-al!

J-hu D-e-e-d-s-u.

30TH. 'Tis of Hebe. 'Tis of the divine parlour-maid I sing  
the quest; that happy handful of endearing trills! Ah! the  
white purity of these fifteen-carat girls! Little baggages!

R. le G-l-l-nne.

31ST. —ABDUL! Because just now elsewhere we seek  
Bloody erasure of a rankling debt,  
Lay not your tongue too lightly in your cheek!  
Shameless! I have my eye upon you yet!

W. W-t-s-u.

O. S.

OUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS TREE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, requiring a lot of little children to serve as fairies in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, applied for a licence to raise his infantry regiments. The enterprising Manager obtained the leave and licence, but, observed his agent sadly, "there will be eighteen forms to fill up." Well, they will be well filled up with good food if these be the children's forms; and if the forms mean the seats in front, surely the intended attraction will be so great as not to leave one form, or even one seat, empty.

Q. What's the use of a handle to a name?

A. Why, to turn it—to account, of course.

NEW BOOK BY A CRUSHED ONE. —*The Sorrows of Sat on.*

WARLIKE OPERATION IN TIME OF PEAS. —Shelling.

## MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



"BOBS."

AN INDIAN IDOL—AS WORSHIPPED BY MR. THOMAS ATKINS.

[THE PROPERTY OF THE BRITISH NATION.]

TO COL. R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, OF  
MAFEKING.

A MESSAGE PER KAFFIR RUNNER.

(By Zedwhyeks.)

HERE'S to you, B.-P.,  
Three times three, overseas,  
We toast you and hail you!  
Though Boers may assail you,  
They've not got you yet, undefeated B.-P.!

Thick-witted CRONJÉ  
Feared your quick repartee,  
Found his plans were disjointed  
By humour too pointed,  
And trekked to the South from gay,  
gallant B. P.

We in England agree  
You deserve a V.C.,  
For, with you for a starter,  
The foe's caught a tartar—  
In a tight place the right man's un-  
daunted B.-P.

Forty million are we  
Of the other "B. P.,"  
And we all were more happy  
If news were less scrappy  
Of you and your doings, beleaguered  
B.-P.!

Let us hear when you're free,  
And relieved shall we be!  
Send a line when you're flitting  
(Engagements permitting),  
That is, R.S.V.P., R.S.S.B.-P.!

## KIND CONGRATULATIONS.

Selected by H. D. B.

THE following congratulatory telegrams have been taken haphazard from the vast number received by Mr. Punch. Some may contain errors, due to the haste of the telegraphists.

Gratuliere zum neuen Extrablätter. Zeitung wunderschön prachtooll grosz-artig und kolossal. Und kostet nur 25 pfennig wie früher.—WILHELM WEBER, Württemberg.

Transmogrified paper unco fine. Expected niblins cost extra hawbee, or even saxeence. But still wee bit threepence as auld lang syne. Hoot awa.—DONALD MACPHERSON, Glasgow Villa, Burnsville, N.S.W.

Enchanté voir nouvelles pages. Malheureusement comprends pas mot d'anglais mais admire illustrations énormément, surtout charmant en-tête nouveau feuilletton.—DUPOUX, Paris.

Jó napot kívánok Angol ujságokat Punch. Visszontlátásra. — BORHEGYI KÁROLY JÖZSEF, Budapest.

Bellissimo giornale anche più interessante. Favorisce mandare fascicolo ogni settimana sarà senza dubbio gratis.—REGGENTI DELLA REPUBBLICA, San Marino.

Admiramos muy hermoso periodico. Todos los habitantes besan la mano de Usted.—CONCILIO de Andorra.

Muchee appreciate extly pages. Velly topside galore. Light leading. All lightee. Chin chin.—LI HUNG CHANG.

Peux pas supporter journaux finlandais. Votre journal vient d'arriver. Admirable. Habitants savent pas lire anglais. Done ai supprimé tous journaux finlandais et autorise seul le vôtre. Attends pot-de-vin habituel. Si ne reçois pas supprimerai aussi le vôtre.—GOVERNEMENT, Helsingfors, Finlande.

Send duffar of Punch price three annas, worth one lakh.—Kitmutgar of KHAN OF KALAT.

Real smart.—WASHINGTON Y. WOOD, New York, U.S.A.

Tuku usironga Punchu bulliboo. — MALIETOA, Samoa.

Nquakquak hehaw mbowow. — HILLA-BALOO, Mpala, Congo Free State.









HY, yes, Sir, I have had my ups and downs to be sure.

On our side—I've come to think of myself as an American citizen, because I happened to

be born in the island of St. Helena, and my mother was a Frenchwoman and my father an Irishman: that makes me an American, doesn't it?—I say, on our side the elevator system is the one on which fortunes are made and unmade. There's no walking upstairs in the States. You step into the elevator on the ground floor without a red; whisk goes the machine, and in ten seconds you're on the fifteenth storey and a millionaire. You step in again—whisk it goes and you are on the ground floor, a pauper. I've stepped out on the fifteenth floor twice, and I've found myself on the ground floor three times. A month ago I was there, but I heard the machinery give a click when I hit on the Great Pie Trust, and I opine that I'm about the tenth floor up just now. That's how I come to have a state cabin all to myself aboard this steamer, and that's why I'm going to ask you to honour me by sharing another bottle of boy with me.

Boy!

Don't you fear, Sir; the Pie Trust will be a big thing—the biggest thing I ever handled. Just think what it will be to control the supply of the staple comestible of twenty million souls, not counting niggers, who don't want to see any other food than pie for the rest of their natural life. And then if we can get it brought into the old country! I think I told you that my mother was born in St. Helena. I suppose that's what makes me feel that I'm English to the backbone. I never see the folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes entwined at a Music-Hall or a bazaar without feeling that blood is stronger than water, though it hasn't a chance alongside Canadian Club.

Oh, yes, Sir, I allow that I've been on the ground floor, more than once. The Guava Jelly Syndicate? Well, yes, that landed me, I allow. But how was I to know that there'd be no show

for guava jelly (made from sea-weed—pure sea-weed without any adulteration, mind you? The Grand Mammoth Operatic Combination? Well, I don't count that among my failures. I always look on it as a miss in baulk—it did well enough, to start the game.

You'll do me the justice to admit that I did my level best to see the G. M. O. C. through? What, you never heard all I did for the company? Well, I'm not surprised. Folks never tire talking of a man's mistakes, but they treat his best things as confidential communications. I'm proud to have this opportunity of wiping that blot from my record.

You've heard so much that may be you were kept abreast of the commercial side of the G. M. O. C. during the seven months of its existence. No? Well, Sir, you're now going to be placed in a position to write the financial chapter of its biography. I started that show with exactly twenty-five pounds. How do I recollect exactly? Well, in handling big figures like that a man's memory is apt to mix things up, but only a week ago, when I was packing up to get aboard the cars at the depot, I came across the ticket for the watch, chain, and sundries on which I raised my original capital for the G. M. O. C.

Now twenty-five pounds is, if anything, under rather than over the sum necessary for starting a first-class opera company—an impresario has so many incidental expenses at the outset if he wants to do things properly. But I knew something of the weaknesses of vocalists, and I knew that that knowledge would stand to me. It did. My *prima donna assoluta* was the widow of a Brixton ladies' tailor, who had left her comfortably off. She began to take lessons at the age of forty-two, and she made an ideal Daughter of the Regiment; she wasn't quite stout enough for *Lucy of Lammermoor*, and, of course, she hadn't yet reached the years that the public look for in a representative of *Margaret in Faust*, but one can't have everything.

I hadn't. I only had enough money to go on with—that is, to let her go on with. Her name was (in the bills) Madame ELEANORA BATES. Then my contralto was, according to the paragraphs in the papers, the daughter of one of the best known Earls in all the English aristocracy. His name appeared on the first page—why not call it the title page at once?—of a good many prospectuses. She wanted nothing except to become recognised as the legitimate successor to ALBONI. I offered her this position for the merest trifle, far under the market value,



and she accepted it. My leading tenor had been in the commission business, and having been bankrupt three times, was in a position to plunk down a moderate sum to be admitted as the legitimate successor to MARIO and SIMS REEVES. I admitted him.

My baritone was a musical genius. A musical genius is a man who has failed in everything. The only thing that my baritone hadn't failed in was opera. I gave him a chance of supplying this one omission, and he availed himself of my offer with gratitude. My *basso profundo* had done some good work with a panorama, but his only professional engagement previous to the one I gave him was in connection with exhibiting the possibilities of the megaphone—the instrument by which ships a couple of miles apart can converse with one another. To be sure it was said that upon one occasion, being aboard a steamer whose siren fog-horn had gone astray, he had supplied its place for some days off the banks of Newfoundland so efficiently, that even the most sensitive passengers had remained in total ignorance of the fact that the steam siren was out of gear; but though he was the means, under Providence, of saving the ship and every soul aboard, he was too modest to count this among his professional feats.

My chorus was made up chiefly of Duchesses, who had exhausted all other means of advertising themselves, and various members of the aristocracy.

Before starting on my tour I expressed myself, through the medium of the newspapers, heart and soul on the side of the advocates of a subsidised opera-house and municipally supported music. Haven't the public free libraries, free parks, free education, and why shouldn't they have a national opera-house, I asked. I'm afraid that this letter told against me in the provinces. I remember that one critic, referring to my production of *Carmen*—a really creditable representation it was, even though we were obliged to cut out the part of the *Toreador*—said that such performances would be dear even if supplied gratis.

Well, Sir, you know that that combination of mine didn't succeed financially, though artistically beyond reproach. That shows how imperative it is that the State—but I'll not open up that old question of a national subsidy for opera. I'll hurry on to the sequel. When my last pound had gone I began to think what a disaster it would be for the members of the company if they were to be disbanded and cast once more on the world, so I set about trying to find in what direction I could make use profitably of their talents. A week or two had gone by before I hit upon a plan that had all the elements of success in it. As soon as I perceived that the scheme was a thoroughly practical one, I laid it before the members of my company, and it was received with every expression of enthusiasm by all, except those few malcontents who are to be found in every company, artistic as well as commercial. The two elements are not invariably found associated.

My scheme was, briefly, to open a Store in some well populated locality, and put the members of the company into it as assistants in the various departments.

Of course the idea was startling—I meant it to be startling. I had a doctor once attending on me when I had neuralgia. He prescribed quinine, and told me that there was no use taking it in small doses. I must take a large enough dose to "surprise the system"—that was his phrase, "surprise the system"—and I have found that one must act on this principle in order to succeed commercially. One must take the public by surprise. I reckoned that the public would be surprised at the idea of having their wants supplied to the strains of high-class music, and so they were. But this is anticipating.

After due thought, I came to the conclusion that I should open in soft goods and millinery, so as to give the ladies as well as the gentlemen in my company a chance of exercising their skill and artistic training. It took me quite a week finding a promising locality in the West End for commencing my operations,

and another week stocking it properly in all its departments—these things are not done in a day, I can tell you. And before I got my company properly rehearsed, a third week had gone by. Meantime, I had advertised the enterprise very freely, and the public were wondering what was meant by the announcement that "HOSKINS' Mammoth Millinery Combination would be conducted on strictly operative lines," and that "in all departments the highest-class artistes had been engaged." Knowledge of the fact that the *primo tenore* of the hosiery department would be Signor ALFERI (né THOMPSON), and that the *prima donna* of the *passementerie* would be Madame ELEANORA BATES—that Madame HELOISE DE LA CRUSCA had been specially engaged for the bonnet department—she was the lightest of sopranis: it would be useless to try to sell gauzy hats through the medium of a contralto—knowledge of these facts, I say, may not have meant much to the public at large, any more than the announcement that the dress and mantle chorus had been largely augmented, and that the *corps de ballet* in the chiffon department would be found to include some artistes of European reputation; or that the baritone in huckaback towels (a special line) would be Signor MARTINI (from the Belfast *Conservatoire de Lingerie*). No, but I felt sure that these announcements would arouse curiosity.

The result proved that I had not over-estimated the impressionable nature of the general public. Even while the outside chorus were removing the shutters on the opening day, a crowd of considerable dimensions had assembled, and an encore was most heartily accorded to the rendering of the beautiful "Salesman's Chorus," adapted by my poet—I had hired a poet who occupied the highest place as an exponent of pure modern Celtic (his credentials were signed by a brother Celtic bard) to do my libretto for all the departments, and I will say that he did his work well: the symbolism of his verses had, I have reason to believe, a marked effect in increasing the rapidity of the sales.

The "Salesman's Chorus" as adapted, ran like this:—

Glory and love to the men of old,  
But my aunt! the price of the goods they sold!  
Our system here is cash in hand—  
On or before delivery, I trust you understand.

The adaptation of the chorus was considered by excellent judges to be well down to the level of the original; I don't profess to know much about the *nuances* of poetry myself: anyhow, I will say that it served to get the shutters down and made an effective entrance for the *tenore robusto*, who appeared as the glass doors opened, in his new frock coat and light pants, singing, with appropriate gestures,

When other lips and other hearts  
Their tale of gloves shall tell,  
Advertisement its aid imparts  
To such as live to sell.

But adventitious is such aid  
You never must forget  
Unless your cheapest *gants de suicide*  
Fit like *gants de charrette*.

Oh, let me like a soldier fail  
To pay a fortnight's rent,  
If we upon an average sale  
Make more than five per cent.

His dramatic action carried conviction to every one who heard him, and before the baritone shop-walker had done more than deliver the first stanza of his aria:—

The heart bowed down with weight of woes,  
No longer need despair.  
We sell our knickerbocker hose  
At four and three a pair,

we were doing a brisk trade in several lines. By the afternoon we needed three extra policemen to regulate the traffic, and I began to perceive that I was right in my belief that there exists in England a thorough appreciation for music in its highest



forms. All that is needed is to approach the public in a proper spirit. One should not assume that music is the end of everything, but should put it in its right place; it is merely a means of attaining an end. Music is the means, and merchandise is the end.

Of course there was a little confusion at first. The shop-walkers' recitatives—founded on VERDI—were apt to get a little mixed. When a lady customer entered enquiring for huckabacks, and the baritone shop-walker sang in the most approved recitative:—

Where yonder iron pillar rears its head  
To the Linerusta ceiling,  
Its high artistic charms revealing,  
Your footsteps, madam, must be stealing  
Ere the last huckaback be fled,

it so happened that the tenor was directing another customer to the underclothing through the medium of the Gavotte in *Mignon*:—

First to the left are the underclothes,  
All our underclothing would be  
difficult to beat.

To the left your trembling feet—  
Can we show you the latest thing in  
hose?

Unfortunately the first customer listened to the tenor—as women will—and she consequently found herself among the underclothing instead of the huckabacks. However, when she was addressed by the rising young contralto, who had charge of the flower department, in the aria from *Faust*:—

Gentle flowers, 3s. 2d.,  
And some 2s. 3d.,  
Oh, our stock is extensive,  
And all quite inexpensive.  
I assure you it's true  
Between you and me,

she was so captivated by the method of the artiste, that she bought nine shillings' worth of the artificial flowers. There was a triumph of art over economy for you!

It was the same in every department. People who came for imitation lace trimming, heard the strains floating from the mantle chorus, and we hadn't enough mantles left to go round. But I think I may safely claim for the hosiery ballet the amplest recognition of the day. I thought that the adaptation of the duet, *La ci darem la mano*, at the glove counter, admirably sung as it was by a baritone and soprano whom I had promoted from the chorus, would have cleared us of sixes and six-and-a-quarter sizes before the afternoon, but truth compels me to admit that the glove department was deserted when the hosiery ballet appeared. You see, they shoved off the stock to the greatest advantage, and gentlemen who were languidly buying four-fold collars by the half dozen, left the shop, after witnessing the ballet, with dozens of pairs of silk stockings to be sent to their clubs for them. We got rid of fifteen gross in the course of the afternoon, and had telephoned to the wholesale warehouse for sixty gross more to be delivered the first thing in the morning.

The same thing happened the next day, only more so. It took six of the finest men in the police force to control the traffic and to regulate the *queue*. As before, the hosiery department

attracted the best paying customers, and all restrictions with regard to smoking were withdrawn. I began to feel proud of being the impresario who had restored the old ballet of Italian opera to its legitimate place, and I hoped that the opportunity would shortly be given to a new TROVATTO to show us what the poetry of motion really was in the days when the ballet was the most important element of opera.

Unfortunately, however, the success of the hosiery department caused a good deal of heart burning among the vocalists. I tried to explain to the *primo tenore* that his failure to do a first-class trade was due to his want of adaptability to the requirements of his customers. He lost the sale of a dozen shirts through his dwelling for an absurd time on the high C in his recitative, introducing the cavatina, when his customer was an elderly gentleman hurrying for a train. The *primo tenore* took my remonstrances very badly. He gave himself airs, and I was forced to remind him that I had taken him from the commission business and set him down among artistes.

There was a coolness between the *primo tenore* and his impresario, and he became more *décolleté* than ever in his collars. Then, after a fortnight's splendid business, I began to be a little bit alarmed to find that my lady customers were a good deal less numerous than those of the opposite sex. I rejected the obvious notion of a football costume ballet for my basses and my tenors, not because I thought it lacking in the elements of a popular success, but simply because I had good reason to doubt the suitability of my staff to so trying a costume, more especially as they were all eager to adopt it. As a compromise I thought of a pyjama ballet, for I knew that that voluminous costume was safe to conceal their deficiencies of limb. I took good care that it did, but in spite of that, the gentlemen's department was crowded daily with ladies anxious to buy up my stock of pyjamas in all sizes. What a lady could do



Began beating the tenor with the pasteboard box.

with six dozen striped silk, blue and yellow, I never could find out—as a matter of fact, I made no attempt to find out. I had nothing to do with that question. It was enough for me to work heart and soul for the re-establishment of English opera on a sound financial basis in England.

And I would have succeeded eventually if it hadn't been for the petty jealousies of the leading members of the company.

Of course the *primo tenore* was at the bottom of the business, though, as usual, the *prima donna* was not blameless. If ever you are running an opera company and find yourself ready to kick some members of the company, begin upon the tenor—you'll be quite safe—and be sure that you kick hard.

It was perfectly well known that my *prima donna*—she had chosen the *passenderie* department, with the mezzo at the ready-made blouse counter—had for some time been desperately in love with the leading tenor, and of course he encouraged her—he encouraged them all: it's wonderful how many young women, and old women too, for that matter, an adult tenor can encourage. And all too soon it came to the lady's ears that he



was spending his time with a customer of means who simply haunted his department—he had gone into silk ties. That customer—there is no need to mention her name at this time, though if you insist on it, I'll write it down on a piece of paper for you—had for some weeks been the sole support of the ties; she had bought in all about two gross of sailors' knots as well as other forms of the made-up article, and she was still buying.

Of course she had money—no one without money to spend on worthless objects need aspire to be in love with a tenor—and my tenor seemed delighted to have an audience at last. She usually arrived about nine in the morning, and she remained among the ties, with intervals for refreshment, until six in the evening. It was rumoured that he sang through three entire operas for her daily, except on those days when he sang through "Parsifal." He could barely manage to get through three acts of that masterpiece in the course of a nine hours working day.

You will understand how diffident I was about interfering in so delicate a matter as this. If the lady had not continued buying ties by the dozen I would have been compelled to close the department and transfer the tenor to the table-cloths. But when I found that the customers in the *passenterie* department were being neglected by the *prima donna*, who used to leave her counter and hang about the ties, I felt bound to remonstrate both with the tenor and the soprano. Neither of them took the remonstrance in good part, I regret to say. The tenor was so insolent that I only wish I had begun the kicking of him there and then; but the dramatic soprano was ominously silent, which was rather an unusual attitude for a dramatic soprano to assume.

She was not quite so silent the next morning at ten fifteen, when the notes of the tenor vibrated through the building in his impassioned rendering of the *cavatina* :—

Still so gently o'er me stealing  
Pink betrays artistic feeling  
Spite a touch of green revealing.  
Peacock blue, I love thee still!

It was, strictly speaking, quite in the way of business—the business of his part—to press his customer's hand as she examined the texture of the peacock-blue tie which he was submitting to her notice, but it was decidedly unfortunate that he adopted such a gesture just at that moment, for Madame ELEANORA BATES, who had been watching the scena from the door, rushed wildly between the tenor and the lady with a shriek in the high F sharp, and tearing the peacock-blue tie into small shreds, she flung them into the customer's face, and then began beating the tenor with the pasteboard box containing the remaining stock of peacock-blue made-ups, until a heavy blow on his crown caused his head to go through the bottom of the box and fixed it firmly round his neck.

You can well believe that, after this *contretemps*, I had great difficulty in preventing a breach of the peace from taking place. It took me close upon half an hour satisfying the customer that the entrance of the dramatic soprano and her subsequent action were strictly in keeping with the spirit of the scena. Art lovers such as we were, I explained, should always be prepared to make some sacrifices for the sake of consistency, though I regretted to say the lyric stage had become deplorably lax in true artistic feeling during recent years.

It took, I say, half an hour of this sort of reasoning to satisfy the lady; but I'm sorry to say that the same space of time and an equal amount of argument only served to increase my tenor's thirst for revenge. I tried to reason with him calmly and quietly, asking him for precedents for the carrying out of a scheme of revenge by a tenor against a soprano; but all my arguments went for nothing.

I told him to go to—well, to go back to his commission business: it was Nottingham lace curtains that he had to do with before I took him up, though his most notable bankruptcy was achieved in cheap umbrellas.

Then I left him staggering under the blow, and went to the

*prima donna* to try to mollify her by announcing to her my dismissal of the tenor. She was mollified, yes, after undergoing a course of reasoning. But she was silent, ominously silent, and so abstracted that she sang the soprano part of the *Miserere scena* from *Il Trovatore*, instead of the *romanza* from *Mignon* :—

Knowest thou that dear land  
Where the Whitby jet grows?

I am afraid that the customers went away without buying their jet trimmings from her counter, and I told her that this must not occur again.

She smiled.

The next day there was an unrehearsed scene in almost every department of the Operatic Stores. The spiteful soprano had spent half the night writing letters. One was to the wife of the tenor, another was to the husband of the customer in whose ear the tenor was accustomed to sing his operas. The husband of the customer entered at one door of the department, and the wife of the tenor entered by the other, just when the vocalist was claspings the lady's hand and dwelling on his high C.

The meeting of the pair with the tenor between them was more than lyric, it was positively epic.

I managed to save the lower part of his coat and one of his patent leather boots, but that was the most that I could do for him. The unfortunate man rushed into the Irish linens, followed by the husband beating him with a Malacca cane-handled, silver-mounted umbrella, at thirty-two and nine, and while they were gone the two wives fought—appropriately enough—with *en tous cas*.

It was while I was trying to pacify the ladies, without going so far as to get between them, that I became aware of an outbreak in the hosiery department. I left the combatants with a hurried apology, and rushed to the new scene of conflict. The *prima donna*, stung to a point of madness by the attention obtained by the hosiery ballet while she was comparatively neglected, had evidently written to the wives of some of the gentlemen who were among my best customers for silk hose, and down the wives had come and were engaged in flinging parcels of the latest sales at their husbands, and in the faces of the *prima ballerina* and her sister artistes.

A shriek came from the corset department; I hurried there only to find that the corset as a missile is much more trustworthy than a bundle of hose. But before I had mastered even this simple truth, the husbands, who had been warned by that malicious woman of the interest that their wives were taking in the pyjama ballet, were distributing the stock in the soft goods department with great freedom.

For five minutes the Operatic Stores were in the hands of a raging mob, and the police had telephoned for all the ambulances available in the neighbourhood.

I believed that the fortune of the Stores would be made so soon as an account of the incident should get into the papers. But I had misunderstood the malevolence of the *prima donna*. She had written to an inspector of the County Council, and the next day he served me with a summons for permitting singing and dancing on my premises without a licence.

That's how my well-meant attempt to place English opera on a firm artistic basis failed, and that's how I have become a staunch supporter of the principles of the municipalization of opera. Boy!

F. Frankfort Moore.

Next Week—"A New Intruder," by

MAX PEMBERTON.





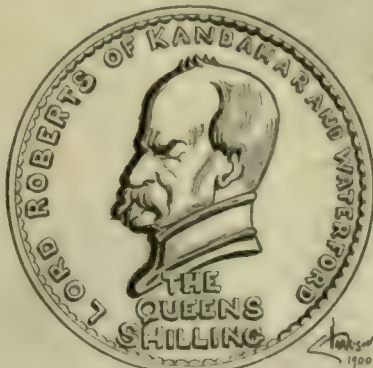
Mr. Gumble. "AH, JINKS, I HEAR YOU ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED. GOOD THING TOO. YOU'LL HAVE SOME ONE TO KEEP THAT COOK OF YOURS UP TO THE MARK. SHE WANTS IT!"

Mr. Jinks. "YES. BUT, YOU SEE, IT'S COOK I'M GOING TO MARRY!"

#### NEPHELO-COCYGGIA.

[REUTER'S correspondent at Pekin writes that "the situation in China can be summed up in four words—there is no situation."—*Daily Paper*.]

O COME, let us go  
To a land I know,  
Where circumstance stands in *vacuo*.  
Where the present is not, and the past  
has gone,



Suggestion for a Special enlisting "Bob."

And a fact is a mere phenomenon.  
Where empty space  
Devours all trace  
Of events *in posse*, for none take place;  
And where even the Press, *clamantis vox*,  
Is lost in the wilderness Paradox.

O come, let us fly  
To Cloud-Cuckoo-Sky,  
Where something is nothing and all  
my eye.  
Where the foot of Time leaves never  
a track,  
And every road is a cul-de-sac.  
Where, hid in the mist  
Of the journalist,  
Situations vanish before they exist.  
O come, let us seek that Celestial land,  
And puzzle our brains till we understand.

A WORD IN SEASON.—Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, who for years directed the Gaiety of London, without whom in fact London would have had no Gaiety at all, is about to take his first and only "benefit" at the Empire Theatre, on Tuesday, January 30. He was the author of "No Fees." Let Theatre-goers remember this "saving

#### FROM MR. PUNCH TO MR. PEPYS.

(After a visit to *The Midsummer Night's Dream* at Her Majesty's.)

MY DEAR OLD CHAP,—You will appreciate this apparent familiarity, as, you see, your true character has been "deciphered" for us; and though, from the sly dog point of view, we enjoy you all the more, yet we cannot quite bring ourselves—at least speaking for self and friends I can't—to address you either reverentially, or with such courtly respect as was our wont some quarter of a century since. *On a changé tout cela*.

After which semi-apology, dear old PEEPS, I come to the point and ask you, affectionately, how it happens that so little now-a-days is ever heard, or seen, of you? Pray come up (I presume this is the correct expression) and visit us for as many days, hours, or minutes as may be at your disposal. I mention these limits as time may still be an object to you.

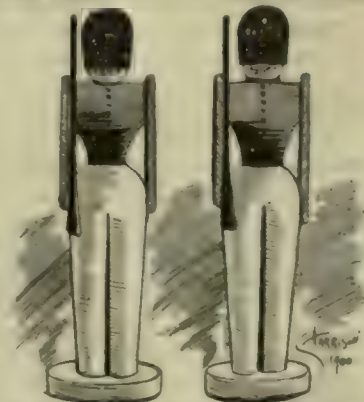
My reason, for being so pressing just now, is that many among the greatest admirers of your immortal Diary have noticed what a poor opinion you conceived of SHAKESPEARE'S *Midsummer Night's Dream* as you saw it performed. Now, my old friend and delightful gossip, let me induce you to revisit London and see this same play as placed on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre by Acting-Manager TREE. Such shapely forms, such lovely faces! (Of course we will go to the play *en garçon*, eh, SAMMY?) Such beautiful scenes, and as to the acting—well, I entreat you to accept this invitation at your earliest possible convenience, and favour everybody with your candid opinion. *En attendant*, Yours as ever, PUNCH.

P.S. (strictly private).—If you are on friendly terms with WILLY SHAKESPEARE—(I say "if" because I am far from certain)—induce him to accompany you. I think it would be a real treat for him. Little DAVY GARRICK I suppose you do know. If not against the etiquette of the place, why not bring him as well?

PACKING IT UP IN A "PORTMANHAU WORD."—We learn from the "Intelligent Anticipation of Events" Department that, after the campaign, there is likely to be a slight alteration of titles, thus, Lord ROBERTS of Kan - de Aar, and Lord KITCHENER of Khart-Oom.

clause" as a great benefit conferred on them, and in return gratefully assist in conferring a signal "benefit" on "Mr. H."

RATHER CONTRADICTION.—"The Theatre of War" is only open when there is no Peace.



#### A WALL FROM THE LOWTHER ARCADE

"Lor! Ain't those boxes of Khaki Soldiers selling like wildfire! We ain't in it with our Red Coats. Expect we shall be cleared out at a reduction!"





### A SERIOUS MATTER.

*Uncle John (discussing the new Pony). "He's well up to your weight, anyhow, Tommy."*  
*Tommy. "Oh, I'm glad you think so, Uncle, for I put on three pounds last term, worse luck!"*

#### AD ALUREDUM DAMNODIGNUM.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

ALFRED, my HARMSWORTH, of the odd things dared  
 This, I can hear you murmur, is the oddest:  
 That one who knows the *Mail* should be prepared  
 To deem its leading spirit shy or modest;  
 And should, oh quaint idea, suppose it vital  
 To hide his name beneath a Latin title.

Misjudge me not! with no such thoughts as these  
 Have I approached a tongue we are not pat in,  
 And tried, forgive me, ALFRED, for a wheeze  
 That should not fail to please you, being Latin.  
 Where angels might have feared I did the rushing,  
 But not because I judged you prone to blushing.

No, no! a man of spirit never blames  
 A brother journalist who seeks to vary  
 The dull monotony of proper names  
 By groping in a Latin Dictionary.  
 Accept it then as being friendship's *pignus*  
 That I address you here as DAMNODIGNUS.

ALFRED, with grief I read my *Daily Mail*;  
 For there, set down with many a scathing pen-mark,  
 Appears the plain, if slightly varnished, tale  
 Of something rotten in the state of Denmark.  
 And first I note that any common sutler  
 Had done his business better far than BUTLER.

Than BUTLER, who to every other vice  
 Adds this, which chiefly seems to shock and hurt you:—  
 He did not think a certain League was nice,  
 Nor deemed our RHODES a synonym for virtue.

And yet he urged, if war must come, 'twere juster  
 To send out men, and not rely on bluster.

Therefore you let him go, and set your hounds  
 Full cry on BEACH, our shattered country's wrecker,  
 Who pulled the pursestrings tight and kept the pounds  
 That should have left our over-stocked exchequer.  
 Pence he looked after, clipped our soaring pinions,  
 And much imperilled thus the QUEEN'S dominions.

And but for BEACH, you cry, we should have flown  
 Right through the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.  
 Long since we should have claimed them for our own,  
 Crushing, as Fate requires, each paltry wee state.  
 No General would have matched his head, the duffer,  
 Against stone walls, and found the walls were tougher.

Next, since HICKS-BEACH remains unmoved, you stir  
 Your gaping public with another story:  
 How all our Ministers were doomed to err,  
 Being in truth abominably hoary;  
 How this one's seventy, and that one more, Sir,  
 And only BALFOUR under fifty-four, Sir!

Yet BALFOUR, I observe, has spoken out—  
 BALFOUR, whose sprightly youth so much commends him;  
 And, lo! the Tory press with horrid shout  
 Turns on its golfing boy and roughly rends him:  
 "Go, go," it cries with dreadful iteration,  
 "Make way for wiser men to rule the nation."

And still, oh hawk-eyed HARMSWORTH, you pursue  
 With more than all the ardour of a lover,  
 From find to check and so from check to view  
 Your scapegoat-hunt from covert into covert.





### THE "GILLIE-COLLUM," OR, THE "SLIM" RED LINE!"

THE WILY BOER DOESN'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT AT ALL—THEY LOOK MUCH TOO "DOUR" AND "CANNY" TO BE PLEASANT!

[“A corps of 170 Highland Gillies on mountain ponies is being organised for scouting purposes in South Africa.”—*Daily Paper*.]

“*Nous sommes trahis!*” you cry with all  
your henchmen,  
A cry much laughed at when employed by  
Frenchmen.

So, since with unrewarded zeal you stop  
each earth, [looks sorry,

(Do goats have earths?) until your hunt  
Accept this hint for what it may be  
worth:—

Perhaps you have not tracked the proper  
quarry. [falling,

And, if the part of scapegoat still wants  
Try JOSEPH C., who might (perhaps) be  
willing.

BU'S, BU'S, BU'S.

(A Letter with a South African Postmark.)

DEAR OLD PAL,—I have really had a  
better time of it than I expected, so that  
you haven't much to crow over on account  
of being off colour. And as to that, you'd  
have soon changed your white to brown,  
thanks to the dust of the country. We get  
on very well with the regulars. They are  
rather jealous of our knowledge of KIP-  
LING—the chap, you know, we used to hear  
of from the old gent who always used to  
speak to the coachman of the 9 o'clock



“I am no thick and thin supporter of anything,  
not even myself.”—Mr. BALFOUR at Manchester.

journey from the World's End to the Bank.  
Ah, those were pleasant times, in spite of  
having to pull up sharp half-a-dozen  
times between Victoria and the Stores.  
I have seen a lot of our old set. TOMMY  
is doing very well in a field-battery. He  
says he likes the man who rides him, and  
prefers ropes to shafts. POLLY has been  
turned into the Commissariat, and rather  
complains of the overloading. All the  
plum-pudding, holly, mistletoe and the  
like, sent to us by the good folks at home,  
have been coming along in tons. Just a  
trifle late. May do for next year, as we  
seem to have come here to stay. Then  
JACK, JILL, BOB and GINGER are with the  
doctors. They are quite military now,  
and call themselves the R. A. M. C. They  
get plenty of medical comforts.

And there's only one thing I want you  
to contradict. It's a libel to say we  
can't be started without slamming a door,  
or crying “Full inside,” and the like. I  
call this very cheap chaff. Truth is, the  
Volunteers are very much to the front  
just now. And if we aren't exactly  
Volunteers—why we are in front of them.

Kind remembrances to the yard.

Your martial chum, OFF-SIDE.





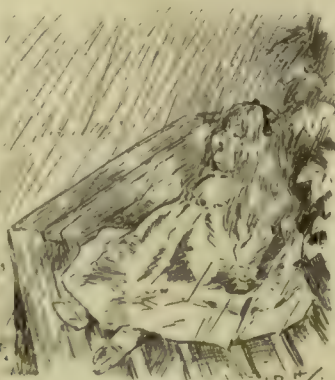
### PLEASANT FOR HARRY.

*Fair Sportswoman.* "OH, HARRY, I FEEL SO EXCITED, I SCARCELY KNOW WHAT I AM DOING!"

### LITTLE QUEENIE'S GUIDE TO DOLLHOUSE ETTIKET.

(A Complete Manual of Nursery Maners and Customs.)

#### III.—HOW TO ENTERTANE.



UNLESS they entertane a good dele you cannot expect your dolls to suckse in Sosiety, but there is no reson why this shouldn't be done *ekonomikly*, and it is much beter taste when you can't aford anything diferent.

Sometimes a doll, though she has a house of her own, has so large a cerkil of frends and aquaintances that it would be inconvenient to entertane them in her dining room, because

many of them are mutch too big to be got insido.

In such cases it has now become the fashon to give the entertanement in some select and welknown spot such as the Nursery tabel or harthrug.

Still you should always endeavor to invite gests as *nealy* the same size as posible, because a dinertabel never looks so nice if some of them are too big for any of the chares, and others are so weeny their chins only just rech over the sooplates.

Don't ask any doll that is quite incapabel to conduct herself with dickorum, such as my Sister DORROTHY'S LOUISA, who is so titupy and lopsided at tabel she is a perfect newsans and upsets everything, tho DORROTHY is most ofended if you ask her not to bring LOUISA!

At lunch, and even at diner, it is more ushil to provide only pritence food, but on very grand ocasions you may have rele eatibles, and I have shown you how to prepare them in an erlier work.

For wines, orinje juce at lunshins is now genally considered showing off, and lickriswater is all that need be previded at the most hospatible tabel, but whether it is lunshin or diner both these vintiges have the drawerback of being messy and spoiling the froke and complection.

I mutch prefur those pritty pink and yellow wines which are sold in dickanters and glasses which are so cleverly made it cannot come out or slop over, and yet looks just as if you could drink it realy, and is far more suted to modden requirements.

The ettiket for Diners is the same as lunshins, only you do not ask people to diner except they ask you back.

About Balls it is unecesery to say mutch, as dolls are not adicted to dancing unless they are pulled with strings from above.

#### ABOUT HOW TO BEHAVE TO DOLLS.

One of the most important things to remember which are alas so offen forgotten is that Dolls have their felings just like other people do, and are *most* punktilius if treted with nigglect or rudeness.

Seldum or never does a complant or mirmer issew out of their lips, even to the most intamit frend, but that does not prevent their being cut to the qick all the same, and how you can tell is when you are holding them they sudenly become purfeely stif or else as limp as kitens in your arms.

Once a carelus sister of mine called BETRICE invited her very best doll to have afternoon tea in the garden, and then would you beleve it acshuly forgot all about her and she was left out on a seat all nite in the rane!

When they again met, which was next morning, the doll had turned white as a shete with ofendedness, and all the curl had vannished from her welth of golden locks for ever! BETRICE was gilty of a breech of polliteness in nigglecting her gest like that, but biterly was she punnished, for her doll became a stranjer to her from that mōment and allways refused to make it up!

I do not rellate this aniedoat out of unkindness or telling tales, but simpley as a worning to other thoughtless children.

#### ABOUT NURSERY VISITERS.

Allways be most careful who you bring into contact with Dolls.

I have knone one ilbred visiter (I will not name him but my Brother TOMMY will know who I alude to) lauf in the most brutil maner at an unfortunit doll simpley because, owen to domestik troubles, she had lost 1 leg and 1 arm, and was allso aflicted with totul bawldness, besides the callamity of Cusin BILLY having gone and painted her poor nose pea grene! A little good feling would have privented TOMMY from comitting this goatcherry and incuring the pittty and contempt of every doll present, who saw at a glanse that TOMMY was quite unacustomed to the usiges of Sosiety!

Another thing, if you are invited to spend the afternoon in a frend's nursery, *don't*—like SIBBLE JOHNSTONE does—bring a Jappinese Doll or a palefaced thing in a white froke they call a "Pearo" to call with you, and expect the other dolls to trete it as an cakwil, for you should remember they may not be so fond of foriners as you are.

Also when you are weling your doll in a prambilator in the Park and you mete a girl frend of yours weling hers, it is incorect to introdeuce the dolls, except they belong to the same soshil sfere and the other girl doesnt think hers will mind.

There are girls (my Cusin CATHIE is one of them) that if they are carying their doll and happen to come to a toyshop, they will allways stop to stair in at the windo, which is a sad falure of good maners.

The reson of this is because it is not pollite to your own doll to let her see you admiring newer dolls when you have got her, and it must be paneful for the new dolls to be shoan one who has got settled in a home of her own when they are still langwishing in the toyshop.



## ABOUT DISEASES AND DOCTORS.

If one of your dolls has a disease, which is often the case as Meesils, Histearia, Tifoid, Jawndis, or Nervus Brakedown, never make lite of it yourself or alow others to.

All diseases can be esily cured if only taken in time, with simple remedies such as feling the pulce, taking the temperament with the themonter out of the Bathroom, and faithheling, which has allmost done away with sending for the docter, espeshaly when he is a younger brother like Cusin BILLY.

For my Cusin LAURA cauled him in to see her DIANNA, wen she had a slite guitar in her head, and he deklared the only way to save her life was an operation and did it, and the new head wasn't nealy as pritty.

But now the time has arived for me to take my tonnic and as I have no more to tell you about Ettiket I will say fairwell.

Your loving little QUENIE.

Posecrip.—There is not going to be any more of this great work.—Q.

(N.B.—The Composition and Spelling of the above revised and corrected by F. ANSTEY.)

## APOLOGETIC.

["If only everything had been something other than it was, the Government might have done much better. But as things were what they were, what was a poor Government to do?"—*Daily News* on Mr. A. J. BALFOUR.]

WHEN folk are beginning to rummage

For charges that we may incur;

When BRITANNIA becomes Mrs. GUM-  
MIDGE,

And things "go contrairy" with her;  
When that pillar, the Post, won't be-  
friend us,

And the Times, and the Telegraph too,  
All turn in their fury and rend us,  
What can a poor Government do?

It's all very well for a nation

To talk in a light airy way  
Of "intelligent anticipation"—

How can we "anticipate," pray,  
When the Boers never do what they  
ought to,

Being such a cantankerous crew?  
And if we don't succeed, as we thought to,  
What can a poor Government do?

If things were to change the condition  
Which they have unhappily got,  
And things which are, took the position  
Of being the things that are not;  
In that case, how much less unpleasant  
My task of explaining to you!  
But, things being such as at present,  
What can a poor Government do?

HISTORY REPEATED.—A Happy Omen:  
*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre.* The Duke  
of MARLBOROUGH starts for South Africa  
with the Imperial Yeomanry.



## JUVENILE PATRIOTISM.

"MUMMY DEAR, I HEARD PAPA SAY 'LOTS OF INFANTRY' WERE GOING OUT TO FIGHT THE BOERS.' WHEN SHALL WE BE OLD ENOUGH TO GO?"

## INSPIRATION, ASPIRATION.

[In a recent summons for assault the defendant excused his conduct in smashing in plaintiff's hat, on the ground that it was done "on the inspiration of the moment."]

WHEN minor poets of the day  
—Sometimes maybe a Laureate—  
Desire to give their fancy play,  
And poets' corners coruscate;  
They point these efforts in elation  
To momentary inspiration.

When fussy fossils at the Club  
As military experts pose,  
And proudly hint how they would drub  
And overwhelm their country's foes;

O pray, excuse their jubilation,  
'Tis momentary inspiration!

A little quarrel on a train,  
Some standing grievance you will see,  
More facts we need not ascertain,  
Than that A. smashed in hat of B.;  
But, dear me,—no premeditation,  
Just momentary inspiration!

My readers at this point exclaim,  
(If there be any such about!)  
"Tis easy work your jesting game.  
The same excuse you crave, no doubt."  
No, pardon me, the clown's vocation  
Is due to As-, not Ins-piration.

A. R.





### HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

GOOD HANDS WILL OFTEN MAKE THE MOST CONFIRMED REFUSER JUMP.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Memoirs of a Revolutionist* (SMITH, ELDER) is an alluring title, and it gains by association with the author's name. The very uncertainty as to how it should be pronounced circles it in an appropriate mist. Moreover, to have a real Prince taking active part in revolutionary schemes, gives a special spice to the dish. Since PHILIP EGALITÉ took to wearing a tricolour, specimens have been rare. Sad to say, a painstaking study of these two volumes rubs the bloom off my Baronite's expectation. Prince KROPOTKIN is the mildest mannered conspirator that ever made a tyrant tremble. He would be much more at home, would have been more useful to mankind, if he had chanced to be born in Rotherhithe, and obtained a seat on the London County Council as a Progressivist candidate. However, though there is

nothing blood-curdling about his book—and what is the use of being a Prince and a Revolutionist if you don't live up to the dual character?—it is valuable and interesting as affording insight from a specially near point of view of social life in Russia. When boys, the Prince and his brother do not seem to have had quite enough to eat, and certainly had no pocket-money. But their father had several estates, and an army of serfs. One day, the sub-butler having broken some plates, KROPOTKIN père made him the bearer of a note to the Police Station, with instructions to give him a hundred lashes, which were duly administered. "Yet," pleads the filial Prince, "father was not among the worst of land-owners." Removed to St. Petersburg, where he joins the corps of Imperial Pages, the Prince gets behind the veil of Court life, disclosing, under the reign of the Czar ALEXANDER, an

almost incredible condition of cruelty, perfidy, pilfering, and iniquity of all kinds.

*Donna Teresa* (MACMILLAN & CO.), by FRANCES MARY PEARD, is, in the true sense of the term, a comedy of life. The scene is laid in Italy, and the story is carried on by a set of well-drawn characters, of whom, among those who are picturesque and romantic, one is a melodramatic member of the dreaded Mafia, whose action brings in the note of tragedy that startles the deeply-interested reader. Could the authoress have worked out her plot without this sudden shock to the nervous system, the Baron would have preferred it. However, the situation is undeniably a strong *coup de théâtre* which brings down the curtain, leaving the audience anxious to know more of the youthful heroine's future career. *Donna Teresa* is to her sister *Sylvia* what, in *David Copperfield*, *Agnes* is to *Dora*; *Dora* and *Sylvia* being a couple of very pretty dollies, irritatingly idiotic.

*Red Pottage* (ARNOLD) comes to my Baronite in the cheery garb of a second edition. He does not wonder at this, and fancies the book will go much farther before it reaches the shelf on the library that answers to the cloisters. It is, in several ways, a notable novel. To begin with, it has a striking if, as Miss CHOLMONDELEY half admits, a not absolutely original plot. Its working out is in every detail shaped by a clever and bold hand. To discuss a plot is to disclose it, which is fair neither to the author nor the reader. It may, however, without peril, be said that the final re-appearance of the influence of *Lord Newhaven* on the fortunes of the principal personages in the story is admirably conceived. So is the management of the inevitable passing of *Hugh Scarlett*. He obviously had to be got out of the way. An ordinary craftsman would have worked him off, leaving *Rachel* weeping for her worthless one, not to be comforted. Miss CHOLMONDELEY is not a craftsman but a crafts-woman; and when a woman writes a really first-class novel she surpasses man. It is characteristic of the cynicism that underlies her writing that after having closed her story on a line of lofty pathos, she has an additional short chapter dragging back on the scene the vulgar and the vicious of her puppets. What in ordinary circumstances would be a serious blemish is averted by skilful treatment. *Mr. and Mrs. Gresley*, though only minor characters, are among the best in the book, and their creator naturally parts from them with regret. The Bishop, *Lord Newhaven*, *Hugh Scarlett*, and *Lady Newhaven*, widely different types, are handled with equal freshness and skill. *Hester* and *Rachel*, upon whom the fullest labour is lavished, are to my Baronite not quite such real personages. The narrative is



illuminated by many finely-dramatic scenes, notably that where *Lady Neuchaven*, hoping to pay a secret visit to *Scarlett* in his smoking-room, finds her husband enjoying a cigarette with her lover.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

#### THE IDEAL MEMBER.

["What has alienated Aberdeen is Mr. BRYCE'S parsimonious recognition of those obligations to his constituency which other Members of Parliament discharge liberally."—*A Correspondent in the Times.*]

WHAT is a Member's end an' aim?

Wi' perseverance tae endeavour

Tae keep "M.P." ahint his name

An' glorify himsel' forever.

An' what is his relation tae

His fellow-man, as votin' creetur?

As Frenchmen say, what is his rat-

son d'eeter?

His pocket aye maun open be

Tae ilka voter that wad seek him;

Tae gie, an' gie, an' still tae gie,

That is your Member's *Vaddymecum*;

Tae sit wi' cheque-buik on his knee

Frae January tae December,

That's hoo consteetueents wad see

Their Member.

Y.M.C.A., I.O.G.T.,

He maun support the tae an' tither

Wi' L.S.D. for Free, U.P.,

An' a' the alphabet thegither.

While local poets that hae crep'

Up Helicon wi' footstep tentative,

Expec' a patron in their rep-

resentative.

O Britain! Country o' the free!

Maist leeberal o' constitutions,

That gies us a' a braw M.P.

Tae keep us wi' his contributions!

Gin he 'll but pairt, we winna care

Though he be fule or thief felonious,

But Heaven help him gin he 's pair-

simonious!

G. K. M.

"CÆLUM NEC ANIMUM MUTANT."

(Diary of one who "can't stand winter time in England"—continued.)

*Saturday.*—See Naples and die! Natural consequence of so insane an expedition, I suppose. Arrived in a gale of wind. Waves breaking over the sea-wall. Hotel shaken to its foundations at every gust. Draughts everywhere. English mails snowed up on the Mont Cenis. Not a newspaper to be seen. No letters. Horrible! Cold much worse from exposure during the journey. Snuffle persistently during dinner, and retire early to bed as the warmest place under the circumstances. Shall buy a thicker overcoat to-morrow and some woollen under-clothing.

*Sunday.*—Storm increasing. Sea-wall broken by the force of the waves. Rain in torrents. Thought of going home again. Unfortunately impossible. Lines blocked



Tablet

#### ILLUMINISM.

*The Hon. Muriel.* "OH YES, I SUPPOSE I COULD GET MARRIED, IF I COULD FIND A MAN I SIMPLY COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT."

*The Hon. Maude.* "MY DEAR GIRL, THE DIFFICULTY IS TO FIND A MAN YOU CAN LIVE WITH!"

with snow. Trains delayed several hours, and only got through by the aid of snow-ploughs. Really this kind of weather is an outrage.

*Monday.*—Storm abated. Rain falling steadily. Temperature nowhere. Shall go to Cairo and defy the climate of Europe. Always fine there. "Only rains once in fourteen years," I'm told. Orient steamer leaves Naples to-day. Hurrah! Shall be basking in sunshine in five days. Glorious! Buy a white umbrella by way of preparation, and a sun hat.

*Saturday.*—Have reached Cairo after depressing voyage. Not much sun so far. Miniature Typhoon on the Bitter Lakes as we landed at Ismailia. Sky grey and over-cast. "Most unusual," says the manager

of my hotel. Curious thing. So he said at Naples. So he said at Rome. In fact so hotel managers always say. The weather at a health resort is one long miracle apparently. You arrive expecting sunshine. There is none. "Most exceptional," says the concierge. Apparently exceptional weather not only proves the rule, but is the rule at these places. "It's not likely to rain, is it?" I ask suspiciously. The sky is certainly very lowering. "In Cairo it only rains once in fourteen years," replies the concierge with cheerful confidence.

*Sunday.*—It is raining! This must be the fourteenth year. Shall start for Khartoum to-morrow and not return till May!

ST. J. H.





Old Gent (reading the War news). "If I WAS A BIT YOUNGER, I WOULDN'T MIND GOING TO THE FRONT MYSELF!"

### KHAKI.

(By A. A. Z. Y. X.)

"Khaki's the only wear."—*As you Like it*,  
Act II., Scene 7.

[The current number of *The Tailor* recommends the trade to lay in a stock of khaki, as the demand among the public is likely to be great.]

#### I.

THE "thin red line" is now quite out-of-date,  
The tar's blue jacket shares its fate,  
Our garb is in a state  
Of transformation!  
Needless to say khaki is all the rage,

For Camp and Court, for Church and Stage,  
For folks of ev'ry age  
And occupation.

#### II.

Your laundress will decline to wash your shirt,  
While British ironmould, she'll assert,  
And patriotic dirt  
Is now the fashion;  
Girls with Khaki, not Koko For The Hair,  
For England's sake to dye will dare,  
And armour-trains will wear  
Of hue that's ashen!

#### III.

The cheerful royst'r'er of uncertain tread,  
Who used to paint the town bright red,  
Must paint it now instead  
A khaki colour!  
Your liver may be wrong, but don't take fright!  
With touch of "khaki-fever" slight  
Your face will look all right  
Like mud, or duller!

#### IV.

Our Khaki Press will be a thing of joy,  
Nor will the peasoup fog annoy,  
But yield the *hoi polloi*  
A Vision Splendid;  
Somay the Absent-minded Ones come home,  
When they've re-dressed our Only  
OOM\*  
In khaki monochrome  
And Boerdom ended!

\* N.B.—This rhymes beautifully in Dutch=OME.

#### ADVICE GRATIS.

A GIRL OF EIGHTEEN.—No doubt wrinkles can be removed by the use of the preparation you mention. At least, that is the statement in the advertisement. Quite right; every one is bald nowadays, and wears false hair. Yes, it was rude of him to laugh at the date in your birthday book. Of course, you might have remembered the battle of the Alma. Why shouldn't you? You might safely cut him, especially as he seems to have permanently taken up his residence in Australia.

NEPHEW.—Rather silly to put gunpowder into your uncle's cigars. No doubt he was annoyed. Afraid I can't help you.

UNCLE.—Boys will be boys. Of course, if you have cut him out of your will, nothing more 's to be done. Afraid I can't help it.



["Khaki cloth is now the fashionable material for ladies' dresses."]

Suggestion for a Costume à la Militaire.



## TO PHYLLIS PIQUED.

A CASE of pique! I really had  
A notion you were nice and meek;  
Whereas—I've seldom seen so sad  
A case of pique!

The reason is not far to seek,  
And, PHYLLIS, I am only glad  
That out the simple truth should leak.  
Six cards, a major quart—too bad?—  
Of fourteen aces not to speak?—  
These point towards (if you can add)  
A case of "pique"!

## THE CIRCUMLOCUTION CABINET.

(DICKENS adapted.)

"BUT surely this is not the way to do it?" said the man in the street.

The airy young Minister was quite entertained by the simplicity of the man in the street for supposing for a moment that it was. This light-in-hand young Minister knew perfectly that it was not. This touch-and-go young Minister fully understood that office was a politico-diplomatic hocus-pocus piece of machinery for the assistance of the "Ins" for keeping out the "Outs." This dashing young Minister, in a word, was likely to become a Premier and to make a figure—of some kind.

"When the conduct of the campaign is regularly before us—whatever it is"—pursued this bright young Minister, "then you can watch us through one House or 'in another place.' You know as much about it as we do. But take my word for it, it's almost inevitable. When it is in the Commons, stick to the Commons. When



Mabel (stroking kitten, a new present). "MOTHER, KITTY'S SO HOT! OUGHT SHE TO SIT SO NEAR THE FIRE?" (Kitten purrs.) "OH, MOTHER, LISTEN! SHE'S BEGINNING TO BOIL!"

it is the Lords, why try the Lords. We shall have to refer it right and left. And when we refer it anywhere, then you'll have to look it up. When it comes back to us at any time, we will pass it over to our predecessors. Then you will have to look them up—if you can find them. When it sticks anywhere you'll have to try and give it a jog. If it's in the dead season—or there's nothing particular going on—have a shot at the Press. Then they'll look us up, or our predecessors, or somebody. When you write to this paper or that paper and don't hear anything satisfactory about it, why then you had better go on writing; or, if that doesn't do, why you'll have to come back to the House and have another shot at that."

The man in the street looked very doubtful indeed.

"But I am obliged to you at any rate," said he, "for your politeness."

"Not at all," said the engaging young Minister. "Try the thing and see how you like it. It's often been done before, and nothing—or almost nothing—has come of it. It will be in your power to give it up at any time if you don't like it. You are as well able to judge of that as I am—

or almost. If you take my advice you will consider the matter as I do—as inevitable or almost inevitable. Glad to see you—daresay we shall meet again."

And with these parting words the airy young Minister—the touch-and-go young Minister, the light-in-hand young Minister—took up his pen and began making notes for another speech. A. AB.

## SOME SOUTH AFRICAN PRONUNCIATIONS.

BORROWING a leaf from *Who's Who*, which gives a list of peculiarly pronounced proper names, such as FEATHERSTONHAUGH—Fannshaw, and COLCLOUGH—Cokely, Mr. Punch is pleased to add a supplementary catalogue of his own:—

Krüger should be sounded *Grodger* (of the franchise); Steyn—*Stain* (to be wiped out); Joubert—*You bear*; Cronje—*Crusty*; Reitz—*Rats*; Albrecht—*All brag*; Judge Gregorowski—*Jeffreyski*; Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner—*Downright Shrieker*; Leyds—*George Washington*; Baden-Powell—*Bait Oom Paul*; Pretoria—*Victoria*; Johannesburg—*Joe chamberlainburg*; Bloemfontein—*Bluefunkton*; Delagoa Bay—*Dontleigoa Bay* (next time it is offered you!)



"Fat, Sir! Law bless ye, no, Sir! It's Christmas presents from 'ome, Sir. Cardigan jackets, flannin' hunder-wear, ball-wool socks, an' cetterar. Got 'em hall on. Bullet-proof to-day, Sir!"





*Gerald Ramage fecit*

*Aspirant.* "YOU HAVE HEARD MY VOICE, PROFESSOR. NOW PLEASE TELL ME CANDIDLY WHAT BRANCH OF VOCALISM IT IS BEST ADAPTED FOR."  
*Professor.* "WELL—CHEERING!"

## DEPRECIATIONS.

XIV.

### MR. B-L-F-R APOLOGISES.

I THINK it would be almost wrong  
 To say that we are going strong;  
 Our recent triumphs, we confess,  
 Fall short of absolute success.

Things look, at first, a little blue:  
 They almost nearly always do:  
 I fail to notice, all the same,  
 That anybody is to blame.

Although I seldom see the news,  
 I have my military views;  
 And fortunately these agree  
 With those of all the Ministry.

I cannot honestly disguise  
 That KRÜGER took us by surprise;  
 Quite sure were we, or almost quite,  
 The gentleman would never fight.

We heard that he had got some guns,  
 But only very little ones:  
 We also heard of mounted forces,  
 But never dreamed they rode on horses!

No one can say we made pretence  
 To any great intelligence;  
 We only ventured to compete  
 With vulgar persons in the street.

Under the circumstances, we  
 Have managed very decently;  
 On this I would not take the lie,  
 Not from an Angel off the sky.

The best of human wisdom errs;  
 Inevitably this occurs;  
 At times—for ARTHUR is but dust—  
 I view myself with some distrust.

To fail, and from your failures learn—  
 This is a Government's concern;  
 The second stage should be begun  
 Immediately the first is done.

'Tis an old truth, but very sound—  
 You get to swim through being drowned;  
 And this, I feel, is what a war  
 Is ultimately useful for.

Unless a few commandos leap  
 Upon you in your beauty sleep,  
 How can you ever learn the way  
 To be prepared another day?

They tell me JOUBERT's good old plan  
 Allows a horse for every man;  
 That even on his nurse's knee  
 He played at mounted infantry!

But when, I ask, has history been  
 Included in our tape-routine?  
 To learn in other people's schools  
 Is contrary to all the rules.

Besides, if this was good to know,  
 You should have told us long ago;  
 We've been at work three months or  
 more;

You might have mentioned it before!

I never heard that people went  
 For guidance to a Government!  
 Your Leader is a person who  
 Does what his voters tell him to.

Excuse a rather feeble smile!  
 You know my philosophic style;  
 A sense of fitness makes me wear  
 This curiously fatuous air. O. S.

A "PREVIOUS" DAY.—"The Paris of  
 To-day," by "MORROW."





## A WARNING.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR. "REVERSES, MY DEAR MR. BULL! THEY WERE 'INEVITABLE'! OR 'ALMOST INEVITABLE'!"

JOHN BULL. "RUBBISH, MR. BALFOUR! IT'S YOUR BUSINESS TO MAKE THEM IMPOSSIBLE, OR 'ALMOST' IMPOSSIBLE!"









SCENE.—Camp of the Blankshire Hussars (Yeomanry Cavalry). TIME.—Just before inspection. Trooper TURMUTS' horse having gone lame, he has had a day's leave to fetch another.

Squadron Officer. "YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD ANOTHER HORSE AT HOME, AND I GAVE YOU A DAY'S LEAVE TO FETCH HIM."

Trooper T. "AY, CAP'EN, AND SO I DID."

Squadron Officer. "WELL, WHY ISN'T IT HERE NOW?"

Trooper T. "AY, CAP'EN, BUT I COULDN'T CATCH HIM. HE'S BEEN ON T' GRASS SO LONG, THAT HE BE FAIR WILD, HE DEW."

#### MASTERPIECES MODERNIZED.

##### II.—HAMLET.

(Revised by G. B. S.)

ACT III.—Morning Room in the Castle of Elsinore, at Denmark.

The room is not rectangular, one corner being cut off diagonally by the massive doorway, and the opposite one rounded by a turret window in which stands a bust of the late King by a second-rate sculptor. There are three highly ornamental chairs in the room, none of them meant to be sat upon. The walls are covered by cheap lithographs of dull Scandinavian moralists. There is no portrait of Dr. ISEN.

Enter HAMLET, arrayed as if for a fancy-dress funeral. His tights are not unexceptional fits. His face glows with mystic rapture and limelight.

Hamlet. WILLIAM, or G. B. S.,—that is the question:—

Whether 'tis nobler for the mime to suffer  
WILL's horrid contradictory similes,  
Or take Arms (and the man) 'gainst WILLIAM S.  
And by a slashing—end him? To doze, to sleep  
Throughout this dull Shakespearian performance,  
And miss th' inartistic moralising shocks  
The critic's heir to? 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. But who comes here?

'Tis fair Ophelia, opportunely ending

This wearisome soliloquy.

Enter OPHELIA, who is about twenty-two. Ambiguous in build. Features bear resemblance to Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Tree, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Maud Jeffries, &c. Dress suggested by Wilkie Collins' novel, "The Woman in White."

Ophelia. I won't address you in blank-verse, my Lord. No English actress can speak that without falling into singsong. So to the point. How are you feeling to-day?

Hamlet (dismally). So so. Alas, the Danish Telegraph vexes me much by its senseless mangling of the Danish tongue.

Ophelia. I do not follow you.

Hamlet (testily). Why, you follow me all through the play—up to the end of Act IV. Then, thank goodness, you try the water cure. But perhaps you don't care for the "legitimate?"

Ophelia. I should like more mad scenes. The part's too thin for a leading lady.

Hamlet. Ha ha! more mad scenes! Get thee to the Independent Theatre Society then. There canst thou take thy fill of mad scenes. I will write a drama for thee. Some farcical tragedy; some grim comedy full of humorous pathos; something to make the great B. P. sit up. And they never know when to take me seriously.

Ophelia. Oh, heavenly powers, restore him!

A. R.





### A TALL ORDER.

*Economical Parent.* "I WANT YOU TO SEND UP FOR SOME OLD THINGS OF MINE, AND HAVE 'EM MADE DOWN FOR MY SON HERE."

### ONCE IN A CENTURY.

THE room seemed perfectly packed with celebrities, distinguished people greeted one on every side, and if it was almost impossible at a glance to remember all their names, I had at least the curious and satisfactory sensation of having known the people nearly all my life. One of the first whom I recognised was my old friend *Emma Woodhouse*, demure and self-contained as ever, and, as I could see with half an eye, as interested as in old days in her favourite occupation of match-making. Her father was tenderly enquiring after everyone's health, imploring them not to eat so much, not to sit in a draught, and to join him in a basin of gruel—"thin, but not too thin." There was also beautiful *Dorothea Brooke*, leaning her head on her white ringed hand as she spoke of wide moral issues and wished that someone would listen to old *Mr. Casaubon*, who insisted upon prosing to the company in general about Egyptian antiquities. There was *Gwendolen* with her long brown eyes and serpentine movements, trying to dodge *Grandcourt* (I know her) and go out with three men in a boat, one of whom should be *Daniel Deronda*. It was a great surprise and pleasure too, to come across my old favourite *Milburd*, who as usual was roaring with laughter, slapping everyone on the back, and constantly asking riddles beginning with "Why is a—?" or "When is a—?" and evidently thinking it a sublime joke to interrupt by these absurd questions the brilliant but entirely unintelligible conversation of *Lord Ormont* and his *Aminta*.

In the refreshment room I recognised *Esther Waters*, waiting at supper and looking very stolid and Saxon. There were children at the party, and I saw sentimental *Tommy* trying to

find out in broad Scotch what *Maisie* knew, and deciding it was scarcely worth knowing. Then I saw *Petit Bleu*—poor *Petit Bleu*! I can't name her without a sigh, I can't think of her without a heartache. I have no idea why, for of all the gentle grisettes who have flitted across *Mr. Harland's* life she was perhaps the happiest. Yet it sounds well to say it—poor *Petit Bleu*! Suddenly the extraordinary incongruity of the party struck me, and though I seemed to know everyone, I went to my host and begged him to tell me more about the company. He complied, and as we sat in a corner he showed me those I had not seen at first and told me the names of those I had forgotten.

"Who is that girl in white muslin, a crinoline, and a blue sash, with rippling black hair?" I asked.

"Don't you know her? It is *Ethel Newcome*."

"So it is! How well and young she looks! Who are those mysterious-looking people coming down the winding staircase?"

"The old heroines of *Mrs. Radcliffe*. Have you never thrilled in your youth over the *Mysteries of Udolpho*?"

"How strange it seems to see them again! Who are those disagreeable-looking ladies with short hair, dressed in yellow?"

"A race now happily extinct. They were called 'New Women' at the time. Over there are *Beth* and *Dodo*, pretty *Isabel Carnaby*; and that long-haired romantic young man who is looking behind curtains and under tables is in quest of the Golden Girl. She doesn't exist, so he won't find her."

Many more passed before me; brilliant cynical imaginative men, flippant trivial chattering women, abrupt soldiers and jaded Anglo-Indians. I heard *The Babe*—so called at Oxford—say to *Miss Woodhouse*, "Odd chap, *Mr. Milburd*. What do you think of him?"

"*Mr. Milburd's* manners," said *Emma*, "have always seemed to me particularly good. Their simplicity, propriety, and elegance would render them the safest model for any young man."

*The Babe* was silenced. . . . I had glanced at a crowd of ugly unhappy little women—*Jane Eyre*, *Nancy*, etc.—and a queer set of grotesque men—old *Major Bagstock*, quaint, dignified *Mr. Pickwick*, etc., until my brain reeled, and I once more asked my host where he had made all these strange acquaintances.

He said: "Do you see how well and strong some of my oldest friends look, how ill and out-of-date the more modern ones? Time sifts, passing fashions have their little vogue, but perhaps to judge of the best, and I know you like only the best, one must meet them at such an assembly as this. By the way, I give these parties very rarely."

I looked at him, and then I saw that he was not a friend of mine at all.

"Who are you?" I asked abruptly.

"The Spirit of Criticism. Never be carried away by momentary crazes, wait for my party at home at 10 o'clock—every hundred years—before making up your mind about new literature."

"Oh, bother!" I exclaimed, stretching out my arms—for he seemed rather a prig after all—and of course I woke up in my library, in a cosy arm-chair, with my feet on the fender, simply surrounded by books I had been "dipping into" before I fell asleep. I don't think I want to have a dream like that more than once in a century.

A. L.

### WANTED, A LITERARY OSTRICH.

AT Acton, the other day, *Mr. Choate*, the American Ambassador, declared that "the books to be chewed and digested are the gold nuggets of literature." We conclude that the worthy diplomatist was alluding to such works as *Hard Cash*, *Half-a-Million of Money*, *The Golden Butterfly*, *The Golden Calf*, *King Solomon's Mines*, *For Cash Only*, *Debit and Credit*, *Nobody's Fortune*, and *The Wealth of Nations*. The last certainly requires a bit of "chewing," and is by no means easy of digestion.





**A**

DRIZZLING mist fell un pityingly—it had fallen for three days, JACK ANSLEY said, and meant

to go on until the Judgment. In the streets,

waving umbrellas spoke of November weather, of premature lamps and lights glowing yellow in the fog, of shining pools of stagnant mud, of hansoms at a premium, and cosy corners, and a world that would forget the Winter to come. But in the little house a good fire blazed welcome, and the girlish face of the woman was the brightest ornament there. JACK ANSLEY lighted a cigarette and admitted that there were some qualities in a sister after all.

"REGGIE likely to come in this afternoon?" he exclaimed as he flung himself into the arm-chair and took up one of her books. She was standing by the chimney then, and the firelight glowing upward showed a thoughtful little face which seemed to tell its own story.

"Why should he be coming home to-day?" she asked.

JACK looked foolishly.

"Oh," he said, fencing with it, "I don't suppose he's very busy, is he? Not many briefs or that kind of thing?"

She laughed, and knelt to poke the fire.

"My dear JACK," she said, "you don't know how busy he is. I bought him a brief bag the other day to hang on his watch-chain."

JACK laughed rudely.

"But he had one last year," he protested. "I remember he gave a dinner at the 'New' to celebrate it. Cost him fourteen pounds, and the solicitor who sent the brief got struck off a week afterwards for embezzlement. Hard lines, I thought it."

BABS poked the fire harder than ever.

"If REGGIE came home," she said reflectively, "he would lose the briefs we shall get some day. He must be seen, you know, JACK. That's why he spends his afternoons at the Club."

"Mostly soldiers there, eh?"

"Yes, but they might fight, my dear, and he would be retained

for the defence. How the cook at the 'New' can make a tomato-omelet!"

There was just a *souppçon* of mimicry in her tone, recalling as it did the manner and the voice of her husband. JACK laughed again, and then became reflective.

"If women were reasonable, they would have their own Club, and they would succeed," he remarked. "But they're not. They're only malicious."

"Agreed—but at least the cooks at their Clubs are not geniuses."

"That's REGGIE again, I suppose."

"If you like—at least, it's the earthly paradise. When I go to a concert and hear a woman sing COWEN's song, I always feel that I should like to correct her. 'It isn't there at all, my child,' I would say, 'it's the New Club in Piccadilly.' Ah, the tomato-omelets, the hot-pot, the old claret at eightpence—and the business one does there among the half-pay officers who will always lunch with you when you'll let them. Think, JACK, if REGGIE came home to me sometimes, if we did as we used to do, if I were his friend, and not merely an inferior sort of club-steward, what a terrible thing it would be for us! The half-pays would never lunch with him. He would be idling away the best years of his life when—as it is—he is—er—hem—showing himself, my dear, and learning how to make a tomato-omelet."

She recoiled it off with a delightful show of verve and animation; but the man could read the pathos of it.

A member of the "New" himself, he gauged to a nicety the prospects of business to be done there.

"Why don't you speak to REGGIE?" he said; "why don't you remind him that you exist?"

"Would you do that—if you were a woman?" she asked.

He shifted uneasily in his chair.

"I mean, why don't you laugh him out of it?" he explained, with amazing profundity of idea.

"He would go back to the Club."

"Then go there with him."

"I!" JACK laughed at his own thoughts.

"What a notion!" he explained presently.

"To spy upon him—yes, a clever notion!"

"Oh, it's not that. I don't believe there's anything done at the 'New' which REGGIE would really mind your knowing. At the same time, if you could laugh him out of it——"



She rose and faced him, a ray of the firelight flashing upon her pretty hair.

"JACK, what do you mean?"

He continued to think upon it, as one delighted with a plan.

"You always were a spiffing actress," he said presently. "I believe you'd be a fortune as a 'principal boy.'"

"JACK, how dare you!"

"Of course I dare. We're going to see this thing through. When you played *Rosalind* at Acton Court, I didn't know my own sister. Why should I know her in the 'New Club?'"

He stood up and put his hand upon her shoulder.

"By Jove, it's splendid! I know a fellow in Covent Garden who will do the making-up, and lend us the clothes. It's as dark as anything in the smoking-room; and they'll never spot you. You shall wear my old cape-coat, and you needn't take it off. Of course, you won't cough, BABS. And mind, everything's confidential there!"

She stared at him in pretty bewilderment.

"Where, pray, is 'there'?" she asked.

"The 'New Club.' The earthly paradise. You're coming as my guest."

## CHAPTER II.

A FRENCHMAN in London, ignorant of the sanctities, has described the New Club, in Piccadilly, as remarkable chiefly for big windows and bald heads. The vulgarity of such a writer is to be passed by with well-deserved scorn; for, as the nation knows, big windows are but typical of that largeness of mind which the barren scalp befits; and Englishmen would resent any flippant treatment of an institution wherein its greatest men have before now condescended to show temper at the cooking of a chop or the intolerable deficiencies of a salad. The more ignorant minds, however, may allow some exactness to the Frenchman's observation. Standing in Piccadilly at three o'clock on any afternoon when London is full, the lowliest of mortals is permitted to gaze (until the police move him on) upon that phalanx of capillary destitution, and to say:—

"Thus fares it still in our decay,  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind."

The windows are wide in the "New," the rooms are large and lofty. The *canaille* upon the pavement, as it cranes its neck to peer into the smoking-room, tells its fellows of wonderful arm-chairs, and little tables laden with cups and glasses, and the country's great men deigning to sleep in panelled alcoves. Here and there a younger generation raises its voice above a whisper to complain of the deeds of riper age—which has a habit of sitting upon three newspapers while it reads a fourth. As in some temple of a social faith, men move with unction in such a sanctuary. Waiters go warily, and speak in tones of enduring awe. Tradition says that an older race could remember a Club servant who dared to cough in that holy of holies; but history does not speak of the awful reckoning. All is gloom and grandeur there. Even HOMER nods at the heat of the day, with collar unbuttoned, and an unlighted cigar between his drooping fingers.

Such is the "New" in its finer traditions; but alas, youth, which as SENECA tells us, cannot govern its own violence, is wavering upon a tradition so elegant. Even youth, however, has not dared so well that the portals of the "New" are open even for an idle hour to the weaker sex. Once, says the record, the Friday teas of a rival Club moved the boldest of the reformers to the astounding proposition that the wives and sisters of members should be invited to tea and hot cross buns in Easter week; but the premature decease of the chairman of committee, who died of an aneurism, following upon unlimited toasted cheese at midnight, for ever ended such a scandal. Sadly youth admitted that the thing was not to be. The "New" went back to tradition and silence—the hush of dormant genius and of "hot-pot" reluctantly digesting.

This hush was upon the Club on that drear November day when JACK ANSLEY drove his sister, BARBARA BERTON, from the costumier's in Leicester Square to the corner of St. James's Street, and there proceeded to pilot his "guest" across the muddy street, even to the doors of the sanctuary. Dressed in a long cape coat which reached almost to her heels, with a little cap drawn down over her face, and her hair artfully disposed of by one of the cleverest coiffeurs in London, JACK admitted that his sister might go anywhere. And yet, sure of her as he was, he trembled upon the threshold. A word would betray him; a word would set all the town laughing at England's intellect. She was a woman, after all, and these things might not be sacred to her as they were sacred to him.

"Now look here, BABS, it's just touch and go. If you're not dead in earnest, you'll ruin me. Don't blush like that. Do you want the porters to stare?"

"It would be very rude of them, JACK."

"Very well, then. Just follow me quickly when I go in, and don't look at any one. Your name's ROBERT ANSLEY, and you're my cousin. The coat and cap are travelling things. You've just come up from the birds, and you've had a good bag."

"But I haven't any bag at all."

He stamped his foot impatiently.

"Can't you look like a man?" he said.

"How do men look, dear?"

"Why, as though the street belonged to them. Remember, you've had a splendid day—lots of birds, and a bit damp."

She made an heroic attempt at it.

"I'm sure my skirt's dragging behind," she said, and corrected herself quickly; "I mean the coat thing, JACK."

"Then hold it up," he said savagely. "Can't you see there are a dozen men looking at you?"

She smiled girlishly.

"How interesting!" she said.

The man shrugged his shoulders, as though it were a hopeless case; and bracing himself for a final effort, he went up the steps to the Club, and passed into the hall. BABS followed him breathlessly. It was very dark and silent there. Mysterious doors opened mysteriously, and aged gentlemen shuffled through them as though the way to an arm-chair were long and laborious. In the ante-chamber, a group of younger members stood about a tape and discussed its news in low tones. The hall-porter brought JACK a letter and he thrust it into his pocket hastily.

"Hang up your cap inside mine," he said, "and open your cape at the top. There's a corner just by the door where we can sit and see without being seen. REGGIE generally drops in about four, and it's that now. Don't look as though you were frightened. Nobody will hurt you."

She took the reproof meekly.

"I feel as though I were in church," she said in a whisper.

"But you're not; you're in a Club where you'll see half the cleverest men in town. Now, come along and don't cough."

He opened one of the mysterious doors, and walking quickly he had found chairs in the shadow of an alcove, almost before the *habitués* of the room had turned in their sleep. BABS followed him with beating heart, and when he sat down, she, in her turn, found a seat upon the very edge of a cavernous arm-chair. The room was half in darkness, as he had prophesied. Scores of little tables were occupied by empty coffee-cups and the dregs of liqueurs. The atmosphere reeked of tobacco. BABS made an heroic effort not to cough, and half choked in an attempt to keep her promise.

"Oh," she said, laughing at her distress; "what an awful place to live in, JACK!"

He frowned dramatically.

"Lean back, don't sit on the edge of the chair," he muttered in a stage whisper; "throw yourself about and look as though you were used to it."

"But I'm not used to it, my dear, and I can't do it."

"Say at once that you want to make a fool of me."



"But I don't, JACK."

"Then try to look comfortable—lean your head on the back of the chair as I do."

She obeyed him meekly, and, as her courage waxed, began to stare about her. A very fat man with a bald head was fast asleep in a neighbouring arm-chair. His tie had worked up over his collar, and his shirt bulged deplorably. Upon his lap there lay a copy of *La Vie Parisienne*.

"What a dreadful old man!" she said.

JACK put his finger to his lips.

"Hush," he said, and here he whispered the great one's name,—the Permanent Secretary—holds the nation's interests in the hollow of his hand."

"He seems to have a newspaper there now."

"He's a great reader—you should see him on his legs before an audience."

"It would be much more amusing to let the audience see him now."

The elderly gentleman awoke with the words, and stared round him blandly as though he had not been snoring loudly for two hours or more. Then he called for the waiter.

"Tea and buttered toast," he snapped; "plenty of butter."

BABS turned away her head and observed another of England's heroes. He was a long lean man with mutton-chop whiskers of a yellow hue, and so terrible was his eye that the waiters positively ran from it. When BABS saw him he was burning Kummel, and his fingers, in a saucer.

"What's he doing?" she asked in a whisper. "Is he washing up?"

"Ssssh—that's old Major —," and again he uttered the name in tones of awe. BABS leant back in her arm-chair and laughed irreverently.

"Why, I know his sister," she exclaimed. "He's frightened to death of his wife—she bullies him awfully. He's a teetotaler at home!"

JACK fidgeted in his chair. "You must forget all this when you meet him," he said decisively.

"I'm sure I shall laugh. Who's that old gentleman over there who looks like a marionette? Those muffins will be the death of him. That's the second plate he's eaten since I've been here."

"My dear girl, a man must eat something. That's Canon YOU KNOW."

"Who preached those lovely sermons about abstinence last Lent at St. Mary's? I suppose he'll go home and grumble at his wife because there's only soup and a bird for dinner. REGGIE always does."

"You shouldn't say that—remember, you're seeing men under a new aspect. This side of their lives is quite private. In a Club, every one is his own master."

"Except the waiter. Tell me, JACK, why does no one speak? If I sat here very long, I should feel compelled to get up and shout. What fun it would be to announce the Major's wife—in a very loud voice. Why are they all so silent?"

"It's a Club, BABS—you forget that."

"And so no one speaks to any one else."

He put his finger to his lips. The mysterious door opened again and she saw her husband, REGGIE BERTHON, who entered the room with his hands in his pockets, and a cigarette between his lips.

### CHAPTER III.

IT was a quarter to eight o'clock exactly when REGGIE BERTHON opened the gate of his garden at Elm Villa, and told himself that he was late for dinner and that BABS would be angry again. Through the curtains of the window he could see the flowers and shaded candles of the dining-table. The flickering glow of a cosy fire played upon the pictures and the dark paper of the walls. A trim parlour-maid bustled about the room, and in the kitchen below, the cook was heard—giving notice again, as REGGIE confessed.

It was dinner-time, yet he knew that he was not hungry. That second vermouth, which old Major RAFFLE pressed upon him, had spoiled the remnant of an appetite. In an effort to justify himself he remembered that some measure of excitement is indispensable to activity of mind and soundness of judgment. Certainly, he had been the victim of an overdose of excitement on that particular afternoon—but to-morrow, if *Golden Heath* won the Hurdles, it would be all right again. He felt sure that the mare would win; and in a moment of generosity anticipated, he vowed a diamond brooch at the shrine of Saint BARBARA. BABS should have the prettiest thing that a "pony" could buy at WAPPIN & MEBBS.

The mistress was in the drawing-room, the maid said; and that surprised him somewhat. Usually BABS met him at the door and kissed the point of his chin and relieved him of his hat and his papers, and said—"You poor dear, how tired you must be!" He

wondered what occupation interfered with such a helpful custom; and as guilty men will, he made a mental calculation of possible disasters, and did not enter the room until he had re-assured himself. After all, there was nothing in his story really to wound her; and upon this satisfaction, he opened the door and entered boldly. She was sitting by the fire in a low arm-chair, upon which the back of her head rested negligently. By her side there stood a little oak table upon which was an empty tea-cup and a glass which—he could have sworn it—was half full of vermouth. She did not rise when he entered, but waved her arm jauntily, and asked him a question—such a question as seemed to open the earth at his very feet.

"Halloa! old man, and how's 'Flip-Flop'?"

REGGIE BERTHON rocked upon his heels and stared from his wife to the glass, and again from the glass to his wife. Once he wiped his brow with his hand as though to rouse himself from a troublesome stupor. He knew that he was cutting a deplorable figure—and yet, for the life of him, he could not utter a word. But BABS was quite eloquent.



"I'm dieting myself on Italian vermouth."



"Seen old SPANGLES lately? They were taking three to four about you last night—but they're fancy odds. Come and have something to mix with the showers. I'm dieting myself on Italian vermouth."

She acted it delightfully—the voice, the manner, the words of his friend BERTRAM HAW whom he had just left in the Club. REGGIE remembered that this was not the age of miracles.

"Who has been here?" he asked hoarsely.

She took up a cigarette and lighted it.

"JACK lunched with me. But he has business down West at three. Are you dining here, old chap?"

The man continued to rock upon his heels. He told himself that he must see a doctor in the morning.

"Who has been here—who has been repeating this nonsense?" he asked again.

BABS blew a cloud of smoke from her cigarette and looked deliciously aggravating.

"The dressmaker called at five," she said; "there was a charwoman here, but I did not see her."

"You are not telling the truth—some man has been talking to you."

She stared at him with eyes wide open; he had called them very pretty eyes in the old days.

"How rude of you!" she said. "Of course, I have seen a man—lots of him. And that reminds me. I'll have to draw a tanner, for *Golden Heath* has cleared me out."

REGGIE began to tremble all over. He looked at her again as one appealing for pity. Even if a man had played such a scandalous trick as to repeat the gossip of the smoking-room to his wife, how could he have taught her all this too faithful gesticulation? It was beyond reason. REGGIE saw himself in that moment as others saw him at the "New."

"I haven't a voice like that," he exclaimed desperately; "you know I haven't."

BABS ignored it.

"Iron my hat," she exclaimed fiercely, "it's on peg twelve. And waiter, bring me the *Pink 'Un*."

He stopped her with a gesture of the hand.

"You were in the Club," he cried, with crimson face and nerves twitching.

"I was," she said sweetly, "and I dare not have a third vermouth because I had to dine at home. You see, I'm married."

He remembered that he had spoken the very words—not half an hour ago. Yet was it with that mincing mien and ridiculously affected voice? His vanity wrung an angry cry from him.

"I shall be laughed out of London," he protested.

"And can run down to Kempton for briefs. My poor little wife thinks I get 'em for the paddocks. That's the kind of wife to thank Heaven for every day."

He took two turns up and down the room. She could see drops of perspiration on his forehead.

"If you went to the 'New,'" he exclaimed at length, "you—you went in—great Heaven, did you do that, BABS?"

She knocked the ashes off her cigarette very daintily.

"BERTIE wants to get up a little lunch at the Savoy," she said very coolly. "I told him you'd have to make up another syndicate story. Important business before Judge SAVE-YOUR-BACON. Out, out, brief scandal!"

REGGIE mopped his face with his handkerchief.

"You heard me refuse to go," he said—the first word in his own defence.

"Yes," she answered; "two's company but three's limited liability. Please assure Mrs. BERTON that I do not approve of your lunches at the Savoy."

He turned away with a gesture of anger.

"It's a lie!" he cried savagely, "a lie—a lie! I won't believe it. Good Lord! I shall be a laughing stock!"

She shook her head sympathetically.

"How dreadful, dear, all because poor little me went to the place where they make the tomato omelets!"

He struck an attitude.

"Look me in the face and say it's true."

"Of course it's true."

"Then are you my wife or are you not?"

She answered as one in despair.

"Oh, my dear REGGIE, you would never make an actor."

He strode from the room fiercely. At the door he shook his fist.

"When you learn to tell the truth, I will come home," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten o'clock struck; eleven; twelve. He did not return to her. Very frightened now, and penitent and longing, she watched the ebbing fire, and counted the weary minutes. Had she done so ill a thing, then? Those terrible men in that terrible room, would their vengeance fall upon her little head? Would they, indeed, proclaim the shame of her act before all London? Was there any law to punish her because she had seen an elderly soldier eating buttered toast in an arm-chair? She feared some eventuality, she knew not what. If REGGIE had gone away for ever!

The long winter's night passed all slowly. She was white and wan and sleepless when dawn came. Fear for herself and him, greater than any she had ever known, kept her to her place at the window. It was true, then, that she had committed some terrible crime; an offence so heinous that all London would ring with the story of it presently. In imagination, she beheld a *débâcle* at the New Club. Waiters supported old gentlemen who had fainted at the news. Young men laughed uproariously. The *canaille* upon the pavement cried for the police. And a hundred fingers pointed at her; a hundred voices said, "There is the woman!"

She could laugh at the picture; but her anxiety prevailed above it. The morning, all desolate, magnified her foreboding. When a telegram came at two o'clock, she opened it with feverish fingers. It was the intimation from an unknown informer that *Golden Heath* had won the Hurdles. Half an hour later, with the paper still between her fingers, she quitted the house, and drove as fast as a hansom could take her to her brother's chambers in The Albany.

"He has left me, JACK, he has gone away—oh, I am so miserable!"

JACK ANSLEY nodded his head sagely.

"Do him good," he said. "He's there on my sofa. Don't say I told you so."

She entered the room with beating heart. A pale-faced man, lying upon the great lounge, looked up at her wistfully. She knelt at his side, and kissed his forehead.

"Please, I am so sorry," she said.

He groaned and turned away.

"You did it," he said morosely; "it's true, I know it."

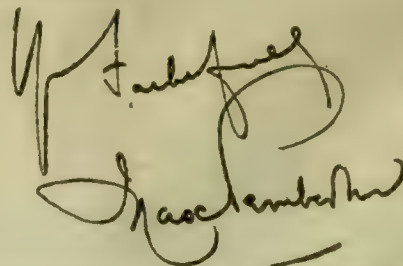
"But, REGGIE, I didn't do it."

He looked at her sharply.

"Then, in Heaven's name, who did?"

"*Golden Heath*, dear; she's won the Hurdles!"

He sat up, and, for an instant, fathomed the depths of her laughing eyes. Then, upon a sudden impulse, he took her in his arms.



Next Week—"A Glass of Old Madeira," by

JOSEPH HATTON.





## TOO COMPREHENSIVE.

*Miss Dowdley (to her companion on the sofa). "THEY ARE A GOOD-LOOKING COUPLE, JUST LEAVING, ARE THEY NOT?"*  
*Mr. Gruelthorpe. "VERY." (Then, after a long pause and deep introspection). "I DON'T MIND BEING PLAIN. DO YOU?"*

## PRECIOUS POEMS.

## III.—THE PEPPERMINT; OR, MEMORY.

BACK again to happy childhood  
 Has my spirit taken flight,  
 On the wings of an aroma,  
 Through a region of delight.

At a fair suburban play-house  
 I was seated in the pit,  
 And I don't know what the play was,  
 For I little heeded it.

Lo, a faint and sickly odour  
 Stealing o'er my languid frame!  
 For a moment I was doubtful  
 Whence the sickly odour came.

Close beside me sat a lady  
 Who was very, very stout;  
 And I saw her take a bull's-eye—  
 Peppermint, beyond a doubt!

Just a simple little bull's-eye,  
 Only that and nothing more!  
 But it made me feel a feeling  
 I had never felt before.

With a flash of inspiration  
 I beheld myself a boy,  
 When I bought them eight a penny,  
 And they flooded me with joy.

How I loved the faithful friends, who  
 Never left me in the lurch,

For I crunched them during lessons,  
 And I carried them to church.

But those blissful days were over,  
 I was callous, I was cold;  
 Peppermint I simply hated—  
 Ugly sign of growing old.

Then my stony heart was softened  
 In that salutary hour,  
 And the dewy tear betokened  
 Sacred memory had pow'r.

Yes, I felt a thrill ecstatic,  
 As I gazed upon the past,  
 Full of innocence, and joyful  
 With a joy that couldn't last.

So I tapped upon the shoulder  
 Of the lady by my side:  
 "Madam, may I have the pleasure?—  
 Nay, I will not be denied.

"You have proved to me a blessing"  
 (Clasping her capacious hand)  
 "You have roused the good within me"—  
 But she would not understand!

And she spoke out very strongly,  
 Even hinted I was drunk!  
 Made me stammer I was sorry,  
 In my lamentable funk.

But the vision yet remaineth  
 That was mine that blessed night,  
 When the peppermint restored me  
 To a region of delight.

## A CRY FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Do you think it would be possible to restore me to any useful end? I began, as you may perhaps remember, as a first-class fountain, with aluminium drinking cups and a bust of the lamented Earl of SHAFTESBURY. My flow of water has disappeared, together with the cups and the bust, and at present I am used as a sort of wash-tub for the flower-sellers, whose language is not always what Lord SHAFTESBURY would have appreciated.

I beg of you to use your influence (in case I am not reinstated in my proper position) to have me abolished. I hate being an *Eyesore*.

You will wonder, perhaps, how I am able to communicate with you. Well, it so happens that one of the most respectable of the flower-sellers is beloved by a Turncock employed by the Vestry, and he is acquainted with the Language of Water. To please his sweetheart he has transcribed this letter. In all conscience I speak slowly enough, every drop-word being forthcoming from me in rather over a minute in formation. Take pity, kind Sir, I beg of you,

On yours despondently,

NIobe AT PICCADILLY CIRCUS.





### MULTUM IN PARVO.

*Inspecting Officer.* "HOW IS IT YOUR KHAKI IS SO MUCH TOO SMALL?"

*Stout Yeoman.* "IT DO SEEM A BIT SKIMPY, SUR. BUT TAILOR SAYS AS HOW I'M BOUND TO GROW A 'EAF SMALLER ON HACTIVE SERVICE, AN' 'E'S ALLOWIN' FOR SHRINKAGE."

### THE GOLDSMITH'S COMPANY AT THE HAYMARKET.

DELIGHTFUL old comedy! Simplicity itself! In these days it would be styled a "farical comedy," meaning thereby, in this instance, that though the characters, illustrating English provincial life of the eighteenth century, be true to nature, yet are they placed in such absurdly improbable situations as exceed the boundary lines of genuine comedy. Consequently, the *jeu de scène* has to be exaggerated until the farical element predominates; and if it is not thus played, even to the risk of occasionally over-dotting the "i's," the comedy, as a whole, would lose such popularity as it traditionally possesses. It seems necessary to keep this playful work of "GOLDY'S" alive by shaking it and slapping it on the back; yet for all that, it offers many opportunities for fine comedy acting; and of one of these Mr. MAUDE notably avails himself, when, as *Old Hardcastle*, he, subduing his passion, rebukes *Charles Marlow* the son of his old friend. Here Mr. CYRIL MAUDE gives us

true comedy, and elicits the heartiest and most appreciative applause.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY (why should she not be named in the bill "*Mrs. CYRIL MAUDE*?"—it is only *le secret de Polichinelle*), as *Miss Hardcastle*, keeps well within the bounds of comedy, and her admirable delivery of the "tag" is one of the hits of the performance. There is 'more where that comes from,' but no time for it. Mr. PAUL ARTHUR is a trifle too theatrically "gallant and gay" as *Young Marlow*, yet gives a real master touch of feeling where the situation demands it. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE does more than most of us have ever seen done with *Hastings*, who is dramatically a poor creature at best. It would be difficult to select anywhere a better representative of *Tony Lumpkin* than Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS. Not a fault to be found with him, except that *Tony* would never have suppressed the word that rhymes to *Neville*, when delivering himself of the time-honoured 'gag' in the last scene. Without Miss BEATRICE FERRAR as *Constantia Neville*, Mr. GIDDENS would have had very up-hill work; her never flagging tom-boyishness

with *Tony* is as humorous as her love passages with *Hastings* are tender and gentle. Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE'S *Diggory* is inimitably absurd, and sets the audience in a roar.

The fault of the scene at "*The Three Jolly Pigeons*" is that it is overacted by the representatives of the muddled Hodges of the tap-room.

It is difficult to "place" Miss VICTOR as *Mrs. Hardcastle*: as a low-comedy performance it must be credited to the farical side of the comedy. By the way, what execrable taste it is in a gentleman like *Hastings* when in his letter to *Tony* he dares to describe *Mrs. Hardcastle* as "the hag your mother;" and *Tony*, not a bad sort of lad in his boorish way, not only doesn't resent, but actually chuckles over the description! The tender politeness of the old-fashioned Squire, her husband, towards his dame, both in the first and the penultimate scene, make this description of her by "that gentlemanly person *Hastings*" (as *Mrs. Skewton* would have said), an absolute outrage on good taste and good breeding. The passage ought to be suppressed, for neither the character nor the "make-up" of *Mrs. Hardcastle* can be sacrificed to it; and, if it be allowed to remain, *Tony*, "being in amazement lost," should most certainly not appear delighted at the insult. A successful revival which ought to repay the MAUDE and HARRISON Management, for there's life in the Old Comedy yet!

### THE NEW QUEEN'S SHILLING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In view of the admirable Relief Fund organised by *The Daily Telegraph*, it has struck me that a great many more "bobs" could be contributed if some Self-denying Ordinance were put in force by the majority of our fellow citizens. With this idea I have ventured to draw up the following table:

1. Mr. ROBINSON JONES is hungry; instead of a 5s. or 7s. 6d. dinner, let him partake of a steak or chop. Difference in price to be given to D. T. Fund.
  2. Mr. J. is thirsty; instead of a pint of champagne or a brandy-and-soda, let him order a tankard of ale.
  3. Mr. J. wants a smoke; instead of a shilling cigar, take a pipe.
  4. Mr. J. seeks theatrical pleasure. Let pit or gallery suffice.
  5. Mr. J. travels (say) from London to Leicester; for first-class substitute third.
  6. Mr. J. has to go (say) from the Marble Arch to the Bank; replace a hansom by an omnibus. Ditto.
- These are but half-a-dozen examples of what Mr. JONES might do. I merely suggest that if he were to deny himself six times only (I am speaking numerically of Mr. J.) there would be a vast addition to the Widows and Orphans Savings-Bank Account.

BENJAMIN BAWBEE.



## MEMS. FOR THE MULTITUDE.

(From a French Note-book.)

It is wrong to persecute an innocent prisoner.

It is not right to overthrow a fairly established Government.

It is injudicious to insult the head of the State.

It is unpatriotic to accuse every official of fraud and peculation.

It is immoral to support anarchy and destroy civilisation.

But there is one excuse for all the above—  
"Extenuating circumstances."

## MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

## III.—VANITY FAIR.

(By H-II C-ne.)

## PREFACE.

IN undertaking this revision, I have been influenced by the earnest desire of the reading public to see *Vanity Fair* re-set in a CAINE framework. Feeling deeply, as I do, the paramount importance of flaring and glaring actualities, I have substituted for the campaign in Belgium the war in South Africa. Having, however, no personal acquaintance with military movements or with Bohemian society, I have supplemented my imperfect knowledge of the one by a consultation of old Blue books and the 'yellow' press, and my knowledge of the other by a like study of old "yellow" books and the "blue" press; whilst in many passages I am conscious that I have been as the mould through which the sapling of fiction, throbbing with potential circulation, has sent its shoots upward towards the limelight of popularity.

## CHAPTER LIII.

When RAWDON arrived at his house in Kensington, he stopped short and trembled at the possibilities of local colour which the scene suggested. The writer having exhausted these possibilities, RAWDON took out his latch-key and entered the house. The rich contralto laughter of BECKY floated down the stairs as Lord STEYNE shouted out the last verse of "The Absent-Minded Beggar." STEYNE! the very word had an unfriendly sound, enough to infuriate a patriot like Captain CRAWLEY. Mounting the stairs, he stood for a few moments on the mat, meditating on the most effective entrance he could make. Then he flung open the door. BECKY, in evening dress, was sitting on the sofa explaining to Lord STEYNE that he had sung Kipling's song at least a note flat. BECKY looked at RAWDON, then rose to her feet. "RAWDON," she said with that maddening, bewitching smile which he knew so well, "don't—storm: I have merely been teaching Lord STEYNE how to sing 'The Absent-Minded Beggar.'" RAWDON laughed savagely. "My contribution to the 'Pay,'" he said, and



*The Vicar.* "I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, MIGGS. WHY, LOOK AT ME. I CAN GO INTO THE TOWN WITHOUT COMING BACK INTOXICATED."

*Miggs.* "YESH, ZUR, BUT OH BE SO POPULAR!" (Hic.)

flung with steady aim at Lord STEYNE'S head a copy of *The Review of Reviews*. The unfair character of the missile was obvious. "Damn," cried Lord STEYNE, and fell senseless to the ground. Meanwhile BECKY had removed her hair-pins, and with her golden hair hanging down her back, stood beneath the glowing radiance of the electric chandelier. "O RAWDON," she cried with the true Adelphi ring in her voice, "don't you remember, dear, those happy days of yore when you liked my green eyes, and I liked your blue stories . . . when . . ." (reminiscences served up gushing for several pages). A terrible anguish filled RAWDON'S mind. He couldn't get in a

word edgeways. The scene was becoming a monologue: it was horrible. "Don't say I bore you, darling," cried BECKY. Bore! Ah! the word suggested to RAWDON his cue. The dramatic moment had come when he could tell her that his Regiment had been ordered to the front; so turning on a couple more electric lights, for purposes of greater effect, he stated his news briefly in a few thousand words.

A. R.

SUITABLE SPOTS.—Wool—for sheep farmers; Works-op—for strikers; Writtle—for process servers; Wren-bury—for widowed cock-robins; Wye—for enquiring minds.





### SELF-PRESERVATION.

*Tomlin (who has been mounted by friend).* "IT ALL VERY WELL TO SHOUT 'LOOSE YOUR REINS,' BUT WHAT THE DEUCE AM I TO HANG ON TO?"

### JAPANESE LOANS.

["The Japanese Legislature has under consideration an anti-usury Bill. It provides that any person who in lending money takes advantage of the pressing need of others may be punished with a year's imprisonment. There is also a fine for the man who in a public office presses for the payment of a debt, or demands it by means of a postcard."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

ALL hail, Japan, yours be the honour due  
To statesmen's merit, who with judgment wise

Dealt justice to the borrower, and knew  
The worth of LAMB'S Great Grace to recognise.

While still in England debtors furtively  
Slink shame-faced through the by-ways to avoid

Some abject creditor, lest they should be  
By menaces insulted and annoyed,

Ah! not with you, dispirited and cowed,  
Need he with stealth his dread oppressor shun;

You speed him on his way erect and proud—

And visit with just wrath the wretched dun.

Thus shall no SHYLOCK flourish in your land—

No man of many an alias—noxious pest!—  
Offer vast sums on simple note of hand,  
With little principle, great interest.

Then hail! once more, wise land whose  
judgment kind  
With mercy tempers justice to distress,  
Where man, when legal tender fails, may find  
A substitute in legal tenderness.

### AN APOLOGY.

DAPHNE, ah! my heavy debt  
Ill indeed have I acquitted,  
In the ball-room when we met  
Who my empty programme pitied.  
Yours I scanned—by some strange-hap  
(Though o'er-scored by eager dancers),  
Still I found there just one gap,  
Where I signed, against the Lancers.  
Now with overwhelming shame  
I am covered and confounded,  
For I failed my dance to claim  
When the harp and sackbut sounded.  
Shall I argue (well I may  
To a well-maintained conclusion)  
That I, when I stayed away,  
Saved one set from dire confusion?  
Shall I, tarrying afar,  
And your righteous wrath provoking,  
Urge that excellent cigar  
With our host that I was smoking?  
Or that, dazed with beauties, I  
Failed to recognise or "spot" you?  
Ah! at least I will not lie—  
DAPHNE, no—I clean forgot you!

Yet for pardon when I sue  
Be not still with anger blinded,  
Since my grievous fault I rue,  
Spare a suppliant absent-minded.

### CONSPUEZ JOE!

[A French contributor to a pro-Boer fund sends *5d.* "to assault CHAMBERLAIN, the British tyrant."]

COURAGE! Courage! cher Monsieur PAUL!

You 'ave no cause to fear;

My sympathie is vid you all—

La voici! She is 'ere!

Be'old! Five—'ow you call zem?—coppers  
Pour encourager your brave Doppers.

Zis bad Lord CHAMBERLAIN, from whom

Ze rude remarks do flow—

Aux armes! Avenge la France, cher OOM!

A bas ce tyrant JOE!

Assault him, PAUL, zis man of greed,

Zis monstre of Albion perfide!

And if you shall assault zis bad,

Zis insolent Milor',

To my five coppers I vill add

Six, seven coppers more,

An' to reward you for ze job,

Make up ze—'ow you say?—ze bob.

MOTTOES SUGGESTED FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED PAPERS "JUST A GOIN' TO BEGIN."  
—For the first, "*Dum spiro Sphero*," and for the opposition, "*Nil Despearandum*!"  
Odd that of these two mottoes *The Spear* should have the *Shorter*.





*Life or Death*

WILL IT EXPLODE ?





JONES CANNOT SEE HIS BALL ANYWHERE, ALTHOUGH HE IS POSITIVE IT FELL ABOUT THERE SOMEWHERE.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is absorbing interest in all facts that concern our friend, the enemy, especially when, as in the present case, they happen to be true. Mr. W. BRODRICK-CLOETE was inspired by a happy thought when he republished the lectures on *The History of the Great Boer Trek* (JOHN MURRAY) delivered at Pietermaritzburg in 1852-5 by his grandfather, the Hon. HENRY CLOETE, Her Majesty's High Commissioner for Natal, and political founder of British supremacy in that colony. The story of our difficulties with the emigrant farmers of Natal, as here told to a mixed audience of Boers and English with the most judicial impartiality, and recommended to us by its high authority and the force of immediate personal experience, offers a curious parallel to the history of our relations with the Transvaal Dutch; a parallel which we trust may hold good to the end. For the continued success of this little book, published for the benefit of one of the patriotic funds, and now in its second edition, my Nautical Retainer will ever pray.

*The Love Affairs of a Curate*, by MARCUS REAY (JOHN LONG). The young curate in question, says my Junior Baronitess, who is a judge of curates, is quite the flabbiest, the most overpoweringly proper, and the most easily shockable young man that can possibly be imagined, and he tells his own story, by the aid of a religiously kept diary. Surely, quoth my J. B. regretfully, he might have shown himself as a more interesting and certainly less feeble creature in his one and only love affair.

Mr. MARION CRAWFORD'S *Via Crucis* (MACMILLAN & Co.) is a strongly human story of four principal persons worked into a crowded tapestry glowing with the life and colour of twelfth-

century chivalry warring with the Eastern followers of the false prophet. Noble as is the hero, an ideal knight, and, therefore, an absolutely exceptional man, the creation of MARION CRAWFORD, sweet as is the lady of his love, *Beatrix*, yet it is *Eleanor*, wife of the femininely fantastic and weakly pious king, who, matchless in form and beauty, an Amazon in the field of battle, a royal Lesbian though capable of sacrificing her lawless passion to her better instinct of love, who is the heroine of the romance. The scene where *Queen Eleanor* confers knighthood on *Gilbert-Warde* is worthy of Sir WALTER SCOTT at his best in *The Talisman*. After the clang and clash of arms it is a great relief to the half-dazed reader, who feels himself absolutely pushed about and hurried and deafened in these vividly described scenes, to come upon the sweet gentle cooing of the two turtle-dove lovers in a quiet spot, "far from the madding crowd;" and this duet is admirably written in the key of true sympathy. The story of the advance of the youthful *Warre* into a strange country, and of his dealing with guides and scouts, is a lesson in strategy to our Generals of to-day, for the tactics of the Seljuks in the twelfth century bear a strong family resemblance to those of the Boers of the present day.

Mr. FRANK BULLEN, reviewing a stormy life at sea from safe anchorage at Camberwell, has completed *The Log of a Sea Waif* (SMITH, ELDER). It is dedicated to Mr. ST. LÖR STRACHEY, to whose discriminating encouragement this and an earlier work are due. The public have reason to join in the acknowledgment of "the one and onlie begetter." *The Log* opens a valuable and graphic peep into life on board sailing ships, presumably so late as thirty years ago. It is shown to be almost incredible in its harshness of treatment, the parsimony of its provisioning, the absolute disregard not only of the comfort, but the safety of the crews. The only fault my Baronite finds with the book is its monotony of misery. Surely never before, on land or sea, was a boy buffeted as was the sea waif of Mr. BULLEN'S story. Nevertheless the narrative bears throughout the impress of truth, which is notoriously stranger than fiction. Without assuming the form of a novel, this simple annal of the sea is more deeply interesting than many works of fiction that have passed their first edition.

To the offices, the kind offices of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, Ludgate Hill, and Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., of New Bond Street, we owe the second edition of the inimitable *Songs of Two Savoyards*, words by W. S. GILBERT, and music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Not only "words," but delightfully quaint illustrations by W. S. GILBERT, reminding us of the early days of the *Bab Ballads*, and occasionally recalling a touch of the vanished hand of RICHARD DOYLE, without any sacrifice of originality in their humour. A delightful volume and permanent memorial of exceptionally brilliant success. THE BARON DE B.-W.

SARTORIAL.—That in the matter of costume Mr. Punch should set the fashion, is not, in the nature of things, to be expected. That he is never out of the fashion is certain. That he is just now very much in *Fashion* anyone can ascertain for himself by referring to the twenty-third number of the Journal bearing the above title and this month's date. Mr. Punch would suggest that an appropriate motto for *Fashion* would be the Shakspearian one—

"Supply me with the habit, and instruct me," which, appropriately, comes from "*Measure for Measure*."

"AN amusing incident," reported in the *Times*, "occurred in General PILCHER'S march. Our Queenslanders surprised at a homestead twelve Boers, who fled, leaving, fully prepared, a good dinner, which the Australians promptly appropriated. One full private of the Victorian Rifles is the son of the Victorian Premier." Evidently, this last-mentioned soldier was with the dining Queenslanders, who must all have been more or less "full privates" after the feast.





*Wealthy Parvenu (showing his Picture Gallery). "NOW I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY LATEST PURCHASE. WHAT D'YE THINK O' THAT, EH?—TITIAN, MY BOY!"*

*Guest (aside, to fair neighbour). "AH!—REPE-TITION, I SHOULD SAY."*





Auntie. "YOU MUST KEEP YOUR TOY SMILE."

Little Boy (anxiously). "BUT I DON'T THINK I'M HOLDING IT RIGHT. HOW DO MEN HOLD STEAM ROLLERS WHEN THEY'RE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED?"

## UNDER THE BEERBOHM TREE.

"Merrye it is in faire forr'at  
Under the Beerbohm Tree."—Old Ballad.

Alice (in *Midsummer Night's Wonderland*). O! what a lovely place! What is it supposed to be?

Maiden Aunt (imperfect in the Classics). That's the Pantheon, my dear, on the Necropolis at Athens.

Edward (an Omniscient Person, elder brother of ALICE, and in his third year at Balliol). A creditable attempt to recall the highest period of Athenian art. Unfortunately, THESEUS was a pre-historic myth of the solar king.

Alice. EDWARD, you see the lady holding the hand of one of the gentlemen without any trousers? Well, why does her frock get in the way of her knees like that?

Edward. A very just criticism. The pure, free-flowing Doric chiton, with diplois should certainly have been adopted. But Hellenic dress is never rightly rendered except at the Universities or in the company of Mr. BENSON, himself a classical scholar. Still, I have no strictures to pass upon the opisthosphendone which supports the back-hair of HERMIA.

Alice. It all seems very difficult, doesn't it? But why does the Greek gentleman look so tired?

Aunt. Mr. WALLER, my dear? I expect it's a very exhausting part; or perhaps his tunic isn't comfortable. You never can tell.

Shade of Samuel Pepys. Did see this same piece on a Michaelmas Day at the King's play-house, my wife not being with me, and thought it a most insipid ridiculous farce. But now it do go to admiration, and the house extraordinary full.

Connoisseur of Modern Drama (doing the honours). Yes, I think that SHAKESPEARE owes a great deal to the refinements of

the nineteenth-century stage. In adapting him to modern tastes we have practically given him a new lease of life.

Pepys. Do remember naught but a mighty fine wench which played Oberon and sang to musick of the vialls; and the best leg that ever I saw in silk. But the rest indifferent tedious; and would have fared better at a funeral.

Connoisseur. Actuality is the note of the modern stage. Observe the reproduction of hairy growth on the actor-manager's flesh-coloured hose—a triumph of realism. The incidental music, I should add, is by MENDELSSOHN.

Pepys. Shall presently drink a health to Mistress BAIRD, who do please me infinite well with her pretty ayres.

Alice. Why does Mr. Bottom keep on shaking so many people's hands?

Aunt. An ancient Greek custom, my dear.

Edward. SHAKESPEARE'S own anachronisms afford a precedent for such a licence. But it is their audacity that alone excuses them. On the other hand, the statuesque posture assumed by Mr. TREE beside the pedestal, faintly suggestive as it is of GLYCON'S Hercules (the Farnese, so-called), of which the original is probably traceable to the Hellenistic Period, is, relatively speaking, an anachronism so timorous—a matter of a few centuries only—as to be almost unpardonable.

Alice. O what nice twinkling stars! Or are they will-o'-the-wisps?

Aunt. Yes, my dear: or electric light, or something of that kind.

Alice. How do the fairies fly about like that?

Aunt. I think it must be done by machinery: something like the lift at the Stores, only more trying, especially with a weak heart.

Alice. Aren't they sweet little things, those green babies?

Aunt (severely). Ought to be in bed hours ago.

Alice. I do wish PUCK had a prettier voice. But he's very obedient, isn't he?

Vulgar humorist in Pit. What ho! SUSANNAH! "All for 'im."

Edward. I, too, find a jarring note in the interpretation of this character. The whimsical ethereality of the arch-sprite is exchanged for the simian pranks and laughter of a gamin MEPHISTOPHELES.

Shade of Pepys. A mighty pretty turn of fooling. Truly the ass's head is a noble piece of mechanics.

Connoisseur. A mere nothing, my good Sir. Till you have seen our earthquakes and railway collisions and so forth you would not credit what a high position the modern drama has taken among the nobler arts.

Pepys. Have heard declaiming of poetical images which pleased me better, though your Mistress NEILSON has a voice of great rarity and discretion.

Connoisseur. Ah! nowadays we keep the poet—at any rate, the dead poet—in his proper place. It would never do to let the delivery of the words have an undue prominence as against the more essential features of the play—the dresses, the scenery, the lime-light. We have separate critics, female critics, for the costume department alone.

Alice. O, Auntie, how rude the gentlemen are to the lady! What names they call her!

Aunt. It must be the effect of the medicine. Allopathic, I should think. Perhaps it was only meant for their eyes, and they swallowed some.

Edward. One could wish at times that SHAKESPEARE commanded a greater subtlety of expression.

Alice. Isn't the wood beautiful? And wasn't it funny of them all to go to sleep in the same little bit of it, without seeing one another?



*Edvard.* Dramatic necessity, ALICE; or due, perhaps, to a misconception of the Aristotelian Unities.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Shade of Pepys.* Methinks there should be a satyricall import in this frolique of the mirthful tragedians!

*Connoisseur.* True. These notices, "This is a garden," "This is a tomb," &c., are a very proper thrust at the antiquaries who would restore the primitive devices of the Shakspearian stage; thus robbing the interpreter's art of its peculiar significance. Of the irony of *Bottom's* behaviour I do not altogether approve. Mr. TREE, I fear, is burlesquing the actor-manager of to-day; his dominating personality, his natural desire to outdo his fellow-actors in taking calls, his instinctive readiness to make a curtain-speech. I am afraid that this hint of irreverence for the best traditions of our modern stage will not be acceptable to other leaders of the profession.

*Pepys.* Well, well! in fine, 'tis a very brave play, and the ladies as gallant and well-favoured a company as ever I clapped eyes on at one sitting, and hope to make their better acquaintance. So, your leave, Sir, to carry you to the *Dolphin*, where is good oysters and a rare sack of posset withall. O. S.

#### "THE MAN IN THE STREET."

A FIG for your school and your college,  
To my hero their portals they close;  
Yet what he "doesn't know isn't know-  
ledge."

He's the man in the street—and He  
Knows.

He knows quite as much as a "Greats"  
man,

In the schools though he does not com-  
pete,

He is general, diplomat, statesman—  
The man in the street.

The mishaps of METHUEN or GATACRE

He foresaw—after reading the news;

He never would let this or that occur,

He could see through the enemy's ruse!

Of OOM PAUL's preparations so sinister

He had knowledge as full and complete

(We are told) as a Cabinet-Minister,

The man in the street.

That troops which are horsed are more  
"mobile"

Than our Tommies on foot he's aware;

For insight no man on the globe, I'll

Engage, is with him to compare.

That a horse will go lame if o'er-ridden,

And that parallel lines never meet—

E'en deep truths such as these are not  
hidden

From the man in the street.

But we're tired of condemned iteration,

And, although we must always acclaim

Common Sense's personification,

Let us give it henceforth a new name.



She. "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU LOVE ME, DEAR!"

He. "DON'T I LET YOU DRIVE MY HORSE!"

All the papers place emphasis weary on  
Your views, but we're tired, I repeat,  
We have made you too long a criterion,  
O man in the street!

#### THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE EXPERTS.

(Opinions of the Last anent the First.)

1859. Rifle Clubs should be very good  
fun.

1860. No possible harm in forming  
marksmen into battalions.

1861. Volunteer officers can at least  
wear their uniforms at fancy dress balls.

1865. Certainly the crowd with rifles  
can get into Hyde Park without taking  
down the railings.

1870. Just as well to have a couple of  
hundred thousand men in reserve when

France and Prussia are both ready to pick  
a quarrel with England.

1875. Volunteers can act as super-  
numeraries at the Autumn Manœuvres.

1880. Really some of these amateurs do  
nicely to teach the regular staff how to  
command brigades.

1885. An armed mob is always the  
better for an official snubbing.

1890. Too absurd to consider the  
Volunteers a means of defence.

1895. They will never be wanted, and  
if they were, they would be useless.

1900. By Jove! The Volunteers are the  
saviours of the Empire!

MR. BALFOUR'S FAVOURITE SONG.—"I  
always go home to 'Tee.'"





"WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR, SYLVIE?"

"WHY, PAPA SAID THAT WHEN THE BOERS FIRED ON THE WHITE FLAG, 'LORD METHUEN TOOK UMBRAGE,' AND I CAN'T FIND IT ANYWHERE!"

### THE COOLIE CORPS.

[The *Natal Advertiser*, as quoted in the *Times* of Jan. 10, after apologizing for the hard things it formerly said of British Indians, now welcomes them as "sons of the Empire after all." "Indeed," continues the same journal, "the magnificent manner in which the Indian bearers are proving their valour on the battlefield is testified to by Natalians who have seen them at work. It requires courage of no mean order to follow the line of skirmishers—or the mad rush of a charge, inspired not by the lust of battle, but by that spirit of duty which demands implicit obedience by non-combatants exposed to the same deadly hail as the fighting line."]

WHILE we proudly tell of TOMMY's pluck,  
And of JACK the handy man of war,  
Of Cornstalk ready, and keen Canuck,  
Let us still remember the Coolie Corps!  
They've gone to the front at Britain's call—

They're sons of the Empire after all!

While brave Natal's fair garden-land  
Sends heroes to face the storm of shell,  
There are Indians, too, on Durban's strand,

Who are helping the KAISAR-I-HIND as well!

They are there in the line where fighters fall—

They are sons of the Empire after all!

Forty thousand are they from o'er the sea,  
Brown bees from the hive of Hindostan,

Malay and Pariah, bond and free;

They are merchant and shroff and artisan,

But they'll not be slaves for the Boer to thrall—

They are sons of the Empire after all!

Though they may not fight—and to fight unpaid

They offered—unarmed they do not quail  
To tender the dhoolie-bearer's aid

In the thick of the deadly bullets' hail;  
They are in with the rush where the wounded crawl—

They are sons of the Empire after all!

Fellow-subjects are these that KRÜGER tried

To hound into kennels and dung-hill slums!

Where Hottentots herd they scorn to hide,  
But their place have they found beside the drums;

They die, and their meed of fame is small,  
But they're Sons of the Empire after all!

### UNDER REVISION.

(A peep over a shoulder in South Africa.)

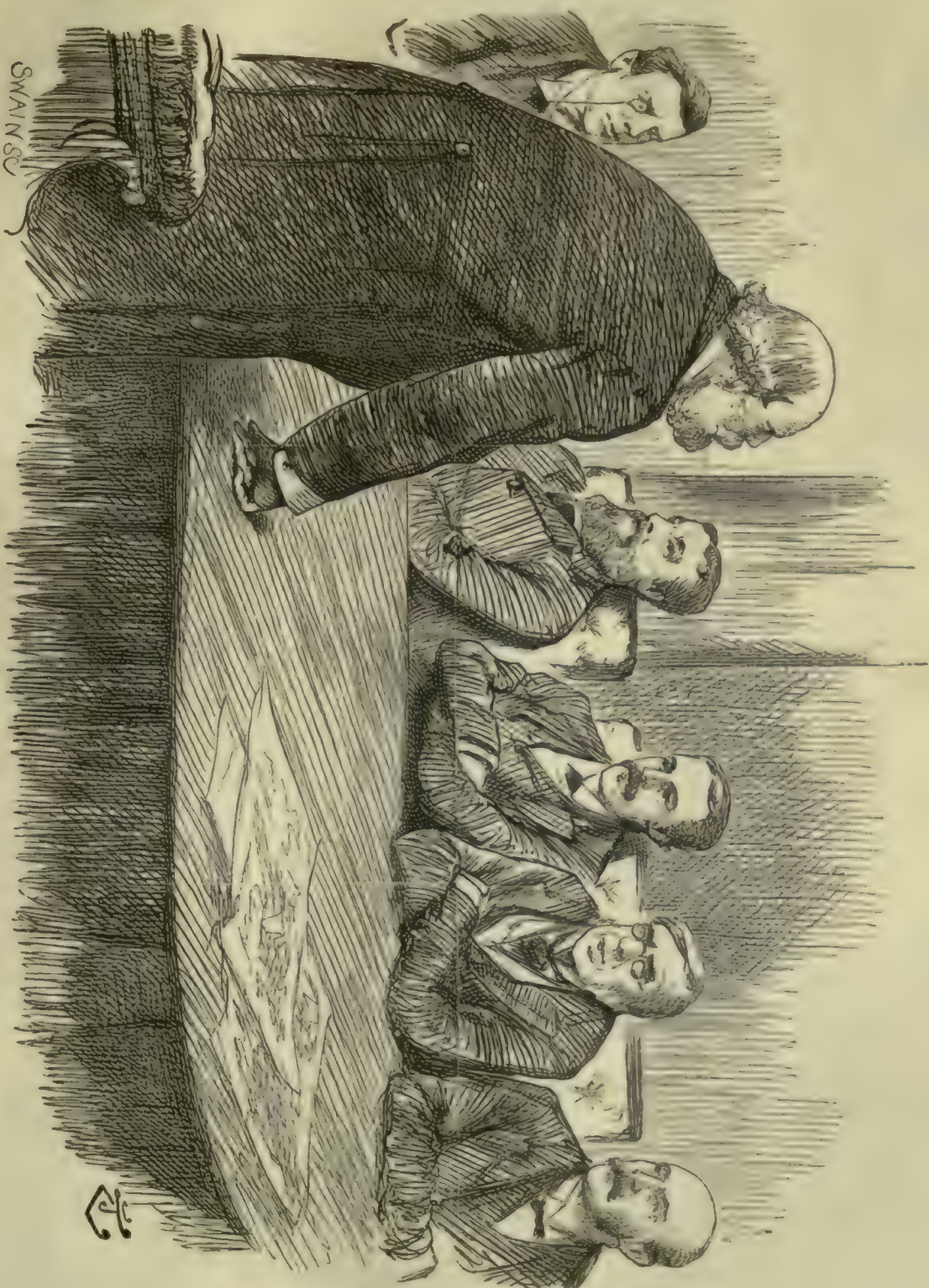
Someone (reading and writing). Now I have to pass this blessed telegram. Might spend my time to better advantage in attending to my military duties. But orders are orders. Let's see what it's

about. "There is no doubt—" Well, shall cut out "doubt." Less "doubt" we have, the better. Yes, "that our artillery is advancing." Now, why write that? It won't be understood at home. So, out with it! "Our cavalry is thrown out in support." In support of what? Oh, I see. Of the artillery. But I have cut out the artillery, so the cavalry had better follow suit. "We have four battalions in reserve and six in the fighting line." Now that is distinctly misleading. I have erased artillery and cavalry, and surely I can't leave the infantry all alone. So off they march. "We have come in contact with the enemy over a front extending six miles." But who are "we"? Horse, foot, and guns have been cut out, and there is no force in consequence. So "we, &c." must disappear like the rest. "Will wire when I have—" What's the good of that? Only wasting time with the cable. Oh, I see, "further news." Well, no objection to "further news." Now let's see what remains. "There is no" at the beginning and "further news" at the end. Capital. "There is no further news." Concise, and perfectly harmless.

[War telegram passed and dispatched home.]

POPULAR SONG BROUGHT SUCCESSFULLY UP-TO-DATE.—"There's a Pilcher for you!"





## HANGING TOGETHER.

LORD SALISBURY. "GENTLEMEN, I DON'T CARE WHAT WE SAY, BUT WE MUST ALL SAY THE SAME THING!"









### NEW CONCILIATORY DRILL-BOOK FOR THE BRITISH ARMY.

(Recommended and approved by the "Stop-the-War" "Peace-at-any-Price" Party.)

#### FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

MAX and TOMMY—and, alas! 'Boots' also—have been chez moi a fortnight, and whole house chaotic. My housekeeper has already given notice to leave. The "Melon dramer" is rehearsed about twice a day. Feel quite miserable at thought of party this evening to witness performance. MAX's play originally entitled *Cromwell the Rotter, Jolly Well Sold*, but I insist on alteration. Changed now to *Retribution; or, the Curse of Cromwell*.

Boys just converting drawing-room sofa into stage-boat and rigging up broomstick mast, with white antimacassar sails. My housekeeper, weeping, appeals to me. Go to boys and forbid any further "commandeering" of furniture.

"Oh, Uncle, don't interrupt, this is our last rehearsal, and STINKER doesn't know his part yet." Sit down resignedly. Enter 'Boots.' "What ho, mariner, where is Sir GALAHAD?" Remark that Sir GALAHAD, in connection with CROMWELL, seems trifle out of place, but MAX immediately overrules me. Sigh and say nothing. "Now then, STINKER!" cries MAX, "you're the mariner." Tommy. "I have not seen him since yester-noon. What ho!" (Why "What ho"? Fail to see connection.) Boots. "Say you so, Roundhead? What awful rot is this, Sirrah?" Protest again mildly. "Awful rot" not at all Cromwellian. "Oh, it's all right, Uncle CHARLEY. Now then, STINKER, wake up!" Tommy. "Er—what comes next?" "Well I'm blowed!" exclaims MAX, disgustedly, "don't even know yet!" Tommy. "Oh, I remember. 'Bring me a stoup of good Falernian—'" "Yes, but not like that. You must stamp about and swagger, and say, 'Bring me a stoup of good Falernian wine. What ho!' or 'Ha! Ha!' It don't matter which, but you must keep chucking in lots of 'What ho's' and 'Ha! Ha's!' Now then, Boots, you go on." Boots. "Oh yes. Here is some Sherris sack, or cup of Malvoisie." Tommy. "By gum, my Lord—." Here I gently intervene once more. "By gum," a decided anachronism. "A what ism?"

asks MAX, wonderingly. No use contending, and I rise to leave. Mrs. BOTHERTON again. "The supper caterer wishes to see me." Why me? Notice as I go, that the "villain of the piece" is wearing my new topboots. So trying!

6 P.M. Take look round house. Drawing-room devastated. My Persian cat taken permanently to sleeping on the roof. Parlour-maid given warning. Everything so worrying. Must lie down until dinner. (To be continued.)



The Old Type of Link Man.  
Supper Time.



The New Type of Link Man.  
The Time.





Mrs. Newlywed. "AND TELL ME—WHAT IS MY POPEY'S LITTLE WIFE TO HIM?"  
Mr. Newlywed (thinking of the bills). "OH—VERY, VERY DEAR!"

#### THE MATRIMONIAL SCHOOL.

["Mrs. JESSICA W. WILLIAMS, of New York, is starting a school of matrimony, to teach the domestic virtues."—*Daily Paper.*]

Angelina. I shall make it, love, a rule to attend this nice new school, for it's been my aim in life,  
Ever since I learnt to toddle, to become a perfect model of the good domestic wife;  
I'll learn to cook your chop, and if ever you should drop inadvertently a big, big D,  
I will never, love, complain, but will carefully abstain from irritating repartee.

And every girl will say,  
As I pass upon my way,

"If she has learnt to hold her tongue, which always baffled me,  
Why, what a very singularly nice new school this nice new school must be!"

Edwin. And I, darling, will go too to this Mrs. W., and beg of her to show

How to never walk astray, but to keep the narrow way that good young husbands go;

I will always come home early, and I'll never vex my girlie by carrying a gay latch-key;

And, though dinner should be vile, I will wear a saintly smile, and never use a big, big D.

And every man will say,  
As I pass upon my way,

"If EDWIN here has learnt to do without the big, big D,  
Why, what a most exceptionally nice new school this nice new school must be!"

Together. And when we have been taught to do everything we ought and nothing we should not,  
Then, darling, there will be a delightful harmony in our ideal cot;

There will be no noisy jangling, nor unreasonable wrangling,  
for 'tis the simple rule

That quarrelling is ended 'twixt the folk who have attended the atrimonial school.

And every one will say,

As we walk our peaceful way,

"If these young people have been changed so strangely as we see,

Why, what a most astonishingly nice new school this nice new school must be!"

#### IMPORTANT NEWS.

IN the *Daily Mail* of the 17th, the following telegram from Capetown is published in large type:—"The Boers anticipate that KRÜGER will be crowned at Westminster."

As a specimen of trustworthy intelligence this deserves some consideration. It will be noticed that "the Boers," not "some Boers," are spoken of. This anticipation is, therefore, that of all the inhabitants of the Transvaal and Orange Free State. Everyone agrees that the Boers are extremely ignorant and narrow-minded, but even the *Daily Mail* must admit that they are not all absolute idiots. Yet if they "anticipate" such an event, they are certainly demented. On the other hand, if they know that the English sovereigns are crowned, not in the Cathedral of London, but at Westminster, the Boers must be better informed than the majority of educated people on the Continent of Europe. Even the hysterical *Review of Reviews* could not assert this. So two words of the telegram are disposed of.

It is also stated that "KRÜGER will be crowned." As no President of any Republic has ever been crowned, anticipation of such an event would certainly prove the insanity of the Boers. Yet if the Boers are aware that the chief ceremony at Westminster is a coronation, that fact would as certainly prove that such well-informed people cannot possibly be mad. Thus all the other important words of the telegram are disposed of.

One way to publish this, and similar messages would be with blanks for the principal words, to be filled at the reader's choice, thus:—

"The ——— that ——— will be ——— at ———."

Unfortunately, this looks like shockingly bad language. The only alternative is not to publish such telegrams at all.

#### L'EXPOSITION.

A Monsieur Punch, Hautbienné.

HONORÉ MONSIEUR,—MONSIEUR AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE et je, depuis nous ici sommes venu, avons un kolossal ouvrage commencé. Il a si tant pleuvé que nous étions forcé pour quelquechose à faire. Monsieur AUGUSTE était en intention vous à écrire, mais malheureusement a il s'enrhumé, et doit à lit rester. Donc dois je vous écrire. Depuis trois mois ai je français apprené, et maintenant écris je mieux français que anglais, mais toujours tres mal. Mais avec un dictionnaire et un grammaire puis je un lettre écrire.

Monsieur AUGUSTE a me le suivant dit. Vu que l'Exposition sera ouverte au meis d'avril, nous avons eu l'idée d'écrire un petit Manuel de la Conversation à l'usage des Anglais qui se trouveront à Paris en été. C'est déjà fini, et nous vous en enverrons quelques pages de temps en temps. Plus tard, à l'époque de l'ouverture, nous espérons commencer un petit guide de l'Exposition, également en anglais.

Ceci a Monsieur AUGUSTE dit. Ah non, en français vient le verbe à premier. A dit ceci Monsieur AUGUSTE. Il dort maintenant.

Recevez Votre Hautbienné l'assurance du plus grand respect avec qui j'ai l'honneur à être votre plus obéissant  
NICE, le 16 Janvier.

LUDWIG MÜLLER.





Bernard Partridge fecit

“D

I.—The City.  
ON'T talk such  
stuff to me,  
Sir! Love?  
Folly! Art?  
Nonsense! I  
had similar  
notions

when I was young. My  
craze was Science, my in-

fatuation a petticoat and a cottage on the Thames. Bah!”

Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT, head, front, and sole proprietor of the famous bank, known all the world over as “BAGSHOTS,” was generally more incisive than oracular. On this occasion, however, he was both. His object was to knock what he called “silly ideas” out of the head of his nephew and possible heir, HARRY GWYNNE.

“The poet says of men who pride themselves on their insensibility to love, that it is like boasting of having been always stupid,” HARRY replied, with an effrontery he had never before exhibited to his uncle.

“The poet!” sneered the banker. “The poet!” And he covered a pile of coupons with a paper-weight, as if he had the poet underneath and had settled him for ever. “I don’t upbraid you, HARRY. Happily, when I was your age, I had a father who knew how to guide his son through the shoals of Love and Art and such flimsy ambitions, as I shall pilot you. Oh yes, I shall. You may shake your head. I shook mine. But I was not a fool, any more than you are.”

Nobody would have taken either of them for a fool. Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT (it was customary always to speak of him with both his Christian names) was a hard-headed man of business, with keen, deep-set eyes, thick grey hair, a gold pince-nez, and a sharp, firm, aggressive manner. His nephew was a quiet, student-like, handsome young fellow, with a generous mouth, but with a chin that physiognomists would regard as lacking in the quality of “pushfulness,” so much needed for success in our day, whether you be artist, merchant, or cabdriver.

Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT went on sorting his papers as he addressed the young man, who faced the banker in an unbending attitude, leaning his back against his resolution as if it might have been the office wall.

“My father was the founder of this bank. I succeeded him.

By virtue of his advice I am, twice or thrice over, a millionaire; and my desire is to give you a partnership in my fortunes.”

“But your father must have loved?” was the calm reply.

“Why must he?” asked the banker, choking down his disappointment.

“He married, and you are his son.”

“He married a hundred thousand pounds, and I was his heir.”

“But your mother, Sir?”

“Knew her duty and her station; lived half the year on the Continent, and died at forty, beloved and respected.”

“Had you no home life?”

“Don’t ask me conundrums. Your father, my brother, chose ‘Art as his goddess,’ to quote his own words. That he might worship the old fraud without the drag of commerce at his heels, even by token of an honoured name, he renounced that of BAGSHOT. It was plebeian; so he called himself AUGUSTUS FELIX GWYNNE.”

“GWYNNE was his mother’s maiden name, and he loved her.”

“He loved everything: that was his shibboleth, poor devil!”

“I beg you will speak respectfully of my father, or I shall be compelled to bring this interview to an end, and at once.”

“Indeed! Really!” said the old man, taken somewhat aback.

“You will bring it to an end, eh? It is for me to continue or end it as I please. There, there, don’t fly out! I grant you that your father had the courage of his opinions; but he was disinherited; left to the mercy of his Love and his Art and, to complete his folly, made a penniless marriage.”

“It was a happy marriage,” said HARRY, quickly.

“Happy! In a cottage, on a pittance.”

“I never felt their poverty,” the nephew replied.

“Did they disguise it so well? You amaze me!”

“Nor did they feel it in truth,” went on the young fellow; “their wants were few, and when my dear father had a picture hung at the Academy—”

“Hung, but never sold!” the banker rejoined, with a sneer.

“Oh, yes! He sold now and then. Whether he did or not, those first days of the exhibitions, when he was well-placed, were red-letter days. I remember them now with a thrill of pleasure.”

“My dear fellow,” said Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT, making one more effort to convert the nephew to his views, knowing that he possessed great good qualities, “love has made



many a wiser man than you or I a fool, and will, to the end of Time. I am, therefore, willing to give you a few days to get over it. Comply with my wishes and I will raise your allowance to two thousand a year; and if, within a time to be stated, you prove worthy of my confidence, you shall be my partner and the accepted and recognised heir to my estates. In short, I offer you exactly the opportunity my father gave to me; in return for which I put aside the folly of what you call love and other unbusiness-like ambitions, and, as the result of obedience and attention to business, you see before you one of the richest men in London."

"And one of the most miserable!" said the nephew; for his father, shortly before his death, had told him the sordid story of JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT.

"What do you mean, Sir? How dare you address me in such terms!"

"I mean exactly what I say, that you are a miserable man! Wifeless, childless, friendless, alone, unloved, feared, a mere walking money-bag."

"Sir! Are you mad?"

"No. Excited, yes; determined, yes; but not mad. I said you are friendless. I withdraw that. I am your friend, and could be devoted to you. Beneath your austere manner you must often have an impulse of kindness; otherwise, you could not have been my dear father's brother. . . . Think of the friend you could make of me, for life! Think of the home you could make a paradise! For I shall marry Miss LISTER at once; and if you would consent to see her, you would congratulate me."

"Should I! Should I! And sit for my portrait, with her on one side of me and you on the other? You don't know me."

"I believe I do; and I can see you, in the future, helping a young artist who has claims of love and relationship upon you."

"Can you, really! Second-sight among your other gifts, eh? I can see through a stone wall just as clearly," retorted the banker, turning hotly upon the rebel. "I can see you, Sir, hawking your immature pictures at the shops of second-hand dealers, your wife a drudge, your children in the gutter!"

"Yet, in your heart of hearts, you shall envy us; for, however poor, we shall at least build up happy memories, and be encouraged by an honourable ambition."

"We shall see. It would have cost any other person who had dared to speak to JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT as you have spoken to him, many a sleepless night. And it will cost you dear, if you persist in your avowed resolve. But you will not. I remember that I was hardly less impertinent on a very similar occasion, when my father carpeted me and made his final proposal to his rebellious son. I make the same proposal to you. Sleep on it! Accept my terms, and you shall not wait for a dead man's shoes for all that money can give you. Resolve yourself otherwise, and—I disown you!"

"One last appeal," said the nephew. "Give me leave to divide my life between the firm and the studio, and—"

"I make no concessions," said the banker sternly, interrupting the young man. "Choose between the foolish hobby you call Art, between me and the no less brainless folly you call Love. On one side struggle, penury, and regret; on the other position, wealth, independence."

"Then, good-bye, Sir; but don't let us part in anger. If I have hurt your feelings, I am sorry."

"Sleep on it," was the banker's laconic reply.

## II.—Grosvenor Square.

Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT had no vices, so-called. He did not smoke, rarely drank wine, except with his dinner; never "nipped;" lunched in his private room in the City; went to no public feasts; seldom entertained guests; gave sparingly, but publicly, to established charities, and was a lonely, rich man. . . . The worst of it was he was growing old. . . . He hated to grow old. . . . If he had only a son, or a nephew, to take his place, a shrewd, clever fellow like himself, to carry on the financial

prosperity of "BAGSHOTS," then he could grow old with more or less content, and even contemplate death itself with resignation.

Thus, one winter's night, twenty years after a certain unhappy day in the City, he was reflecting on the past and contemplating the future, sitting in the light of a wood fire at his great house in Grosvenor Square; for, though he lived economically, he affected the *grand seigneur* among City men, and was accepted as one of the lights of the banking world. . . . He had dined carefully and well, but he persuaded himself, as the weather was cold, and he was feeling slightly depressed, that a glass or two of a certain Gold-seal Madeira would be permissible. . . . BAGSHOT'S butler always knew when Master had made a thousand or two less in the day than usual, or had met a rival for a new foreign loan who had got the better of him by the fraction of a shilling, and was "a bit low;" then, according to the butler's confidences with the housekeeper, Master would order up a bottle of the Gold-seal Madeira. There were not too many bottles left; but sufficient to see old BAGSHOT out. And what a wine it was! What colour! What character! What flavour! . . . It must have flowed from the vats rich and riotous, with a body that demanded all the perfecting attention that Old Father Time had bestowed upon it. There was a witchery in it that exorcised sorrow, and gave wings to the dulllest imagination.

The old man held his glass up against the light. The blazing logs reflected patches of flame in its golden depths. . . . Presently, inspired by the magic of the radiant liquor, BAGSHOT saw in the broken lines of the wood fire the High Street of the little town where, in the days of his youth, he was wont to visit at the house of a college companion. Every turn and twist of the old place was familiar to him; the little Post Office that stood back from the road, the baker's shop with its pavement dry in the wettest weather, the greengrocer's where he bought nosegays for a certain young lady, the "fishing-tackle emporium" where he discussed flies and ground-bait and rods with the dear old fellow who knew every swim and hole and pool from thence to Oxford. Suddenly, as he gazed into the fire which had expanded into a very large town, there tripped across the street a vision of loveliness, in a short piqué frock, that gave full play to the girl's pretty ankles and her daintily shod feet. He noted that on the other side of the way a young fellow joined her. It was himself. Yes, even JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT in flannels. . . . It was Summer, and he could smell the hay that was being turned in an adjacent meadow. The happy lovers shook hands. The young fellow drew the girl's arm within his own, and they disappeared down the nearest way to the river. For a moment the banker feared he was not to see them again, but Fate was kind to him. The next moment they stood on the bank. A boat was loosened from its moorings. The girl in the piqué frock took the rudder-ropes, the young man lifted the sculls. The happiness that beamed in the faces of the lovers made the old man sigh, for he knew what storm and stress lay before them—he, the ambitious student turned aside from a noble pursuit, she the impressionable young creature doomed to die a spinster in that same river-side town.

"As you grow old, Time has a way of torturing you with memories of your youth," he said. "You recall incidents of your boyhood more clearly than those of yesterday. We must all grow old. There is no partiality in that, but it makes life a poor invention after all."

He was on the point of breaking up the curious forms in which the burning wood and coal had, to his mind, represented one of the happiest scenes of his boyhood, when he discovered that he was not alone.

"Pray be seated," said the stranger, a comely handsome young man of apparently one or two-and-twenty.

It was odd, Mr. BAGSHOT thought, for a visitor to request him to be seated, and with an air of authority; but the vision of the village street and the girl in the piqué frock had softened him in spite of himself: so he bowed graciously to his visitor and



sat down, at the same time inquiring, with cold politeness, "To whom have I the honour of speaking?"

"I am that young man who is pulling yonder boat. How happily he set forth, did he not? What his haven might have been, if he had taken the course marked out for him by a benignant Fate! But a false guide intervened. The false guide called himself Wisdom, who was only Worldliness. He frightened the rower with warnings of 'danger,' where he should have established signals of 'safety' and 'happiness.' . . . And instead of continuing the voyage with his angelic coxswain, the young man put her ashore, and made his voyage alone. . . . You know the rest."

"Again, Sir, I ask, who are you?" exclaimed the old man, trembling with emotion.

"I am *yourself*, at two-and-twenty! . . . Yourself, with the

prospect of a sweet and loved companion for life! Yourself, at two-and-twenty, with a worthy ambition to win fame and fortune in the broad field of Science, and with capacity enough to have succeeded. . . . Ah! man, man, what a poor choice you made, between Love and Gold—between a noble ambition and the sordid reality of a counting-house! One emotion of true love, one impulse of a great generosity, one sweet dream of chastened hope, were worth all your sordid joys of wealth. . . . Wifeless, friendless, unloved, feared, a mere money-bag; do you remember those warning words?"

"You torture me! you torture me!" groaned the old man.

"Look back! look back!" said his visitor, himself at two-and-twenty. "Can you recall for the consolation of your old age one instance in which you have smoothed the path of some less fortunate traveller on life's highway? You had a nephew, the son of your only brother. He had a finer courage than yours, and gave hostages to fortune. With a little timely help he might have become famous; you would have been proud of him; yet to-night you hardly remember the name of HARRY GWYNNE. Look back, I say, look back!"

"I do, I do; and my heart aches," moaned the old man.

"Thank God you can still feel the thrill of a latent sensibility! . . . Look forward!"

"My future is dark and dismal; there is no light in it."

"Heaven is merciful to the sinner that repents," said the young man, as he rose to depart.

Whereupon the banker followed him with wondering and appealing eyes.

"Stay! Oh, stay!" he cried. "I would know how I may atone!" But his visitor had disappeared.

### III.—Putney.

THE old man rang the bell. An obsequious servant entered.

"Who was the visitor you admitted?"

"The visitor!" repeated the man with surprise.

"I asked the name of the visitor whom you admitted."

"When, Sir?"

"Soon after you placed the Madeira on the table."



"I am *yourself*, at two-and-twenty!"

"And you bade me not disturb you until you rung for coffee?"

"Yes, yes," was the impatient reply.

"I admitted no one, Sir."

"Not a young gentleman?"

"No, Sir."

"Nor opened the door to a visitor departing?"

"No, Sir."

"And yet I surely heard the inner door of the hall close only a few moments since?"

"Yes, Sir; that was to admit a lady."

"A lady!"

"Yes, Sir."

"At this time of night!"

"That is what I said; but she would take no denial."

"And what does she want?"

"She said you would not know her, perhaps not even her name, though she seemed uncertain about that."

"Well? well?"

"She said she felt sure you would see her, Sir, though it is late, and she comes without an introduction. She had prayed that you would not turn her away, and she believed her prayer had been answered, her impulse to come was so strong."

"You seem to have had plenty of talk with her?"

"Yes, Sir; she is rather strange, Sir, that's why, Sir; but she seems quite respectable."

"Well, and what are you holding in your hand as if it were something that might explode?"

"I wasn't aware that I was so odd about it, Sir; but I feel a bit flustered. It is her card, Sir."

"Well, give it to me. You seem very stupid to-night."

"Yes, Sir, that's how I feel, begging your pardon, Sir."

It was the card of "Mrs. HARRY GWYNNE."

"No one with her?"

"Not that I know of, Sir."

"I will see her. Show her in."

"Yes, Sir," and he left the room.

"I think master's a bit on," he said to himself as he passed into the hall where the lady was sitting, "and I feel that way myself, though it ain't with the Gold-seal Madeira."

"My nephew's wife, no doubt," said the banker. "Is this the opportunity of atonement that Heaven gives me, to follow on my tardy repentance, or am I dreaming still? Was it a dream? Surely. What else?"

She was pale, thinly clad, and looked altogether out of harmony with her surroundings. The firelight, nevertheless, seemed to welcome her. It clothed her with a passing but pathetic beauty.

"You are Mrs. GWYNNE?" said a voice in such gentle conciliatory tones, that, raising her eyes to the speaker, she, in her turn, asked a question.

"And you, Sir? Are you Mr. JOHN HENRY BAGSHOT?"

"I am Mr. BAGSHOT," said the banker, dropping all his Christian names with an unusual impulse of humility.

"I thank you, Sir, for receiving me at this untimely hour."



"I hope it may prove timely," he said. "Don't thank me until I may give you cause to do so."

"Very well, Sir," she answered, her momentary confidence considerably shaken.

"Sit down, if you please," said her host. The logs in the grate broke out into sudden flame as if to endorse the old man's courtesy, and encourage the woman's best hopes.

Mr. BAGSHOT placed a seat for her with much deference of manner. She gazed at him with wondering eyes.

"You are not a vision, eh?" he said, now that she was sitting before the fire, "not a figure in a dream?"

"No, indeed, Sir; I am HARRY GWYNNE'S wife."

"Yes," he said, looking down upon her, and she thought his lips trembled as he spoke. "We have never met before?"

"No, Sir."

"You are cold and faint. Let me offer you a glass of wine."

"No, thank you," she replied, timidly, her eyes blinking in the firelight.

"It will revive you," he said, pouring out a glass of the Gold-seal. "It has in it the very breath of life."

"You are very kind, and I thank you," she said, still declining the proffered glass.

"It will give me great pleasure if you will take a little. Shall I order you some supper? You are my nephew's wife, you know. I am entitled to offer you the hospitality of my house."

"Oh! Sir," she said, taking the glass from his hands, and sipping a little of the liquor.

"Nay, my dear child, drink. It will do you good; and before you go, my housekeeper shall find you a warmer wrap. But you have, perhaps, left your cloak in the hall, eh?"

"I am quite comfortable as to that, Sir," she said.

"But you must drink, just a little. Nay; I will not hear what you want me to do, until you have. You do want me to do something for you, eh?"

She drank; and the wine seemed to give her new life.

"That's right," he said, replacing the glass on the table.

"Now, tell me, what can I do for you? You have come to ask me a favour. I grant it, before it is named."

"Oh, Sir! You overwhelm me. . . . My husband—my dear husband. . . . He is very ill!"

"God forbid!" said the old man. "What is the matter? Does it come of being poor? Have you not all that health and happiness require? No, no; I feared it."

"We have all that happiness can require in love and hope; but oh, Sir, we are very poor! For two years my dear HARRY has worked upon his one great subject, the dream of his life. It is called 'Love and Gold.' Perhaps you have seen it mentioned in the papers. He finished it this morning—"

"Yes, yes. And Love has triumphed, eh? Well?"

"The doctors say he must take a sea-voyage, and spend at least six months in Madeira—"

"Madeira! That was the wine you drank. A great wine. Life in it—life, love, ambition, repentance, hope, joy, atonement! And he must go to Madeira, eh?"

Mrs. GWYNNE began to fear the old man had drunk too much of the wine he was so wildly extolling.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. I am quite myself. At least, my other self. We shall all be very happy. Yes? Well?"

"We should not have been so poor, but for the last year my husband had to give up his black and white work, and devote all his time to his picture. Everybody says there is fame and fortune in it."

"So there is, so there is," said the old man. "Does he want to sell his picture?"

"He lives on in that hope."

"Very well; it is sold! I have bought it. You shall have the money to-morrow. How much did you say? A thousand pounds. Very well; that's settled. And when does he go to Madeira?"

"At once, Sir, if we can, anyhow, afford it. Oh, Sir, I have

often wanted to appeal to you. We have not had money enough to procure all the luxuries the doctors have ordered for him."

"God forgive me!" said the old man. "And I have been overwhelmed with luxuries, and with money! . . . Is he very ill, then? Not dangerously ill?"

"Yes, dangerously ill; or I would not have ventured to come to you. If we can get him to the South at once, he may quite recover in a few months, the doctors say; and—"

"Take me to him. No money! Great heavens!" He rang the bell. "Tell JAMES to get out the barouche and pair. Quick!"

"Where to, my dear?" the banker asked, as he handed Mrs. GWYNNE into the carriage, and drew a warm rug about her knees. "Putney?"

"Yes, Sir, Perry Street, near the hill. We call it 'The Cottage.' I can direct the coachman when we reach the bridge."

"Tell JAMES to lose no time," said the banker. "He is to get to the bridge as fast as he can go."

"Yes, Sir," the footman replied, closing the door, and away they went, Mrs. GWYNNE'S heart dancing to the music of the wheels, dancing with hope and fear and joy. It would have been hard to say which emotion was uppermost.

It was some time before she spoke, and the master of millions was equally busy with his own silent reflections.

"I can never sufficiently thank you," she said, presently, as the horses sped through the lamplit streets along which she had so recently trudged cold, weary, and forlorn.

"Nay, don't thank me. I am the cause of his illness. . . . Nevertheless all these years I have robbed myself. Firstly, I might have had a wife and son of my own. Secondly, foregoing that happiness, I might have had your husband at my side, and you to brighten my hearth, who knows? . . . But it is not too late. Ah, my child, you shall have happy days yet. He shall, indeed, be famous and rich. We will take him to the Continent together, in our own yacht; and he shall dream himself back to robust life, and— Have you any children?"

"Two, Sir, a boy and a girl; but they give us no trouble. One is about to marry; she is eighteen."

"Is he rich?"

"No, Sir; but worthy, and a gentleman."

"She shall bring him a dowry of a hundred thousand pounds. And the other?"

"He is a student at the School of Mines."

"Earning anything?"

"No, Sir; but he has reasonable hopes of a lucrative appointment, and is working upon what he believes will be a great discovery in original research."

"He shall have the appointment; and he shall make his discovery, if money can help him."

"This is 'The Cottage,' Sir."

The door was locked. She knocked at it. It was gently opened by the girl who was engaged to be married.

"Hush, mother dear!" she said. "Hush!" And flung herself into her arms with a great sob of anguish.

The old man passed them, and entered the room.

"Mother," said the young fellow who was a student of the School of Mines, "you must bear up and be strong. You will always have us to console and to love you; we will never part from each other. Dear father died an hour ago!"

*Joseph Hatton*





### WAR OFFICE TAKE NOTE.

SUGGESTION TO SPORTSMEN WITH A VIEW TO FUTURE EFFICIENCY WITH THE RIFLE (NO HOUNDS REQUIRED).

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. GAY & BIRD have added *Trivia, and Other Poems*, by JOHN GAY, to their charming series of *Bibelots*. A fellow-townsmen of a later century (GAY was born near Barnstaple) contributes interesting introductory notes. My Baronite suspects that few who read these lines have read *Trivia*. Apart from its attraction as a classic, it is full of quaint information about the appearance of the streets of London, and the dress of the people who passed to and fro ere Queen ANNE was dead.

Mrs. R. NEISH, says one of the Baron's talented assistants, who wrote that cheerful book, *The Others, by One of Them*, has again tempted fortune and the reviewers with *A World in a Garden and The Brown Girls*, the one published by J. M. DENT & Co., the other by J. W. ARROWSMITH. *A World in a Garden* is evidently the product of a refined and cultivated mind communing with Nature, but not always finding in Nature the absolutely appropriate for its thoughts. There is much to attract the reader who delights in trees, flowers, shrubs, and their relations to an artistic temperament, and the style has a happy flavour of EMERSON. But I have a bone (a cutlet bone, let me say) to pick with Mrs. NEISH. Why does she teach us to love Geoff, the bright and kindly little boy, whose sayings are not the least pleasant part of the book, merely in order to wrench tears from us by slaying him (through the medium of scarlet fever) towards the end of the book? It is an unworthy action—and an unnecessary. There is pathos and pathos, and for myself I do not care to have my sensitive nature wantonly scarified by an artificially-produced death-scene. *The Brown Girls*, by the same author, shows us a very different method. Nothing here is artificial, but there is good humour in abundance, and a prevailing spirit of brightness and simplicity.

"Of the many hardy and energetic men to whom we owe our knowledge of the interior of Australia, CHARLES STURT is perhaps the most eminent." Thus Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, President of the Royal Geographical Society, addressing the annual meeting in 1870. My Baronite admits that till he took up *The Life of Charles Sturt* (SMITH, ELDER), written by the

gallant explorer's daughter-in-law, he knew nothing of him or of his life's work. Here it is set forth with loving yet judicious hand, together with maps and diagrams that make all clear. STURT's greatest achievement was the journey across the unknown continent, from the Blue Mountain to Adelaide. On one of his expeditions, seventeen months was spent in the bush. The work is invaluable as a record of the iron-clad endurance by the sort of man who helps to make the Empire.

LORD ASHBOURNE'S *Monograph on PITT* (LONGMANS) reaches my Baronite in its second edition. The author modestly disclaims competition with the standard works of Lord STANHOPE and Mr. LECKY, or with the marvel of brilliant condensation of a colossal story with which Lord ROSEBERY more recently enriched English literature. His book may well stand alone by reason of the new and interesting matter it reveals. He has had the opportunity of reading a mass of unpublished letters and papers relating to, or written by, PITT. These throw a flood of light on his public and, more especially, his domestic life. Naturally the Lord Chancellor of Ireland has been especially attracted by PITT's relations with his own country, leading to the establishment of the Union. PITT toiled terribly to achieve what he believed desirable in the interests of Ireland, and essential to the prosperity of the Empire. Writing to ORDE on Sunday, Sept. 10, 1784, he says, "What is it that will in truth give satisfaction and restore permanent tranquillity to Ireland?" After the lapse of more than a century the question remains unanswered. There are some charming letters from PITT's mother, Lady CHATHAM, a good-natured, fussy lady, who irresistibly reminds my Baronite of Mrs. Nickleby. She was always being got at by people desirous of profiting by the patronage of her powerful son. "GILL, the postmaster at Somerton," she writes in a long letter, "(a very good kind of man) begged me to ask you a favour for a brother or friend, I have forgot which, who is in some kind of office of excise, or something of that sort." Mrs. Nickleby in her prime never excelled the flush of energy or the hopeless indefiniteness of this appeal. The volume is enriched by fine engravings of rare portraits of PITT and his contemporaries. THE BARON DE B.-W.





### INSULT TO INJURY.

(After the too festive Season.)

Cheerful Doctor (to Patient, whom he has ordered to take Gruel "to keep his strength up"). "MIND YOU DON'T OVEREAT YOURSELF."

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, January 29.—Ambition to acquire distinction takes various forms. Some members diligently set themselves to fill the still vacant places of DIZZY and Mr. G. Others attempt to dislodge CAPEN TOMMY BOWLES from his perilous prominence on the yard-arm of the Ship of State. Others, again, are content with the modest fame of finding their names recorded in the papers as having been first to put in an appearance on opening day of Session.

In the Parliament of 1880, the cake (of oatmeal) was literally taken by a Scotch member. He took it over-night to Palace Yard, with a noggin or two of whiskey; wrapped his plaid around him, lay down under corridor-roof of main entrance to House; attendant opening door in morning invariably fell over his prostrate body. Thus assured of being waked in good time, he soundly slept. Through several Sessions, in fact, till his plan of campaign was discovered, he was always first man in.

The member for Sark, who was long in the secret, tells me it was Mr. GEDGE who discovered it. It happened at the opening of the Session subsequent to that in which the member for Walsall, after long and patient observation, fathomed the mystery of the certainty with which the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE was throughout the Session found seated in the prized

corner seat below the gangway, sacred to memory of the Leader of the Fourth Party. SAGE has in his time brought to book many an adroit schemer. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Why, Mr. GEDGE.

That is another story and an old one. Everyone knows how Mr. GEDGE, beginning to smell a rat, seeing it, in fact, moving in the air over the corner seat, bethought him of what happened to *Polonius*. That may seem a little mixed. Two things are clear: one is that the SAGE was never at prayers; the other that he nevertheless secured a particular seat, which might properly be done only by obtaining a ticket served out at prayer time to those present within the locked doors.

Mr. GEDGE took steps contemplation of which makes the country more than ever regret he was not stationed at Pretoria on behalf of the Intelligence Department when Mr. KRÜGER was importing pianos and lodging in barracks German and French professors of astronomy and conchology. He quietly moved down below gangway from accustomed seat behind PRINCE ARTHUR. Immediately opposite him sat DILKE in attitude of devotion by empty corner seat. Whilst prayers were read Mr. GEDGE reverently bent his head, covered his face with his hand, and through the chinks of fortuitously opened fingers saw DILKE fix a card at the back of the corner seat.

Mr. GEDGE said nothing (except "Amen" in its proper place), and as soon as service

### LORD'S AND COMMONS.

["MICHAEL FOSTER . . . was a capital cricketer. He kept wicket in the first eleven, and (for his age) he was a wonderfully good bat as well . . . All cricketers will, of course, therefore vote for him. No better candidate could possibly be found."—LL.B., B.A., Lond. in the *Times*.]

O GRADUATES of London, you will all, I hope, agree That FOSTER is the very man to make our new M.P., For he has played at cricket, and the House of Commons floor Is just the place, *par excellence*, for people who can score.

Although a man of centuries, he still is far from old, And though he's bowled his overs, he is never over-bold, And though we cannot claim that he has never had a match, It's quite beyond contention that he'd prove a brilliant catch.

He's been a wicket-keeper, and we naturally jump To the obvious conclusion that he's just the man to stump; He also is a famous bat, and you will all admit The man who hits a boundary is bound to make a hit.

And if you would object that he's the last to come upon The scene of this election, we reply, he's been long on: In short our gallant cricketer is going in to win, And though he may have been run out, we mean to run him in.

RATHER DIFFICULT.—Extract from the report of the London Water Commission:—"We think the Water Board should be a permanent, and not a fluctuating body."

LUNAR OBSERVATION.—We hear a great deal now-a-days about the "Man-in-the-Street," whose advice is about as practical as would be that of a much older and far wider known individual, ye clept "The Man in the Moon."

was over casually crossed the floor and read the name on the ticket.

"H. LABOUCHERE"!

How he brought the news to Ghent; how from his familiar place he disclosed the plot to a laughing House, is told in the pages of *Hansard*.

The other story, about his finding the Scotch member wrapped in his plaid at 3 o'clock on a cold February morning, awaiting the opening of the doors on the new Session, rests on the equally reputable authority of SARK. From the same source I hear that several members went to bed early this evening with instruction to be called at quarters of an hour varying between 4 and 5 a.m., intent on immortalizing themselves. We shall see.

Business done.—Doesn't even begin till to-morrow.

### THE SPHERE.

(Verse from "The Shorter Catechism," set to a very old tune.)

"THE Sphere! The Sphere! The Sphere! The Sphere!"

Now isn't it quite clear That "SPH" and "ERE" Do not result in "Spear"?

Chorus.—The Spheré! The Sphere! &c. (Going all over the place *ad lib.*)

"WEIGHTS" WHICH ARE LOOKED FOR LONG AFTER CHRISTMAS.—Weights for the Spring Handicap.





### OPENING THE PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN.

"On entering the Commons Vaal we found on an isolated kopje, awkwardly situated between us and the enemy, a most remarkable body of eminent gentlemen in peaceful attire, who protested loudly against being involved in a war against their will. They said they didn't 'like Empire'!"—*Letter from Our Intelligent Antagonist in the Press Gallery.*

["In dealing with England, you have only to wait for the opposition."—*Mr. Kruger.*]





### THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

- Mother. "GEORGIE, I TOLD YOU TO SAY 'NO,' IF THEY OFFERED YOU CAKE A THIRD TIME."

Georgie. "SO I DID, MAMMA. ONLY THEY OFFERED IT ME THE FOURTH TIME, AND YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE FOURTH TIME!"

### TWO VISITS.

(A Tale with a Sting at the End.)

#### THE FIRST VISIT.

"You are fond of children, aren't you?" Mr. Punch was asked some time ago by a friend whom he happened to meet in a quaint old street in Bloomsbury.

No one who has the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Punch's volumes will need to be told his answer.

"Then," said his friend, "will you come with me now and be introduced to some? They are close by."

Now it was rather a sudden invitation, and Mr. Punch was not feeling quite in the humour for romping just then: "I suppose," he said dubiously, "they won't want to pull me about, eh? They're quiet children?"

"Very quiet," was the reply, in a tone that did not entirely remove Mr. Punch's apprehensions; however, he followed his guide into a large building a few paces away, up a staircase, and into a long room, where he found the children. There seemed to be a good many of them there, but they were certainly wonderfully quiet—much, much quieter, indeed, than Mr. Punch could have wished, for most were lying, very still, in bed—though it was not nearly bed-time—and even those who were up did not seem in the least disposed to romp.

Which, after all, was not so surprising—seeing that the room was a ward in a Hospital for Sick Children.

Hospital ward though it was, the general impression was the reverse of painful; the room was lofty, light, and perfectly ventilated; the contrasted tones of grey and carmine in the tiled walls gave it warm and cheerful colouring; there were plants, flowers, toys, a bowl of gold-fish here and there, and

even the tables for dressings and antiseptics conveyed, with their glass shelves and jars of rose and lilac fluids, an incongruous but pleasing suggestion of a confectioner's window.

Small convalescents sat round the high stove fender or at low tables in happy and intimate silence, and, as the bright-faced "Sister" and nurses in their pink-and-white uniforms passed a group or a cot, some pale little face, stamped with that content to be at rest which, in a child, is so pathetically unnatural, would light up for the moment at a caressing touch or a playful word.

The children seemed to understand that Mr. Punch was their friend also, and received his overtures graciously, with something, too, of the gentle dignity with which the royalty of suffering will so often invest even the humblest child.

Some were too shy or too tired to talk, so they smiled instead, as the best substitute for conversation—and it did uncommonly well; but others soon became quite confidential.

REGGIE, for instance, who was recovering from a very delicate operation, and extremely proud of having been under chloroform (which the boy in the next bed hadn't, and was considered somewhat of an outsider in consequence), was in some concern about his nurse, whose head, as, for some mysterious reason, he firmly believed, was in the habit of disappearing every night. REGGIE was half hoping, half dreading to witness this phenomenon, and see how she looked without her head. "But I never shall," he lamented to Mr. Punch, "because somehow I can't keep awake after eight!"

And JOHNNIE, at whose request Mr. Punch drew soldiers which JOHNNIE coloured in crayons, seemed to have spent more of his few years in hospital than out of it, and described to Mr. Punch how, when he last left he told the "Sister" "it was all right, for he should soon be back." And so he was—the very next week, and hoped he would stay there altogether now. JOHNNIE had large bright eyes and quite a good colour in his cheeks, but he was very ill, notwithstanding, with a serious form of heart disease, which required complete rest and unremitting care if his frail life was to be preserved. And so it was with his neighbour—FLORRIE—who was occupied in reading *The Boy's Own Book of Sports*.

TOMMY's father was a Reservist away in South Africa. When TOMMY grew up, he informed Mr. Punch, he meant to go and fight the Boers himself—not suspecting, poor little man, that he was already battling with a foe almost as formidable.

Then there was ALBERT, a smart, lively boy under treatment for a diseased hip-joint, who declared his intention of never leaving the ward—he was too happy with "Sister." ALBERT, it appeared, was the songster of the ward, and his repertory included (besides hymns) "Soldiers in the Park," and a ditty entitled "'As your 'Air Grows Whiter,'" which he did not feel equal to rendering just then, but with which he undertook to favour Mr. Punch on his next visit.

Only a few new friends these out of many, all so patient, so uncomplaining, so touchingly grateful for small kindnesses, and when Mr. Punch took his leave, with their bright eyes following his retreat and mutely inviting him to "come again soon," it was with rather more than his usual huskiness that he promised that he would not forget them.

#### THE SECOND VISIT.

Mr. Punch did not forget—only it so happened that he had a great deal to occupy him just then, and he was startled to realise, as he sat in his arm-chair one evening, that several weeks had passed and his second visit was still unpaid. "I'll go up to-morrow," he resolved, "and—yes, I'll take them up a few toys!"

Of course, such a hospital would be too well supported by the public to require even toys—but the fact was that Mr. Punch's conscience was a little uneasy that evening and wanted soothing.

So the very next day he presented himself at the big building





### HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

ALWAYS LET YOUR HORSE SEE THAT YOU ARE HIS MASTER.

in Bloomsbury, provided with a supply of toys which he fondly hoped would find favour in the sight of his young *protégés*.

He went straight up to the ward he knew best, and pushed open the glazed doors—but the interior somehow had a strangely desolate look; no "Sister" or nurse moved among the cots, no little forms in crimson or cream-coloured gowns lay on the pillows, no fire was glowing in the stove, there was no life, no stir anywhere.

"They've only moved them up to another floor," Mr. Punch told himself, and trudged up stairs and into ward after ward—but all were alike empty; and he was growing more and more uneasy, when he suddenly found himself in the presence of a lady in black whom he recognised as the Matron.

"Why do you come here—now?" she inquired. "Were you looking for any one?"

"For the children," Mr. Punch explained, "my little friends, REGGIE and FLORRIE and JOHNNIE and the others."

"They are not here," she said, "they have been sent home."

"What!" cried Mr. Punch, scarcely daring to believe it. "Cured? Already!"

"No," she replied, turning her head aside for a moment (he noticed now that she looked very sad). "Not cured. Some of them never may be now—but we were obliged to send them away all the same—back to their poor homes, and insufficient food, and air, and space. I see you have brought some toys for them—that was kind—but—but it was funds we needed, not toys—funds to keep the Hospital going from day to day. We held on as long as we could, hoping that help would come—but it never did, and at last we had to close our doors, dismiss our staff, and send every child home—to such care and comfort as its parents can give it, which is little enough, for most of them are very poor."

"If I had only come up before!" cried Mr. Punch, "I might

have prevented it. I would have appealed myself, in my own paper, to my own public, not to let such a thing be!"

"They have so many claims on them just now," she said. "Most probably it would have had no effect!"

"I believe it would!" said Mr. Punch. "I'm positive it would! And at least I might have tried—but now—now it's too late—too late!"

And, with a bitter sense of a privilege neglected, a golden opportunity missed, Mr. Punch made his way out of that vast deserted house into the street, and—found himself suddenly back in his own arm-chair.

It had been only a dream; it was not too late—there was still time! But only just—for, like most dreams, this one of Mr. Punch's had a basis of fact. It is literally true that the oldest and largest Children's Hospital in London is in urgent need of funds at this moment, and must inevitably close its doors very soon indeed, unless something is done. . . . But what, and who is to do it?

Well, suppose that all Mr. Punch's readers who have known what it is to see their own children suffer in the midst of every luxury and comfort were to sit down at once and send all they can spare (and it's wonderful how much more one can spare than one would ever imagine) to the Secretary, ADRIAN HOPE, Esq., The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London. If they would only do that, there would be very little danger of Mr. Punch's dream being fulfilled for a considerable time to come.

If, on the other hand, they pass this by, and should happen before long to come across a paragraph in the paper stating that the Children's Hospital has been compelled to close its doors, they will, if at all soft-hearted persons, feel pangs which they might have spared themselves, and which it has been Mr. Punch's object here to spare them, if possible.



## ELIZA EX MACHINÂ.

[From America is reported the invention of "electrical charwomen," or "automatic servant-girls," who, when properly charged, will work all day.]

AUTOMATIC girls who char,  
How I wonder what you are :  
Happier my lot had been  
Had I known of this machine.

In my household I dislike  
Maids with fringes, maids who  
bike ;

I rejoice the fates allow  
Servant-galvanism now.

Easily can kitchens store  
Electricity galore ;  
Heavy-LEYDEN is the air  
With the Jars already there.

Servants, here 's a pretty pass !  
Fashion makes a Volta-face :  
HEBE's occupation gone,  
Floreat automaton.

## "BAR, BAR, GRAY SHEEP."

—For the first time within the memory of living man, Gray's Inn heads the list of calls to the Bar. This Term there were no less than eighteen of the Hon. Society's students who exchanged the small gown of their order for the ampler robe of an "utter barrister." However wedded to precedent, BACON's hostelry will continue to be known as Gray's Inn, although the prospects of "Domus" are *couleur de rose*.

## PUNCH PROPHETICAL.

(This appeared in our Number for April 24, 1897.)



## GERMANIA ARMING KRÜGER.

[*"The Vossische Zeitung* chronicles with satisfaction the recent arrival at Lorenzo Marquez, on board the German East African liner *Kaiser*, of 1,650 cases of war material for the Transvaal, including a whole battery of heavy guns, and states its conviction that the Transvaal and the Orange Free State are 'determined to maintain their independence.'—*Globe*, April 13, 1897.]

## SURPRISING

To Mr. Arthur Balfour. To learn that mounted men were preferred in South Africa.

To the Chancellor of the Exchequer. To discover that parsimony may be more expensive in the end.

To Mr. John Morley. To ascertain that the war is not a fit subject for mild jocularity.

To Mr. Carden. To become aware that no one cares a jot for his peace programme.

To Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. To find out that if nothing succeeds like success nothing fails like failure.

To the Service Clubs. To become convinced that Volunteers fighting in the front have a right to be treated as soldiers.

To the War Office. To be forced to admit that the maps of Natal were founded as much upon fancy as upon fact.

To the Admiralty. To find that transports should be swift and sure, rather than neither.

And to the British Lion. To think for a moment that he is unequal to any situation and unworthy of himself.

"CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!"—  
Toujours ça! In peace or war.  
Absolutely true. In the Transvaal JOHN BULL might long ago have got on a hundred times better but for his entanglement with Lady Smith.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT (?).

By Z.Y.X.

[A recent theory attributes the prevalence of influenza to the eruption of Krakatoa Island in the East Indies in the early eighties.]

THEY tell us that a far volcano,  
Erupting twenty years ago,  
Produced the "flu" we all to-day know—  
Effects from such queer causes flow!

There's DARWIN's famous Patch of Clover,  
Which thrived when sundry barn-owls  
killed

The mice that ate each apian rover  
(Or bee) that flowers with pollen filled.

There's TENTERDEN's oft-quoted Steeple  
That brought about the Goodwin Sands;  
(The logic of the Kentish people  
One's reason in a quagmire lands!)

And there's the Nose of CLEOPATRA  
That fixed a Roman Empire's fate—  
These, like that Fire-isle off Sumatra,  
Are instances how things causate.

We little thought when Krakatoa  
Gave forth those wondrous sunset-shows,

The beast was breeding microzoa  
To blight the British throat and nose!

Let them reseek the infernal regions,  
The crater-flue where they were hatched!  
We want no further microbe-legions—  
Eruptions such as these be—scratched!

"IN THE MULTITUDE OF  
COUNSELLORS—"

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Pray advise me.  
Suffering from a severe cold, my coughing  
and trumpeting first attracted the notice  
of my small nephew (who suggested that  
I should "play on the light Catarrh")  
and afterwards, of several well-meaning  
friends, each of whom has recommended a  
remedy which will "put you right in no  
time, my boy."

Amongst them are the following:—

1. To live in the open air.
2. To stop in bed altogether.
3. To take hot whiskey and water.
4. To strenuously abjure alcohol.
5. To take a walk on an empty stomach.
6. Not to rise from my bed until after breakfast.

7. To drink stout four times a day.

8. Never to touch beer.

9. To take no drugs.

10. To swallow as much quinine as possible.

11. To wrap up warmly and wear flannel next to my skin.

12. To throw off all clothing (consistently with the Police regulations, *bien entendu!*) and "harden" myself.

13. To take copious doses of hot water.

14. Ditto ditto of castor oil.

15. To wear porous plaisters on the north, south, east and west sides of my body.

16. To eat hot gingerbread.

17. To put my feet into either mustard and water, or a "treacle possett," I really forget which.

Now, Sir, as far as I have been able to reconcile the somewhat conflicting advice given above, I have conscientiously done, eaten, drunk and suffered all these things in turn. But, incredible as it may seem, I feel no better. It may appear absurd to say so, but I feel like death. What can I do? Yours faithfully A VICTIM.





A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER.

*Egyptian Soldier.* "GOT OLD OSMAN DIGNA AT LAST, SIR. WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HIM?"  
*The Sirdar (General Sir Francis Wingate).* "OH! SEND HIM TO EARL'S COURT."





"COULD YOU TELL ME IF WE ARE GOING RIGHT FOR THE TOWN HALL?" "COULDN'T SAY, SIR."

"I BELIEVE IT'S OPPOSITE THE—ER—*KING'S ARMS*."

"OH, *KING'S ARMS*! THIRD TO THE LEFT, SECOND TO THE RIGHT, AND THIRD TO THE LEFT AGAIN."

TO SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

SIR MICHAEL, pray forgive my almost unwarrantable boldness in addressing with a familiarity which, I freely admit, is painful, a man so highly honoured with the confidence of his Sovereign as to have occupied for some years the position of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

But the fact is, I've been very anxious about you, and I wish with as much humility and deference as you may think suitable to the difference in our stations, to express a fervent hope that at this moment you are managing to keep up your pecker.

I remember when I was quite a little chap, the parson of our village hammered into my memory a verse of poetry (by Jove! isn't it a sweat to write poetry? I always wonder how these great fellows, KIPLING and AUSTIN and the chaps who arrange the Christmas cards manage to do it, don't you?)—well, anyhow, in this verse Providence was requested to bless the Squire and his relations,

And then it went on in the second line—there were only two, which is the smallest number one is allowed to have in real poetry with rhymes—to express a wish that all of us might be kept in our proper stations.

And ever since that time I've been all for observing with the utmost rigour the necessary social distinctions that separate one man from another.

But still we all have secret ambitions: I'm only a poor scribbler, I know, and, though I do my best at the business and just manage to make both ends meet and keep the wolf from the

door and pay my taxes whenever Her Gracious Majesty demands them in language which is more forcible than polite (don't imagine I'm imputing any blame: I know she doesn't mean it)—still, whatever my success may be, I know better than to hope that men in great positions are going to be pals with me or to treat me as a brother.

No matter—one of my ambitions has always been to have a chat with a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Squire, and now at last I'm doing it—

("Having it" would have been better, but we won't bother about trifles)—and of course it entirely depends upon the way in which you treat me whether I shall be able to look back with pleasure on the incident, or shall spend the rest of my life in rueing it.

For I have heard people whisper—but then somebody's always bound to be whispering—that you've got a pretty short way of your own with men who worry you, and that since the birth of ADAM

There never has been a man who could come down on bores and fools so much like a cart-load of macadam.

And occasionally, they say, the stillness of the Treasury is horribly disturbed by sounds suggestive of strong furniture being violently shattered,

Or of heads that are being suddenly seized and repeatedly and relentlessly battered;

And permanent secretaries rush out, pale and scared and breathless, and terrified clerks scatter hither and thither begging for mercy in feeble voices—well on these occasions it's about a thousand to ten you

Are having a really high and exciting old time with the accounts, and have been expressing your opinion freely and without any silly reserve about all the other gentlemen who happen at the moment to be assisting you in calculating the revenue.

It's perfectly natural, of course, for when you're preparing your annual statement you can't allow any bungler to fudge it,

Seeing that you're the only man who will be blamed by the press and the nation if anything should happen to go wrong with the Budget.

Now, MICHAEL, what I want you particularly to tell me is this:—How in the world are you going to meet all the bills? You've got ten millions or so on account, I know, but that's a mere drop in the ocean,

And you might as well try to pay for this inevitable war of ours with ten million pounds as cure a man who has been run over by a PICKFORD van by applying to the broken parts of him a cooling lotion.

We shall want lots of millions more, and where the dickens we're to get 'em from I can't make out, and I'm thankful it's not my business, but yours, to raise them,

For I've always noticed that Chancellors who reduce taxes are applauded, but when they clap more on, well, people don't exactly praise them.

And you'll have to do no end of clapping on, I'm sure: there'll be several pennies on to the income tax, and the brewers will probably get some sort of a smack in the face, and the wine-merchants will suffer and the tobaccoists get a bit of a knocking.

In fact there's no class of people, not even South African millionaires and gold-bugs generally, who won't be compelled to play Santa Claus and put things into the national stocking.

And this being so, MIKE my boy, I wish you joy of the happy days that the Exchequer has got in front of it,

And I implore you to use the time that is left to you in preparing for your fate, for there's no manner of doubt you'll have to bear the brunt of it.

But then, of course, if we must indulge in the luxury of a war you must arrange how we're to pay for it,

And you can't run a war at a shilling a day—and that being the long and the short of it is pretty nearly all there is to say for it.





*Effie (having overheard her Father's conversation). "MUMMY DEAR, YOU SAID 'HIGH BIRDS WERE NASTY.' HOW DID PAPA MANAGE ONLY TO GET 'HIGH BIRDS' TO SHOOT AT TO-DAY? HE SAYS SO."*  
*Brother (with superior knowledge). "WHY, OF COURSE, SILLY, IT'S THE HEN THAT LAYS STALE EGGS!"*

### IN MEMORIAM.

## John Ruskin.

BORN, 1819. DIED, JANUARY 20, 1900.

AMID the strains of high-embattled strife  
 Thy gentle spirit finds its long release;  
 So ends the quiet labour of a life  
 That loved the things of Peace.

Her triumphs were thy own; the bloodless fight  
 For Truth and Beauty thou hast waged and won;  
 Careless of praise; content before the night  
 To know thy task well done.

Nature to thee was holy ground, and Art  
 An act of worship wrought within the shrine;  
 To thee, if given to God with perfect heart,  
 Such service shewed divine.

Those temple-rites, not meet to be profaned,  
 Still hast thou taught with sacerdotal pride;  
 Still fed the fire, still kept the robe unstained,  
 And by the altar died!

O. S.

BERRIES FOR ALL TASTES.—For old folks—Elderberries; For sharp persons—Raspberries; For duns—Bilberries; For ganders—Gooseberries; For muffs—Mulberries; For bill discounters—Dewberries; For toppers—Barberries; For niggers—Blackberries; For corndealers—Strawberries; For newsboys—Whorle (war tell) berries; For girls and boys—Holly (day) berries.

### SORTES SHAKSPEARIANÆ.

*Duke.* So that, from point to point, now have you heard  
 The fundamental reasons of this war;  
 Whose great decision bath much blood let forth,  
 And more thirsts after.

(*The Volunteers for the Front.*)

*Second Lord.* But I am sure, the younger of our nature,  
 That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day  
 Come here\* for physic.

*Duke.* Welcome shall they be;  
 And all the honours that can fly from us  
 Shall on them settle. You know your places well;  
 When better fall, for your avails they fell;  
 To-morrow to the field.

*All's Well that Ends Well, Act III., Scene 1.*

*A Lancer Prisoner.* Yet who would have suspected an ambush  
 where I was taken? *Ibid., Act IV., Scene 3.*

\* The Seat of War.

### DEFIANCE, NOT DEFENCE.

*Heads of an Official Conference.*

THE infantry said that they required more wagons. The cavalry could not get on without more horses. The yeomanry observed they were short of saddles. The artillery asked for guns. The Royal Army Medical Corps wanted more hospital tents. The sappers insisted upon an accurate survey.

But the Treasury closed the discussion by calmly insisting that nothing more could be done, as any fresh expenditure would increase the estimates by at least three shillings and fourpence halfpenny.





*Bernard Partridge fecit.*

Master (taking roll of new boys). "YES—AND WHAT IS YOUR CHRISTIAN NAME?"

Master. "COME, COME. WHAT DO THEY CALL YOU AT HOME?"

[Corpulent Youth maintains a stony silence.

Corpulent Youth (brightening). "BEEF, SIR!"

#### THE WAIL OF THE WOBBLER.

(By Mr. Punch's Depreciator, with sympathetic compliments to the Right Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman.)

The state of health in which I am  
Is not precisely rude or hearty;  
I dare not lead, I cannot dam  
The forward motions of my Party;  
I scarcely know which way to go:  
I wish they wouldn't shove me so.

In battle I have seldom shone  
When acting on my own devices;  
I loathe the light that beats upon  
The Head-Conductor in a crisis;  
It blackens every peccadillo,  
And makes you wriggle on your pillow.

When I was Minister of War  
(Process of natural selection),  
My Chief would always trot before  
And give me bodily protection;  
I hardly had a moment's care,  
Seeing the fight was his affair.

But now my wretched lot is cast  
Full in the van (may Heaven preserve us!)

Where I am hampered by a past  
That makes me really rather nervous;  
Cordite! the very name's enough;  
I do so hate explosive stuff!

How can I charge the other side  
With want of adequate provision,  
I who was humbled in my pride  
Through running short of ammunition?  
A pot should never call a kettle  
Names that reflect upon its metal.

Besides, I think my proper rôle  
Is not conspicuously martial;  
I have encouraged in my soul  
A tendency to be impartial;  
I have a nicely-balanced mind;  
(I wish they wouldn't shove behind).

Pushed on by COURTNEY, DILKE & Co.,  
Pushed back by GREY and HENRY FOWLER,  
I want to leave the van and go  
Home comfortably in a growler;  
Why was I not content to be  
An affable nonentity?

I might perhaps have borne the brunt  
As limited to yonder legions;

But if I'm under fire in front  
And also in the hinder regions,  
I might as well at once be dead;  
I'm sure to finish full of lead! O. S.

#### COALENSO'S ARITHMETIC.

OLD King Coal is a jolly old soul,  
Losing no opportunittee,  
His price he'll always raise  
In the peaceablest of days,  
But in war-time 'tis three times three!

#### WHY WE ARE BETTER

Than the French. Because we are less  
excitable.

Than the Russians. Because we are less  
grasping.

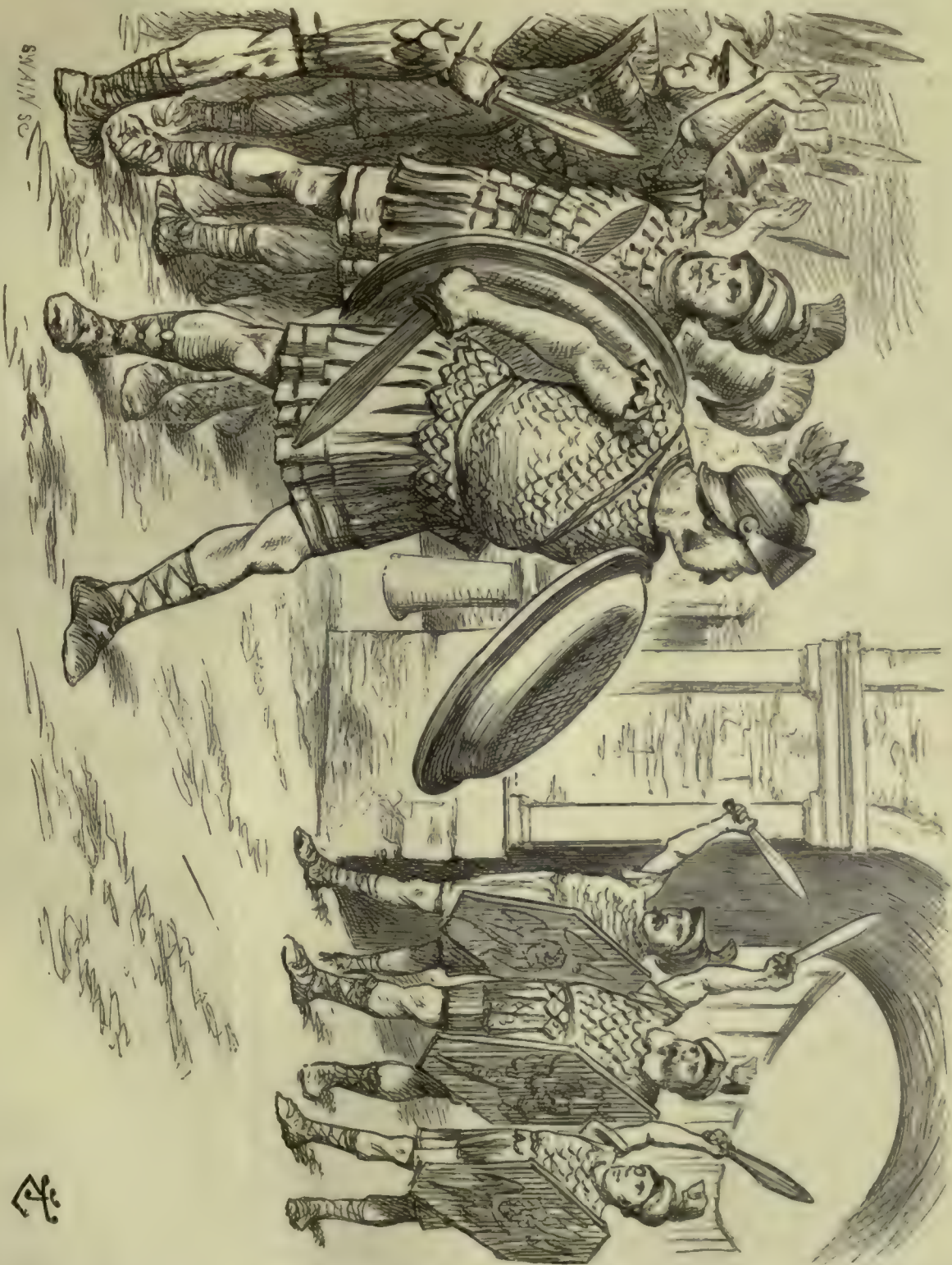
Than the Germans. Because we are more  
modest.

Than the Austrians. Because we are  
not so proud.

Than the Dutch. Because we never ask  
too much.

Than that part of the world not painted  
red. Because we are British.





## HOLDING THE BRIDGE.

"BUT THOSE BEHIND CRIED 'FORWARD!'  
AND THOSE BEFORE CRIED 'BACK!'"—MACAULAY'S "Hordius."









"THERE'S A BOY WANTS TO SEE YOU, SIR."  
 "HAS HE GOT A BILL IN HIS HAND!"  
 "No, Sir."  
 "THEN HE'S GOT IT IN HIS POCKET! SEND HIM AWAY!"

## FROM A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

9 P.M. This has been longest day of my life. "Melon-dramer" just about to be launched at a small and inoffensive audience. Guests beginning to arrive. Receive them in Hall as boys strictly forbid me to use drawing-room. Just welcoming dear Lady FITZFOOZLEBY when dismal scream from the "stage" is heard. Rush in to see what has happened. "We were only just ragging BUTTONS, Uncle. He's such a young ass, he won't understand he's to be the thunder, 'off,' when I say 'Ha, ha, the spectre comes!'" so I jolly well twisted his arm and then he yelled, and now I think he'll remember." Depart relieved.

Did not know my page-boy had been impressed into the service. Piano and Cornet arrive. Suspect Cornet. Red nose and looks bibulous. Am sure Piano thumps. Wonder if my cherished Broadwood will ever be quite the same again after to-night.

9.30 P.M. Usher guests into seats for dreaded ordeal. Shiver as I contemplate their inevitable boredom. Stand at door and watch curtain rise on "Melon-dramer." MAX with burnt corked eyebrows and moustache, long flaxen wig, and—dear, oh dear,—another pair of my top boots! strides down to foot (? night) lights, and throwing cloak (mine again) over shoulder, begins interminable speech. "By my

Halidom, wah ever soldier of the King thus scurvily entreated! Zounds, but I would crop the ears of any beastly ass of a Roundhead—" I fled precipitately. Why will these dreadful children mix up "ancient and modern" in this hopeless fashion? So distressing. Butler says "Beg pardon, the ices ain't come, so thought I'd tell you, Sir." Again I ask, why me? Why will every one worry me?

10.15. Return to drawing-room. Melon-dramer evidently ending. MAX struggling with "Boots." They take three steps forward and stamp—then three back, and stamp again. Audience politely smothering yawns. Max. "Unhand me, caitiff!" Then aside, but in perfectly audible tones, "Shut up, you young ass—don't shove like that!" Palpable titter in front. I dash out of room again, hot all over. Five minutes later, loud applause, and audience slowly file out. I suggest supper now before charades. Supper success. All delighted with boys' acting, which makes it the more surprising nobody can stop for more of it. "So late, you know," and "If the carriage is here, I really daren't keep the horses waiting." After departure of last guest, retire to bed completely worn out.

Hear next morning that "Sharards" were played to select audience of waiters and servants who afterwards supped and drank my Dry Monopole, together with MAX, TOMMY, and "Boots." Should like to say something sarcastic, but feel too weak and ill.

F. R.

## THE BRUMMAGEM UNDERGRAD.

[There will be a school of brewing in the new Birmingham University.]

A VIC, I say, for Oxford grey,

A fig for Cambridge sad,

For who would not prefer the lot

Of the Brummagem Undergrad?

No musty, dusty tomes are here;

My lecture-rooms are cellars,

My books are bottles of stout and beer,

And I am the best of fellows.

To brew good ale and drink it too,

That 's what we Brummagem boys can do!

No bookworm I, with a volume dry,

And a figure lean and spare,

But a brewer fat with a frothing vat

Wherein to drown my care.

While other learned students stew

O'er Greek and Latin sages,

I make this contribution to

The wisdom of the ages—

While tankards foam and glasses glitter  
 I care not, I, though life be Bitter.

"SPHERE V. SPEAR."—There being able contributors to these rival papers, would it not be fair to say that those on *The Sphere* write grammatically, while those on *The Spear* write Ingram-matically?





*Binks (of the South Dumphshire Volunteer Rifles—who has been explaining how things ought to be done in South Africa). "WHY, MY BOY, IF I HAD BEEN IN COMMAND OF THE TROOPS, I WOULD HAVE BEEN IN PRETORIA BY THIS TIME!"*

*Simpkins. "I'VE NO DOUBT YOU WOULD—AS A PRISONER!"*

#### VERY HARD CASES.

(Our Puzzle Competition—Framed after the most Popular Models.)

1. Major A., the well-known explorer, is narrating some of his thrilling experiences at a dinner-party. At the close of one of these anecdotes Mr. B. suddenly throws the claret decanter at his head. What should A. do?

2. Mrs. C., whose husband's second cousin is distantly related to Dr. D., who has bought a practice in the town of X., owing to the recent decease of Dr. E.—whose death, it must be borne in mind, was due to apoplexy—chances to meet the Duchess of F., who is well-known for her partiality to cockatoos and cornet-playing. In the course of conversation Mrs. C. mentions that Miss G., who has recently become engaged to Mr. H., has consulted Dr. I., who lives in the next street to Dr. D.'s maternal uncle. Lady C. repeats this to Miss G., who tells H., who tells the Duchess of F. Some weeks later Mr. S., on the strength of these facts, purchases a new bicycle with a defective brake. Suggest the best course of conduct for Mrs. C. and Mr. H. to pursue under these circumstances, and then retire to bed with brain-fever.

3. Mrs. X., meeting a stranger in an hotel, talks to her of her aristocratic acquaintance. The stranger, apparently impressed, enquires casually whether she knows the Countess of Y. Mrs. X. replies, untruthfully, that the Countess of Y. is her dearest friend. Whereupon the stranger remarks, "But I am the Countess of Y.!" What should Mrs. X. say?

4. Mr. A. is travelling from London to Bournemouth in an express train. He is talking to the only other occupant of the compartment, when the latter suddenly remarks that A. is wearing a blue tie, adding that he can't stand blue ties. As he speaks, he produces a revolver. How is A. to prove that his tie is in reality green? It is to be remembered that during his remarks the loaded revolver is being held within an inch of his nose.

5. Mr. B., meeting the eminent novelist, Miss C., at dinner, compliments her warmly on her last book, *The Bumble-Bee*, declaring it to be her finest production. Miss C. seems displeased, and Mr. B. suddenly recollects that the work in question is written by Miss D., whom Miss C. notoriously hates. What should be Mr. B.'s next remark?

#### ANACREONTIC.

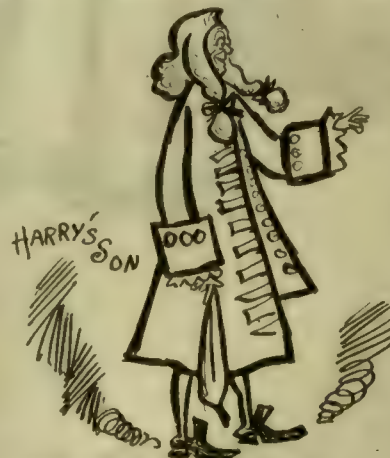
I LONG to tell of METHUEN,  
I long to sing B.-P.,  
And chant to highest heaven  
The gallant C.I.V.;  
But when I woo the Muses  
Each one of them refuses  
The martial theme, and chooses  
To sing, sweetheart, of thee.

They tell heroic stories  
Of valorous V. C.;  
I seek amid their glories  
A theme of song for me;  
I seek, but cannot find it,  
For Love, the rogue, has blinded  
This beggar absent-minded  
To all the world but thee.

I long with lyre Tyrtæan  
To sing the battle red,  
Or chant a mighty psæan  
Upon our noble dead;  
But when I would be graver,  
Young Love, the saucy shaver,  
Constrains my reed to quaver  
Anacreon instead.

#### THE GOLDSMITH'S COMPANY.

MY DEAR MISTER,—I red what you rote  
about the peice at the Hamarkt last weke.  
Heres my drorins of it. HARRY'S SON.



Squire Cyril Maude Hardcastle



Miss Winifred Hardcastle.





A Curious Experience of the late Miss Dangersfield.

HE was exceedingly pretty. Her great feature was her eyes, tender, lov-

ing, trusting blue eyes, the soft blue of the fairy

flax, sad eyes that told you that she was a woman with a history.

Women with a history are dangerous people as a rule. Not that I am afraid of them—there is nothing of the philanderer about me, and I should never lose my heart to that heroine of romance, the undetected lady-poisoner, because, you see, Mrs. NIBBS is of a jealous nature, and keeps that organ, figuratively speaking, under lock and key, and Mrs. NIBBS is not the person an ordinary man would dare to deceive—besides, she is the mother of five. I acknowledge to being gifted with an almost superhuman curiosity. I have a wonderful nose for romantic incidents; I am a very bloodhound—no, sleuth-hound (that is the exact word, though I don't quite know what it means, I know it is right)—for the harrowing incidents of modern domestic melodrama. I am justified, I am perfectly justified, because I turn them by a magic process into beef, and clothes, and books, for the mother of five and her interesting offspring, and they are interesting—to me, as every man's children are—to him, and if any man who is the father of a family says he admires any children except his own, he's a— Well, you can fill in the word for yourself.

If I hadn't admired the little woman with the pretty blue eyes so much, I should have been off to the smoking-compartment and have got through the journey as best I could by means of strong tobacco, whiskies and sodas, and sleep. I never suffer from insomnia. I always carry one of a certain popular lady's works when travelling—it's infallible. I won't mention her name, because I hate advertising other people; but the blue eyes had bewitched me strangely, so I had half-a-pint of dry champagne and a light lunch in the dining-saloon. When I genuinely admire a woman it always takes away my appetite. I had asked my travelling companion if she would lunch, for I knew well enough that there is nothing that brings two people together like a tête-à-tête lunch. But the blue-eyed goddess

would not listen to my suggestion. A really pretty woman dare not have a good appetite in public. If she has, it takes away half the poetry, and she ceases to be an angel. All women know this. I believe it is instilled into their minds at their boarding-schools, and, as I ate my bit of salmon and trifled with my cutlet, I was filled with suspicions. That little thing has probably got a good meal of sandwiches in her hand-bag. Beef sandwiches with lots of mustard! It's a curious psychological fact that little blonde women of the type of my travelling companion always adore beef sandwiches with lots of mustard. They eat them in secret whenever they have an opportunity. It is only after marriage that they devour them openly. Beef sandwiches are one of the things that destroy the poetry of married life. Whenever I travel with BELINDA—I mean Mrs. NIBBS—I always have to carry a large packet of them.

I didn't dare to smoke after my lunch, for many women hate tobacco, and loathe the man who smells of it, and I wanted to be a *persona grata*—which was a very natural feeling, considering how very pretty my fellow traveller was.

When I re-entered our compartment she was asleep. I looked on the floor for crumbs. Not a sign of one.

It was with a feeling of intense relief that I sat down very quietly in order not to wake her. Then I did exactly what any other man would have done under the circumstances. I took stock. A sweet, girlish, guileless face. I adore innocence—here was innocence personified. There wasn't a wrinkle on the little forehead, which was crowned by tiny curls of fair hair, of a blonde *cendrée* tint, a tint I specially admire. It is impossible to produce it artificially. GREUZE admired it too. He was a connoisseur—so am I. I love a low forehead—so did HORACE: "*tenui fronte*," you know. The lovely blue eyes were hidden by long dark lashes, the little nose was slightly aquiline, and there was a peach-like bloom upon the cheeks, the rosy lips, which were arched like Cupid's bow, surmounted a rounded chin, on which was a dear delicious little dimple, and—

Here my careful stock-taking came to a sudden end, for the ivory lids were lifted, disclosing the miraculous blue eyes.

Of course I seized the opening at once. "I hope I haven't disturbed you," I said.

"Not in the least," replied the little lady. "I ought to be ashamed of myself for dropping off; for the scenery is perfectly



charming here, and I do so love Scotland." The ice was broken. The owner of that beautiful face must have had a history. If she would only confide it to me—I was an old hand. Why shouldn't I get it out of her? I determined to make the attempt.

It is rather difficult for a man to extract from a lady who is a mere acquaintance, unless he be her spiritual adviser, the secret history of what the Germans call her "life-romance," but I have an infallible recipe for this. It never fails. I tell them one of my best short stories—one I have sold. I tell it in the first person singular. Then they invariably confide in me, and I always get at them and their "life-romance" in that way. Then, being a man of no imagination, I just go home and typewrite their plain, unvarnished tales. That is what makes my short stories so very interesting, because every word of every one of them is absolutely true; and it is for this reason, because I am a man of no imagination but of unimpeachable veracity, and not, as my friends suppose, from the tyranny of editors, that I prefer as a rule to remain anonymous. Why, if I signed my work, indignant fathers, husbands, and elder brothers would be down on me in their thousands. I'll give you an instance. I once did a little thing about a Ward in Chancery. If I had signed that little thing it would have been a contempt of court, and the Lord Chancellor himself would have been down upon me, and his gentlemanly tipstaff would have called for me in a four-wheeled cab.

I tried my infallible recipe on the lady with the soft blue eyes, and of course I got it out of her, that very peculiar story of hers. It bears the unmistakable stamp of truth. No fictionist could have invented such a story, not even—no, that might be taken for self-advertisement—let us say, ANANIAS himself.

We were leaving Perth. People generally get very confidential at this stage of the journey due north. Then she began, clasping her little gloved hands upon her lap, and gazing into the *Ewigkeit* (or, to speak by the card, the luggage-rack—happy luggage-rack!) with those tender blue eyes of hers.

"Mother and I were very poor, you know, and the wolf had been at the door for a long, long time. None of the numerous advertisements I had answered had ever led to anything, although I had paid countless half-crowns to be 'put on the books,' as they invariably called it. I am not accomplished, you know. I was not even certificated, and there were always so many applicants for those engagements which a young gentleman in reduced circumstances was capable of undertaking. But I was successful at last. I answered an advertisement in the *Times*. It ran as follows:—

**COMPANION TO AN INVALID.**—The services of a lady by birth are required as reader to a chronic invalid. The applicant should be able to play from memory. From three to four hours of her time will be required daily.—Address Mrs. HERBERT, No. — Nexham Gardens, W.

"I applied for the situation, and I received an appointment to call upon Mrs. HERBERT at eleven the next day. When I reached the house at Nexham Gardens, my soul died within me, for there were unmistakable signs of wealth about the place. The very flowers in the window-boxes were choice and expensive; the trim parlour-maid who opened the door was better dressed than I was; the furniture of the morning-room into which I was shown, though severely simple, was superlatively excellent. 'What chance have I?' I thought. 'There will be hundreds of applicants,' and then I sat down feeling ready to cry. I was not kept long in suspense, for almost immediately a dear little old lady with hair as white as snow and dressed in widow's weeds entered the room. She was evidently very nervous.

"'It was your name that struck me, Miss DANGERFIELD,' she said, as I handed her my few testimonials. 'Is it possible that you are in any way related to the Reverend JOHN DANGERFIELD, the rector of Hatton?'

"'He was my father, Madam,' I said. 'I was born at Hatton.'

"Mrs. HERBERT seemed at her ease at once. She asked me one or two questions about Hatton, evidently to test my veracity.

"'You have a soft voice,' she said suddenly. 'Are you at all

accustomed to reading aloud, child? And can you play from memory—without your notes, I mean?'

"I assured her that both these things were within my powers, but she put my music to the test. She made me accompany her to the drawing-room, and I sat down to the Erard grand in fear and trembling.

"'Play something simple, dear,' she said; 'anything you like, anything; and if it is a little old-fashioned I shall like it all the better.'

"I played 'Pestal's Death Song' as being the most old-fashioned thing I could think of.

"'My dear, that is exactly what we want,' said Mrs. HERBERT. 'Other ladies have been here, and they have played WAGNER to me, and what is called modern music, and they made a great deal of noise, and noise is not suited to an invalid, you know. I know all about your father, Miss DANGERFIELD,' and thereupon she offered me a salary of a hundred a year. Of course I accepted it with gratitude.

"'My son,' said Mrs. HERBERT, 'cannot bear the light of day; he lives habitually in a darkened room, poor fellow, on account of his affliction, and he has no friends, no acquaintances. Think of that, my dear, and try to pity him.'

"Then it was arranged that I should commence my duties on the day following at two o'clock. The next day I was once more shown into the morning-room. Mrs. HERBERT came down almost immediately, and after the usual greetings she said, 'Try to put him at his ease, poor fellow, he is dreadfully nervous, and you must make allowances for him; he knows nothing of the world; he has never been into society on account of his affliction.'

"Then she bade me follow her. I did so. When we reached a door upon the second floor, she tapped gently. 'May we come in, FRANK?' she said.

"There was a loud metallic click, and the door opened.

"Don't be afraid, child,' Mrs. HERBERT whispered in my ear, as she grasped my hand and led me in.

"The room was pitch dark, save for a strong ray of light which was thrown from a reading-lamp upon an open book lying upon a table. The lamp itself was hidden by a large black cone, in the side of which was a round aperture by means of which the concentrated light illuminated the book, leaving the rest of the place in absolute darkness; it was just the same sort of apparatus, in fact, as that used by persons who lecture with a lime-light.

"I hope these strange arrangements do not alarm you, Miss DANGERFIELD,' said a gentle voice. 'My misfortune—my illness unhappily necessitates them.'

"The voice was so kind, so sympathetic, that I ceased to fear, and seated myself at the table ready to commence my duties. We three talked a little, and then, my eyes gradually becoming accustomed to the weird darkness of the place, I could see, though with some difficulty, that the invalid was seated in an easy-chair with his back to me, that the heavy window-curtains were tightly drawn, and that an open cottage piano stood close to the table upon which was the lamp.

"Then I commenced my duties. The open volume was *Paradise Lost*.

"For a couple of hours I read aloud, then Mrs. HERBERT and I adjourned to the drawing-room where tea was served to us; then we went back to the darkened room, and I played for an hour to the mysterious invalid. We three chatted merrily enough during the intervals between my humble performances. As I took my departure, I saw that the metallic click when the door was opened to admit us had been caused by a lazy-bolt.

"For a whole year on every week day for four hours I performed my duties at Nexham Gardens. Then mother died, and I was left alone in the world; but Mrs. HERBERT was very good to me. I went to live with her in Nexham Gardens, and for four hours every day I played and read and talked to FRANK HERBERT; and gradually I began to feel that I was no longer



friendless and alone. I liked them both very much indeed. Three more uneventful years passed by, and yet I had never looked upon FRANK HERBERT's face, I had never been alone with him for a single instant.

"It was not only reading aloud and playing old-world music now to the mysterious man, whose life was passed in the darkened room. We were often alone together, for Mrs. HERBERT evidently felt that she could trust us both. She understood by this time that I was not an adventuress, likely to set my cap (hateful phrase) at her afflicted son. I often used to wonder what the nature of the affliction might be that necessitated the poor fellow's perpetual seclusion, and made him fear the light of day. He was a prisoner—just as much a prisoner as the Man in the Iron Mask. There was no mental trouble. His mind was as clear as my own, and he took the greatest interest in what was going on outside the darkened room. It was not that his eyes could not bear the light of day, for many a time and oft I had looked up at his windows from the street with pardonable curiosity, and noted that the blinds were raised and the curtains undrawn. I had noticed too at times, when I had tapped for admission that I heard the sounds of the hurried lowering of the blinds and drawing of the curtains ere the bolt was drawn, and I was bidden to enter. I needn't tell you that my curiosity was aroused to the very highest pitch, but I never attempted to pry into his mysterious secret. Summer and Winter our places were always the same. FRANK (I had got to think of him as FRANK by this time) invariably sat in an easy-chair by the fireplace with his back to me. I, as a matter of course, took my seat at the table where the hooded lamp threw its little circle of strong light upon the book which I invariably found lying open there.

"Since I had come to live with Mrs. HERBERT, the time I passed in her son's room had ceased to be a measured task. The hours spent in the darkened room had ceased to be a toil to me now. I actually looked forward to them, and the darkened room had come to have a strange fascination for me. We even took tea there sometimes, for I had become almost one of the family, and we three used to chat there upon all conceivable topics merrily enough. But at times FRANK HERBERT would have fits of depression, against which the poor fellow strove in vain.

"He never dropped the slightest hint to me of the reason of his seclusion. I never alluded to it in any way. Once his mother told me that her poor boy, as she called him, had never left his rooms since he was a little child. 'His affliction came upon him,' she said sadly, 'when he was but two years old;' and then she stopped suddenly, as though she had said too much. She made me no further confidence, changing the subject nervously.

"I was not without amusement. I accompanied Mrs. HERBERT in her daily drive; she even sent me, chaperoned by her maid, to concerts and *matinées*, and my innocent dissipations always greatly interested young Mr. HERBERT, and invariably were the topics of our conversation the next day.

"FRANK was a well-read man, and highly educated; but though at first much of my reading aloud to him consisted of rather ponderous literature, latterly it became almost altogether

confined to the last new novel or poetry. I fancy that this change was made for my sake. 'It's much nicer,' he would say, 'when you are reading something in which you take an interest.'

"At times too I used to sing for him, but my songs, which were invariably simple ballads, had a distressing effect upon poor FRANK, and almost always brought on one of those painful fits of depression to which I have before alluded.

"It is a strange confession to make. I had begun by pitying FRANK HERBERT—I had ended by well-nigh loving him. I felt a real affection for the solitary man whose face I had never seen.

"I can own it now, and I am not ashamed to own it, though it may seem to you a strange confession."

Here the little woman buried her face in her hands and gave a sort of hysterical little laugh.

"I can understand your feelings," I said, anxious to get at the climax, for my professional *fair* told me that the strange experiences of Miss DANGERFIELD would make good reading, an excellent short story; and in my mind's eye I was already

calculating how many thousand words it would run to. In a short story terseness is everything. As the late Mr. DUCROW said, "Let's cut the cackle and come to the horses."

"Pray go on," I said, when she had sufficiently recovered.

"It was the happiest day of my life," said Miss DANGERFIELD simply, with a smile and a little gentle sigh.

"Suddenly poor Mrs. HERBERT was stricken down with inflammation of the lungs. I did my best to help in nursing her.

"'FLORENCE,' she said to me on the second day of her illness, as the clock struck two, 'I think you had better go down to FRANK as usual; he'll be dreadfully dull, poor fellow.'

"I didn't play or read to him that day. We sat there in the darkness and talked about his mother.

"Within the week Mrs. HERBERT died. On her death-bed

her last words to me were, 'FLORENCE, my child, try to be kind to poor FRANK for my sake. Don't desert him;' and then she sighed and took my hand in hers—and so she died.

"It nearly killed my poor invalid. He would sob silently by the hour together. How I pitied him.

"It must have been about six months after his mother's death that he spoke to me a little seriously. 'I have something to tell you, Miss DANGERFIELD,' he said. 'I don't think it's fair on you, you know, that I should spoil your life. It was my mother's wish that you should be provided for. I have settled two hundred a year upon you, FLORENCE—I beg your pardon, Miss DANGERFIELD,' he added hurriedly, 'it slipped out. Latterly poor mother and I always used to speak of you as FLORENCE—that must be my excuse. What I wanted to say to you is this. It isn't right that you should be imprisoned here that you may minister to the whims of—of a miserable man. I hope that you'll come and see me sometimes,—no not that, God forbid that you should see me—and brighten, as you have brightened, the darkness of my living tomb;' and then he sighed.

"There was a silence, and then his mother's dying words seemed to come back to me, 'My child, try to be kind to poor FRANK for my sake. Do not desert him.'

"I thanked him for his munificence, and I told him that I too was quite alone in the world, and that if he thought well, and



"Then I commenced my duties."



If it would be a comfort to him—and I felt my cheeks glow with hot blushes as I said the words—I would still remain in Nexham Gardens. Then he laughed a bitter laugh. 'What would the world say, Miss DANGERFIELD?'

"I am a person of too little importance," I replied, 'for the world to concern itself with my doings. I should consider the world well lost if I could alleviate your sorrows, Mr. HERBERT.'

"And then I felt for the first time that I loved the man whose face I had never looked upon.

"Do as you will, little FLORENCE," he said, 'but do it in cold blood. Take twenty-four hours to think it over.'

"And so I stayed on in Nexham Gardens on the same footing as before, and I was very, very happy. We drifted into it.

"In that dark room in which I had passed so many happy hours we two lived on, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot.' At first I felt for FRANK (we were always FRANK and FLORRIS now) a genuine pity; it gradually grew perilously akin to love; I felt that it was so; I knew that I was a necessity of his existence; and latterly something in the tones of FRANK's voice told me in unmistakable language that he more than liked me. Could it be my foolish vanity? I sometimes asked myself. At least I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had no mercenary motive. Should FRANK declare his love and ask me to be his wife I should, in accepting him, be to a certain extent making a sacrifice—even my severest critics would acknowledge that. I was no adventuress. I had not angled for the poor fellow's heart. I knew that I honestly loved him; gratitude and pity had developed into a something which it was a misnomer to term a liking; I loved the man, though I had never seen his face; I gloried in my honest love, and I was not ashamed to own it to my sternest judge—myself.

"One day we were talking about that mysterious being, *the Man in the Iron Mask*. 'One can't help pitying him,' I said, in a momentary forgetfulness of FRANK's affliction.

"I don't pity him, I envy him his great good luck, that is to say if the legend we have been reading has a grain of truth in it, for there was one woman in the world who really loved MATTHIOLI; though she had never looked upon his face, his jailer's daughter loved and pitied him. I think he was a lucky dog," he added, and then he laughed, but there was a hollow, nervous ring about that laugh of his. Then it came all of a sudden.

"I can bear it no longer, dear," cried FRANK. 'I feel that we must part, FLORENCE, now and for ever. It will be some small relief to me to confess to you my wicked folly. I have loved you, dear, and I am a wretch who has no right to love, because I am without the pale of humanity. Why should the family curse have descended upon me?' he moaned out. 'Oh, my darling, I will confess my shame, and then we will part, never, never to meet again.'

"FRANK," I cried, 'why should you be ashamed to confess a love for me? We are both of us alone in the world, and I should be a penniless girl were it not for your generous bounty. You are wealthy, FRANK, and—and I love you; but, believe me, not for your wealth, dear. My people are gentle-folks,' I added, a little haughtily. 'I can see the folly of your loving me, FRANK, but not—not the shame,' and then I burst into tears.

"Sitting there in the dim shadows of the darkened room, where the man who had just confessed his love for me, and whose face was as ever hidden from my sight, sat sobbing silently, I trembled, I trembled at the terror of the thing. What did he mean by the curse that had fallen upon him, and the shame? What could he mean? There was evidently some dreadful horror in the background. Why should the man I loved, the noble-hearted man with the tender voice, be without the pale of humanity? I had grown so accustomed to the darkened room that long, long ago it had ceased to have any terrors for me; but now my mind was suddenly filled with an abject dread of some unknown horror.

"Why did FRANK never dare to face the light of day?

"But my curiosity was not to be satisfied.

"Leave me, FLORENCE," said FRANK. 'Try to forget my folly; let things be between us as though I had never spoken. It will be best for both of us.'

"There was no other course open to me. I did as I was bid by my—my employer. I rose and left the room without a word.

"The excitement proved too much for me. I had a severe attack of brain-fever, and when I became convalescent I learned with horror that my lover—for he was my lover, though I had never seen his face—was dead. The news caused an instant relapse, and when I at length recovered I looked so thin and worn and wan, that my own reflection, as I first saw it by accident in a mirror, frightened me.

"FRANK HERBERT had left me everything he possessed in the world; the house in Nexham Gardens, where I still live, and a great estate in ready money. Under the terms of the will I took the name of HERBERT. Poor FRANK!" she added with a sigh.

I looked at the late Miss DANGERFIELD, and for the thousandth time I admired those guileless blue eyes of hers. What a lot of trouble that dear little thing had gone through. Anyhow, I had got her "life-romance" out of her, that was one comfort.

"He died of a broken heart, I suppose?" I said, in what I consider my most tearfully sympathetic tone.

"FRANK HERBERT shot himself," said Miss DANGERFIELD, drawing a lace handkerchief across her pretty eyes; "the family solicitor gave me the details, which, with a woman's curiosity, I insisted on having. For several generations in the HERBERT family one of the children had suffered from an obscure affection called *Hirsuties*, which means, as you will guess, an abnormal growth of hair. These unfortunate beings had, happily for themselves, all died in infancy; but my poor FRANK, the last of the line, lived till he was four-and-twenty. He died for me," she added simply, and again she applied the little handkerchief to the pretty eyes.

"It is a sad story," I said.

"It has helped to pass the time," said the late Miss DANGERFIELD. "And here we are at Aberdeen," she added.

And then the train drew up, and a tall, red-bearded man flung the door of the carriage wide open, jumped Miss DANGERFIELD out on to the platform, having seized her tiny hands in his huge paws, and crying in a broad Scotch accent, "Eh, my winsome wee thing, ye're a gude sight for sair een;" and then the bearded man proceeded to kiss her violently. I hate a broad Scotch accent, and the rest of the performance made my flesh creep. I felt—I felt as though a goose were walking over my grave. As he marched the late Miss DANGERFIELD off, I noticed that all the porters touched their caps to the big, bearded man.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked one of them. The big man was evidently suffering from *Hirsuties*—it couldn't be the late FRANK HERBERT come to life again!

"That," said the porter, "is Professor MCCACKLEBURY of Marischal College; the ledly is his wife, the writer body, ye'll ken." The writer body! *Works of Imagination and Fancy*, by FLORENCE MCCACKLEBURY, as I well knew had gone through several editions. Perhaps, I do not say it for certain, but perhaps I had been deceived, and by the wife of a Scotch professor, and a lady novelist too. There lay the sting of it.

Blue eyes—I hate blue eyes—the blue-eyed goddess Minerva, too. There is at times something very treacherous about a pair of blue eyes. The lady had evidently taken a sort of preliminary canter over me, with her last original bit of new and realistic fiction. I thanked my stars that she had not bound me over to secrecy. I hurried to my hotel, and I had my revenge—by sending it that evening to Mr. Punch.

*C. L. Willis.*

Next week, "Cupid and the Vicar of Swale," by W. S. MAUGHAM.





P. H. May  
1900.

*Snobson (to inhabitant of out-of-way seaside resort). "WHAT SORT OF PEOPLE DO YOU GET DOWN HERE IN THE SUMMER?"*

*Inhabitant. "OH, ALL SORTS, ZUR. THERE BE FINE PEOPLE AN' COMMON PEOPLE, AN' SOME JUST HALF-AN'-HALF, LIKE YOURSELF, ZUR."*

#### OVER EDUCATION.

[*"The Matrimonial School at Chicago has turned out an awful failure. A result of a visit to the school was, that both men and women looked for a higher standard in each other." — Westminster Gazette.*]

ONCE PENELOPE was kind,  
Gentle, loving and forgiving—  
She and I both of one mind;  
And in peace and concord living,  
Each the other's comfort sought,  
As a wife and husband ought.

But, in hopes to add thereby  
Sweeter syrup to our honey,

We a course resolved to try  
At the School of Matrimony—  
Now each other's faults in turn  
Without pity we discern.

If you ask me what has stirred  
Thus fond love to bitter strife,  
'Tis the lectures that I heard  
On the "duties of a wife"—  
While PENELOPE, alas!  
Studied in the husband's class.

#### THE NEW SHOP.

THAT "khaki" is "the only wear"  
Of late has freely been asserted,  
Some dastards e'en to khaking care  
Behind the yeoman have adverted.

From "Kensington" now slowly "trek"  
Up Ludgate "Kop" the wonted busses,  
While over "spruit" and "kloof" and  
"nek"

The military expert fusses.

The streams of talk have all one "drift,"  
A huntsman calls his double thong a  
"Sjambok," while jockeys try to lift  
Their mounts safe o'er the "open-  
donga."

When SIKES, who's pinched a watch and  
chain,

For theft once more has to appear, it  
Gives him unjust and needless pain—  
He merely sought to "commandeer" it.

While boys cut up the good old plays,  
And mellow dramas term transpontine,  
With half-unconscious paraphrase  
The greybeards yarn of SADLER'S  
"Fontein."

Plain English words have even grown  
Obscured in Darkest-Afric dimness,  
For now a man of twenty stone,  
If 'cute, may prove his claim to "slim"-  
ness.

These thoughts, my Muse, have made us  
seek,

Although we are and must be shoppy,  
To gain if not Parnassus' Peak  
At any rate a little "kopje!"

#### MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



G.R.H.

#### THE HEAD OF A STAFF.

*Adapted from the Museum of the  
[Presented to His Highness the Khedive.]*





### HERO WORSHIP DEFUNCT.

*Governess.* "Now, IRENE, I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO LOLL ABOUT LIKE THIS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU THAT THE GREAT NAPOLEON, ON ONE OCCASION, ALTHOUGH VERY ILL, SAT UPRIGHT ON HIS HORSE FOR FIFTEEN HOURS?"

*Irene.* "POOR LITTLE CHAP!"

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

CHER MONSIEUR,—Voici les premières pages de notre Manuel. Jusqu'ici tous les manuels ont eu un grand défaut; ils ont manqué d'actualité. On y trouvait des conversations dans la diligence ou sur un navire à voiles. Les auteurs aussi ne faisaient aucune attention au caractère de la nation. M. LUDWIG MÜLLER et moi nous avons changé tout cela. Les Anglais sont un peu insulaires, et il faut traduire les phrases dont ils se servent le plus souvent.

La partie anglaise est presque sans faute, car nous l'avons rédigée ensemble, en cherchant soigneusement l'orthographe de tous les mots. Dans la partie française il y a peut-être quelques erreurs. Je suis toujours souffrant après avoir été fort enrhumé, et par conséquent j'ai dicté toute cette partie à M. MÜLLER, qui écrit l'anglais étonnamment bien, mais le français avec beaucoup moins de facilité.

Agreez, &c.

AUGUSTE DE BASSOMPIERRE.

#### THE PACKBOAT.

#### LE PAQUEBOT.

Is this that this boat is French or english?

Est-ce que ce bateau est français ou anglais?

One french boat, you say? I was believing him. What boat!

Un bateau français, vous dites? Je le croyais. Quel bateau!

One dye of cold. One stuff.

On meurt de froid. On étouffe.

What kitchen! Nothing that of the french plates. Always of the hashes. One has beautiful

Quel cuisine! Rien que des plats français. Toujours des ragoûts. On a beau demander

to demand of the boiled mutton, of the cabbage to the water, of the pudding of rice. Any english plate.

I not shall can nothing to eat. I burst of hunger.

He go to rain. It is a veritable hurricane. What fog!

Never of the chance on one french boat.

The marines have they the stupid air!

What robber of buffoon opera that this captain!

I not have caned to find of chair. Hast-one ever seed of the banks also bad-arranged?

What current of air on the bridge!

He there has of the womans in the smoking.

The manners of the female French are abominables.

The next time I shall attend one english boat.

This here is one english boat? You are sure of him?

This is this that I have always sayed, the English are to the first rank as marines.

What magnificent boat! So well installed! The cabins are superb. All there is of one luxury!

And the captain, what beautiful type of english marine! And all the equipage! Are they of braves peoples!

This wind of the sea is fortifying, that you do of the well, is it not?

That the sea is calm, one should say one lake!

From the moment that we us approach from the France he commence to fall from the rain.

Go us to put to the shelter.

He there has two female English in the smoking, and I think that the one of shes go to smoke one cigarette. What delicious indiscretion! Go there!

Wish you to take something?

Boy! One glass beer. One seotsch. One lemon squashed.

As I you have sayed I prefer always one english boat.

Roll, Britannia!

du mouton bouilli, du chou à l'eau, du pudding de riz. Aucun plat anglais.

Je ne pourrai rien manger. Je crève de faim.

Il va pleuvoir. C'est un véritable ouragan. Quel brouillard!

Jamais de la chance sur un bateau français.

Les marins ont-ils l'air stupide!

Quel bandit d'opéra bouffe que ce capitaine!

Je n'ai pu trouver de chaise. A-t-on jamais vu des bancs aussi mal-arrangés?

Quel courant d'air sur le pont!

Il y a des femmes dans le fumoir.

Les mœurs des Françaises sont abominables.

La prochaine fois j'attendrai un bateau anglais.

Celui-ci est un bateau anglais? Vous en êtes sûr?

C'est ce que j'ai toujours dit, les Anglais sont au premier rang comme marins.

Quel magnifique bateau! Si bien installé! Les cabines sont superbes. Tout y est d'un luxe!

Et le capitaine, quel beau type du marin anglais! Et tout l'équipage! Sont-ils de braves gens!

Ce vent de la mer est fortifiant, ça vous fait du bien, n'est-ce pas?

Que la mer est calme, on dirait un lac!

Du moment que nous nous approchons de la France il commence à tomber de la pluie.

Allons nous mettre à l'abri.

Il y a deux Anglaises dans le fumoir, et je crois que l'une d'elles va fumer une cigarette. Quelle délicieuse indiscretion! Allons-y!

Voulez-vous prendre quelque chose?

Garçon! Un bock. Un whisky. Un citron pressé.

Comme je vous ai dit je préfère toujours un bateau anglais.

Roule, Britannia! H. D. B.

### LITERARY.

*Reader.* Rather severe notice upon JIMPKIN's latest work in this review.

*Critic.* Think so? I wrote it.

*Reader.* Did you? Do you know the book?

*Critic.* Not much, but I know the author.



## A FEW W-A-N-T-S.

(After a Recent Journalistic Model.)

WHAT the Nation wants is a serviceable A-R-M-Y of at least a million trained men.

An A-R-M-Y equal to the tasks which are likely to be imposed upon it in the near future.

An A-R-M-Y with a force behind it of half-a-million militia-men, enrolled by the application of the Ballot Act.

An A-R-M-Y which will substitute the wholesome tonic of discipline for the irresponsible delights of street-loafing and looking on at football matches.

Remember that

A-R-M-Y spells Army. You want an "Army." Insist upon having it. You may be offered something else which you don't want instead.

What the War Office wants is

A C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P of Red Tape.

A C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P of Old Fogeyism and Antiquated Methods.

A C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P of its Contempt for, and Mis-handling of, the Volunteer Force.

A C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P of the Genius in the Ordnance Department who is responsible for the defective sighting of the Lee-Enfield rifles supplied to the C.I.V.

Clean Sweep is spelt C-L-E-A-N S-W-E-E-P. Insist upon having it. You will most probably be offered something else which you don't want instead.

What Parliament wants is

A L-E-A-D-E-R who can rise above Opportunism, jocularly, and party evasion.

A L-E-A-D-E-R who can keep the Committee of National Defence up to its mark.

A L-E-A-D-E-R who knows a little better than the Man in the Street how to conduct the business of an Empire on Business Principles.

A L-E-A-D-E-R who can put an end to "the irritating and offensive chatter of the House of Commons." (See the Times, Feb. 1.)

A L-E-A-D-E-R who can lead.

Insist upon having him. You may be offered C.-B., or something else that you don't want instead, but don't swap horses when crossing a stream. Better give the leader a good feed and plenty of whip, and then the rest of the team will pull through the Drift all right. A. A. S.

## PAGE FROM A CELESTIAL DIARY.

Monday.—Wrote to the Viceroy of Woungo to insist upon his declaring war with the French Demons. I will teach the bonnet women of Paris to introduce a colour that does not suit my complexion!

Tuesday.—Wired to the Governor of Bang Wang Woo to attack the Tsar. Hear



Riding Master. "I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD RIDE!"  
Candidate for the Imperial Yeomanry. "YE-YES. BUT YOU DON'T GET 'ART A CHANCE 'ERE, THE CORNERS ARE SO BLOOMIN' SHARP!"

that the Emperor of Russia inaugurated a Council of Peace. As if women could ever be at peace! A direct insult to the sex.

Wednesday.—Deposed my grandson and upset for the fifth time the Chinese Constitution.

Thursday.—Ordered everything foreign to be excluded from my dominions, with the exception of *poudre de roi*.

Friday.—Telephoned in all directions to proclaim war against the world. I will let them know what it is for an Empress to be in a bad temper!

Saturday.—Why don't I order the Viceroy of Woungo to be boiled in oil, the Governor of Bang Wang Woo to be cut into cubes, and my grandson to be con-

verted into human mince-meat? Why don't I do all this? The answer is simple enough. I feel that I am too much the Chinese lady!

## IN WAITING.

Germany.—For a great fleet.

France.—For a successful exhibition.

Russia.—For compensation in Persia.

Italy.—For a balanced budget.

Austria.—For Panslavonic harmony.

Turkey.—For the smallest contributions.

China.—For another Emperor.

America.—For good news from the old country.

John Bull.—For the war to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion.





### WATERING IT DOWN.

"AH! WHAT I LIKE ABOUT A BIT OF FISHING THIS TIME O' YEAR IS THE GLORIOUS APPETITE IT GIVES ONE FOR—ER—ONE'S LUNCH!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

YET one more writer of note, Mr. A. E. W. MASON, has deserted the gradually dwindling ranks of those who have never collaborated with Mr. ANDREW LANG. *Parson Kelly* (LONGMANS) is, in the opinion of my Nautical Retainer, a very captivating Jacobite novel, full of entertainment and instruction. It would be rash to hazard an invidious distinction, but it looks as if the instruction had been provided by the Senior Partner. Perhaps the combination is responsible for a certain want of balance in the general scheme. The first two hundred pages of the delightful adventures of the Reverend Nonjuror and his soldier-of-fortune friend, Nick Wogan, cover a period of some three years, yet they are little more than a preface to the next two hundred, which deal with the events of just four-and-twenty hours. The great scene of the book, that of the rout at *Lady Oxford's*, is very cleverly designed, though the attitude of the ordinary guests towards the chief actors is faintly suggestive of an operatic chorus. On a point of detail there is too much dialogue and business between the first announcement of *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's* name and her appearance at the door, unless the stairs were very steep and the lady scant of breath. Much more rapid was Mr. Nicholson Wogan's progress, presumably on horseback, from Corunna to Paris, by way of Avignon, "which lay directly in his path!" To this trifling tour he devoted "half a week or so of leisure." Mr. LANG must really collaborate in the next new atlas!

Another magnificent volume, making No. 3 of *The Anglo-Saxon Review*, edited by Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, is just out. How her ladyship manages to be in the Transvaal as head of a Nursing Sisterhood and to edit this work, which is published by JOHN LANE in London and New York, puzzles the Baron.

However, so it is, and a very good specimen of the A.-S. R. it is. The photographic reproduction of pictures is excellent, that of NAPOLEON as a young lieutenant being admirable, and at the same time, the Baron would be inclined to think, uncommonly flattering. It was taken about 1798, and is supposed to be a living presentment of "the young Corsican" who had such grand ideas as to Egypt. On "The Binding of this Volume," Mr. CYRIL DAVENPORT's article is very interesting. Among the many well-considered and well-written contributions, H. DE VERE STACPOOLE's "The Outcasts" is most original in conception, though somewhat laboured and overcoloured in the word-painting. There is so much to be read and studied in this Review, that it is better for the Baron to refer his readers to the volume itself, whose contents will give them occupation for some considerable time.

In reading *The Backwater of Life* (SMITH, ELDER), my Baronite turns with feeling of relief from Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN's somewhat chilly biographical note about JAMES PAYN to the essays that form the volume. Mr. STEPHEN's constitutional literary manner may have been cunningly designed to accomplish the certain effect of contrast with that of the friend he really loved. With pen in hand he never gives himself away. PAYN spreads himself out on every page, flavours every sentence with something of his inner self, and, being of a beautiful nature, the charm is irresistible. The paper which gives its name to the collection of essays is perhaps one of the most beautiful, certainly one of the most pathetic, in the language. It tells how one who has been immersed in affairs, as it were in the mid-stream of what we call Life, finds himself in this backwater, "crippled and helpless, but still able to see through the osiers on the island between us what is passing along the river—the passenger vessels and the pleasure boats—and to hear faintly the voices and the laughter." Some of us who, in days already distant have sat with this brave heart on Summer afternoons in the ground-floor room where he was imprisoned, read with sad interest all he was thinking about whilst we tried to talk.

*Marget at the Manse* (GARDNER, DARTON & Co.) is by ETHEL F. HEDDLE, whose *Haunted Town*, says one of my Retainers-in-chief, I still remember with the utmost pleasure. Her new book is a collection of delightful sketches of Scottish life and character. Miss HEDDLE has an exceptionally delicate and refined method of telling her stories, which deal with Pitcurlie, a fishing village on the east coast of Scotland. Dr. Gordon, the minister, and *Marget*, his housekeeper at the Manse, who is the heart of the book, are admirably-drawn characters. There is humour in these stories, and there is pathos, and both qualities are secured without the least strain.

In *Temple Bar* for this month there is an excellent article on "Parodies," by Mr. HERBERT M. SANDERS, with whom the Baron is delighted to find himself, not inexperienced in such matters, in perfect accord, except as to the old-world parodies *Tom Thumb* and *Chrononhotonthologos*, which at the present day are hopeless for acting and dull for reading. THE B. DE B.-W.

### SOMETHING IN A NAME.

*Brown* (throwing down paper in disgust). Why the dickens don't these Boers give some sensible names to their towns, such as Brixton, Hampstead, or Peckham Rye?

AN ABSENT-MINDED BEGGAR.—No; we have not heard confirmation of the rumour to which you allude, that the member for the Scotland Division of Liverpool desires now to be known as TAY PAY, PAY, PAY. We can have enough even of a good thing, and we already have that in TAY PAY.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.—In his speech at Birmingham defending Ministerial conduct of the war, Mr. JESSE COLLINGS emphatically declared there had been "no muddle." There are few men in public life qualified to speak with higher authority on the topic.





### THE INNOCENT ABROAD.

*Imperial Russian Frontier Official (inspecting passport). "ON DIPLOMATIC BUSINESS!"  
 Dr. Leyds. "Oh, NO! MERELY TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE."*





### ON THE GOLF LINKS—THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

*The Major-General (waiting to drive, to girl carrying baby, who blocks the way). "NOW THEN, HURRY ON PLEASE WITH THAT BABY." Girl. "GARN! BABY YERSELF, PLAYING AT BALL THERE IN YOUR KNICKERBOCKERS AN' ALL!"*

#### DRAMA WITH A PURPOSE.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It has not, of course, escaped your eagle eye that Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES, acting as chairman at The Playgoers' Club dinner last Sunday week, and speaking as a Dramatist, observed, "We must educate our master, the Public, to perceive the distinction between dramatic art and popular amusement." To which, as one of the public, I reply to Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES,—Sir, we go to Church, we who are Church-goers, or to cognate places of worship, where qualified preachers give us religious instruction; we go to lecture-rooms, museums, libraries, and so forth, for the acquisition of secular knowledge of various kinds; to offices, law courts, markets, and a hundred other places, for business; and, work being over for the day, we go to the theatre for relaxation, i.e., for amusement. If a performance at a theatre does not succeed in distracting us from our ordinary cares and worries, then such performance has failed in its primary object. If thus failing to amuse, it attempts to instruct, then the theatre no longer offends negatively, but has constituted itself a nuisance, a head-ache-giving, wearisome nuisance, and the theatre-goer, with respect to such performance, will be a theatre-abstainer. Imagine an Instructive Opera with mathematical songs, historical duetts, moral quartetts, and geographical choruses! "The tag," when not apologetic, was supposed to point a moral: but this has been for many years suppressed as superfluous. Let it be the object of every dramatist to interest and amuse, and let the deduction of a moral be left to the conscience of the spectator. ONE OF THE SMITH FAMILY.

#### WAR "NEWS."

(Of which some people are getting a little tired.)

THAT "President STEYN is said to be much depressed."

THAT "President STEYN visited the Boer trenches and addressed the Free State Commandos. The President is stated to be in high spirits at the enthusiasm displayed by the men."

THAT "the Free Staters are heartily tired of the war."

THAT "the Boers are running very short of supplies and ammunition, and must soon abandon the campaign."

THAT "the Boers are stated upon good authority"—(the office boy)—"to have ammunition and stores for at least two years."

THAT "Dr. LEYDS has been horsewhipped by an Englishman." (The inevitable contradiction is in this case peculiarly disappointing.)

THAT "the Boers fully expect that after the war KRÜGER will be crowned at Westminster."

THAT "President STEYN has removed his furniture to Pretoria." (Presumably to succeed KRÜGER, promoted. See last item of news.)

THAT "the Boer losses in the war up-to-date are computed"—(also by the office boy)—to amount to —" (or any other imaginary figure whatsoever).

THAT "President KRÜGER, in reply to congratulations on Boer successes, is reported to have quoted Psalm —" (or any other Biblical quotation whatsoever).

THAT "Sir E. A—D B—T is said to have expressed warm approval"—(or disapproval)—"of General —'s tactics." (And similar thrilling announcements.)









### WAR IN EARNEST.

"THE BOERS 'LL COP IT NOW!" "WOT'S UP?"  
 "FARFER'S GONE TO SOUF AFRICA, AN' TOOKEN 'IS STRAP!"

### A NOTE TO MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

(From Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

SIR,—It has not at all times been my good fortune to find myself in agreement with the sentiments which you have from time to time expressed on matters of public concern. Of the difference between us, as, indeed, of my existence, you have in all probability been unconscious. To those serene and lofty peaks on which you commune with Apollo and the Muses no rumour of any jarring difference between yourself and me has, I suppose, found its way. No matter. I know what I have done and am content to bear the responsibility for my action. All the more necessary is it that I should assure you of my sympathy and good will, however little you may value this expression of feeling on my part, when I find you declaring in the language of true patriotism what I conceive to be the right view of at least one phase of our present troubles.

In the *Times* of February 1 there appears under the title "*Imperium et Libertas*," a letter, signed by you, which to my mind outweighs all the piled stanzas of the poets, and all the loaded columns of the leader-writers devoted to the same subject. The language in which you state your opinions may not, perhaps, immediately convey your undoubted meaning to our latest arbiter, the Man in the Street. But in the ear of reason and good sense no doubt can exist. You desire, you say, "to deprecate the tendency, of which no one can have failed to observe several symptoms of late, to persuade the British people to distrust, if not to disbelieve in, the political liberty they have so long practised, and of which hitherto they have shown themselves so proud, and even to listen to certain Continental foxes, who, in the language of the old fable, having lost their own tails, or perhaps had the misfortune to be born without any, are self-complacently suggesting that we should get rid of our own."

You go on to extol liberty, which, as you rightly declare, is not to be had in this complex and jarring world without some corresponding sacrifice; and you beg your fellow-countrymen not to allow themselves to be dislodged from their faith that this self-same liberty, with its necessary accompaniment, the courage not only to speak and hear the truth, but likewise to endure with equanimity the propagation of that which is not the truth, will enable us with due patience and energy to overcome our difficulties—together with much else that is well said to the same effect.

Sir, I applaud your courage. It might seem to be a small thing to ask that your fellow-countrymen should, without distinction of party, have liberty to express what they hold to be the truth on questions of grave public concern. But in the present temper of able and distinguished men, speaking in Parliament or writing in the newspapers, such a request shows no common measure of public spirit and right feeling. We are to be baffled in our inquiries because, forsooth, "the time has not yet come for inquiry and criticism." No comments on the fatuous actions or speeches of Ministers are to be allowed because we must not weaken the Government by showing that its members have more than justified their human nature by a pronounced liability to error. Mistakes are to be concealed, folly and rashness and presumptuous ignorance are to be buried in oblivion—in a word, truth, the truth for which you and I and all who value the honour of their country ask, is to be hidden away in order that men in high place may escape the consequences of what they have done and may continue to mislead a blinded nation. For Heaven's sake, I say, let us have the truth. Let there be no more concealments of letters and telegrams; let an end be made of mystery and appeals to the *chose jugée*. Facts, we know, are hard things and winna dig. We ask for nothing but facts. The humiliation into which our country has been led is evident. Let us know why and through whom we are in so deplorable a situation.

And in the meantime, until these facts are discovered, let those who value their country and their birthright have the liberty to express their honest opinions, even though Mr. Justice GRANTHAM may divert the attention of a grand jury from their proper business to his own misguided effort to impose silence upon a Dean.

For your help in this direction the thanks of all who love liberty are due to you.

I am, Sir, yours with great respect,

THE VAGRANT.

### LITTLE ENGLANDER.

["I have been called a Little Englander."—*John Morley*.]

I'm called Little Englander—poor Little Englander,  
 Though I could never tell why,  
 Still I'm called Little Englander—mad Little Englander,  
 Bad Little Englander I!

When Jingoës are scheming, and JOSEPH is dreaming  
 Of painting the universe red,  
 I wonder if others, say, Mr. STEAD's brothers,  
 Prefer their own colour instead.

I hate guns and rifles, but there are some trifles  
 To which some attention I'd give,  
 For instance, those pensions which JOE never mentions,  
 And room for the people to live.

Then if Little Englanders, poor Little Englanders,  
 Think of home duties and try  
 To better the nation by wise legislation,  
 Why then Little Englander I!

SUGGESTION for an advertisement as simple as effective for  
 SELL's most useful *Dictionary of the World's Press*.—"Buy  
 SELL."





### , A POSER.

The eldest Miss Elderby (to Jones, who has been mentioning his desire to get lady friends to sit to him in evening dress ("Ordinary models are so commonplace, doncher know?"), having in his mind the piquant younger sister). "BUT THERE NEED BE NO DIFFICULTY ABOUT THAT, MR. JONES, SURELY. I WILL SIT TO YOU AT ANY TIME, WITH PLEASURE!"

#### MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

##### IV.—PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

(Revised by R. S. H-CH-NS. Author of "The Slave," etc.)

It was the evening of the Netherfield ball. The majority of the male guests had carefully woven inverted commonplaces into embroidered epigrams. However, they looked pretty enough at a distance: the truisms of life alone bear close scrutiny. Mrs. BENNETT was in her element: in searching for eligible *partis*, her fondness for high game was as well

known as her partiality for low dress. Her appearance bespoke a massive impropriety; but she was, in reality, hopelessly respectable. Rumour had even hinted that she and her husband were vulgar enough to "make it up" after a quarrel. His adherence to domestic virtues had long since placed him beyond the pale of social toleration. A man who loved his home was clearly capable of any crime. As evening wore on, the brilliant paradoxes flagged. One youth had been so overcome in concocting a *bon mot* during the Barit dance, that for the next half hour

he was quite unaffected, greatly to the alarm of his friends. Two men were conversing earnestly at the far end of the ball-room. "The flow of wit is ebbing," muttered DARCY, raising his shaggy eyebrows. "Wit cannot survive lobster mayonnaise," replied BINGLEY. "But hang it, man, why aren't you dancing? Look at that charming girl, Miss ELIZABETH BENNETT!" Both men gazed in the direction of the girl. She was watching the entrance door: her eyes glittered brightly, and upon her parted red lips trembled the faint, mysterious moisture of some secret expectation. "Can you read her face?" said DARCY, hoarsely. "She's dreaming of supper: her soul is communing with the spirit of GUNTER'S. You thought it idealism—wait!" "Better cut in with your show now," said BINGLEY coldly. "The supper interval affords opportunity for your mystic *séance*." DARCY stepped forward. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "please attend!" Whilst speaking he kept his eye upon ELIZABETH BENNETT, who, at first resentful, was gradually fascinated by his odd demeanour. "I have," continued DARCY, with a nondescript foreign accent, such as popular Illusionists affect, "spent many years in Eastern travel with the famous CHARLIZ BERTRAMFZ . . . BINGLEY, a little music please . . . and during this time have made the acquaintance of many wild, esoteric mysteries. Of late, I have penetrated the inmost recesses of the Mystic Hall of Egypt, where the High Pontiff offered me many shekels of gold, could I but fathom his rites!" Whilst speaking, DARCY turned up his cuffs with a graceful, sinuous movement. Then he advanced towards ELIZABETH BENNETT and dexterously produced a *pâté de foie gras* from the flowers at her bosom. "Near your heart, Madam," said DARCY, looking hard at her. Meanwhile, BINGLEY had merged from "The Rose of Persia" into a modern *chansonnette* by that virtuoso CHEVALIER, where the beguiling effect upon the organ of sight exercised by manual celerity is touchingly described. "What with drawing-room *diablerie* and epigram-mania," said DARCY, producing a rabbit from Mrs. BENNETT'S fan, "we will make an impression in the neighbourhood." A. R.



### "JOE CHAMBERLAIN"—THE BIG GUN.

(As he is depicted in the Boer nurseries.)





### A DISAPPOINTING HOST.

*Sandy.* "A 'M TELLT YE HEV A NEW NEBBUR, DONAL'."

*Donald.* "AYE."

*Sandy.* "AN' WHAT LIKE IS HE?"

*Donald.* "WEEL, HE'S A CURIOUS LADDIE. A WENT TO HEV A BIT TALK W' HIM TH' ITHIR EVENIN', AN' HE OFFERED ME A GLASS O' WHUSKEY, D'YE SEE? WEEL, HE WAS POORIN' IT OOT, AN' A SAID TO HIM 'STOP!'—AN' HE STOPPIT! THAT'S THE SORT O' MON HE IS."

### THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

III.—THE L-BB-CK SECTION.

(For February.)

1ST.—Originality is the mark of genius; but a love of commonplace, or "a firm grasp of the obvious," may be acquired by the humblest among us.

2ND.—Poverty is not necessarily shameful. It was once remarked of a great man that "he came of poor but honest parents." As BURNS so beautifully said: "For a' that and a' that!"

3RD.—Childhood, both in man and beast, is the period of innocence. Of *Mary's* "little lamb" it was said that "its fleece was white as snow."

4TH.—How interesting is the present century! A hundred years ago there were fewer books. The population has also increased.

5TH.—It is best not to follow two points of the compass at the same time. The pilot that steers both for Scylla and Charybdis is in danger of missing them both (HOMER).

6TH.—A man's work will often outlive him. Thus, SHAKESPEARE and WATT are dead; but *Hamlet* and the steam-engine survive.

7TH.—It is generally recognised that in great danger you may show presence of mind, even though you are absent in body.

Some of our best military criticisms are produced in Fleet Street.

8TH.—Botany brings us into relationship with flowers. Many people consider that the study of Nature is best pursued in the open air. This view applies also to hunting, shooting and fishing.

9TH.—Water is recognised as a necessity to ships. What should we do if anything went wrong with the ocean? Suppose "the deep did rot!" (COLERIDGE).

10TH.—Pleasure fades like a fresh herring; but the salt of virtue may turn it into an enduring bloater.

11TH.—In Art it is not enough to copy Nature: the Ideal should come from within. That is why models are so unimportant. There was once a great painter who always had the hangman to sit for his pictures of Venus.

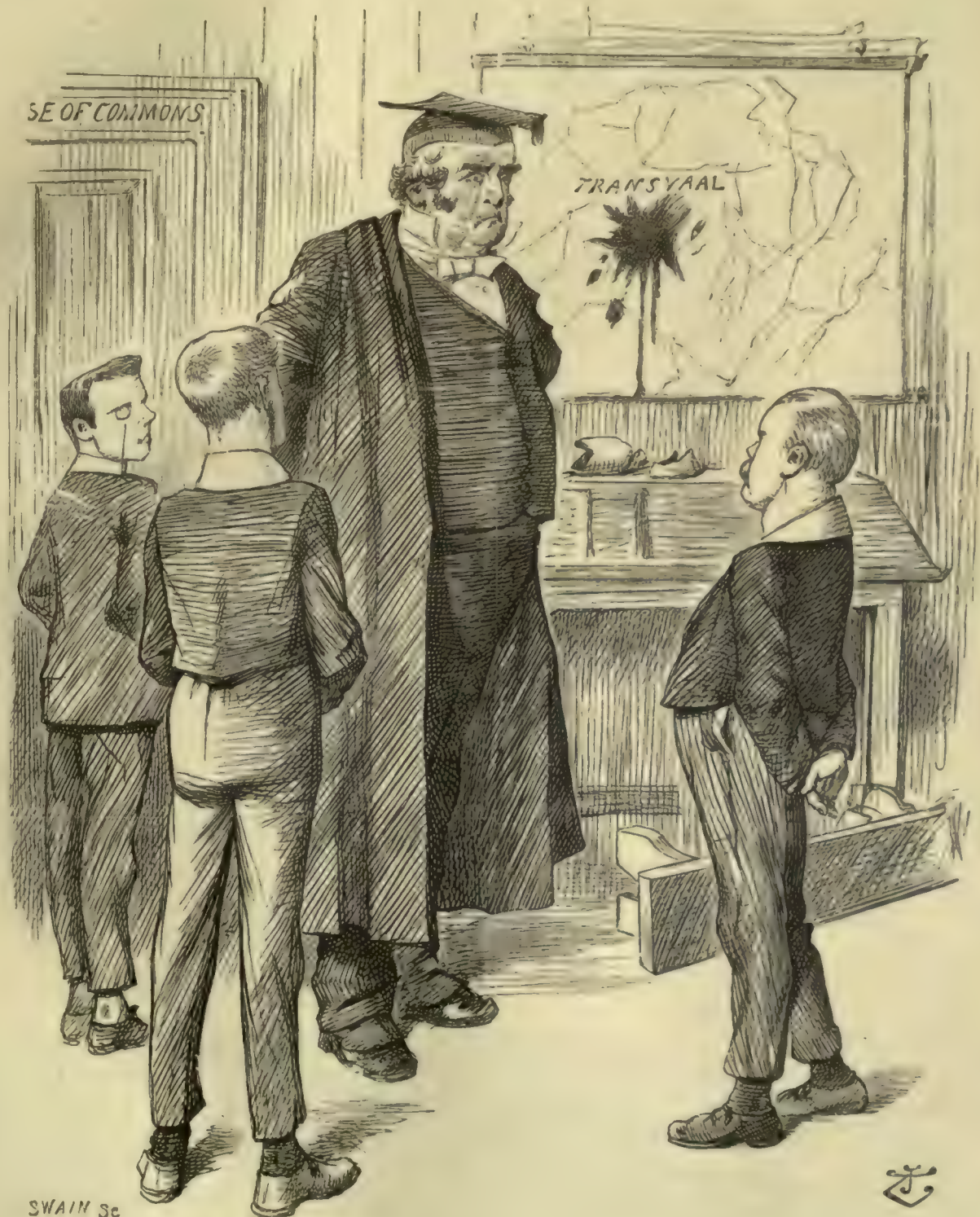
12TH.—The power of Music is proverbial. It "soothes the savage breast" (CONGREVE), including snakes. It was CLEOPATRA who said, "Give me some music;" on which her attendant remarked as follows: "The music, ho!" Both these last passages may be found in SHAKESPEARE.

13TH.—"Home, sweet home!" I forget who said this.

14TH (*St. Valentine's Day*).—It would be difficult to name a single truly great poet who has not, at one time or another, referred to Love. It is Love that gives pinions even to the caterpillar. But we must beware of Sirens (HOMER). O. S.

(To be continued.)





“LEAST SAID SOONEST MENDED.”

MASTER CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. “PLEASE, SIR, I KNOW WHO DID IT.”

DR. BULL (*severely*). “NEVER MIND WHO DID IT. GET TO WORK AND WIPE IT OFF BETWEEN YOU.”







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, January 30.  
—House deeply grateful to DICKENSON,  
new member for Wells. Met to-day for



A MISINTERPRETED GESTURE.

Unexpectedly warm reception for a new member from Mr. Milman, the new Chief Clerk at the Table.

opening Session under a cloud, the like of which has not loured over the Empire since days of Indian Mutiny. Like the nation at large, its representatives at Westminster not disposed to go about whining. Still, disappointment and sorrow weigh down the heart. Welcome the man who shall lift the load, even for a moment.

Behold the man in DICKENSON, just emerged from the Wells of Somerset. Called to Table to take the oath, he advanced with jaunty step, staying here and there to make obeisance to the Chair. Arrived at the Table, he found standing at corner a gentleman the benevolence of whose visage no wig can hide. As the new member came within hail, the figure in wig and gown held forth a generously opened right hand.

"How nice," thought DICKENSON OF

WELLS. "How friendly! Don't know the gentleman, but he is evidently some one in high official position sent out, probably by the SPEAKER himself, to welcome me."

For a moment there flashed over new member's mind the idea that a little music might be suitable to the occasion. A well-known duet seemed specially written for it. Suppose the gentleman in wig and gown (who looked as if he had a baritone voice) were to begin, "Who goes there?" Then the new member, in fine tenor, would follow with "A friend; all's WELLS."

Perhaps, on the whole, that would be unusual. At present gentleman in wig and gown did not seem disposed to do more than shake hands. DICKENSON OF WELLS cordially responded, reaching forth his fist with friendliest gesture.

In ordinary time Mr. MILMAN (for it was he who stood in wig and gown) might have entered into the spirit of the joke, shaken hands with the new member and asked after his wife and family. But a crisis broods over the Table of the House. Sir REGINALD PALGRAVE, after serving through eleven Parliaments, finds he really cannot stand the prospect of a twelfth. About to retire; there will be vacancy in the Chair of the Chief Clerk; Mr. MILMAN of course expected to fill it. Must live up to dignity of position.

Accordingly, when DICKENSON OF WELLS held out his hand, humming the air of his part in the cheerful duet, the Clerk hastily withdrew his, and by sharp gesture secured delivery of the Return to the Writ, which he must hold in possession before administering the oath.

A trifling incident, but members gratefully laughed. New member for Wells, having signed Roll of Parliament, withdrew into obscurity, conscious he had made a favourable first impression.

Business done.—Address moved. In the Lords the MARKISS explained everything in answer to accusation of maladministration by Her Majesty's Government. It was all the British Constitution. If not

quite all, then there was the Treasury. Finally the MARKISS, looking across Table threateningly at KIMBERLEY, observed, "You can't see through a brick wall." That clinched the matter. Noble Lords felt there was nothing more to be said. Debate over, Address agreed to, conduct of the war by the Government thereby approved, all within the space of two hours.

House of Lords, Thursday.—How fitful is life! How brief its triumphs! How certain its shadows! On Tuesday the MARKISS went home soothed by consciousness of a great success. When House met for new Session, even a Government with majority of over a hundred seemed in a shaky state. In South Africa matters had muddled along with reiterated disaster, relieved only by the bravery of the British soldier. At critical moments, the work of



THE INCORRIGIBLE AND UNTIMELY JESTER.

"I venture to think that the country will have to be inspired by a loftier tone and a truer patriotism than we have heard from the Prime Minister to-night."—Lord Roschery in the Lords.

the home administration being tried, was invariably found wanting. There were ominous references to the Crimean War, suggestions of reappointment of its famous Committee of Enquiry. Mutiny broke out in the Ministerial Press. Would the oft-tried fealty of the majority, even in the House of Lords, stand by a discredited Ministry?

The MARKISS faced the gathering foe with characteristic courage. There flashed upon him that brilliant idea of laying the blame on the British Constitution. The B. C. could make no retort; the splendid audacity of the suggestion surprised ordinary critics into silence. If



A REAL BRITISH PLUCK; OR, 'WE'VE HAD A DEUCE OF A TIME!'

"He," Mr. Wyndham, "would not be a party to taking off one feather's weight of the responsibility of the Cabinet."





### "A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," &c.

*Monsieur (to Marquis).* "HÉ BIEN, MON CHER! WHAT CHANCE? HOW MANY BRACES HAVE YOU TO YOUR BAGS?"

only he had stopped there all would have been well. In an evil moment for himself the MARKISS, descending from magnificent generalities, touched sordid particulars. As if the British Constitution was not big enough and nebulous enough to cover everything, he laid the blame of inadequate preparation for war at the door of the Treasury.

Mighty hubbub followed. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, after private rehearsal of contradiction in his own office, seized opportunity in House of publicly refuting imputation of the MARKISS. The two ways of putting same thing differed in con-

struction and choice of language: but though unequal in verbal emphasis, they were uniformly effective. Worse still, the Permanent Secretary, taking the affront to himself, talked of resignation. Never saw the MARKISS so genuinely surprised, so deeply pained.

"Can't understand it, Toby," he said, when I tried to comfort him with assurance that the affair would blow over, as others had done. "Most vexatious of people insisting on thinking I mean exactly what I say."

Something had to be done to counteract the influence of the fat in the fire. Accordingly, when House met this afternoon, the MARKISS appeared at the Table and explained that when on Tuesday he had traced national disaster to the action of the Treasury, supplementary to the malign influence of the British Constitution, and to human inability to see through a brick wall, he had not had in his mind either the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Permanent Secretary. He was going on to say that he suspected the office-boy, but, warned by recent experience, and careful to avoid fresh complications, he pulled up short.

*Business done.* Debate on Address continued in Commons.

*House of Commons, Friday.* EVELYN CECIL happily spared from being shut up in Ladysmith, so that he might bring home a rare flower of speech to entwine in the chaplet of debate on the Address. Speaking of the embarrassment that besets the Ministry, he besought the House to be tender with their shortcomings, since at a particular crisis "they were crucified on the horns of a dilemma." The position indicated implies some physical difficulties; the imagery is grand.

REDMOND cadet not to be behind a bloated aristocracy. Ran the Premier's nephew pretty close in prize-bull yard. SAUNDERSON speaking just now observed in his genial manner that Irish Nationalists never attack in front, always in the rear. Instantly Irish camp in commotion. Accustomed to pour contumely and scorn on others, properly indignant if stream turned on them, even by a fellow-countryman. Amid roar of remonstrance stentorian voice of REDMOND cadet heard observing more in sorrow than in anger, "If I had said anything of the kind I would not have been permitted."

*Business done.*—More about mismanagement by the best of all Ministries.

**HOW TO OBTAIN AN INCOME.**—By marrying Miss ANN DOLLARY, the million-heiress. You will then have ten "thou." per ann.

**FIELD RATIONS.**—The only known equivalent to bully beef. Cow-hard.



["The work of the 'boy-washerwomen' at the Church Army Boys' Home has proved very satisfactory."—*Daily Paper.*]

BUT WON'T THE REAL WASHERWOMEN RESENT THIS INTRUSION INTO THEIR RANKS? IT MAY CAUSE A STRIKE, AND WHAT COULD A POOR LITTLE "BOY-WASHERWOMAN" DO WITH SUCH PICKETS AS ABOVE?





Donald Partridge for

**S**WALE is a place of many advantages. It is strikingly picturesque and eminently respectable; the people who live in it excite the admiration of the world in general, not only by their affluence, but by their gentility also, and in these degenerate days the one does not always accompany the other. They inhabit mansions overgrown with creepers, and they all keep a carriage. Here and there a few poor people live in artistic cottages for the special conveniences of the young ladies, who paint in water-colours. But the poor people, even, are of the nicest class, the class that looks so pleasant in Academy pictures. Alas! it is a type that is fast disappearing in England. Now the labourer is an independent creature with no feelings of gratitude; he does not touch his hat to the Parson, and his wife drops no curtsy to the Squire; he is full of new-fangled Radical notions, and neither looks nice in pictures nor in reality. He has become distinctly vulgar. But Swale is still different, and long may it keep free from the corruption of external influence! As I said, the cottages are delightful, with little leaded windows admitting neither light nor air—but that is a detail; they are most pleasing to the fair sketcher; honeysuckle and roses climb about the doorway, many of the roofs are thatched, and the whole appearance is exquisitely dilapidated.

One landlord, in a thoughtless moment, decided to pull down those on his own estate, and erect new ones with sanitary conveniences, and all kinds of modern improvements; but an indignation meeting was held, and a deputation of ladies called upon him to protest against the desecration. Being quite a plebeian creature, the only person in Swale history whose breeding was not irreproachable, he would not listen to their arguments on abstract beauty, and they did not even convince him by showing that he would utterly ruin the type of good honest English peasant. They appealed to his patriotism: the English countryman was the backbone of the British Army, and how could he be expected to retain his native candour, his obedience and deference to his betters, if he were

born and bred, not in a picturesque old cottage covered with honeysuckle, but in a new-fangled place with a bath-room? But fortunately, Mr. SIMPSON, the owner of the estate in question, was called to a world where it is to be hoped horrid Radicals are in the minority, and his daughters were comparatively innocuous. The poor of Swale were left in peace and quietness, to their own content, for they looked upon it as somehow a merciful dispensation of Providence that every Winter their children should die of diphtheria, or typhoid. For many centuries they had been used to look upon themselves as different beings from the gentry, and they were not going to begin now to give themselves airs. The gentry were the gentry: they were only common people whose part in life it was to minister to their betters' needs, and there was an end of it. It must be said that the richer inhabitants of Swale behaved very well in any calamity. They showered jellies and port-wine and coals upon the indigent, and read the Bible to them for hours.

Now, when the old Vicar of Swale departed the life which he had thoroughly enjoyed for hard upon eighty years, there was much perturbation in the parish over the choice of his successor.

"We don't want somebody too strenuous," said Lady PROUDFOOT, the widow of Sir GEORGE PROUDFOOT, who had been given his K.C.B. after bungling some important affair in the Colonies.

Mrs. STRONG was taking a cup of tea with Lady PROUDFOOT, while the latter's daughters were playing tennis. Mrs. STRONG, having arrived perilously near the age of forty, had given up violent exercise; she thought it ugly enough for a young girl to get red in the face, but for a woman of her years, unpardonable. Besides, she did not take heat becomingly. In her youth Mrs. STRONG had been rather overpowering. Her six feet of height and her generally massive proportions made her seem almost mountainous, and when she gambolled, she reminded one of a young elephant. But years had brought their chastening influence. She was still massive, but the effect now was magnificent. She was sedate, admirably self-possessed, a type of the British matron. The literary young ladies of Swale said she reminded them of BOADICEA. She was undoubtedly a very fine woman, with well-cut features and clear steady eyes. The only fault to be found with her was that though her teeth were obviously perfect, she need not have shown them quite so much; but as she was a very good-natured creature, with an



uncommon sense of humour, her constant smiles may have been due to a cause other than vanity.

"Of course," said Lady PROUDFOOT, "there are so many different sorts of clergymen."

"Yes," replied Mrs. STRONG, smiling, "there are the parsons who are Christians, the parsons who are gentlemen, and the parsons who are neither."

"Well, the chief thing is that he should be a gentleman," said Lady PROUDFOOT. "If he's been to Oxford and taken his degree he'll be quite Christian enough for us."

"It would certainly be terrible if we had an eager little man with a wife and a red nose."

"To say nothing of fifteen children, my dear," cried Lady PROUDFOOT. "And the wives that those sort of clergymen choose are too impossible; Heaven only knows where they find them! No, the fact is, EDITH, that if we have a horrid creature who wants to reform everything, it will simply be the ruin of Swale. We get along very well as we are, and I'm certain that no one could find anything seriously wrong with us."

"We go to church regularly in the newest of bonnets," interrupted Mrs. STRONG, "and when we call ourselves miserable sinners we know it's merely a *façon de parler*."

"If we have a Vicar who wants to have Mothers' Meetings and Bands of Hope and all that rubbish, I really don't know what will become of us."

"Yes," replied Mrs. STRONG, with a drawl which might have been sarcastic, "as long as he can play tennis and behave decently at a dinner-party, our souls can take care of themselves."

"Well, the living's worth six hundred a year and the house is in excellent condition, so I really think we ought to get some one nice."

Lady PROUDFOOT, and the inhabitants of Swale in general, had every reason to be pleased with the Bishop's choice. The Rev. ROBERT BRANSCOMBE was evidently a gentleman—he was, indeed, second cousin to a peer, which necessarily inspired his parishioners with confidence. He was a bachelor, and forty years of age, tall, good-looking, with a fine presence. In ten years his presence would perhaps be a little too fine, already he gave signs of future corpulence; but at the period of which I write it was most striking. He was clean-shaven, and dressed in the latest clerical fashion. I need only add that he was high church, as befitting so respectable a place as Swale, and had charming manners. He talked a great deal, in a loud voice and in a slightly magisterial manner. His conversation was easy, and could be understood by a child. The latest novel, the local rose-show, dances and dinner-parties, formed sufficient ground for the display of his powers. He rarely spoke of parish matters, considering it bad form to talk shop. Finally, he had a passion for TENNYSON, which in a person of his cloth is a proof of much candour and purity of soul. The ladies pronounced him charming, and when an unsympathetic man suggested that his conceit was phenomenal, waxed mighty wroth in the Vicar's defence.

"What I like in him," said Lady PROUDFOOT, "is that except for the clothes he wears, you'd never think he was a clergyman."

It was obvious that the Vicar of Swale ought to marry, and during the two years of his incumbency, the parishioners had done nothing but concoct schemes to that end. Mr. BRANSCOMBE was to the tips of his fingers a marrying man. But the choice in Swale was limited, and lay, in fact, between Mrs. STRONG and JANE SIMPSON. The latter was the eldest daughter of the horrid Radical whom death only had prevented from disfiguring the landscape in the manner I have related. She was a rather homely young woman of nine and twenty, and harmless enough to have gained the sufferance of the other inhabitants of Swale, though they could not be expected to forget that her father had made his money in the city. Her matrimonial desires were obvious, and Lady PROUDFOOT was disgusted at the way in which she behaved with Mr.

BRANSCOMBE. Of course she did nothing indecorous—she was the quietest and most modest of young persons—but she turned pale at his approach, and blushed at every word he said to her. She was evidently dying of love, and every one knew that he need only ask to be accorded her hand and fortune, which was at least one hundred thousand pounds in solid securities.

But the match was looked upon with disfavour, and his parishioners found much comfort in the thought that Mr. BRANSCOMBE was not mercenary. Yet though he would not marry JANE SIMPSON for her money, he was, after all, only human, and could not be expected to remain insensible to her evident adoration. The hopes of the ladies of Swale were centred entirely upon Mrs. STRONG, whom the Fates had not favoured only in looks. Mrs. STRONG was not only handsome, but a widow with fifteen hundred a year as well. Her age, appearance, and station made her appear designed by higher powers to share with Mr. BRANSCOMBE this life of woe. She was a fascinating woman, and the Vicar harboured for her the sincerest admiration. The matter would doubtless have been settled in the first year of his residence at Swale, if Miss SIMPSON, by her sighs and blushes, had not a little disconcerted him. He was really a kind man, and did not wish to break the poor thing's heart. And the attitude of Mrs. STRONG was a little embarrassing. She smiled at him, asked him to dinner, and callers found him constantly taking a cup of tea with her. She seemed to think it quite natural that amiable hostesses at luncheon parties should always pair them off together. The difficulty was that Mrs. STRONG was equally amiable with every one she met, and though she evidently liked the Vicar of Swale, she had given no particular signs of desiring him to be her husband. The Reverend ROBERT BRANSCOMBE had too much dignity and too fine a presence to undergo the humiliation of a refusal—so he hesitated. Of course the ladies of Swale saw how things were, and they did everything to help him—but still he hesitated.

"Upon my word," said Lady PROUDFOOT, "I don't know what more encouragement he can want. He can't expect EDITH to propose to him herself."

Lady PROUDFOOT, more than any one else in Swale, was concerned with the matrimonial affairs of ROBERT BRANSCOMBE. She was of opinion that it was as improper for a clergyman to be unmarried as for a doctor, and besides that, Mrs. STRONG was her bosom friend. She knew very well in what state of mind the Vicar was, and decided at length to speak with Mrs. STRONG on the subject. One day she attacked her by leading the conversation to JANE SIMPSON.

"I really don't see why she shouldn't marry Mr. BRANSCOMBE if she wants to, poor thing," said Mrs. STRONG. "She's a nice quiet girl, and she'd make an admirable wife for a clergyman."

"My dear EDITH," rejoined Lady PROUDFOOT, "I think it would be most disagreeable for all of us. You know she's inclined to be frightfully religious already."

"Oh, six months of marriage with the Vicar would quite cure her of that."

"Besides, I don't think she's the sort of wife for Mr. BRANSCOMBE. He likes to have everything so nice, and she's terribly homely. I noticed last time I called there that she—that she wore knitted stockings, my dear."

Mrs. STRONG laughed, showing her beautiful teeth. "I daresay the poor girl's circulation is bad and she has cold feet."

"I have no patience with you, EDITH," said Lady PROUDFOOT, abruptly coming to the point. "Can't you see that he wants to marry you?"

Mrs. STRONG was not at all disconcerted. "He has never said so."

"I wish you would make up your mind. I think it's absurd for a woman like you, without any encumbrances, to remain unmarried." Mrs. STRONG made no answer, and Lady PROUDFOOT added, "I wonder if you'd accept him if he proposed?"



"Has he commissioned you to find out?"

"Not directly," said Lady PROUDFOOT; "I know he thinks you very charming."

"I'm afraid I don't think him very courageous."

"That sounds like encouragement."

"It does a little," agreed Mrs. STRONG, smiling.

Lady PROUDFOOT rose to go, and kissed her friend.

"I daresay he'll come and see you to-morrow," she added.

Mrs. STRONG was not particularly anxious to get married. The Vicar of Swale was rather a pleasant man, and it was flattering to know that he wished to make her his wife. She wondered that he had not already become engaged to JANE SIMPSON. Anyhow, he might come; she had committed herself to nothing, and would listen to what he had to say.

Next day at three o'clock the Rev. ROBERT BRANSCOMBE was shown into her boudoir. Mrs. STRONG received him with her usual easy amiability, and his self-assurance did not desert him.

There was nothing in their behaviour to show that either was love-sick; so far as concerned the man, his presence was the only sign that Lady PROUDFOOT had delivered any message. His confidence slightly irritated Mrs. STRONG. She wished he were a little less at ease. She offered him some tea, which he refused.

"Of course," she thought, "he has too much humour to be sentimental with a cup of tea in his hand."

Meanwhile Mr. BRANSCOMBE talked of the weather.

"It really is very hot," he said. "Everything in the Vicarage garden is quite parched. You've not seen it since I altered the path on the West side, have you?"

Mrs. STRONG divined at once that he was leading the conversation to the Vicarage in order to suggest that she should become its mistress. She took a malicious pleasure in veering away. Mr. BRANSCOMBE was very self-assured, and she felt it her duty to show him it was not so easy as he thought to win such a charming woman as herself.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "Miss SIMPSON told me you'd been making alterations. I see they're rebuilding the lodge at Manor House." She plunged into a description of the operations.

But Mr. BRANSCOMBE did not lose his self-possession. He conversed fluently of the lodge at Manor House.

"It's a charming old place," he said, when the conversation of itself gave him the opportunity. "But of course I like nothing better than my own Vicarage."

He had brought his own house up again. Mrs. STRONG commented upon the unoriginality of man; but with a beautiful smile, like a hare doubling, broke into an account of a delightful Vicarage she had taken one Summer at Blackstable. It was rather exciting to see Mr. BRANSCOMBE driving steadfastly to one point, while she did her best to keep away from it. But at last she was cornered.

"Are you fond of Vicarages?" he asked.

The question was insane, but required an answer.

"Passably."

"How do you like mine?" he asked.

Such an inquiry insisted on a civil answer. "Of course it's charming." It amused her to know herself caught.

"It would be ten times more charming if—if you adorned it." He was distinctly clumsy. Mrs. STRONG expected better things of clerical gentlemen of forty.

"Would you put me in a niche in the wall like an Italian saint?"

"You wilfully misunderstand me," he replied with a gently patronising smile.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured.

He looked at her for one moment, and Mrs. STRONG thought that his appearance was too impressive for any one less than an Archdeacon.

"Lady PROUDFOOT sent for me yesterday," he said. "And—she told me I might call upon you."

"I didn't know you required permission to do that," she said with her frank smile, looking steadily at him without the least embarrassment. He was not embarrassed either. He smiled back upon her benignly.

"Will you share my Vicarage with me, Mrs. STRONG?"

He had evidently made up his mind beforehand how to express himself, and he could not allow the accidents of social chatter to disturb his ordered course. "I've come here to-day," he added, raising his voice a little and speaking with the same solemnity as he used in church on Sundays—"I have come here to-day to ask you to become my wife."

Mrs. STRONG looked down. After what Lady PROUDFOOT had told him it would be ridiculous to seem surprised. She was not certain that so matter-of-fact a proposal pleased her. Notwithstanding her massive proportions, she had a certain tenderness for sentiment, and she would have liked him to hesitate bashfully. A spark of poetry would not have been out of place, nor even some indication of suppressed passion. His certainty of success in the suit was irritating. She felt inclined to refuse him to see how he would take it.

"I feel very much flattered, Mr. BRANSCOMBE," she said slowly, to gain time.

"Won't you call me ROBERT?" he said, patting her hand.

Mrs. STRONG looked up quickly, and bending over, the clergyman kissed her on the cheek.

"I thank you with all my heart," he said. "I will endeavour to perform my duty to you as a Christian husband."

Mrs. STRONG was surprised. He evidently was under the impression that she had accepted him, and she was still considering whether she should or not. Surely when you tell a man that his offer flatters you, it is not equivalent to an acceptance? But there was no doubt in Mr. BRANSCOMBE's mind. He even asked her to name the day upon which he would become the happiest of men. He vowed he must immediately impart the good news to Lady PROUDFOOT.

"What an excitement it will cause in the parish," he said, laughing. When he was going away he urged her again to fix a day for the ceremony.



"I wonder," said Mrs. Strong, "how he'll get out of it?"



"Till then," he said, "you will find me a most impatient man."

"It's nice of you to be so eager," she said, showing her beautiful teeth. "But you know there are no end of legal things which will want settling." It seemed as if she had definitely surrendered.

"If there is anything I can do to help you," he replied gallantly, "command me."

"How kind you are! You know I have an income of fifteen hundred a year."

"My dear EDITH!" He waved his hand in deprecation. He was not the man to listen to gross monetary details.

"I think it right to tell you at once," she said, in answer to his gesture. "My income—is contingent on my widowhood."

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

She smiled. "It ceases on my marrying again."

She watched him closely as she made the statement. Mr. BRANSCOMBE started; but his discomposure was momentary.

"My dear EDITH," he said, "you will be more precious to me with the thought that I alone am providing for you. If I have hesitated to ask you to become my wife, it was because your greater income might have—cast suspicion on the purity of my motives."

He kissed her gravely on the forehead and went away.

"I wonder," said Mrs. STRONG, "how he'll get out of it?"

Next day Mr. BRANSCOMBE came to luncheon. He advanced to Mrs. STRONG solemnly and kissed her forehead. He was not a very ardent lover.

"Did you pass a good night?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied, smiling. "I always do."

"Ah!" He paused, and then with a slight effort broke into ecstasies with the view from Mrs. STRONG's windows.

"I can never be sufficiently grateful to you for abandoning all this for my humble Vicarage."

"I'm not cynical," said Mrs. STRONG. "I believe in love in a cottage."

"Ah, well, it has its disadvantages."

Mrs. STRONG had never realised before that her fiancé's conversation was sometimes painfully obvious. They went in to luncheon, and the presence of the butler confined them to commonplaces. But Mrs. STRONG was in high spirits. She saw that Mr. BRANSCOMBE was somewhat embarrassed. She had never seen him in such a condition before, and it delighted her.

"You know," he said, when they returned to the drawing-room, "life will be very different for you as *châtelaine* of Swale Vicarage. I'm afraid we shall not be able to afford a carriage."

"Oh, a pony-cart fulfils all my aspirations."

"What a charming character you have," he said.

He was becoming more and more ill at ease. Mrs. STRONG's humorous eyes were upon him, and he was afraid of looking foolish. He made an effort to be gallant.

"I've never seen any one with such beautiful hair as you have," he said.

She laughed, and he felt his remark absurd.

"Have you told Lady PROUDFOOT of our engagement?" she asked.

At last he positively blushed. "No. On second thoughts I fancied I had better not. After all, it's no business of hers. And besides, the date of our marriage is so very uncertain, isn't it?" Mrs. STRONG had the charity not to look at him. But he took his courage in both hands. "I won't conceal from you that what you told me yesterday has made some alteration in the matter—not in my feelings, of course; your poverty can only make my love the greater."

Now Mrs. STRONG looked at him, and he faltered. She at least had seen the Reverend ROBERT BRANSCOMBE lose his self-assurance.

"Of course," he said, "I know my behaviour is liable to misconstruction. It looks as if—as if I were mercenary."

Yesterday I asked you to marry me as quickly as possible. I know it sounds funny when I ask you to-day to wait."

"Oh, not at all," said Mrs. STRONG, encouragingly.

He took her hands, but Mrs. STRONG gently withdrew them. He was talking very quickly, nervously.

"I feel," he said, "that my duty to you counterbalances everything. I hope you understand that it's entirely for your sake that I want you to wait."

"Oh, you want me to wait?"

"In three or four years all sorts of things may happen. I have a good deal of influence in clerical quarters, and I have been given to understand that I'm my Uncle GEORGE's sole heir. Of course he's only sixty-five. He may live another ten years; but even then I should only be fifty." He took her hand again. "I know I'm asking a great deal; but will you wait for me, EDITH, say, five years? I'm certain to get a better living by then."

"Are you sure," she asked quietly, "that you wouldn't prefer not to be bound by an engagement? As you suggest, so much may happen in five years."

"Oh, EDITH, surely you have not so poor an opinion of me as to suppose me capable of breaking off our engagement because—because—"

"You know, ROBERT, you are a young man, and in ten years you'll only be fifty; but I shall be fifty, too! And you have a great future before you. I'm sure you'll end up as a bishop. A man of your calibre is wasted on a little country parish. I don't feel myself justified in hampering you."

"I should be contemptible if I asked you to give me back my word." The Vicar of Swale was genuinely disturbed; he was a gentleman, and he could not stoop to a discreditable action.

"But it is I who ask you, ROBERT. I do not feel myself justified in standing in your way. It is no sacrifice to me when I think of your future."

"I can't accept your sacrifice," he said solemnly. "I should feel such a—such a cad."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. STRONG, changing her tone. "We will forget our interview of yesterday. You may be quite certain that I will say nothing about it."

"Ah, Mrs. STRONG, you are a truly Christian woman."

The Vicar of Swale was humbled, but Mrs. STRONG was a woman, and she could not let him go without a small revenge.

"I hope," she murmured with a smile, as she shook his hand, "I hope I haven't made you feel very ridiculous? I really haven't tried to."

Next morning Lady PROUDFOOT rushed into Mrs. STRONG's drawing-room.

"Oh, EDITH, what have you done?"

"Good Heavens! what's the matter?"

"I've just had a letter from Mr. BRANSCOMBE, and he tells me—"

"What?" Surely the Vicar of Swale had not betrayed their secret.

"He tells me that he's engaged to JANE SIMPSON."

Mrs. STRONG did not move a muscle.

"Oh, is that all?" she said. "I knew he meant to propose to her. He came to see me two days ago, and I told him she'd make a pattern wife."

"But he wanted to propose to you."

"Oh, dear no. You're completely mistaken," she replied, calmly. "He thinks I'm really too low church."

She smiled her most fascinating smile.

"You certainly have got beautiful teeth," said Lady PROUDFOOT, rather sourly.

*W. Somerset Maugham*

Next week, "Ormsby St. John's Heir," by Major A. GRIFFITHS.



## IN A GOOD CAUSE.



IN our issue dated January 31, a fortnight ago, appeared an article (now republished separately) entitled *Two Visits*, wherein Mr. Punch informed the public how "it is literally true that the oldest and largest Children's Hospital in London, i.e., the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, is in urgent need of funds at this moment, and must inevitably close its doors very soon indeed unless something is done."

To this appeal there was a ready response, a ready-money response, amounting to over a thousand pounds sent to the Secretary of the hospital, ADRIAN HOPE, Esq., Great Ormond Street.

So far so good; but that it is not near far enough will be seen from the statement we place before the generous and large-hearted British public, as, in so urgent a case as this, although the hospital is a London one, yet charity knows no bounds, territorial or otherwise.

Here is the "Financial Statement" of this Hospital:—

Ordinary Expenditure ... ..	£16,000
" Income ... ..	£9,000
Annual Deficit ... ..	£7,000

With this eloquent text before us, we cannot but call to mind the admirable advice given by Mr. Micawber to little David Copperfield, thus epigrammatically expressed: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

This dictum of Mr. Micawber's, which is true as applied to the temporal difficulties of the individual who, if hale, hearty, and capable of work, has opportunities before him of retrieving the past and providing for the present and the future, applies with overwhelming force to the case of sick children dependent upon the generosity [of friends, the watchful care of physicians, and the constant, kindly attention of trained nurses.

"The income which can be relied upon"—we quote from the report with which the Secretary has provided us—"is £20,000, made up by annual subscriptions, ordinary donations, Hospital Sunday and Saturday, and Prince of Wales's Funds,

dividends from investments," and so forth. "The deficit of £7,000 per annum is usually met by spending all legacies received, say £5,000, and from proceeds of a dinner, say £2,000. The cost of running this Hospital we may put at £44 per diem, and," says the Secretary, "we can only count on getting £24 per diem, i.e., a daily deficit of £20. The legacies diminished last year, and this year nothing is expected from this source of income. It is hopeless in this war time to get money from a dinner." And he sums up by adding, sadly enough: "It seems, therefore, that we shall have to close the Hospital until funds come in again, for the combination of no legacies plus this war is too strong for us."

Be it remembered that this is the largest and oldest "Children's Hospital." It was founded in 1852, because there was no Children's Hospital in the Kingdom; and now, in London alone, there are fourteen Children's Hospitals. Shall the Mother of all these charitable establishments be allowed to starve because she has raised so many competitors for public support? And the response from the benevolent public comes back heartily and unitedly, "No! she shall not! Even in these trying times of war in the Transvaal and of famine in India, we will, all of us, in some way or other, according to the means at our disposal, by a little extra economy here, and some self-denial there, do our best to come to the immediate aid of this deserving charity in its present distress, while, for the future, we will try to insure ample means of existence to the Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children."

N.B.—Donations, small or large—but the larger the better—in cash, in notes, in cheques, in postal and P.O. orders, will be thankfully received on behalf of the "Ormond Street Hospital Fund" by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.,  
10, Bouverie Street,  
Fleet Street, E.C.

P.S.—"Bis dat qui cito dat." "No time like the present," and no present so acceptable as the one arriving at the right time. Mr. Punch does not quote "Pay, pay, pay," but urges everybody, everywhere, to "Give! Give! Give!"





*Little Girl (to Mother, who has just read notice). "I suppose, MOTHER, IT DOESN'T MENTION WHICH HALF OF THE POOR THING WE ARE TO LOOK FOR?"*

## MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

#### *The Custom and the Train.*

#### *La Douane et le Train.*

In fine we arrive. What odour! In the french ports the water is always illhealthy.

Enfin nous arrivons. Quelle odeur! Dans les ports français l'eau est toujours malsaine.

We go to pass the custom.

Nous allons passer la douane.

One examine the greats baggages to Paris.

On examine les grands bagages à Paris.

Factor! I have two umbrellas, three covers of voyage, four sacks, tw cartoons, one cane, one hat of straw, one melon, two by aboves, and one tenner of littles packets.

Facteur! J'ai deux parapluies, trois couvertures de voyage, quatre sacs, deux cartons, une canne, un chapeau de paille, un melon, deux pardessus, et une dizaine de petits paquets.

I not have nothing to declare.

Je n'ai rien à déclarer.

You demand if all these objects are to me?

Vous demandez si tous ces objets sont à moi?

For what not? I am English.

Pourquoi pas? Je suis Anglais.

To the good hour! The customer has the air so

A la bonne heure! Le douanier a l'air si ahuri qu'il

staggered that he me leave to pass without nothing to open.

Fast, factor! Put all these objects in one compartment of first class, for me to reserve all the places to me sole.

Yes, Mrs., all these places are taked.

No, Mr., you not can to enter. All the compartment is retained.

You are the chief of station? Eh well, that is this that that me do?

How therefore? You exact that I leave to enter these voyagers? Impossible! Shut up the porteress, if he you please.

You go to do to carry off all my baggages for them to throw in the van of the conductor?

I there oppose one defence absolute.

Then you me menace of the intervention of the agents of police?

Be! I not resist more. But I shall address of the reclamations to the administration and to the Ambassador of England.

No, I not wish that the one carry off my cartoons, mysacks, my covers, and my others packets. I them shall guard in me sitting above, or I them shall put in the fillet.

me laisse passer sans rien ouvrir.

Vite, facteur! Mettez tous ces objets dans un compartiment de première classe pour me réserver toutes les places à moi seul.

Oui, madame, toutes ces places sont prises.

Non, monsieur, vous ne pouvez pas entrer. Tout le compartiment est retenu.

Vous êtes le chef de gare? Eh bien, qu'est-ce que ça me fait?

Comment donc? Vous exigez que je laisse entrer ces voyageurs? Impossible! Fermez la portière, s'il vous plaît.

Vous allez faire emporter tous mes bagages pour les jeter dans le fourgon du conducteur?

J'y oppose une défense absolue.

Alors vous me menacez de l'intervention des agents de police?

Soit! Je ne résiste plus. Mais j'adresserai des réclamations à l'administration et à l'Ambassadeur d'Angleterre.

Non, je ne veux pas que l'on emporte mes cartons, mes sacs, mes couvertures et mes autres paquets. Je les garderai en m'asseyant dessus, ou je les mettrai dans le fillet. H. D. B.

## THE BLESSED HERITAGE.

[“Poverty is a blessed heritage.”—Mr. Carnegie.]

'ERE, LIZER, wheer 's yer gratitood? 'E ses, ses Mr. C., As it 's a blessed 'eritage, is poverty, ses 'e. Then think 'ow thankful an' 'ow blest we oughter feel, us two, But yet yer that contrary that I 'm blest, Liz, if yer do.

Wot? 'Ungry? Wot is 'unger. Don't it vary the monotony An' Wooster sorce yer vittles, that 's supposin' as yer 've got any?

Then think of them pore millionaires wot misses the delight Of 'avin' 'ad no breakfast on a roarin' happytite.

Then money! Think, ELIZER, of them cruel stocks an' shares Wot makes their lives a torter to them martyred millionaires! Oh, ain't we much more 'appy when the sticks is up the spout An' the kids is wantin' dinner and 'as got ter go without?

And don't it make er 'eart bleed, too, ter think of horl the care

Of mansions in the country and an 'ouse in Grosvenor Square? Ah, wot would them pore fellers give if honly they could come An' live with all their fam'ly in our garret hup the slum?

Wot, Liz? Yer 'd like ter see 'em come? 'Ere, none o' that theer charf!

Yer 'd sell yer bloomin' birthright for a pot of 'arf-an-'arf? Lor, Liz! Ter think as you should be in sich a thankless mood Yer 've got a “blessed 'eritage,” an' 'ere 's yer gratitood!



## HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

February.

THOROUGHLY dig all the beds at the beginning of this month. All the standard books on gardening recommend this, and seem to imply that the work is to be done with a spade. The amateur probably will find dynamite much more serviceable in the present year. Snowdrops, however, are doing well; a fine show of them may be found already on many ceilings; they are quite easy to cultivate. Some people depend upon the plumber for their supply of this "dainty harbinger of Spring."

Sow early peas. A variety of kinds can be obtained from any seedsmen; but it is really immaterial which you select. The sparrows are not so hard to please as people fancy, though the more expensive the seed, the more certain is it that the birds will take it all. Four or five rows probably will be sufficient, but do not sow less. One should not miss such a chance of providing the nice little sparrows with food. Always be kind to dumb creatures.

Cats are a prolific crop in this (or any other) month. To raise them to perfection, plant a small bed with cuttings at a guinea apiece. An hour later return to the bed, and you will find at least three cats scratching it up. They can be treated with an air-gun, and planted out in any soil you choose.

(To be continued.)



G.R. Halliwell

### "TAPPING" THE WIRES.

The Leyds Woodpecker and the War News.

"There is no doubt that upon several occasions recently Dr. LEYDS was in possession of news from the seat of war before it reached our own War Office. Where does he tap the telegrams?"

Daily Paper.]



## SUPERFLUOUS INFORMATION.

### MY VALENTINE.

STILL in yonder battered desk you lie  
With affection's well-known emblems  
garnished,  
Faded is each rosy satin tie,  
And your silver paper sadly tarnished—  
That for pretty KATE in '70  
Lovingly I bought—my Valentine.

Painted there are hearts that arrows  
pierce,  
Shot by the inevitable Cupid;  
Feeble verses breathing passion fierce  
(Even then I thought that they were  
stupid),  
Calling little KATE a "maid divine"—  
Asking her to be—my Valentine.

Rudely were the rapid verses wrought,  
Puerile was the passion (but I meant it),  
Yet I paused awhile for second thought,  
And the upshot was—I never sent it.  
So (while KATE alas! was never mine)  
There you still remain—my Valentine.

### PRECIOUS POEMS—No. IV.

#### LE PARAPLUIE DE MA TANTE.

MY Aunt's umbrella, dainty toy,  
The source of a seraphic joy,  
Above my mantel-piece unfurled,  
The wonder of an envious world! [tell a  
What pen can paint, what tongue can  
Poor quarter of the radiant dreams  
With which imagination teems  
When cherishing the thoughts that glow,  
And circle through my brain, below  
My Aunt's umbrella!

My Aunt's goloshes, worn and old,  
I fill with vegetable mould,  
And stand them in my study, where  
The choicest flowers adorn the pair.

Pray do not think this cultus bosh is.  
She is not beautiful, but rich  
In stocks and shares, etc., which  
Her bounteous care intends for me—  
Which I remember when I see  
My Aunt's goloshes!





Extract from a private letter, the Writer having, in the hope of advancing tender and personal interests, accepted an invitation to stay a few days at a Country House.

"No, my dear FRED, THE VISIT HAS NOT BEEN SO FAR AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS. THAT BEASTLY BENSON IS HERE AND IS RUNNING ME VERY CLOSE. THE OTHER MORNING I WAS SHEWING HER AND HER SISTER HOW TO CUT A FIGURE ON THE ICE, AND—WELL, I DID IT TOO LITERALLY! OF COURSE, JUST AT THAT MOMENT BENSON CAME ALONG! I'M AFRAID THE IMPRESSION I CREATED WAS MAINLY ON THE ICE!"

#### OSYMANDYAS.

(Not Shelley's but another.)

["The chief objects of interest at Sakkarah are the two fallen colossal figures of RAMESSES II. The first one reached by the traveller is of granite, and in order to see the face it is necessary to climb on the breast of the figure."—MURRAY'S *Egypt*.]

I WAS a traveller in an antique land  
And saw a granite statue, sombre, vast,  
Lie at Sakkarah. Tourists took their  
stand

In boots of useful thickness on its breast,  
Debated how much ground its figure  
spanned,

Tapped with a walking-stick familiarly  
Its mighty brow, then talked of other  
things,

Of donkeys, dinners, steamers, and the  
rest.

Then from its lips these words I seemed to  
hear,

"My name was OSYMANDYAS, King of  
Kings,

Look at my fate, ye mighty, and despair!"

Nothing remains to add, for in dismay

At this colossal outrage, or in fear

Least worse might follow yet, I turned  
away.

#### TO AUTHORS.

["Well-known author revises declined and other  
MSS., generally ensuring their after-acceptance.  
Terms moderate."—*Advt. in "Daily News."*]

YE mute, inglorious MILTONS, come!

Ye silent SHAKESPEARES, SHELLEYS fame-  
less,

Ye KIPLINGS, all unboomed and dumb,

Ye AUSTINS, laurelless and nameless;

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Is Sir LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA, R.A., also among the novelists? My Baronite, picking up *The Fate-Spinner* (MORTLOCK), by LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA, was for the moment led astray. On reflection he remembered that only the difference between a *w* and a *u* separates, in the matter of Christian name, distinguished father and gifted daughter. It is Miss ALMA TADEMA who tells again, with charming freshness, the old old story of man's love going astray from his wedded wife. It is powerfully written, with background of scenery and surrounding worked in with hereditary skill. The *dramatis personee* are three in number, each a live person. The last scene of the tragedy, a difficult one to manage, is very fine. The little volume is specially recommended to Members of Parliament, inasmuch as it is cunningly fashioned in the form and colour of an undersized Blue Book. Through a dull debate in the House of Commons it might be safely read without suspicion on the part of the Sergeant-at-Arms, or wrathful flash from the gleaming eye of the Speaker.

To the catalogue of British Anthologies already issued from the Oxford University Press, Mr. HENRY FROWDE has added the *Dryden* and the *Pope*. Like their predecessors, they are edited by Professor ARBER, and are fountains of ever fresh delight. There is nothing new to be said of the old familiar friends, but a tribute of praise is due to the publisher for the loving manner in which he has set the gems.

The Baron has recently received a volume containing "the complete works of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE," illustrated, with a "biographical introduction by HENRY GLASSFORD BELL" (COLLINS, SONS & Co.), and a dedication from some one or other, it may be from Mr. BELL or from the publishers, to Sir HENRY IRVING. The type is clear, and as the sonnets are included, it is useful in any library as a handy and compact book of reference. Of the illustrations, rather indifferently representing more or less well-known actors and actresses in Shakspearian characters, the best is that of Mr. ALEXANDER as *Orlando*, and the second best is one of Mrs. F. R. BENSON (whose name and personality are unfamiliar to the Baron) as *Doll Tear-sheet*. Very flattering is it to such a worthless character as *Doll* that she should be thus handsomely impersonated. Mr. AUSTIN BRERETON has evidently found the arrangement of these photographic specimens a somewhat difficult task, and may be fairly congratulated on his success.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

TOO MUCH OF A TESTIMONIAL.—Master Gripper (to Tonsorial Artist). Wonderful stuff that Patagonian Hair Restorer of yours, Mr. SNIP. I rubbed some on my fox terrier, and took first prize with him as a poodle at the Dog Show.

Poetic souls, that fain would soar,  
Save that some publisher represses  
Your noble rage, come, send me your  
MSS.

Who knows what trifling faults may bar  
Your way to wealth and reputation?  
Peculiarities may mar

Your spelling or your punctuation;  
The Epic that you've on the stocks  
Some halting lines, perhaps, may damn, or  
Your views may be unorthodox  
On grammar.

The great unhatched to life I bring;  
No hen's more careful of her chickens;  
Each fledgeling author leaves my wing  
A SCOTT, a THACKERAY, or DICKENS.  
To all success I guarantee  
Who in obscurity are stifling,  
And kindly note the fact, my fee  
Is trifling.





## THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.

"AND YOU, GOOD YEOMEN,  
WHOSE LIMBS WERE MADE IN ENGLAND, SHOW US HERE  
THE METTLE OF YOUR PASTURE; LET US SWEAR  
THAT YOU ARE WORTH YOUR BREEDING."

"I SEE YOU STAND LIKE GREYHOUNDS IN THE SLIPS,  
STRAINING UPON THE START. THE GAME'S AFOOT;  
FOLLOW YOUR SPIRIT; AND, UPON THIS CHARGE,  
CRY, GOD FOR ENGLAND! ENGLAND AND SAINT GEORGE!"  
*King Henry the Fifth, Act III., Scene I.*





### WHAT'S IN A NAME!

Father (entering). "HULLO! TEARS? IS IT A FUNERAL MARCH?"  
 Professor. "AH! NO, SIR; A LITTLE COMPOSITION OF MY OWN  
 CALLED 'JOYOUS MOMENTS.'"

### "HOPE" FOR THE BEST.

THE St. James's is now an entirely new theatre, artistically decorated, and every attention paid to the comfort of the audience. All private boxes, save two (one of these being for royalty, and the



Lieutenant Brough Bernenstein and Colonel  
 Vernon Sapt.

other facing it, for anybody), have been banished, to the advantage of the look of the house, and to the look of the lessee when he hits upon a big success, since in every case there is a gain of certainly

four seats to whatever Government is "in" at the St. James's. The bill which has been brought in this session, taking the precedence of all other bills, is Mr. ANTHONY HOPE's *Rupert of Hentzau*. Now, up to a certain point *Rupert of Hentzau* is a fresh, strong, and stirring play, and the interest it excites is in no sort of way dependent upon the spectator's previous acquaintance either with the same author's romance, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, or with the drama, founded upon it, which was produced with marked success at this theatre. And though a sequel rarely obtains a success equal to that won by its predecessor, yet *Rupert of Hentzau* has so much in it to attract, is so excellently played by a first-rate company, that a sufficiently good run for it is fairly on the cards. Three-fourths of it are admirable; the excitement is kept up and increased from act to act, and not until we arrive at Act. IV. is it allowed to drop. But a novelist who is his own dramatist is in much the same category as the client who is his own lawyer.

That Rudolf Rassendyll should be assassinated in order that he may not "live a lie" as King of Ruritania, is most unsatisfactory to the audience, who are as devoted to him as are Colonel Sapt, Fritz, and Bernenstein. And his death is dramatically quite unnecessary. Why? Because, although it is good in the novel,

### SORTES SHAKSPEARIANÆ.

To the War Office Deficiency Department.

"COME on! Come on! Where is your Boer spear, man? Fear you the Boer, and go so unprovided?"

Richard the Third, Act III., Sc. 2.

### AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

SIR,—The other day I met Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER, who reproached me with not having visited his entertainment. How quick was my *réplique*! "Mons. ALBERT," says I, "you are no longer the '*Chevalier sans reproche*!'" Not bad that; at all events, it shows I am as good a French scholar as the erudite critic who wrote "*de la Theatre*" in his timesly notice of Dandy Dick's revival. However, that's not my immediate point in writing. Sir, I went to see CHEVALIER. Let me advise all who would obtain a two hours' genuine recreation to do as I did. His songs and impersonations are admirable and in excellent taste. His coster is as perfect as ever, and his conjuring in the "Anky Panky" song (by A. H. WEST) is as neat as though he were a professional wizard. Then there's his performance on a strange instrument, of his own manufacture I should think. And in addition to this is a pleasant variety by Signorina CRISPI on the harp, and by Mr. NELSON HARDY (two good naval names for patriotic times), the ventriloquist. Hurry up and see A. C.

Yours, "PUFFING BILLY."

SEASONABLE VOLUMES FOR THE CABINET.—For Lord S-l-sb-ry. —"The New Jest Book." Mr. Arth-r B-l-f-r.—"The Guide to Knowledge." Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n.—"A Little Modest Flower." Lord L-usd-wne.—"How Things are Done." The Lord Ch-ne-ll-r.—"Self-Help." The Duke of D-v-nsh-re.—"At Rest." Sir M-ch-l H-cks-B-ch.—"The Lightning Calculator." Mr. G-sch-n.—"Tales for the Marines."

it is bad in the play. The construction should have given us, in Act III., Sc. 1 (after the exit of Rudolf to meet Count Rupert), Sapt's account of the burning of the Hunting Lodge and his evidence to the fact that the man who therein perished



ACT III., SCENE 2.

Rudolf Alexander Rassendyll and Count Irving  
 Rupert.

Rudolf and Rupert were two pretty men, Rupert's on table near half-past ten. What happens next you will see somewhat later. If you will seek the St. James's Theatre.

was not Rudolf Rassendyll; and thereupon Sapt and Co., in the interests of their beloved Queen, should have started to find



their friend. They would have arrived, in the next scene, just when the crowd has broken into the cellar, immediately after the duel, and when all the people shout "God save the King!" and the Queen and *Rudolf* together accept the situation. This is a fine tableau on which the curtain falls to loudest plaudits, and with this the piece should have ended.

Who cares what happens afterwards? Sufficient to the night is the final triumph of the popular hero, *Rudolf Rassendyll*, and of the sweet heroine, so charmingly impersonated by Miss FAY DAVIS.

Mr. GEO. ALEXANDER is excellent in the dual part of *Rudolf* the King, and *Rudolf* the Adventurer, both he and the wicked *Rupert*, forcibly played by Mr. H. B. IRVING, acquitting themselves to admiration as masters of fence. It has been objected that the two *Rudolfs* do not resemble one another. There is no force in this objection. Both parts are played by Mr. ALEXANDER, only that, as the King, he wears beard and moustache, and assumes a slouching gait; while as *Rassendyll*, he is clean shaven, and stands erect. There is no other "make-up": it is simply Mr. ALEXANDER's face shorn or unshorn. *Voilà tout*.

Mr. VERNON is perfect as our old friend Colonel Sapt, and both Mr. ESMOND as *Tartenheim* and Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH as *Bernenstein* couldn't be bettered. Mr. GEORGE P. HAWTREY, as the old Baron, is dodderingly funny, and every one of the others is simply a small character perfectly rendered. And the same may be said of the ladies, among whom Miss JULIE OPP stands picturesquely prominent, and Miss ESMÉ BERINGER plays with distinction the part of *Helga von Tartenheim*. Mr. ALEXANDER has shown a wise discretion in omitting the final scene representing "the lying-in-state" of the deceased King: such a decision on the part of the manager was in keeping with the character of the veracious *Rudolf*, who energetically objects to all kinds of lying, and therefore, logically, to "lying-in-state."

#### PAUPER OR PATRIOT.

To the Editor of *Punch*.

SIR,—I address you for an obvious reason. You are the conductor of a paper claiming, and justly claiming, to represent the comedy of the earth. Here is a story that has reached me. Will you kindly say if it is comic or the reverse?

A vast sum subscribed by the Public to the Mansion House Fund for the wives and children of your soldiers now engaged in defending your flag in South Africa is intrusted for distribution to the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund. A lady, the widow of a journalist who was killed at Ladysmith while gallantly fighting as a volunteer in the Imperial Light Horse, wrote to these gentlemen asking if

she and her four year old son might hope to benefit from the fund.

She received a letter enclosing an order for six pounds, which she was invited to take to the Post Office and answer a great many questions, apparently to satisfy the Post Master as to her identity, and the fact of her being extremely poor. There was another form containing a further set of questions, one of which inquired if she had lately been in the receipt of Parochial relief. The form, which was folded and addressed to the Commissioners, bore a half-penny stamp and a printed injunction, "Not to be sealed or fastened." She was invited, in short, to set forth all the details of her poverty, and to entrust them to the world at large through the medium of the Post Office in a country village where she was well known. On remonstrance being made when it was suggested that

the Commissioners, in administering monies subscribed for the benefit of people whom the public holds in high honour, should not behave as if they were dealing with professional paupers, an answer was given which seems scarcely satisfactory. The officials of the Patriotic Fund explained that they had an arrangement of long standing with the Post Office, and that the offensive queries accompanying the money-order were intended for "the widows of common soldiers."

This is the story anent which I ask your opinion as an expert. In my planet we have no sense of humour.

Yours very truly,

"A MESSENGER FROM MARS."

[*Mr. Punch* will feel obliged if the question of his respected correspondent is repeated by some patriotic representative of the people in Parliament. — EDITOR.]



#### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"DOES MISS CHARMING LIVE HERE?"





*He (with pride). "YES, DEAR, MY FATHER AND MOTHER LIVED TOGETHER FOR FORTY WHOLE YEARS, AND NEVER HAD A SINGLE QUARREL!"*  
*His Bride. "HOW TERRIBLY MONOTONOUS, DARLING!"*

### THE MAN IN THE STREET AND THE NOISY NEWSVENDOR.

(With apologies to the shades of Canning and Frere.)

*Man in the Street speaks:*

NOISY Newsvendor, whither are you rushing?  
 Rough is your voice; it must have taken lots of  
 Gin to destroy its softness, and your face needs  
 Pears' or Vinolia.

Noisy Newsvendor, little think the rich ones  
 Who sit in clubs provided with the newspa-  
 pers what it means to yell for twenty-four hours  
 "Speshal edeeshun!"

Tell me, Newsvendor, do you love to tell the  
 Truth when at morn you dash into the highways,  
 Or when at night you make the streets resound with  
 "'Orrible slaughter!"

Tell me the latest news you have of ROBERTS.  
 Nay, do not bellow: I'm not hard of hearing.  
 Tell me of battles, tell me of the crossing  
 Of the Tugela.

What of the Modder? What of Lord DUNDONALD?  
 Tell me the truth, man; I have got a halfpenny.  
 Truth's what I want, and therefore I will buy your  
 Halfpenny paper.

*The Noisy Newsvendor shouts confidentially:*  
 "Truth," Sir, God bless you, I have none to sell you.  
 LABBY'S no friend to such as you and me, but  
 Hand over twopence, if you want to read of  
 Desperate fighting.

(*Crescendo.*)

"Ten thousand Dutchmen blown to bits by lyddite!!  
 METHUEN captured, KITCHENER in pieces!!!  
 ROBERTS defeated!!!! Shocking suicide of  
 (Fortissimo) KRÜGER and JOUBERT!!!!!"

[*Man in the Street buys. Newsvendor departs yelling.*]

*Man in the Street, after reading:*  
 Hi! where's my twopence? I'll be even with you!  
 Wretch whose mendacious yells excite my vengeance!  
 Destined to fourteen days without an option—

If I can catch you! [Exit, trying to.  
 R. C. L.]

### WAR AND PEACE.

By A. A. Z. Y. X.

[German bands are complaining that, owing to the war, they cannot make a living, and that many of their regular patrons visit the misdoings of the Boers upon their heads.]

It may be unkind, but I can't help rejoicing—

This morning I read in the papers a "bar."

That the Teuton itinerant tootlers are voicing

A wall that the war to their trade is a bar.

Their street caterwauling's as dire as the mausers,

"Long TOM" isn't worse than their wheezy bassoons;

Though their discords to vengeance and murder are rousers,

They pose as the best of the Londoner's boons!

Their "regulars" now in the suburbs (they tell us)

Confound them—with Boers of a psalm-singing kind;

And ladies are so patriotic and zealous,

They give, not a d., but a piece of their mind.

'Tis one good result of Oom PAUL's ultimatum,

Declaring a peace for my long-suff'ring ear;

I wish he'd correct yet one little erratum,  
 And bawling newsvendors straightway commandeer!

### FOR THE DEFENCE.

Not wanted.—Talk, fuss, red tape, gush, advertisement, treason and folly.

Wanted.—Statesmanship, activity, patriotism and common sense.





## HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

IN MOUNTING YOUR HORSE, ALWAYS STAND FACING HIS TAIL.

## MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

V.—TOM JONES.

(Revised by S-LAS H-CK-NG, Author of  
"Such is Life," etc.)

## BOOK I.—Infancy.

O, that, like honey laden bees,  
We human creatures spent our days  
In deeds mellifluous. *Watts-on.*

## CHAPTER I.—"First the Babe."

MR. ALLWORTHY walked back from the lecture wrapt in thought. This frame of mind was partly the result of a hearty dinner, partly due, also, to the lecturer's references to the poet LONGFELLOW. How true it was that we also "can make our lives sublime." Was his life sublime? He had doubts. On reaching home he discovered a baby sleeping peacefully in the umbrella stand. Mr. ALLWORTHY smiled. Here was a distinct chance of proving sublime. Everything has its small beginnings. "DEBORAH," he said to his Cornish housekeeper, "I will adopt this child." "Lor 'a mercy," cried she in unexceptional dialect. "Ef we doo—" Then seeing the heroic expression on Mr. ALLWORTHY'S face, she relapsed into silence.

## BOOK II.—Youth.

All who live to be old have, perforce, once been young.—*Plüt-y-Tüd.*

## CHAPTER I.—Can it be Fate?

TOM JONES used to lunch at an A.B.C. with his friend BLIFIL. But lately, alas,

he had frequented places where smarter-looking waitresses served. "I," said BLIFIL, "prefer the coffee and scone obtainable at the A.B.C. Moreover, it's cheaper." "Oh, hang the expense!" cried TOM. The fever of the spendthrift had possessed him. One day, passing along the Strand he smelt Irish stew. It came from a restaurant where he had often foolishly dallied with a waitress called MOLLY. So instead of reading *Self-Help* at lunch, he went in for smiles of another kind. And now the strength of the onions mastered him. On the stormy sea of life our little crafts are often upset by the existence of leaks. Suddenly a man close by said to his companion, "Why not stop the war?" It came upon TOM like a mighty inspiration, suggesting such possibilities of debating society speeches, that the memory of MOLLY became faint. It is better to teach—not the young eye but—the young idea how to shoot.

## BOOK III.—Manhood.

The margarine of mild romance.—*Centy Mentall.*

## CHAPTER I.—The A B C of Love.

TOM JONES was in love with SOPHIA WESTERN, daughter of the Rev. TREFUSA WESTERN, a country parson of quiet and simple habits. He had loved her through many chapters, but as he had a habit of seeming to prefer some one else, nothing had, as yet, come of it. But towards the end of the novel a big love scene was

inevitable. He met her near the Law Courts. "SOPHY," he cried. "You!" "Yes," she said, "I love to hear the pigeons cooing of peace." "Always poetical," he said, tenderly. "But come and have lunch at the A.B.C.!" So they went in and he ordered eggs and cut bread and butter for two. "SOPHY," he murmured, "I have loved you for years. Be mine." Affected by his manly simplicity she blushing faltered, "Yes, TOM, I will." So they were very happy, and the author was happy, and the publishers and public, also, were happy. Such is Life! *A. R.*

## KITCHIN-STUFF.

AN injudicious Dean,  
A scarce judicial Judge;  
A sermon, and a scene,  
Both fudge.

A letter from a bore,  
A Chancellor's response;  
A cleric settled for  
The nonce.

The Pulpit, and the Bench,  
The Woolsock, and the Press—  
And so we teach the French  
Sagesse.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—  
The Military Bands of the Boers seem to be entirely composed of Field-Cornets.





"OH, JACK, YOU ARE LIKE YOUR FATHER!"

"OH, COME, I SAY, MATER, WHAT HAVE I DONE WRONG NOW?"

### THE 'BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

#### III.—THE L-BB-CK SECTION.

(For February, continued.)

15TH.—What would Poetry be without imagination? It beautifies even ugly things.

"I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!  
I am where I would ever be!"

So sang BARRY CORNWALL, though he could never be persuaded to cross the English Channel.

16TH.—In reading we ought to employ selection. It is almost impossible to read every book that has been written. SCOTT'S Novels is one of the Hundred Best Books.

17TH.—What a wonderful quality is tact. If it cannot, like faith, "remove mountains," it can sometimes circumvent a mole-hill.

18TH.—Birds are meant to be our companions. There is something very human in the parrot's voice. And how superb is the plumage of the peacock!

19TH.—It has been noticed that ancient cities often teem with historical associations. Yet the earliest stages of the human race are wrapped in obscurity.

20TH.—A Frenchman has said that "to know all is to pardon all" (this is the English version). It shows that we ought not to judge hastily. The story is told of a short-sighted person

that he once saw in the distance what he took to be a man, but when he came closer it turned out to be his own brother.

21ST.—Virtue is the happy mean (ARISTOTLE). Thus, there is the highest authority for marriage. But with SOLOMON, and, in a less degree, with HENRY THE EIGHTH, it degenerated into a habit.

22ND.—Friends are a great blessing. CICERO wrote an entire essay "concerning friendship."

23RD.—Who can foretell the Future with any degree of accuracy? "To be or not to be," as SHAKESPEARE said.

24TH.—"By that sin fell the angels," was said of Ambition. Yet a moderate ambition is commendable. Every private soldier was at one time understood to "carry a Field-Marshal's bâton in his knapsack," but this is now forbidden in the regulations for field-service.

25TH.—Many things can be bought with money. This is one reason why the possession of wealth adds to the comfort of life. EURIPIDES said something cynical about riches.

26TH.—Much has been written about the "uses of adversity." Let us hope it is true.

27TH.—There is a saying (based upon the Copernican theory) that Love "makes the world go round." It was for Love that LEANDER swam across the Hellespont, which is wider than the Serpentine.

28TH.—Nature is governed by unvarying laws. Every day the sun rises; every evening it sets. The only local exception to this last rule is the British Empire.

O.S.





## HOME DEFENCE.

COLONEL BULL (of the Queen's Own Volunteers). "I AND MY BOYS ARE READY TO DEFEND THE COUNTRY—  
BUT WE LOOK TO YOU TO SEE WE HAVE THE BEST OF WEAPONS AND PLENTY OF AMMUNITION."









*Little Girl (to News-vendor, from whom she has just purchased the latest War Special). 'ERE'S YOUR PAPER! FATHER SAYS, IF YOU DON'T MIND 'E'D RATHER 'AVE THE BILL, 'COS THERE'S MORE NEWS IN IT.'*

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, February 5.*  
—DON JOSÉ had a big audience to-night, and made a great speech. A master of debate, full of fight, he finds it hard to resist the passing triumph of dealing out chance digs in the chest at miscellaneous people. A very dangerous man to interrupt in the course of an ordered speech. Sometimes not above suspicion of laying traps, inviting interruption from hon. gentlemen opposite, particularly the guileless, now united, Irishmen.

To-night, impressed with the gravity of the crisis, the solemnity of his mission as spokesman of a Government confronting a national crisis, he avoided the ordinarily irresistible attraction of personal attack. Even the meek presence of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reposing on the bench opposite after railing for an hour and twenty minutes against the war and the Ministry responsible for it, did not lure him from his selected track. He merely accused the SQUIRE of "finding arguments for those who gloat over the misfortunes of our country." Only that.

The Irish members mocked his insistence

on the justice and the necessity of the war. They jeered at his protestation that the Government had been anxious for peace. On ordinary occasions when they thus trail their coats DON JOSÉ gleefully jumps upon them. To-night he turned a deaf ear to their invitation to a little squabble. From first to last he maintained the lofty note of a speech worthy a memorable occasion.

What PRINCE ARTHUR, sitting attentive on Treasury Bench, thought of it, is another matter. When he first opened his mouth to discuss the situation, he ingenuously protested against the indictment of blundering brought against Ministers. DON JOSÉ, on the contrary, almost gloried in the initial mistakes of the campaign. Mistakes? Why, cert'nly. But then see how, as one by one they were detected, the Government had more than rectified them, till upon every point—insufficient forces, inadequate number of guns, disproportionate cavalry, under-estimation of the Boer forces—the country to-day stood in a better position than it would have occupied had everything prospered from the first on the original plan. "The man who never makes a mistake never makes anything," said the American Minister, Mr. PHELPS, in a farewell speech at the Mansion House. Never was so eloquent and forcible a sermon preached from the text as was unfolded in DON JOSÉ's speech, followed through what seemed a short hour with breathless attention by House crowded from floor to topmost row of the Strangers' Gallery.

It is true that, by odd chance, the errors frankly admitted had been committed at the Foreign Office, at the War Office, anywhere, save at the Colonial Office. That, however, a mere accident. Did not spoil effect frank admission of error ever has upon a generous House of Commons.

*Business done.*—Fifth night debate on Address.

*Tuesday, 10.45 P.M.*—CAWMELL-BANNERMAN on his legs; a good man struggling with adversity. The long-drawn-out dullness of debate feebly faltering to appointed end. Duty of Leader of Opposition to do what is called wind it up, a phrase obviously derived from mental association with a winding sheet and funeral customs generally. When C.-B. rose, House still nearly empty, as it had been since, six hours earlier. ASQUITH concluded one of his perfectly-fashioned sledge-hammer speeches. The crowd quickly gathered when word went round that C.-B. was up; not that members particularly cared to hear C.-B. or any one else on a worn-out theme now happily in sight of foregone conclusion. But his appearance on scene meant near approach to division.

Shifting scene of members moving to their places, and the hum of voices em-



barrassing even to so old a Parliamentary Hand as C.B., one withal gifted with almost impregnable serenity. Suddenly



SOLOMON EAGLE COURTNEY.  
(In front of old Oom Paul's Cathedral.)  
"Wee unto thee, whoa! whoa!"

the undertone of conversation on rapidly crowding Ministerial benches burst forth in rapturous cheer. C.B. looked round with startled gaze. What had he said to earn this unexpected tribute of applause? He had not seen what the watchful Ministerialists seated in serried ranks behind their esteemed leaders had observed. A scrap of paper, hurriedly brought in by one of the Whips entering from behind the Speaker's chair, passed along the Treasury Bench, its progress marked by joyous smiles irradiating right hon. countenances. Its progress was stayed when it reached the hand of DON JOSÉ. He held it, literally gloating over its contents, heedless of Attorney-General's entreaty for a glimpse of the missive. For



"Conscious as we are of one another's defects—"

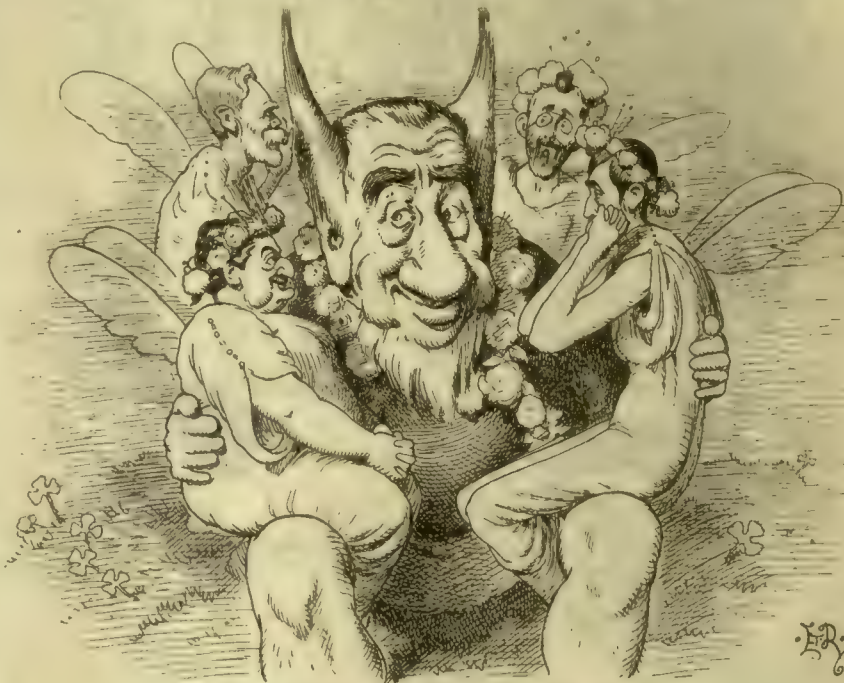
him it was a signal of personal victory, its value enhanced by the dramatic moment of its arrival.

For six days the storm of debate, nominally dealing with FITZMAURICE'S Amendment to the Address, had raged round him. Last night COURTNEY, bluntly phrasing what many thought, fastened on him the direct responsibility for the war. "Be it for glory or for condemnation," he said, "this is his war." To-day an important constituency was polled on the question; by a startling majority it had plumped for the war.

After this what was the use of talking? C.B. gallantly struggled on to the end of his appointed task. PRINCE ARTHUR spoke some buoyant words; then the

seasonable demand. Amongst business men might be settled in half-an-hour's talk at a table, round or square. Members make speeches for space of three hours, reluctantly dropping subject only when PRINCE ARTHUR points out that there are many others to follow.

Then the WEARISOME WEIR takes the floor; draws up from recesses of his boots that old old speech about the crowded crofters and the roomy deer forest. When his first chest-notes are heard members rise with anguished groan and leave the House to solitude and the Lord Advocate. Undaunted, undeterred, the WEIRISOME ONE plods along. Presently Lord Advocate falls asleep, dreams he had accepted the seat of the Lord Justice



"A MEIDSUMMER NOIGHT'S DHIRAME."

Oom Bottom and the roival Toitanias—unoited at last. (How long will it last?)

House divided. Deep answered unto deep. Westminster responded to York, and the Ministerial majority ran up from a possible 130 to an unexpected 213.

*Business done.*—FITZMAURICE'S Amendment to Address negatived by 352 votes against 139.

*Thursday.*—No one looking in on House to-night would imagine that it meets amid throes of life-and-death struggle on the South African veldt; that talk on the motion for the Address has been nightly rolling forth since Tuesday in last week; and that before Parliament lies the whole work of the Session, in its forefront far-reaching proposals for establishing home defence.

Something between thirty and forty members scattered over benches: KEARLEY gets on first with new amendment to Address, raising question of administration of Patriotic Fund. A reasonable, a

General, and had flitted northward to a region where the CALDWELLS cease from troubling, and the WEIRY are at rest.

Another three hours thus appropriated left one remaining of the precious sitting. CLANCY took every moment of it for *rechauffé* of a long series of earlier speeches delivered on question of over-taxation of Ireland. Finished just on the stroke of midnight; and so home to bed after a profitable and pleasant evening.

*Business done.*—None.

*Saturday, 12.45 A.M.*—Debate on Address resumed. More than a score of amendments still on paper. If they were dealt with on same scale as those already disposed of, Session would be comfortably carried over Easter. As it is PRINCE ARTHUR swoops down with the beneficent Closure and Address voted.

*Business done.*—Will positively begin on Monday. Been here only nine working days.





**T** was generally understood that old ORMSBY ST. JOHN would make his grand-

nephew, OWEN ST. JOHN, his heir. As both were

members of our Club we took a benevolent interest in the affair. Yet one day, to our astonishment, OWEN was ousted and another grand-nephew, ENRIQUE WARD, installed in his place. This last had come from beyond the seas, from Mexico, where his father had been engaged in commerce and had married a native. Possibly he in his turn might have got into his uncle's black books, and OWEN would be reinstated. But there was no time for a further change. The old man, who was really a great age, went off suddenly, and ENRIQUE retained his favour to the last. The inheritance was worth something over two millions sterling.

ORMSBY ST. JOHN had long been a strange figure in the Club, and an unfailing subject for speculation. Opinions had been much divided as to his means. Many believed him to be rich, very rich; others thought him really the pauper he made himself out. He was, in truth, a miser. For years, for almost half a century, having far more than a comfortable competence, he had lived on next to nothing; on what is technically called a red herring. He screwed and scraped and saved everything that he could; he had never been known to give bite or sup to a soul; his meals were meagre; he drank no wine; he practised all kinds of tricks for getting the better of the Club; little meannesses, such as the ordering of half portions, the eating late luncheons so as to save the higher rate of table-money for dinner. No one else got so much value out of the establishment. He lived hard by in lodgings, occupying a single back bed-room, from which he issued punctually every morning, five minutes before the Club opened, to stay there, generally, till the small hours. He did all his business, everything at the Club. He even slept there, not the night through, of course, but in his advancing years he was continually to be found dozing before the library fire.

His miserliness was of a somewhat rare order. He did not

hesitate to risk his store in order to increase it. He was extraordinarily keen about money-making. Money, money, money, he thought of nothing else; how to get it, how to save it or make it, what to do with it, anything but spend it; money exercised him perpetually. If he lost any of it, even on paper; if his stocks and shares went down the smallest fraction, he was abjectly wretched. If he was done out of sixpence he raged and thirsted for the blood of the man who had swindled him. He had never forgiven a debtor; but, indeed, he had none, for no one had succeeded in borrowing from him. As for the swindlers and sharpers, names he was fond of using, it was *anathema maranatha*, he would vent upon them the deepest curse with all the pains and penalties of heinous crime. These views and opinions coloured all his life, and after his death, still grievously affected one person—OWEN ST. JOHN.

Unable to take his money out of the world, the old miser yet contrived that no one else should have complete enjoyment of it, at least for years to come. When ENRIQUE WARD succeeded, he found by the terms of the will that he was to have a five years' minority; he could not come of age until he was thirty. During his long probation he was to receive only a modest allowance, £5,000 a year; and, moreover, he was forbidden to anticipate his fortune, for he had no more than a prospective right to it. If he died before he was thirty, everything went to OWEN ST. JOHN, absolutely. If OWEN pre-deceased him, or if he himself no more than lived out the appointed time, then the whole capital sum was to pass to the Trustees for the Liquidation of the National Debt.

ENRIQUE WARD had been brought into our Club a little before his uncle's death, and we were able to compare him with OWEN ST. JOHN, the cousin he had dispossessed. We could not endorse the old man's choice, for Owen was, in our opinion, by far the better chap of the two. He was a square-built, strong-faced, substantial-looking man, of about thirty; of gentlemanly appearance, with a clean-shaven, honest face, and self-possessed, easy manners. A man likely to take the rough with the smooth, good-humouredly; to fight for his own hand, as had now become imperative, or had luck smiled on him, to accept the duties without running riot in the pleasures of a high station and great wealth. Since his disappointment, he had put his shoulder bravely to the wheel, and was already earning a decent income as a land agent on a large estate in Lincolnshire.



The heir, the prospective millionaire, was altogether a different person, an inferior creature in every respect. He was cross-bred, that was clear; he had the pale, steely blue eyes of his English father, the dark olive skin of his mother's race. In person he was insignificant, undersized, almost abject-looking, and with his perfectly straight coarse hair, large ears, thick lips, he might have been a "throw back" to some Aztec or Central American Indian ancestor. He talked little, but he was for ever on the watch, seemingly out of his element, like a wild thing just caught, nervous, apprehensive, frightened at being brought into contact with modern civilized ways. He had a curious startled manner, a trick of ever looking to right or left or over his shoulder, as though an enemy was after him, or he had done something wrong. It was a joke amongst us that he was afraid of his life with OWEN ST. JOHN.

"Faith, no wonder," said old BURTON, with a saturnine laugh. "I should do for him myself. He'd have little chance if he stood between me and a couple of millions, more particularly if I believed I had a better right to them."

The two cousins were, nevertheless, excellent friends, at any rate, on the surface, and were often to be seen together. ST. JOHN, indeed, seemed to be behaving admirably to the man who had supplanted him in his uncle's good graces; he never openly grumbled or grudged his cousin his good fortune; nay, had done all in his power to help him, to introduce him, dry-nurse him, and keep him straight. It was no easy task, for the "half-breed," as we called him, was a weak vessel, inclined to be vicious and self-indulgent. He was a gambler, heart and soul, prepared to play with any one for anything, and it might safely be predicted that he would make ducks and drakes of his millions, if ever they came to him. But that was quite doubtful. Having never controlled a tithe of his present income, he wasted it in riotous living; he was given over to secret excesses; did himself well, sometimes too well, as his blood-shot eyes and trembling hands bore witness, and it was highly improbable that he would last out the five years to elapse before he came of age.

None of us, I think, would have been sorry to see ORMSBY ST. JOHN's money revert to the rightful heir, as we always styled OWEN. Yet never in our wildest dreams did we imagine that it would come to him so soon and in such a way; that old BURTON's grim forecast would be so speedily verified. ENRIQUE was doomed to die a violent death. Still, when the terrible catastrophe that so horrified the Club was sprung upon them, few could bring themselves to believe, and I was one of the number, in OWEN ST. JOHN's guilt.

One Summer's morning, early, the housemaid who was "doing" the card-room on an upper floor, looked out, and saw the body of a man spread out and lying motionless upon the low roof of a building some three stories beneath. Her shrieks soon brought other servants to the spot; the police were called in, and a messenger came to me in my lodgings hard by as one of the Committee nearest at hand. It was about 7 A.M. I hurriedly dressed and went round to the Club. They told me when I arrived that the body had been identified as that of ENRIQUE WARD, and that it had been removed to the mortuary at the police station. By this time the subdivisional detective had come upon the scene with an Inspector, and seeing that I was a member and of some importance, they took me aside.

"We fear there has been foul play," began one.

"It's been no accident," added the other.

"We thought at first that he might have fallen over. But that could not be, the railing is too high."

"Besides, a man in dress clothes don't tumble down from the third floor with a handful of another man's covert coat in his hand."

"You imply that this unfortunate gentleman, Mr. WARD, was thrown over?"

"Precisely; thrown over; done for; put away. In plain English, murdered."

"But who—?" A horrible suspicion crossed my mind, but I would not have given it voice for worlds.

"That's what we have got to find out," went on the Inspector, "some of us, but I suppose one of the clever ones (as they think themselves) from the Yard will take it out of our hands."

He was right, for shortly afterwards, Sergeant TYARS, of the C. I. D., appeared upon the scene.

He joined us in the card-room upstairs, and took in the situation at almost a glance, giving his orders clearly and concisely after looking round and listening to a few facts.

"One of you," he said, speaking to his colleagues, "step up to the station and hear what the doctor says about it. I want to know most particularly how long, exactly how long life has been extinct; also, if possible, the cause of death. That will help us to fix the time of the occurrence, and perhaps how it happened. Then, Sir," he now addressed me, "the Club servants must be questioned. I must hear what the deceased was doing last evening, who his associates were, who was with him when he was last seen. How shall I get at these things best?"

"The coffee-room superintendent, the smoking-room waiters, the hall-porter and his assistants will no doubt tell you what you want to know," I replied.

I could have given the information myself, but realising its nature I shrank from being a witness against OWEN ST. JOHN.

While the servants were being fetched, Mr. TYARS had made a careful inspection of a little balcony upon which the windows of the card-room gave. I followed him with my eyes as he tried the iron stanchions, gauged their strength and examined the floor. Suddenly, he stooped down and pounced upon a tiny piece of card or paper in a corner, the half of a railway ticket.

"There are signs of a struggle," he said, coming back to me. "One of the supports is sprung. I make out scratches on the top rail. Couldn't have been suicide, you see. A man don't fight alone. And then, this ticket, whose was it?"

I took it into my hand and was seized with an irrepressible shudder, as I saw it was a half return issued the day previous from Brough in Lincolnshire. The estates now managed by OWEN ST. JOHN lay at no great distance from Brough.

Then the coffee-room superintendent came in, and told us that Mr. WARD had dined the previous evening in the strangers' room. He had a guest, but Mr. ST. JOHN also dined with them. The waiters in the smoking-room had seen the three together later, till quite eleven. "Did any one recognize the third person? The guest, who was he?" asked the detective. Some sort of a foreigner, all agreed, but no one knew his name. He had never dined in the Club before, but had come several times to enquire for Mr. WARD. The hall-porter remembered his broken English, but the caller had left no name.

About this time a police officer brought down a bulky envelope addressed to Sergeant TYARS. Inside was a letter and a scrap of light brown cloth with jagged edges, obviously torn from a covert coat, the piece of which I had already heard. I read the letter after the detective, and found it was a certificate from the Divisional Surgeon of Metropolitan Police, to the effect that the body had been dead about eight hours, and the cause of death was strangulation effected before the fall. There were several severe incised wounds upon the head, but no blood had flowed. The deceased had been drinking previously, and to excess.

"Eight hours!" said the detective, "and it is now getting on for nine o'clock. That fixes the time of the—murder." He looked at me and nodded his head, showing he had no longer any hesitation in pronouncing his opinion. "The murder must have been committed between 12 midnight and 1 A.M."

"Now let us narrow the enquiry a little. The deceased was in the smoking-room, we know that, about 11 P.M., and the two others, Mr. ST. JOHN and the person still unknown, were still with him. When did he come up to this room, near the terrace? And with whom? With one or both of his companions, or with any one else? The point is of the utmost importance."



On this there was no positive evidence, however. The party had been lost sight of in the lower smoking-room a little after eleven. One of the waiters had an idea that the three had gone out together, but he could not speak with confidence. Some of the gentlemen, the members, might be able to say. There was a diffidence about the servant's manner, and I guessed that he had noticed WARD's unsteadiness, and was afraid he might be called to speak ill of him, a member of the Club.

"I'll follow that up later. What I wish to know now, is the time these two, Mr. ST. JOHN and the stranger, left the Club. Can any one say?"

"Yes, I can. I saw Mr. ST. JOHN go out," said the assistant hall-porter at once and confidently. "He came and spoke to me at the window of my box. He had lost his overcoat, he said. Some one had taken it, and he seemed much put out. That was about 1 A.M., or even later."

While I was telling myself that this was greatly in ST. JOHN's favour, the detective brushed it aside.

"A man might like to explain the loss of a coat he was anxious to get rid of. Whoever wore it when this was torn off"—he touched the scrap of cloth on the table—"wouldn't care to keep it. We must hunt for that coat. I dare swear this ticket fell out of its pocket. That ticket will be of use. It will be easy enough to trace it back to the man who booked at Brough."

I was unable to follow Sergeant TYARS' proceedings further at that time, for the coffee-room superintendent, a very confidential old servant, came to me, and whispered that Mr. ST. JOHN had just entered the Club. Did this mean the most bare-faced effrontery, or perfect innocence? Either hypothesis would have been justified from his calm, self-contained manner as I went up to him in the morning-room, where he was quietly reading the paper, awaiting a summons to breakfast.

"You have heard——?" I began.

"No. The Club seems turned upside down. What is it? A burglary? Or has the Secretary bolted?"

He played his part well, if he really knew, but I took the more charitable construction when I saw his terrible distress at the dread news. That surely was not acting.

"My God! ENRIQUE murdered! How, what, where——" And when I told him the whole story so far as it was known, even to the picking up of the half return ticket and the details of the covert coat, he buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Surely that could not be acting!

"Come away out of this," he cried, taking a pull on himself. "To my rooms—yours, anywhere. I must talk to you, in private, at once. You see what this means to me."

"I hope I need not tell you that I have no share in this," he began, after he had seated me in an arm-chair, while he paced the room with agitated strides. "However the facts—circumstances—may be twisted, however much appearances may be against me, I solemnly swear to you, Captain MACGREGOR, that I am absolutely and entirely innocent."

"Is it necessary, Mr. ST. JOHN, to say this to me? I have never thought to accuse you. But—others may. The police already do so, I believe. See!"

I rose and, approaching the window, pointed to a man on the pavement opposite, idling too ostentatiously, too obviously anxious to show he had no object in being there to be any one but a police officer. It was in fact the subdivisional detective whom I had already seen at the Club.

"What am I to do? How shall I clear myself?" Poor ST. JOHN stretched out his hands helplessly.

"At any rate, tell me what you know. Who was this third person who dined with WARD and you last night?"

"A Mexican—CARRATELA, I think he called him, or some such name. I had never seen the man before. But ENRIQUE telegraphed to me at Brough to come up and dine, as he wanted me to help him to entertain a friend. No great friend as I thought. I believe that he only wished for my presence as a protection.

There was a good deal of snarling and scuffling between them all through dinner. It was in Spanish, of which I understand very little. I confess I was greatly bored. I was one too many in a party not at all to my liking."

"Did WARD indulge much?"

"More than usual, and that means a great deal. The habit had grown on him of late, in spite of all I could say. I was so thoroughly disgusted last night that I left him. I thought his condition would be noticed, and that there would be a scandal."

"And the other, the Mexican—CARRATELA—what did he do? Drink?"

"Not much. He seemed to be keeping a watch on himself, on his temper, which broke out sometimes, and he was very fierce with ENRIQUE, always about something I did not understand. There was something behind. He was a big chap, about my size, a dark, heavy, stupid-looking chap with a shiny black beard, which he was fond of stroking slowly, after which he twirled his moustachios and showed his gleaming teeth."

"Where did you go after you left them?"

"To the library; and fell asleep over a book. When I awoke it was close on one in the morning, and I made up my mind to go home. Then it was I missed my coat—a short covert coat. I had hung it up in the corridor inside, you know, where there are pegs reserved for members. If I recollect right, ENRIQUE used a peg close to mine. His friend would naturally deposit his with the page-boy on the basement floor, taking a ticket for it. We kept our hats, all of us; they were crush hats. All that is plain enough, but for the life of me I cannot make out why the man should annex my coat on leaving the Club. You see, they had his own in the cloak-room."

"Some underhand reason, of course."

"Not theft—it was not worth it."

"Disguise, perhaps. We know from what has happened that he had evil designs on WARD. He wished, perhaps, to shift the responsibility on to you."

"That would not have led him to take my coat instead of his own. He could not foresee that his victim would tear a piece off the tail. I cannot accept that explanation. A more plausible one is that it was all a mistake. When ENRIQUE put on his coat the other fellow took down the nearest, without thinking what he was doing."

"Let us admit that much," I said. "Now will you tell me why the two, instead of leaving the house, went upstairs?"

"That beats me, I confess. Some sudden impulse. Perhaps ENRIQUE wanted to show his friend over the Club."

"Not at that time of night, surely."

"Stay; you know how the gallery is reached? Through a card-room. They went up under some sudden impulse to play."

"With their hats and coats on! Absurd!"

"Not at all. ENRIQUE was, I know, a mad gambler, and the other fellow was just as bad. All through dinner they were betting, and talking of various games."

"If that was so the servants would remember. They must have given out a pack of cards."

"A chap like that CARRATELA would have a pack in his pocket. Especially when he knew he was going to meet a rich man and there would be a hope of making a bit. Quite as likely ENRIQUE would carry a pack of cards about him too."

"It is all too far-fetched," I protested. "I cannot follow your reasoning; it's not even plausible. And it does not help you in the very least that I see."

"No. Perhaps I am past help. I have been the plaything of chance, my dear MACGREGOR. This is the second buffet of ill-luck, and it will land me—on the gallows, perhaps. I lost my uncle's fortune through some incomprehensible and unexplained accident. He changed to me all in a day. One moment he was full of kindness; the next he never wanted to see my face again. It was as though a screen—a wall—had suddenly been raised between us."

"You had trodden on his corns—had done something——"



"Or some one else had, to my discredit. I always had a suspicion of the sort, and thought I might some day find it out. Now—I suppose it is all over; everything is, perhaps. I seem to have no sort of luck."

"Nonsense. You'll come through this all right. I'll stand by you. Don't despond. You must act in your own defence. Let us consider what had better be done. This other man, CARRATELA, you said? We must have him hunted up. He cannot escape the police—our police—for you must employ your own detectives. Put yourself in HIRAM EMMANUEL's hands. Send for them, or I'll go. You had better not show much, just at present."

I left him, cutting short his grateful thanks, and went back to the Club *en route* to the lawyers, so as to take on any latest news. The house was besieged. A crowd of *gobe-mouches* on the steps; hungry reporters with their note-books, waylaying every member who went in or out. Inside the excitement was intense. OWEN ST. JOHN's name was on every tongue. Most men already condemned it. "I always said he would do it," chuckled old BURTON; "the temptation was tremendous." "He might have done it somewhere else," another grumbled. "We shall be known as the Assassins' Club," said a third.

Sergeant TYARS, from Scotland Yard, was still upstairs in the card-room, and I was on the point of rejoining him, when I thought I would make a few enquiries on my own account, guided by the light of my talk with OWEN ST. JOHN.

I found the page-boy who attended to the basement floor at his duty, in the little dark corner where he cleaned boots or answered the telephone call. The lad remembered Mr. WARD's friend perfectly. They had come together to the top of the stairs, and Mr. WARD had taken his ticket for the other gentleman's coat.

"Did he hand it to his friend?" I asked.

"Could not see, Sir," answered the boy. "Don't think he did, Sir. Anyway the coat was never called for, not before I went off at 11 P.M. Nor afterward, Sir."

"How do you know that?"

"'Cos it's here still. No. 279, Sir. Never was fetched, Sir."

I seized the coat, a light brown overcoat of much the same pattern as that which ST. JOHN, indeed most of us, wore, on these warm Summer nights, and I began to believe that the notion of mistake was justified. A good deal evidently centred in this coat. I saw, or fancied I saw, why it had not been called for; the ticket was not forthcoming. It was in the pocket of the murdered man. ENRIQUE, as the boy had told me, took it, and CARRATELA, when he threw his victim over the railings, had forgotten the fact. So he could not recover his coat, or at least he did not care to call attention to himself after what had happened, by claiming it without a ticket, and he must have left the Club in his evening clothes.

While these thoughts passed quickly through my mind, I was fingering the coat, feeling the pockets, turning it inside out in fact, and to good purpose, for I came upon a letter-case full of papers and envelopes, many of which bore the owner's name and address,—Senior DON LUCAS CARRATELA, 10, Hyacinth Villas, Starch Green, W.

This was a find indeed, and running upstairs three steps at a time, faster than I had done for many a day, I sought out TYARS. He was at a table in the card-room, writing.

"I have taken the liberty to make out my report here," he began apologetically. "It's the first quiet moment I've had."

"Don't close it yet, Mr. TYARS; not at least till you've followed up this clue," and I handed him up the address.

Almost angrily, he asked me how I had got it so soon.

"It was in this coat." I had it hanging on my arm, and I explained how it had been left in the basement.

"The ticket ought to have been found in the dead man's pocket," I said at the end.

"And it was, with other things, an ace of spades among them. They have been sent on to me here, the whole of them,

but I did not understand their meaning. The card is still a mystery to me. But that does not press for solution. What we want is to lay our hands on this CARRATELA, or to shadow him. The job was done between them, by one or both: your Mr. ST. JOHN and this Mexican man."

An officer was despatched at once to Starch Green to get in touch with CARRATELA, and I went to HIRAM EMMANUEL's to engage them on ST. JOHN's behalf. They also sent to Starch Green, but neither official nor unofficial enquiry bore fruit. The man was known at the address; it was his regular residence; he had lived there very inoffensively for a month or more with a sister, a strikingly handsome specimen of the Spanish Mexican. This girl met all questions fearlessly, artlessly, speaking indifferent English, but without reticence or hesitation. She could give no account of her brother. He had not come home, that was certain. But "it had not distressed her." He was with his friend, Don ENRIQUE, her friend; he was her *novio*, her promised husband, and she had come over from yonder to marry him, presently, when all was ready.

There was nothing to be made out of her, nothing more to be done, except watch the house for the murderer's return.

It was time wasted. CARRATELA never returned to Starch Green; never got far from the scene of his crime. That same afternoon, his body was also found, dead, where he had fallen, underneath the terrace, but in a retired corner, a dark out-of-the-way spot, the end of a little alley or passage, dividing two tall houses; a sort of *cul de sac*, seldom visited by a soul.

CARRATELA, after he had done the deed—no doubt a sudden and unpremeditated outburst of wildest passion, following a fierce quarrel—had only thought how to escape from the Club. He did not dare leave in the ordinary way. Whether or not he had discovered the exchange of coats cannot be said definitely, but the portion torn off in the death struggle may have drawn his attention to it and made him the more anxious to get off without facing the servants or any of us.

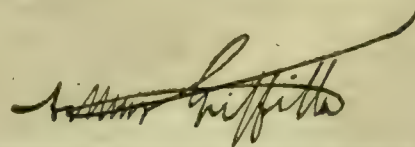
So he committed himself to the desperate device of climbing over the railings and sliding down the water-pipe. His progress downward could be traced until the fatal place when, somehow, for some reason that will never be known, he lost hold and was precipitated into space.

When he was picked up eventually, a pack of cards, a *monté* pack, was found in one of his pockets. It was complete, all but the ace of spades. That was the card in ENRIQUE WARD's possession, and he had no doubt secreted it for some dishonest purpose. It was easy enough, therefore, to find the motive for a quarrel which ended in murder.

OWEN ST. JOHN was completely exonerated and rehabilitated, of course. When he became the absolute owner of the estate, a sealed document was handed to him by the family lawyers, addressed to himself, to be opened by him if WARD's five years' minority was completed, or if the inheritance passed to him, OWEN ST. JOHN.

Inside was a cheque, torn in two, purporting to be signed by "ORMSBY ST. JOHN." But the signature was a forgery, and the crime had been fastened upon OWEN by his cousin ENRIQUE WARD. The family solicitor gave OWEN ST. JOHN abundant proof of this dastardly scheme, which had been the sole reason why the old relative had disinherited him.

I always had a strong impression that the possible reversion under ORMSBY ST. JOHN's strange will was in the nature of a posthumous revenge. He had hoped that the temptation offered OWEN would be irresistible.



Next week, "The 'Dook' of Greeneshawes," by G. B. BURGIN.



## "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

(Vide "Punch," Feb. 14, p. 100.)

In the number preceding this, to which reference is made above, Mr. Punch appealed to the kind-hearted, open-handed public on behalf of the funds of the oldest and largest Hospital for Children in London, namely, that in Great Ormond Street, "which," as was then pointed out, "but for immediate aid, must inevitably close its doors." It is, therefore, most gratifying to all who have at heart the welfare of this great Charity, that Mr. Punch is able within so short an interval to announce, as the first part of the full answer to his pleading, the receipt of various sums, amounting in the total to just on three thousand pounds.

Pleased as Mr. Punch is with the result so far, that is up to the hour of our going to press, yet once again, and again after that, must he urge his plea. Mr. Punch is a beggar to beg, but not at all an "absent-minded" one. What he has begun, he continues; and in so good a cause he is importunate. He is still before you, cap in hand: drop in the coins, and make its bells jingle merrily.

Once more let the facts speak for themselves. *En iterum!*

Hospital's Ordinary Expenditure	£16,000
Income ... ..	£9,000
Deficit ... ..	£7,000

There's the point: "deficit." Facts are stubborn things, and you can't get over them. Hearts, thank Heaven, are not. Hearts will be touched, cheques will be drawn, and purses will be opened, to make life sweet, or at least to ameliorate its conditions, for poor sick children, to whom this Hospital, with its kindly doctors and gentle, attentive nurses, will be the realisation of what otherwise they might never know, a bright and Happy Home.

Donations in cash, in notes, in cheques, in postal and P.O. orders, from ever so little up to ever so much, will be gratefully received on behalf of the "Ormond



### STOP THIEF!

TAKING AWAY "THE BREATH OF THE EMPIRE."

The Navy League has called the attention of the Admiralty (who themselves want 150,000 tons immediately) to the fact that large contracts for Welsh and English coal (400,000 tons in one case) have been accepted from foreign governments.

["The CZAR has agreed to permit coal to be imported into Russia free of customs duties until September 1."—*Standard.*]

Street Hospital Fund," and thankfully acknowledged by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.,  
10, Bouverie Street,  
Fleet Street, E.C.

P.S.—This is not "the last time of asking."

NOTE FOR THE WAR OFFICE.—We have plenty and to spare of "Reviews of the War," teaching a lesson that ought to have been learnt from "Reviews" before the war.

## HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

February (continued).

WEEDING must be carried on vigorously. The best plan is to invite a London friend to stay with you for a week, and set him to the work. At the end of two days it will be necessary to procure another friend, but in a short time you will have the double satisfaction of knowing that you have entertained quite a number of people who were once your friends, and that at least a part of the garden has been weeded. The disposal of the weeds presents no difficulty. Either make a bonfire when the direction of the wind will cause all the smoke to enter somebody else's house, or—a simpler plan—having collected all the weeds in a bundle, drop them quietly over your neighbour's wall. If he finds them, you can say how glad you were to give him a few hardy roots for his garden.

Many readers write to complain that they are quite unable to provide celery for their dinner-tables. We have never failed to get a good supply, and we recommend our plan to others. Sow the seed beneath a frame in the early Summer, carefully watering, giving air, etc., as wanted. This will not take more than an hour a day. Then in the Autumn plant out in deep trenches, carefully earthing-up the roots from time to time. Manure, hoe, clean, sprinkle with sulphur, and spend as much time and money as possible on the plants. Then await results. By-and-bye, when you need celery for the table, take a well-filled purse and pay a visit to Covent Garden. By this simple method you will be able to enjoy this delicious vegetable as long as it is in season, and your friends will realise what an advantage it is to have a garden of your own. A. C. D.

"PARR'S" EXERCISE—with the "Dumb-bells." Excellent for restoring the circulation.



### SECTIONAL VIEW OF A LONDON STREET, ANY TIME DURING LAST WEEK.

(Dedicated to nearly all the Metropolitan Vestries.)





"MOTHER, DO OUR HENS HAVE TO COME ALL THIS WAY FOR THEIR EGGS, OR IS THERE A NEARER SHOP?"

## DEPRECIATIONS.

### XV.

PAUL KRÜGER, TO CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE OPPOSITION.

FRIENDS!—for I knew you such through all disguise  
When talk was loudest made of English hearts  
White-hot for loyal love of Queen and land,  
Waiving, for once, in face of common needs,  
What difference held your judgments oft at feud—  
I have your words to hearten me like wine,  
Not such as lures the righteous towards the Pit,  
Being a Mocker, but the other kind  
Good for the stomach found infirm at core.  
For I was scarce so fit as some supposed,  
Despite my bruited victories, dearly bought  
With blood of precious burghers, seed o' th' Church,  
Not counting local aliens forced to fight,  
Nor foreign mercenaries paid to bleed,  
Nor lives o' th' Free State lost in battle's front,

Good brother STEYN may reckon in, not I.  
Candour for candour! See I mete you out  
Full measure, overflowing bucket's brim.  
Three months we sat and never gained an inch,  
Who made our boast to paint the ocean red  
With gore of shattered British shoved therein!  
Three months in leaguer round three several towns,  
Ourselves beleaguered hardly less than they,  
These light-heart foes that fight like fiends for choice,  
But, business slack, contrive to make the time  
(Spared from the dull routine of dodging shells  
Deadly as dumplings) pass with sport and song  
And suchlike solace o' barrack-squares at home;  
Mocking our futile arms. And we the while,  
Nature our firm ally, with Art to boot,—  
Knowledge of neighbour's country, LEYDS at large

To pour supplies through Delagoa's gate,  
With gold o' th' Rand to lubricate the same.

Yes, yes, I know the tales  
Designed for press-consumption, how we lose

One life to half a hecatomb of theirs.  
I think that none should know them well as I

Who have their spreading laid to my account

By whose keeps the record-book of lies—  
A sin to pardon, let me greatly hope,  
Being a naughty means to godly ends.  
Nor need I here confess the actual tale  
Of bodies hurried o' nights to nameless graves,  
Or tossed in river, boulder tied at neck,  
To keep the secret safe from curious eyes.

But to my point, how much I owe you thanks  
Who spoke the useful word I' th' nick of time,  
Perchance for party purpose, yet no less  
You certify my faith securely fixed  
On that slim rede that never failed us yet—

*Trust to the Opposition!* good at need.  
Nor ever sorer need was ours than then,  
Who marked the lazy tide of war at turn;  
Dissension rife I' th' camp; the country rent

With questioning of losses long concealed;  
Our army sick of doubtful conquests won  
By sacrifice not doubtful; hope deferred  
Waking the old desire for peaceful days,  
The silent hunger of home, the voiceless cry

For leave to labour on the land they love.  
We hid our hurt with cloak of triumphs claimed,  
Yet knew, past hiding, how the end must  
Not far behind the victor's first defeat.

But now I hear report of hopes renewed,  
Fresh courage in the ranks, a brighter flame

Fanned by your sympathy sent overseas,  
That bids endure the toil a little while,  
Until, her weapons turned against herself,  
England shall proffer overtures of peace.  
Nay, further, since a friend may wound with words

More bad to bear than any foeman's blow,  
Doubt not, along your army's fighting lines,

The story, hard to credit, how you strove  
To weaken still the hands, not strong before,

That held the nation's fate against the world,  
Should do me service breaking sundry hearts.

Once more my gentle thanks, who count you dear  
Even beyond the journalists of France,  
Hucksters that sell themselves for vulgar pay,  
While you are rich in virtue's sole reward.





THE ABOVE IS NOT A WAR PICTURE. IT MERELY REPRESENTS AN INCIDENT IN THE TOO REALISTIC SCOUTING MANŒUVRES OF THE BLANKSHIRE YEOMANRY. POOR MR. AND MRS. TIMMINS THOUGHT AT LEAST THE COUNTRY HAD BEEN INVADED.

#### CUM GRANO.

[A Frenchman has discovered that men can be made to grow to giants by the stimulating action of salt upon the epiphysis].

SING a song of cubits,  
Stature rectified,  
Scores of short men using  
Sodium chloride.  
When the cure was ended,  
And six feet still afar,  
They put the salt upon the tale  
And caught a French canard.

THE WAY TO THE SERVICE; OR,  
THEN, NOW, AND TO-MORROW.

THEN.—A few years ago. EXAMINER and  
LEARNED CANDIDATE discovered.

Examiner. I am pleased that you have been able to pass in the various difficult courses prescribed by the regulations. No doubt the training you have undergone has been tedious, but you will find the advantage when you have joined the Service. You will learn in the time to come that a soldier can be of no use to himself or his country unless he possesses an intimate acquaintance with many subjects apparently entirely unconnected with the profession of arms. I sincerely congratulate you upon your admission to the Service. May success attend you if you are ever called upon to meet the enemy.

[Warmly shakes the LEARNED CANDIDATE by the hand, who retires greatly gratified.  
NOW.—The Present Moment. EXAMINER and UNLEARNED CANDIDATE discovered.

Examiner. I am pleased that you have been spared passing in the various difficult courses prescribed by the regulations. No doubt the training you have



"Mr. Balfour discussed scientific research at the King's College Festival Dinner."

THE GOLFOUR BACTERII.

(Recently discovered.)

escaped would have been tedious, and it would not have prepared you to enter the Service. You will learn in the time to come that a soldier to be useful to himself and his country should have a mind free from educational distractions. I sincerely congratulate you upon your admission to the Service. May success attend you if you are ever called upon to meet the enemy.

[Warmly shakes the UNLEARNED CANDIDATE by the hand, who retires greatly gratified.

TO-MORROW.—A few years hence. EX-EXAMINER and EX-CANDIDATES discovered.

Ex-Examiner. Now, my friends, that we have time for a chat, a word with you. Thanks to our united efforts, we have conquered the enemy. My learning has not stood in the way, nor yours either. I am addressing my learned friend. And what I say to him applies equally to you, his unlearned colleague. England does not want book law, but British pluck exhibited in British manhood. So I can congratulate you both, learned and unlearned and myself, upon the happy result. Success has attended upon us when we have been called upon to meet the foe. And now let us return to our professional duties.

[Exeunt with a cheer in pursuit of the enemy.]





"OH, GEORGE DEAR, THE LANDLORD HAS RAISED THE RENT!"

"HAS HE? I CAN'T!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A NEW book by the author of *Deborah of Tods* will be opened with pleasurable expectation by any who read that notable novel. My Baronite assures them they will not be disappointed in Adam Grigson (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. DE LA PASTURE'S latest work. There is, perhaps, an echo of *Major Dobbin* in Adam, whilst *Rosamund Evelyn* is a kind of impotent *Becky Sharp*. Apart from these, the book is full of living characters, notably *Lady Mary Evelyn*, who has a life-long quarrel with her best-beloved son, which closes by his bed-side, and is atoned for by patient preparation for the press of the scattered MS. of his book. Another admirable figure, more lightly sketched, is *Francis Evelyn*, the grandson, and heir to the Evelyn estates. Incidentally, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE lifts the veil behind which frivolous and naughty sections of London Society flirt, dance, eat, drink, and make love to other people's husbands and wives.

*Historic Parallels to L'Affaire Dreyfus* (HUTCHINSON) is a series of old stories re-told, with the effect of showing that in earlier times there was prevalent a good deal of the kind of human nature that made the DREYFUS case possible in modern France. Mr. EDGAR SANDERSON takes the sad fate of JOHN OF BARNEVELDT, done to death by Prince MAURICE of Orange; the Catholic victims of TITUS OATES; the Protestant martyr, JEAN CALAS of Toulouse; and Lord COCHRANE, perhaps better known by his later title, Earl of DUNDONALD. The strange and shameful stories are told with clearness and dramatic force. My Baronite, reading them, is struck by two subsidiary parallels. In the DREYFUS case, as in the tragedy of JEAN CALAS, it was a man of letters who, touched by the iniquity of the attack on an innocent person, gave up his ordinary pursuits and devoted himself, body,

soul and purse, to seeing justice done. As ZOLA was chiefly instrumental in saving DREYFUS, so VOLTAIRE, single-handed, established the innocence of the hapless Toulouse dealer in printed calico. The other parallel is established in the many points of personal resemblance between the gallant sailor Lord DUNDONALD and our dear "CHARLIE" BERESFORD, whose honourable exile on duty in the Mediterranean eclipses the gaiety of the House of Commons.

To those who may be very deeply interested in theatrical matters within the last forty years, *The Kendals* (which, judging from its title, the guileless Baron took to be a novel), by T. EDGAR PEMBERTON (PEARSON), will be found proportionately acceptable, and as a book of reference it will prove of great value to some future annalist of the English stage. The republication of a certain playful speech, which attracted considerable attention at the time of its utterance without contributing to the popularity of its gifted authoress among her Play-fellows, may be even now considered by some as injudicious, seeing that the question concerning the "social" status of the histrion has long ago ceased to be of any general interest. It is not worth while now-a-days reviving the old discussion of the social status of the actor or the artist or the architect, or of the members of any other profession or calling. "Tis in ourselves that we are thus and thus," and there's an end of it. The K.'s seem to have had, in a general way, a rare good time; they came on the stage naturally and easily, and so have continued going on from good to best. The Baron hopes to see them again, ere long, in some strong original play. Mr. EDGAR PEMBERTON has ably done his self-imposed task, and, on occasion, has gone very near to giving his own candid and unbiassed opinion. "Q. E. D."—"Which is Difficult."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



**CALLED TO ACCOUNT.**

*Charity.* "THAT WASN'T GIVEN YOU TO HOARD."  
*Royal Commissioner.* "I KNOW, MISS, BUT I CAN'T BEAR TO PART WITH IT."





### "FISHING INTERROGATORY."

*Seedy Looker-on (scenting a flask somewhere). "POOR THINGS, THEM FISH, SIR! NOTHING BUT COLD WATER FOR 'EM, SIR! MAKES ONE FEEL VERY GREAT SYMPATHY FOR ONE'S FELLOW CRITTERS WHAT'S GOT NOTHING BETTER TO DRINK, SIR; COME T-T-T"—(teeth chatter)—"TO THINK OF IT, IF YER COULD MAKE IT 'ARF A PINT, GUV'NER!"*

### AT A THEATRE OR TWO.

MR. WYNDHAM is a Revivalist, and a successful one. TOM ROBERTSON's *David Garrick* is still "all alive, O!" turning up at frequent *matinées* with CHARLES WYNDHAM for hero and Miss MARY MOORE for heroine, as good as ever they were since the days when Prince CHARLES succeeded, and successfully succeeded, King EDWARD, surnamed SOTHERN, in the part of "little Davy." "Little Davy's" stature wasn't much, if anything, over five feet, except "when he was in a passion," and neither WYNDHAM nor SOTHERN could bring themselves down to be such very low comedians. At WYNDHAM's Theatre, o' nights, is being given PINERO's merry farce of *Dandy Dick*, of which *laudatores temporis acti* will say 'tis briskly played and sufficiently amusing, although Mrs. WOOD can never be equalled, still less excelled, as *Georgiana Tidman*; nor is even the admirable ALFRED BISHOP quite "in it" with the very saponaceous, plummy-mouthed, portly Dean, as originally represented by JOHN CLAYTON. And then poor ARTHUR CECIL's *Blaze the Butler*! However, these are reminiscences of "their Excellencies" in the past, while hearty laughter is sufficient testimony to the success of the present representation.

Another farcical revival is that of *His Excellency*, by Captain MARSHALL, at the Criterion. These resuscitations are quite in spirit with the feeling of the present time, when we can do with a lot of revival and are really glad of a first-rate pick-me-up, even though its flavour and strength may have been somewhat impaired by keeping and by transference into new bottles. Pantomimic *Puss in Boots* has decided the vexed Shakspearian question of "Tabby or not Tabby," and has gone on a visit to the *Markis o' Carabas* in the provinces.

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### The Train.

You you complain of one current of air, Mr.?

Eh well, me I stuff. I not wish to shut the window. The French not can ever to support the grand air.

How, Mr., you insist that she may be shutted? Know you that I am English?

You respond that I am in France? So much badder!

He there has again some one who him complain of the current of air? It is one lady?

Then I shall shut the window, but I shall be very bad to the ease. Are they frilous the female French!

These wagons are frightful. One there is very bad. One is shoved, one is squashed, one is shaken.

This sun is insupportable. I go to pull down the stores.

What voyage! In fine, see there Paris!

##### Le Train.

Vous vous plaignez d'un courant d'air, monsieur?

Eh bien, moi j'étouffe. Je ne veux pas fermer la fenêtre. Les Français ne peuvent jamais supporter le grand air.

Comment, monsieur, vous insistez qu'elle soit fermée. Savez-vous que je suis Anglais?

Vous répondez que je suis en France? Tant pis!

Il y a encore quelqu'un qui se plaint du courant d'air? C'est une dame?

Alors je fermerai la fenêtre, mais je serai très mal à l'aise. Sont-elles frileuses les Françaises!

Ces wagons sont affreux. On y est très mal. On est bousculé, on est serré, on est secoué.

Ce soleil est insupportable. Je vais baisser les stores.

Quel voyage! Enfin, voilà Paris!

##### The Arrival.

Factor, take all these objects.

Imbecile, you have crushed my melon!

Ah, no, I me recall, I me am sited above. Happily I have one hat of straw and one casket of voyage.

I desire one carriage discovered. It is that. In road!

Coacher, enter in the court.

How, you demand five francs? That is this that you me sing there?

It is one franc fifty the race.

And the baggages, you tell? And the fordrink?

What, farcer, I not have but one twentyer of littles packets!

Porter, how much must he to pay?

Four francs, the fordrink no comprised? Never of the life!

Eh, well, see there four francs and again two halfpennys. Are they all robbers, the coachers of Paris!

##### L'Arrivée.

Facteur, prenez tous ces objets.

Imbécile, vous avez écrasé mon melon!

Ah, non, je me rappelle, je me suis assis dessus. Heureusement j'ai un chapeau de paille et une casquette de voyage.

Je désire une voiture découverte. C'est ça. En route!

Cocher, entrez dans la cour.

Comment, vous demandez cinq francs? Qu'est-ce que vous me chantez-là?

C'est un franc cinquante la course.

Et les bagages, vous dites? Et le pourboire?

Hein, farceur, je n'ai qu'une vingtaine de petits paquets!

Portier, combien faut-il payer?

Quatre francs, le pourboire non compris? Jamais de la vie!

Eh bien, voilà quatre francs, et encore deux sous. Sont-ils tous voleurs, les cochers de Paris!

H. D. B.

DANCE A BABY BIBBY!—It is reported that a new ship on the famous "Bibby Line" is in progress of construction. This is as it may be. The new Bibby we suppose is on view in her own cradle preparatory to going out to be "rock'd in the cradle of the deep." The new Bibby, we trust to hear, is doing well.

THE REAL "RESERVIST."—Military censors of News Telegrams from the seat of war.



PRECIOUS POEMS.—No. V.  
THE CHILD AND THE NIGGER, OR  
SIMPLE TRUST!

ON a beauteous day in Summer,  
In the Park I chanced to meet  
Such a new and tiny comer,  
Perched alone upon a seat.

And a bitter look of sorrow  
Sat upon his baby brow,  
All the troubles of to-morrow  
Seemed to weigh upon him now.

Very kindly I addressed him:  
"Run and play, you tiny boy,"  
To be jubilant I pressed him,  
As the earth was full of joy.

But he sat there, looking rigid,  
With explanatory: "Sir,  
Nurse has said, in accents frigid,  
I'm on no account to stir.

"If I do, a nasty nigger  
Will immediately appear,  
Big as you, or rather bigger,  
On his face an ugly leer.

"He will pull me all to pieces,  
When I probably shall die,  
So, till Nurse's word releases  
Me, I cannot even cry."

"Is the story true, I wonder?"  
I incontinently said,  
"Nurses have been known to blunder"—  
But the youngster shook his head.

"I believe it—Nurse has said it!"  
And he stiffened every joint;  
He was wrong to give her credit,  
Yet I couldn't press the point.

It was only fancy, maybe—  
In my ears there seemed to ring,  
That the faith of such a baby  
Is a very sacred thing!

What was I that I should shatter  
Such a simple, simple trust?  
Though a sceptic in the matter,  
I was humbled to the dust.

"Oh, how beautiful," I muttered,  
"Is his confidence in Nurse!"  
My philosophies, if uttered,  
Would be infinitely worse."

So I left him sitting yonder,  
Left him rigid to the last,  
And with Ecstasy I Ponder  
On the *Æons* of the Past!

F. E.

PLANS FOR THE PERFECT DEFENCE  
OF LONDON.

(Under consideration at the War Office.)

THE guard in charge of the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park to be reinforced to the extent of a couple of sentries and an additional police constable.

The cannon in St. James's Park to be replaced by ordnance of a less obsolete fashion.

The Beefeaters at the Tower to be



*Hedwin.* "HANGELEENER! WON'T YER 'RAR ME? WOT 'UD YER SY IF I TOLD YER AS I 'D 'TOOK THE SHILLIN'!"

*Hangelina.* "SY? WHY—'HALVES'!"

strengthened by the companionship of a detachment drawn from the garrison of Chelsea Hospital.

An additional padlock to be put upon the door of the armoury of the Inns of Court Volunteers.

The fleet of the Penny Thames Steam-boats to receive a coat of paint to fit them for active service.

The trees on Primrose Hill to be cut down with a view to depriving a possible invader of cover.

The ducks on the ornamental water in the parks to be increased by five dozen.

A captive balloon to be permanently tethered over the site of Earl's Court.

The glass of the Crystal Palace to be protected by a coating of tin from shell-fire.

All the military statues to be washed and put in good order.

And finally, the equestrian sentry boxes at the Horse Guards, Whitehall, to be painted with the national colours, surmounted by the Union Jack, and inscribed with the words, "England expects every man to do his duty."





## A NICE OUTLOOK.

*Mrs. Newlynwood (to Cook, whom she has just engaged at Registry Office).* "YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND IS SO VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS FOOD."

*Cook (sympathetically).* "THEY ALL ALIKE, MEM. MY OLD MAN WAS JUST THE SAME. I NEVER COOKED NOTHING TO PLEASE 'IM IN MY LIFE!"

## SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

## V.—AT A VILLAGE FLOWER-SHOW.

Too bad of the Rector to let me in for this job. . . . Assured me that "the Secretary's duties are almost nominal"—and I've hardly had a moment's peace since I came down here a fortnight ago. . . . Don't even know the people's names, and forget them as fast as I'm told. . . . Just cut Lady HAWTHORN, it seems, who's one of the leading patronesses. . . . Rector quite annoyed; as if it were my fault! . . . Jot down a description of her on back of my catalogue: "Lady HAWTHORN, red nose, permanent simper, slight squint, blue-and-green dress. . . . There, I shall be able to spot her again, anyhow. . . . Better add a few more descriptions of the aristocracy—as for the rustics, quite impossible to

remember them apart. . . . Well, Mrs. BROWN—Oh, I beg your pardon, Mrs. SMITHERS,—what is it? . . . Did I ever get a viner lot o' 'tuties than yours? . . . Worthy old lady seems dreadfully excited. . . . Must hasten to express my firm belief that such potatoes have never previously been seen by mortal eye. . . . Then what do I mean by giving Mrs. Jinks the first prize! . . . Oh,—er, that's the judges' doing. Not my department at all. . . . What a terrible creature! Really thought she was going to assault me with her umbrella. . . . Must avoid her for the rest of the day. . . . Here's another! . . . Am I the secretary of this 'ere show? . . . Yes, Madam, I have that—er, honour. Then you'd like to know why your honey has been 'id away at the back, while Mrs. Barrett's has been stuck in the front? . . . Really, I haven't the least idea. Will enquire into the matter at once.

. . . Ah, here's the honey. Will rearrange it a little. . . . Another angry woman pounces on me, addresses me as "young man," and threatens to give me in charge for attempting to steal her property. . . . Now I wonder who this farmer is who is clutching me by the arm and talking about pigs. . . . What breed do I go in for? . . . Oh, Blue Rocks, chiefly. . . . He seems quite annoyed—wonder why? . . . Dear me, I do believe Blue Rocks are pigeons, not pigs. . . . Both begin with a "p," anyhow. . . . Here's a fashionably-dressed young lady making towards me. . . . Wasn't I introduced to her just now? Where's my catalogue with those descriptions? . . . Good heavens, I've dropped it. . . . Can I give her any advice on growing—what? Oh, yes, Vallota purpurea. . . . As secretary of a flower-show, don't like to explain that I live in London, and that my garden consists of a backyard ten feet square. . . . What sort of soil suits them? . . . Well, any ordinary soil. . . . Do they want much water? . . . (This is dreadful!) . . . Oh, not much; say, four times a day. . . . She seems surprised. Add hastily that, of course, they ought to have much more in dry weather. . . . Hullo, here's somebody else looking for me. . . . Well, what is it? Lady HAWTHORN wants to speak to me? Who the dickens is Lady HAWTHORN? . . . Oh, that's her, is it, in the blue-and-green dress. . . . What a squint she's got! . . . Why, of course, I described her on my catalogue. . . . Wish I hadn't lost it. . . . What are you giggling about? . . . Lady HAWTHORN has picked up something with my name on it, and wishes to restore it to me? . . . Good heavens, it's my catalogue! . . . Can anybody oblige me with a time-table of the trains up to town?

## DAWN!

WHEN the rosy dawn is breaking  
Into sweet effulgent light,  
And the myriad birds are making  
Noises that are hushed at night;  
When the sun his aureole tender  
First reflects upon my head  
From the window or the fender  
—How I love to lie in bed!

When I hear the ploughman urging  
Voice and whip to drive the share,  
Or the housemaid's step emerging  
On the yet undusted stair;  
When I hear the milkman calling  
When the strokes I hate and dread  
On the breakfast gong are falling  
—How I love to lie in bed!

"THIS FORT OF TILBURY."—The embarkation of the 17th Lancers was somewhat delayed. "Captain COKE," said the *Times*, "was very anxious," and did all he knew. Perhaps "Commodore Coal" was in fault.





Giles (indicating Sportsman on excitable Horse, waiting his turn). "BLESS US ALL, TUMAS, IF THAT UN BEANT A GOIN' TO TRY IT BACK'ARDS!"

#### AD BACCHUM.

["A German scientist adduces the physical and mental superiority of the hard-drinking Greeks and Romans over their abstemious descendants in proof of his theory that drunkenness is the inevitable concomitant of vigorous national life."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN beyond the starry skies  
Rang th' Olympic revelries,  
When to Aphrodite's eyes  
Zeus would drain the bowl,  
What did Ganymedes hear  
To the Gods assembled there?  
Was it not a vintage rare  
Making glad the soul?

Hector, from the battle free,  
Drank to fair Andromache  
Cups of Chian, blessing thee,  
Bacchus, for the wine;  
Heracles, his labours o'er,  
Cleansed the stable, slain the boar,  
Loved the Samian to pour,  
Bacchus, on thy shrine.

Then who would be blithe and gay,  
Let him at thy altar pay  
Once and twice and thrice a day  
All the honours due!  
Jolly Bacchus, young and free,  
Be thou my divinity!  
Gods and heroes worshipped thee—  
I will worship too.

#### SOME REASONS WHY

*We should not have an Army.*

BY A. A. Z. Y. X.

BECAUSE M. BLOCH has declared that War is now Impossible.

Because our Fleet is Invincible, Ubiquitous, Unsinkable, Unrammable, Unwreckable, Inexhaustible, dates from the Time of King ALFRED, can be Mobilised in Two Minutes, and can Steam up the Steepest Watershed.

Because it might provoke Foreign Nations to be a little less Friendly than they are at present.

Because a Lot of Old Ladies are dreadfully afraid of anything approaching to Conscription or even the Ballot Act.

Because Conscription is so un-English, and Britons never will be Slaves, and have nothing to learn about the Art of War from the Continent.

Because every Boer can ride and handle a Gun, and Englishmen should therefore retire from an Undignified Competition in such matters.

Because in Future the Guns will Go Off of Themselves.

Because England has hitherto been so Successful in the way of Arbitration—witness the Alabama Claim and the Delagoa Bay Award.

Because We are Always in the Wrong,

and should not be Tempted to uphold our Unjust Claims. Even now we are being very Rude to the Boers.

#### A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

*Addressed to the L. C. C. by one who thinks the recent bye-law suppressing street shouting might go further.*

AND indeed it is well to stifle the yell  
Of the vendor in the street;  
But is there no law to muzzle the jaw  
That mouths in the printed sheet?

We are sick of the boys and their hideous noise

Which will scarcely let us think;  
But what of the men who shriek with the pen,  
And bellow aloud in ink?

If the lying shout of an ignorant lout  
Has often our anger stirred,  
Yet is it so ill as the contents-bill  
That suppresses the tell-tale word?

Tho' invention be poor we can find a cure  
For discomforts London feels,  
But I see no help for the curs who yelp  
Round a distant General's heels.

So all honour be to the L. C. C.  
Who have silenced the hoots we hear,  
But I keep my growl for the blatant howl  
That rings in the reader's ear.





*Curate.* "OH—EE—BY THE WAY, MR. BLOGGS, I WAS WONDERING WHETHER YOU WOULD GIVE ME A SMALL SUBSCRIPTION FOR A MOST EXCELLENT OBJECT: I MEAN THE REPAIRING OF THE CEMETERY WALL."

*Wealthy Parvenu.* "NOT ME, SIR. THE CEMETERY WALL DON'T NEED ANY REPAIRING. THEM AS 'S INSIDE CAN'T GET OUT, AN' THEM AS 'S OUTSIDE DON'T WANT TO GET IN. GOOD MORNIN'!"

#### SYMBOLISM.

"Speaking of the works of a literary Dean, celebrated for the gorgeousness of his style: 'Rather than write like that,' he said, 'I would express myself in mathematical formulas.'"—*Mr. Gosse on Archbishop Benson in "Literature."*

PHYLIS, since a strong objection  
I to turgid language feel,  
Let my passionate affection  
Terms of algebra reveal.

Let me tell my ardour, sparing  
Rhetoric's fantastic flower;—

Surds its mysteries declaring—  
Indices proclaim its power.

Words themselves are but conventions;  
If on symbols we agree,  
We may write, without pretensions,  
Our love-letters, *a* and *b*.

Of your love (as yet unspoken)  
When dark doubts my mind perplex,  
I the unknown to betoken,  
Will employ the symbol *x*.

Though unparallel our stations  
(You are high and I am low),

To the simplest of equations  
Love can level ranks, you know.

Then, as future may design us  
More or less of happiness,  
By the signs of + or —  
We its buffets can express.

Thus, through calm or stormy weather,  
Side by side our path we'll tread,  
Till at last we rest together—  
Senior Wranglers bracketed.

#### PARIS FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

(By a Prophetic Pessimist.)

PASSIONATE invective against England explained away by the French Government. Hostile demonstration of the Press anent Albion ignored by the authorities of the Quai d'Orsay.

Street cries of contempt addressed to British tourists compensated for by increased civility at the leading hotels.

Opening of the Exposition under the protection of foot, horse, and artillery.

Five months of suppressed hatred of everything connected with JOHN BULL and his family.

Last moments of the Exposition and carnival of capital.

End of the profit-gathering and exodus of excursionists.

The next day—declaration of war against Great Britain.

#### SNOWED UP!

(A Wail from West Kensington.)

"Mr. H. P. BOULNOIS, presiding at a lecture given at the Sanitary Institute by Mr. W. NISBET BLAIR, stated that the cost of removing a snow-fall from the whole of the thoroughfares of the metropolis amounts to £300,000 (p). Mr. BLAIR held that the Public Health (London) Act, 1891, relieving householders of the obligation to sweep snow from the footway, was a mistake."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 15.]

BEAUTIFUL snow! it merely costs

Three hundred thou. to remove each fall!  
These old-fashioned Winters and Arctic  
frosts

Are a dearly-bought blessing after all.

Beautiful snow! it takes a week

Ere the streets are passable, once 'tis  
down!

For with half-thawed slush they fairly reek,  
The pavements of our Arcadian town.

Beautiful snow! the cause, in fact,

Why its clearing away is lamely done  
Is the wonderful Public Health (London)  
Act of 1891.

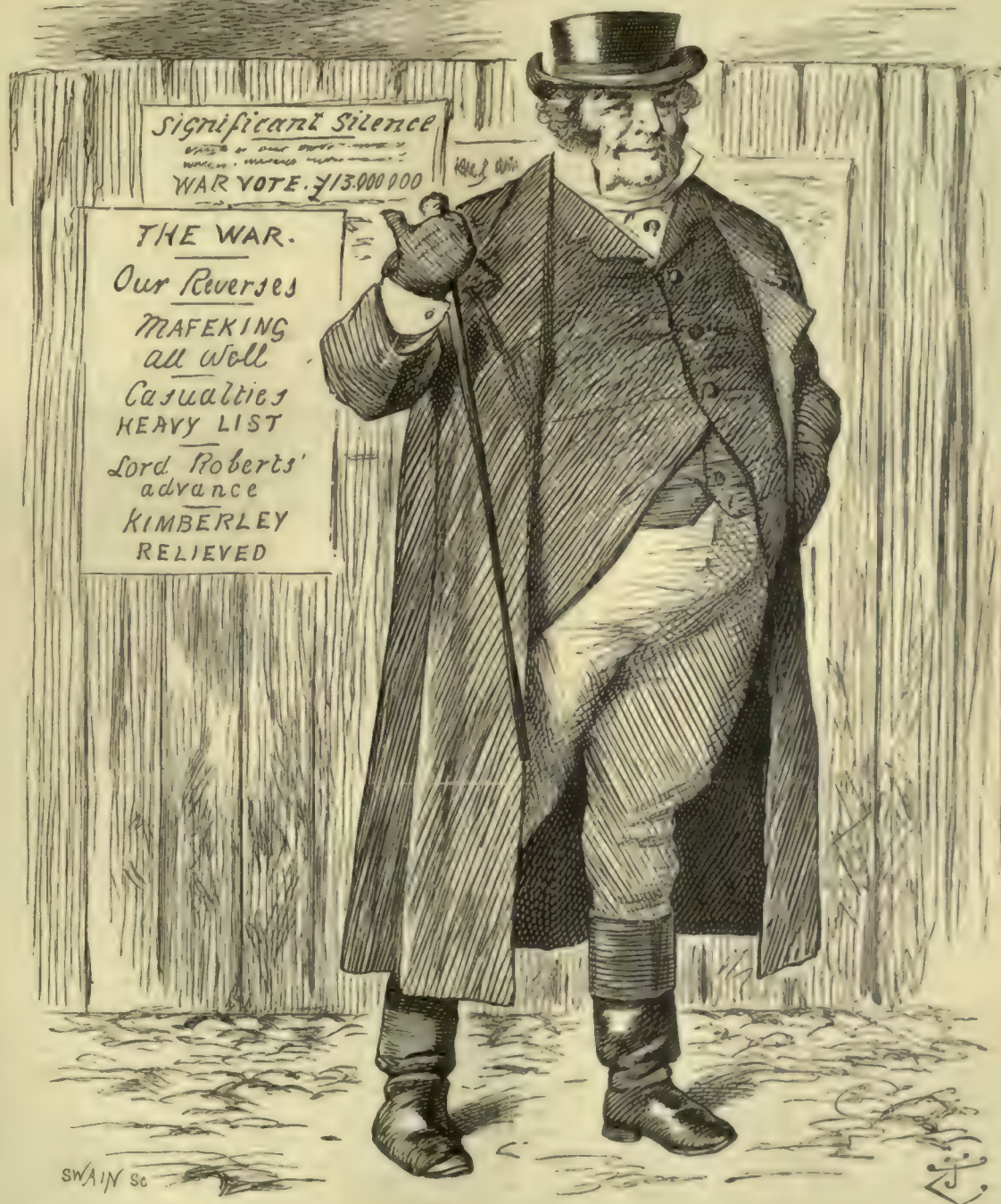
Beautiful snow! nine years ago

Each had to sweep at his own front door;  
'Tis the vestry's duty now—and so  
The snow remains with us evermore.

Beautiful snow! clause 29

Of the self-same Act bids Bumble pay,  
For each street uncleaned, a £20 fine—  
Who would bell the cat, has a chance  
to-day!





## “NEVER SAY DIE!”

JOHN BULL (to himself, in the “Mark Tapley” vein). “NOW, MR. JOHN BULL, JUST YOU ATTEND TO WHAT I’VE GOT TO SAY. THINGS HAVE BEEN LOOKING ABOUT AS BAD AS THEY COULD LOOK, OLD MAN. YOU’LL NOT HAVE SUCH ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR SHOWING YOUR JOLLY DISPOSITION, MY FINE FELLOW, AS LONG AS YOU LIVE. AND, THEREFORE, JOHN B., NOW ’S YOUR TIME TO COME OUT STRONG; NOW OR NEVER!” (And J. B. has come out strong at Kimberley and after.) Martin Chuzzlewit, ch. xxiii.







## VALENTINE'S DAY, 1900.

(By a Day-after-the-Fair Poet.)

MY love, I fear my verse can hardly glow  
With all the warmth it certainly should show  
To-day.

How can I write of CUPID and his bow,  
When blasts as in the depth of winter blow  
Away?

How can I burn amidst such freezing woe,  
When, choked with ice, the rivers hardly flow?  
Or, pray,

How rave of rosy-tinted joy? You know  
The dismal sky, obscured by passing snow,  
Is grey.

Such gloom above, such hateful cold below,  
Freeze all my fancies. Frost is now my foe;  
In May

I might be lively, now I am not so.  
This weather only could to Esquimaux  
Seem gay.

H. D. B.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, Feb. 12.—GEORGE WYNDHAM'S speech on introducing military scheme maintains reputation gained in debate on Address. That a difficult task. Its accomplishment finally fixes his position in House. Odd to some lookers-on that success has been so long on its way. Years ago, whilst young WYNDHAM still sat below gangway, occasionally contributing polished periods to debate, the member for Sark spotted his capacity. Many back pages of this diary testify to appreciation of possibilities. But the House would not have him any more than, for a long season, it would have that other brilliant young man of PRINCE ARTHUR'S personal set, the present Viceroy of India.

Possibly for same reason. Their speech too strongly flavoured with particular oratorical condiments that go down only at the University Debating Club. The unpardonable sin of debate in the House of Commons is artificiality. There was thick veneer of this in the earlier elaborate efforts alike of GEORGE CURZON and GEORGE WYNDHAM. The House impatiently resented this; but easy to see that the faults were those of manner. The air of hardy self assurance was, really, evidence of timidity, proof of wholesome apprehension of the verdict of the most critical assembly in the world. From the moment either stood at the Table, armed with the authority of a Minister, albeit an Under-Secretary, the veneer was rubbed off and the true grit shewed itself.

"There's nothing," says SARK, "like the Treasury Bench for bringing out the best of a really capable man. On the grouse moors they, in due season, burn broad strips of heather, and from under the charred mass sprouts succulent green stuff. So it is with the fierce light that beats upon the Treasury Bench. It scorches up little foibles and mannerisms, and if there is anything good in the soil it comes out fresh and strong. I'm old enough to have had a seat in the House when PRINCE ARTHUR was regarded

as a lackadaisical young man, whose speech was tolerated only because he had a pretty presence, a pleasant manner, and was Lord SALISBURY'S nephew. The moment he was seated on the Treasury Bench he was not less marvellously translated than was that quite other person, Bottom. From his new departure he went on improving till he reached his present incomparable position. So it will be, as it thus far has been, with GEORGE WYNDHAM. Mark my words, TOBY, M.P. There are a good many members of the present House who will live to see him leading it."

Business done.—Plans of enlarged Home defence disclosed in both Houses.

Tuesday.—Since the House of Commons, sitting in King JAMES'S time, was startled with hoarse whisper that something was wrong in the cellars, it has not been so deeply thrilled as befel to-night. Oddly enough it was that grim uncompromising Orangeman, JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG who, nearly three hundred years later, revived the tremor of the Gunpowder Plot. His disclosure nothing to do either with Gunpowder or the Pope.



## "THE EARLY BIRD," &amp;C.

TIME 4 A.M.

Cheery Youth. "LIKE YOUR DOOR SWEEP' AWAY, SIR!"

It was another potent influence in civilisation. Whiskey to wit. BALLYKILBEG secretly obtained information that the Excise officers in Belfast, making their rounds, found in bonded store a cask of whiskey thirty per cent. weaker than it ought to be!

Was that true? BALLYKILBEG sternly demanded, and if so when would the gallows be erected?

Question addressed to GERALD BALFOUR. He, to sincere regret of House on both sides, is laid up in sick room. In his absence HANBURY, man-of-all-work in Administration, thrust forth by his colleagues to reply. Timidly admits fact; promises infliction of penalty.

There matter expected to drop. But that old campaigner, BALLYKILBEG, had another shot in his locker. Among his friends in Nationalist camp opposite sat distinguished distiller, who is not only a Papist, but a Home Ruler. With one eye fixed on a member cowering under gallery, the other flaming on HANBURY, BALLYKILBEG trumpeted forth enquiry: "Did the cask belong to Mr. SAMUEL YOUNG, Member for East Cavan?"



Roar of anguish burst from Irish camp. "For heaven's sake!" cried REDMOND cadet, white with pained indignation.



THE NEW "RUPERT OF DEBATE."

George Wyndham up.

"whatever we do, let us preserve decencies of debate."

Amid uproar, the figure under the gallery was seen upright, clinging to the pillar. "I am not the person," shouted SAMUEL YOUNG.

"Withdraw!" "Withdraw!" roared the Irish members.

BALLYKILBEG sat resolutely silent. He would go to the stake, but he could not recant. If it was not SAMUEL YOUNG, it was some other Papist who had watered the whiskey. *Veritas prævalebit.*

*Business done.*—Debate on War Vote.

Thursday.—"Are you there?" This in a roaring-forty voice that recalled the dulcet tones of old Bill Barley, known to readers of *Great Expectations*.

"Yes." This a faint far-away note which, coming under sea and over land, breathed the sweet accent of Dublin city.

As matter of fact it was REDMOND cadet preparing to use the House of Commons as a telephone station whence to harangue the boys in Dublin. Preliminaries settled, he for a full hour poured turgid talk through the long-suffering tube. A little hard on an inoffensive assembly. If he had all this at heart to say, why not take train and boat for Dublin and pour it direct in ears for which it was designed?

Query only shows opacity of Saxon intellect. House of Commons at once the most comfortable, most effective, safest, and, above all, cheapest medium of advertisement for blatancy of all kinds. Even in Dublin had REDMOND cadet risen in public meeting and shouted forth the

designedly insulting noisy nonsense frothed in House of Commons to-night, some honest Irishman having brother or son in the gallant army defamed in order that the Boer might be extolled, might have put a loose potato to remonstrative use. The House of Commons merely made fresh display of its superhuman patience. True, only a score of members sprinkled over the benches. They showed no sign of resentment whilst the chamber was filled with raving against English honour and justice. If the member for East Clare had been a baboon hissing wrath and grinning hatred at a smiling Sunday crowd gathered round its cage it could not have mattered less.

"Yet," said SARK, always quick to draw a moral, "if our middle-aged young friend had got up in any public place in Pretoria and made this same speech directed against the powers that be, he would within twenty-four hours have found how much better they manage matters in the Transvaal."

*Business done.*—Vote for men on military estimates.

Friday Night.—When in prime Parnell days money ran low, JOSEPH GILLIS BIGGAR



"WHO WATERED THE WHISKEY?"

(Mr. William Johnston of Ballykilbeg.)

was wont to remark, "Mr PARNELL, we must have a row in the House to-night." Row came on accordingly, and subscriptions came in.



JOE'S LATEST FANCY YORKID.

(Denisonia Faberia triumphans.)

Irishmen, reunited under REDMOND *ainé*, promptly send round hat; response not encouraging. Memory of the familiar counsel of the lamented JOSEPH GILLIS surges back over the waste of time. "We must have a row in the House," REDMOND *ainé* grimly echoed.

Came off to-night accordingly. But a very poor thing; too evidently got up for occasion. Only flash of ancient fires flared by FLAVIN. "Order! Order!" members opposite cried, when, like the London Monument, FLAVIN lifted his tall form and bellowed. "Any gentleman," he replied, "who wants to call me to order can come across the floor of the House."

Excellent. Unobjectionable in Parliamentary form, yet unmistakable in its significance. For the rest, simply noisy and altogether dull.

"Obstruction," says SARK, "is, like architecture, a lost art."

*Business done.*—Vote for thirteen millions agreed to.

#### ADVICE GRATIS.

SUB-EDITOR.—Certainly it is most difficult to make an effective contents-bill. Of course, a terrible battle can always be "expected," but the destruction of a cat can scarcely be accurately described as "great loss of life." As you say, "midnight edition" is sufficiently correct, as it "must be midnight somewhere." But is not the suggestion in London at 5 P.M., to put it mildly, just a trifle misleading?

THE CRY OF THE ARMY COACHES (after reading the War Office proposals).—We shall have no work to do!

WHERE SOME MILITARY LESSONS ARE LEARNT.—In the Boer'd School, S. A.





## PROLOGUE.

"I AM not," said Mr. GREENE'S landlady, with stony emphasis,

"in the 'abit of supplying free board and lodging to—loafers!"

"My dear lady," said Mr. GREENE, with a propitiatory smile, although he would very much have liked to tie the landlady to a stake, light a fire, and dance round her with delicately poised tomahawk, singing the while an original war song of his own—"My dear lady, I—"

"I ain't your dear lady, and never was," interrupted the truculent landlady. "Hinglish, I am, and don't you forget it."

"My dear lady," repeated the anguished Mr. GREENE, for the third time, "one could never forget it in any circumstances."

"Then pay up," said the landlady, briefly. "You come loafing around Montreal as if it belonged to you, and then can't pay your board bill. Why, I've half a mind to fire you out myself;" and, with a scientific eye, she surveyed the long-legged Mr. GREENE's somewhat scanty proportions as she rolled up her sleeves and exhibited arms which would have done credit to a prizefighter.

"I can assure you that my ducal income has not been what it was, owing to—"

"Yah! You and your Dooks!" rudely interrupted the landlady. "It's my idea you ain't no more a Dook than I am."

"Of course," said Mr. GREENE, with a sickly smile, "I have been obliged to flee my native land, owing to—political complications."

"And you'll be obliged to flee this 'ouse owing to—personal complications," said the landlady, as she advanced towards her victim.

Mr. GREENE dodged behind the stove-pipe, with an agility altogether unworthy of his patrician ancestors, and extended long-fingered hands in a suppliant manner towards his tyrant. "To think," he mused aloud, "that one so beautiful should be so harsh."

"Look here," said the landlady, "you don't get over me that way;" but she softened visibly.

"And I had said to myself," urged Mr. GREENE, addressing the ceiling with fervour, "I had said to myself, here is one lovely woman who is disinterested, who will take pity on a political refugee, who will shed her winning smiles, the light of her beauty, on him; who will minister to his necessities, who will cheer him with her noble influence, who will—He broke off to cast a glance at his landlady.

The landlady began to sniff.

"Who will," continued Mr. GREENE, feeling that he was safe, "some day should—oh—should circumstances permit, share his ducal halls, a coronet upon her lovely brows, a—"

"Well," said the landlady, with another sniff, "you do talk that beautiful, Mr. GREENE, I don't mind if I do wait another week."

"Instead of which," said Mr. GREENE, again, addressing the ceiling, "she is as hard-hearted as the—as the Hyrcanean tiger, as remorseless as she is beautiful," (the landlady hastily tidied her hair,) "as stony as she is majestic."

"Say no more about it, Mr. GREENE, and let bygones be bygones. What did you want me to wear upon my nose, Mr. GREENE?"

"On your brows, woman, on your brows," said Mr. GREENE, instantly becoming severe as the danger diminished. "You don't wear a coronet on your nose."

"And you take back what you said just now about my being a herculean tiger?" asked the landlady, coquettishly toying with her apron.

Mr. GREENE shuddered; beads of perspiration bedewed his ducal brow. The tenderness of the landlady was more to be dreaded than her anger. "Of course, of course," he said, hastily. Then he assumed a heart-broken air, detached his chain from his waistcoat, quite forgetting that there was no watch at the end, and handed it to her. "Real gold, hall-marked," he muttered, brokenly. "It is the last bauble left me by—an inquisitive and overbearing Scotland Yard. Take it, woman. Take it, and—begone!"

The landlady sniffed again, and cast an amatory glance at Mr. GREENE's beautiful, but somewhat attenuated, face. From his face, her eyes wandered doubtfully to his legs, which were



of the Chippendale order of architecture." She hesitated. "If you'd like to settle down with me and run the boarding-house," she suggested, with Amazonian skittishness, "I could bring myself in time to overlook those legs. I——"

"Woman, avaunt!" Mr. GREENE strode from behind the stove-pipe, skipped hastily to the door, then turned, thrust one hand in his breast, and surveyed her scornfully. "You have driven me forth penniless into the mercy of a rude world of snow," he cried, bitterly. "Never again, woman, will you see me beneath your roof, never shall the ducal coronet of a GREENE adorn your ignoble brow. I have obtained a temporary situation at the village of Four Corners and will away thither. Seek to stay my departure, utter one word, and the curse of a GREENE of Greenshawes (my ancestral home," he added, in parenthesis) — "shall be upon you."

The disappointed landlady's reply was searching; but Mr. GREENE did not wait to hear its ripe luxuriance of metaphor. His escape had been narrow; it made him shiver to think how narrow; and his watch-chain represented the last visible token of former splendour. Gone for ever his gorgeous raiment, his purple and fine linen, his fur coat and cap. The fleecy snow fell round him like a winding-sheet as he strode melodramatically towards the railway station. With what theatrical grace had he evaded the enraged landlady! Truly, his genius ought not to be confined to the narrow limits of a printing-office, but should find its proper place on the stage. Then he shivered, for the snow gently but insinuatingly inserted itself in the nape of his neck. He had no overshoes to cover his chilblains. The fare to Four Corners would be about five dollars. He felt hastily in his pockets; but there was a disgraceful unanimity in their emptiness. Alas! that portion of his frame (to which it is impossible to allude publicly) was empty also—very empty! Should he return to the tender embrace of the landlady, or sneak a ride to Four Corners? He could not return after that triumphant exit; it would be such an anti-climax. Then more snow fell down the back of his lean neck as he sneaked into the freight yard, clambered unostentatiously into a car half-filled with flour-sacks, and waved a melodramatic farewell to Montreal. He would have apostrophised the rapidly vanishing city had it not been that the dust from the flour-sacks got into his throat and choked him, and a rude hireling with a big hammer poked his head into the car as he gazed suspiciously at the heap of sacks behind which Mr. GREENE hastily sought refuge. A few hours later, he took advantage of the opening of the car to peep out. He noticed, to his great regret, that the Conductor of the train was an exceedingly muscular person—a man whose health appeared to be as rude as his manners. When the train stopped at a little station, the Conductor went off to get a drink, and Mr. GREENE changed his quarters where he would not run the risk of suffocation from the shifting heaps of sacks. It was a great risk to run, but he gained his new coign of vantage unobserved, and sat down to think over the situation.

# I.

It was an ignominious situation, there was no doubt about that; and Mr. GREENE's language was "painful and frequent and free," as he hid in one corner of the baggage car and wondered how soon the Conductor would discover his whereabouts and proceed to put him off the train with premeditated violence. Would his garments endure the strain of such a proceeding? He feared not, as a long career of usefulness had militated against their resisting power to the rude grasp of worldlings.

The reason for Mr. GREENE's present discomfort was, that it was impossible to expect sympathy from the Conductor, who was a soulless person with a mission to pulverise "dead-heads" whenever he found them on his train. Mr. GREENE's proud spirit chafed at the thought of public humiliation, and, as the Conductor stepped jauntily about the cars, looking into dark corners for possible "beats," he tucked up his sleeves, warmed

his courage at the shrine of his imaginary ancestors, and prepared to invite the Conductor to "come on" before he (Mr. GREENE) was put off.

Fortunately for Mr. GREENE, as the train drew up at the Calumet Station two or three persons entered the car in order to remove some sacks of flour from one corner. Mr. GREENE promptly shouldered a sack, carried it to the edge of the car, dropped it on the platform, and then, seeing the Station Master's eye fixed upon him with amused scrutiny, went back for another sack, and thrust it into that worthy's arms with a vigour which brought the Station Master to the ground. Under cover of this incident, he leaped off the train and felt himself safe.

Seeing Mr. GREENE so busily engaged with the Station Master, the Conductor unsuspectingly signalled "all aboard." By this time the Station Master, with a shrewdness born of long experience, realised the situation and ceased to feel for a revolver wherewith to express his sentiments. Leaving the sack of flour on the platform, he walked into his room, with a nod to the stranger to follow. As an official of the line, it was his duty to kick Mr. GREENE; as a man and a brother who had often played the same trick on railway companies in his own unregenerate days, he felt an unfeigned admiration for the stranger's readiness of resource.

Mr. GREENE followed the Station Master into his cosy cabin, not without inward misgivings. These misgivings vanished when the Station Master extended an Esau-like hand and requested him to shake.

"And what might you call yourself when at home, stranger?" asked the Station Master.

Mr. GREENE warmed both hands at the Station Master's stove, and drew himself up haughtily as the Montreal train disappeared round a curve. "I might call myself the Duke of GREENESHAWEs—but no matter," he said carelessly. "The GREENES are one of our oldest English houses. With the 'e,' mind you. At present, I am travelling without my title. THOMAS CLAUDE GREENE will serve. I am moving about Canada for—for pleasure."

"Old PARKER told me to look out for his new printin' man, so I thought it must be you," said the Station Master, drily. "Most of his hands beat their way up here same as you've done; they'd feel it disgraceful to waste money on a ticket—sorter flyin' in the face of Providence, so to speak. They're short-handed at the *Four Corners Gazette*, and PARKER said as I was to make you hustle for all you're worth."

"I am not accustomed to—to hustle," said the new comer, with hauteur. "These rude provincials must be taught manners. I have accepted this engagement owing to a temporary lack of funds."

"I've bin took that way myself," sympathised the Station Master, "though I ain't a Dook, so to speak."

"But I expect remittances shortly, and——"

"Most printin' chaps do. I've known 'em do it for years and nothin' come of it," retorted the unabashed Station Master.

"PARKER's gone off on a jamboree with JACK MURRAY; but he's left his old box-sleigh for you to drive across the river. The road's marked out on the ice with pine-boughs, so you can't go wrong. Thar's a few holes, here and thar, whar teams 'as gone through; but with luck, maybe, you'll git over all right."

"Teams gone through!—holes!—with luck may get over!" In spite of his ducal descent, the handsome young stranger turned pale.

"If you don't git across, I'll let 'em know as you did your best," suggested the Station Master. "You ain't afraid of bears, maybe?"

"Bears!"

"Thar's an old brown bear as comes down from Plantag'net now and agin. They say he allers likes one full meal afore he curls up in a log for the Winter."

The stranger's long thin legs wobbled visibly. "I—I carry



no arms. Would you have me go to certain death, to be mangled by bears?"

"Oh, that old brown bear don't do no manglin'. He's got a way of wipin' out a feller with his paw in no time."

"I—I can't drive," said Mr. GREENE, somewhat feebly for the descendant of a hundred earls.

"Then you can't be an English Dook, for I've never seen one yet as couldn't drive. No, no; if you're a Dook, as you say you are, you'll drive all right."

Mr. GREENE muttered something about his retainers having always driven all the family horses in England.

"Well, come to think of it, it is a pity you didn't bring a crowd of 'em along to help on the printin'," suggested the Station Master, with unabated cheerfulness. "P'raps it's as well as you didn't, though. Old PARKER's ink's pretty sticky; it might git on their plush britches and spoil their looks."

Mr. GREENE pulled himself together with an effort, drew his somewhat ragged overcoat about him, and pointed theatrically to the door. "Lead on, I follow."

"If I was you, your Dookship, I'd lead her myself," said the Station Master, as he untied something which looked like an iced door-mat attached to a small truck on runners. "'La Paresseuse,' Miss PARKER calls her, 'cause she's allers in a hurry. Why, you ain't got no buffler robes. You'll freeze to death afore you know where you are."

Mr. GREENE looked at the box-sleigh with unmitigated disgust, as "'La Paresseuse'" sleepily winked one eye and took stock of her new driver. The accommodation which the sleigh afforded was of the most primitive description, its runners unevenly balanced, the straw in the bottom ancient and musty.

"I know it ain't like one of your dookal carriages at home, clad in purple and fine linen, as mentioned in the Scriptures. 'La Paresseuse,' too, ain't much to look at, bein' a hoss of disappointed ambitions, so to speak," said the Station Master; "but if any hoss can git through, she will."

"I don't want her to get through," said Mr. GREENE, slowly drawing on his mits. "It's a pity most of her ambition seems to have evaporated in icicles. Is there—is there anything to encourage her to take a fresh interest in existence?"

"Here's a hickory stick," said the Station Master. "I'll lend you some buffler robes and chance 'em goin' under. If the worst comes to the worst, I can allers take out the price of 'em in Gazettes."

He went into the house and returned with an old bell-mouthed blunderbuss and a couple of moth-eaten buffalo robes. "It's only a matter of five miles across to Four Corners," he said, cheerily. "If you meet that bear, he'll be ahind the snow-hummock half-way. He mostly goes down thar when he's hungry, a-lookin' for Miss PARKER, who hurt his feelin's by shootin' at him last Winter. Wait till you see the whites of his eyes afore you fill him up. I've loaded her with two or three bits of old ramrod as 'll discourage him."

Mr. GREENE shivered. "How can a man die better than by facing fearful odds!" he murmured, and, seizing "'La Paresseuse'" by the bridle, endeavoured to drag her down to the river brink.

"'La Paresseuse'" made a snap at his arm, shook off half-a-dozen icicles, and went to sleep again.

The Station Master brought the hickory sapling down on her shaggy ribs with a resounding thwack. "She allers likes a sort of hint to start," he explained.

"'La Paresseuse'" went off with a rush, then relapsed into a crawl.

"You'd better climb over the back of the sleigh," suggested the Station Master. "She don't like bein' stopped once she's put her hand to the plough, so to speak."

"If I don't see you again," faltered Mr. GREENE, "accept my thanks for your hospitality. I'm sorry I upset you with the flour-sack."

"Oh, that's all right, Dook. If you don't git over the crossin'

now, you're sure to turn up agin in the Spring when the ice melts," said the Station Master, trotting along by the side of the sleigh. "I'll look out for you. So long."

Mr. GREENE felt very sorry for himself as the Station Master disappeared and "'La Paresseuse'" slowly threaded her way along the ice track. He was alone beneath the midnight Canadian sky—alone upon this snowy waste, a sombre mass of cedars and pines in the distance serving to mark the opposite shore where the tin spire of the Four Corners Catholic Church gleamed like a silver sea. An effete dweller in cities, Mr. GREENE was not prepared to cope with the primeval forces of Nature as exemplified by bears and holes in the river track. Carefully tying the reins to the side of the sleigh, he smote "'La Paresseuse'" with the hickory sapling, drew the buffalo robes more closely around his shivering form, and prepared to meet his fate. All Summer he had lived a life of butterfly ease, drifting from town to town to increase his knowledge of mankind, and, incidentally, of womenkind also. But with the approach of Winter, he had been forced to fall back upon his plebeian calling of printer, and wrap himself in the haughty reserve of his supposed aristocratic connections. By dint of hinting darkly at his high birth, he had gradually come to believe in it. At any rate, if need be, he could die like a Duke, should the bear prove deaf to moral suasion.

Mr. GREENE's knowledge of firearms was more than elementary, for he knew absolutely nothing about them, except that they were exceedingly unpleasant things with which to have anything to do. He had a vague idea that you carelessly swung up a revolver when you wanted to kill anything, and that the revolver attended to everything else on its own initiative. His acquaintance with larger weapons was even less, although he did know the butt of a rifle from the muzzle. The weapon belonging to the Station Master, however, was not of modern construction, and seemed to be a relic of the days when hospitable settlers thoughtfully prepared hospitable welcomes for stray Indians. It seemed to Mr. GREENE, that all it required was a gun-carriage to make it an excellent weapon wherewith to batter down the walls of a beleaguered city.

He picked up the blunderbuss from the box-sleigh, somewhat injudiciously put the stock firmly against the middle of his waistcoat, and peered anxiously along the track to where, about halfway, was a huge heap of snow. He could see nothing.

The road zig-zagged between green branches of cedar which had been stuck into the ice on either side to mark the track. The cedar branches cast ugly shadows on the snow—shadows which suggested to Mr. GREENE all sorts of unpleasant possibilities. For aught he knew, they might be the ghosts of Indian braves revisiting their former haunts and longing for the scalp of the paleface. He might, perhaps, be able to do something with an enraged bear, but it was utterly impossible to argue with ghosts; their reasoning powers were as thin as themselves. As no ghosts appeared on the scene, his thoughts reverted to the bear. It was probable that the blunderbuss was accustomed to deal with bears.

"Perhaps," he said, hopefully, "if the brute does come, he will begin on 'La Paresseuse.' I shall be comparatively flavourless by the time he has done with her."

"'La Paresseuse'" resented this unfeeling remark with a klick which dashed in the front of the sleigh and severely barked Mr. GREENE's right shin. Then she galloped fearlessly towards a huge animal which suddenly emerged from behind the snow-hummock and sprang into the sleigh.

Pressing the stock of the blunderbuss still more firmly against the pit of his empty stomach, Mr. GREENE shut both eyes, and pulled the trigger. The blunderbuss retaliated by kicking him over the back of the sleigh, and he fainted.

He recovered, to find a particularly soothing brand of whiskey trickling down his throat with the accompaniment of various unflattering remarks about himself in the sweetest voice he



had ever heard. "I shall see that brute of a Station Master again, after all," he said, dreamily. "Oh, my!"

"Of course you 've a pain in your 'Oh, my!'" said the same sweet girlish voice. "It's a wonder you 've any 'Oh, my!' left, after holding your gun in that stupid way."

Mr. GREENE's head reposed on the shoulder of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She had spread a buffalo robe on the snow, a few yards away from a gory mass with a long tail. His quarry was before him. His! At the very first shot!

Mr. GREENE felt ashamed to be thus ministered to by a girl. Even in his distress it was some consolation to him to notice how beautiful she was, and with what a half-motherly, half-sisterly air she endeavoured to protect him from the consequences of his own misguided zeal as a sportsman. Still, it was not every one who could repress with such complete success the misguided attempts of a wild animal to eat him. At the same time, Mr. GREENE could not help feeling painfully conscious that sport of this nature was not without its drawbacks, and that another such shot would in all probability be as disastrous to himself as to the animal at which it was aimed. Then, when the first agony of the blow on his stomach had abated, he struggled up a little, and began to experience the joy of successful destruction. There was his prey peacefully reposing—what was left of it—in the moonlight. He staggered to his feet, and struck a melodramatic attitude.

"Have I killed it dead?" he asked, with modest pride, although conscious of an acute pain from the recoil of the gun.

"Oh, yes," said the girl. "I reckon it's dead enough, stranger; that is, what's left of it to die."

"My first bear," said Mr. GREENE, in nonchalant tones.

"First what?" asked the girl, putting the whiskey flask back in her pocket.

"I said 'bear.'"

The girl regarded him with twinkling eyes. "Yes, I know you said 'bear'; I'm not deaf; but, say, stranger, did you ever see a bear with—a—tail—like—that!"

Mr. GREENE staggered towards the dead animal. "A freak of Nature—a freak of Nature to put sportsmen off their guard at its insidious approach. Somebody must have tied it on."

"Most people," gurgled the girl, "would call it a Newfoundland—bear! Eh, stranger?"

She looked into his handsome face, pale with suffering; he gazed into hers, and forgot his pain. "Who—who are you?"

"My friends call me ELVINA PARKER, and I've come out to look for my dad. Dad always wants looking for badly when he meets JACK MURRAY."

"Looking for?"

"Yes." The girl hesitated as if not quite certain as to the advisability of confiding in the handsome young stranger. A glance at his suffering face, however, reassured her. "When dad has been sticking pretty closely to work for a few months, he feels the need of a change."

"I see."

"Yes; and he takes it this way."

"How?"

"Well, he generally makes all his arrangements beforehand," said the girl with the traces of laughter in her beautiful eyes, "so that the subscribers sha'n't be taken unawares when he goes off on a 'jag.'"

"I beg your pardon. On a what?"

"On a 'jag.' It is a technical term for the—the momentary oblivion induced by too much whiskey," solemnly explained the girl.

"I see."

"And the curious thing is that JACK MURRAY always feels the same symptoms coming on when dad is beginning to sicken for this complaint. Then they meet, and he also makes his arrangements so that people sha'n't be upset by his momentary inattention to duty."

"And what becomes of the *Four Corners Gazette*?"

"I look after that, if there isn't any one else. Just alter the date, put in a notice and issue this contents-bill. See here."

Then the girl pointed to a placard which was hanging on the wall.

## FOUR CORNERS GAZETTE.

Friends will kindly accept

THIS INTIMATION

that the

EDITOR

IS TEMPORARILY INCAPACITATED

from attending to

HIS EDITORIAL DUTIES.

The girl smiled, and continued—

"No one kicks at getting the same number twice. They have been known to object when there has been a third; but then some people are so exacting. Now you are coming to us, we shall be able to surprise our subscribers."

"I think I am far more surprised than they are likely to be. But everything seems to be swimming. People will be disappointed when they see your new printer—all that is left of him. I must apologise for arriving in such a scattered condition."

The girl surveyed him curiously.

"You've lost me my—bear! Oh-h!"

"You've lost me my—heart!"

"If it's as badly smashed as that," said the girl, pointing to the defunct Newfoundland, "you'll never get it back again."

She dragged the dead dog to the snow-hummock, covered him over, and whistled to "La Paresseuse," who came at once.

"Get in," said Miss PARKER. "We'll leave the remains of your—your bear—to be carried over the Falls when the ice breaks up. Here, lean on me, if you can't walk."

She half-pushed, half-lifted him into the sleigh, as his head fell on her shoulder, and he fainted again. "I never knew that a gun could kill at both ends before," said the girl, coaxing "La Paresseuse" into a gallop. "Reckon I'll have to get the paper out myself this week."

Some hours later, Mr. GREENE revived in bed, with an uneasy consciousness that he was all stomach. A huge furry mass lay in one corner of the room, from which a sickening odour floated up to his nostrils. "What's that?" he asked.

"Miss PARKER thought you'd like to see your bearskin," said the wrinkled old doctor, who was busily preparing hot fomentations.

"The what?"

"The bearskin. She sent some one down to skin it. She seems to think she owes her life to you."

"But I don't understand. I was under the impression that I had shot a dog."

"Well," said the doctor with a sniff of contempt, "you're the first Englishman I ever met who didn't know a dog from a bear. How you managed to hit it and yourself at the same time is a mystery to me. If you're able to move without disturbing those bandages, just cast your eye in that corner and tell me whether you ever saw a dog with a skin like that."

Mr. GREENE raised himself on one elbow. Yes; there was no doubt about it at all. There was a bearskin newly stripped from its wearer, and convincingly gory. Even the tail was the length of an ordinary bear's caudal appendage.

(Continued in our next.)





### "SEATS OF THE MIGHTY."

ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, A LARGE NUMBER OF ARM-CHAIRS HAVE BEEN SENT TO THE CAPE FOR THE USE OF OFFICERS IN THE FIELD. THE ABOVE "SEATS OF WAR" ARE ALL "FRONT SEATS"; THEY ARE "STRICTLY RESERVED"; AND ARE NOT TO BE SAT UPON BY THE ENEMY.

### WAITING TO BE TAXED.

SPEECHES of third-rate orators in the House of Commons.

Indifferent Amateur Performances in aid of objects vaguely philanthropic.

Various advertisements of fussy nobodies impudently pushing to the front.

Street nuisances of every description, from the bicycle scorchers to the female, with her large bonnet and her (more than) little tambourine.

### "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

"WHAT a nice new lot o' friends we're getting!" as the country policeman says (or "words to that effect") in Dandy Dick.



And what a nice sum our friends, both old and new, have already subscribed to Mr. Punch's Fund for the "HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, IN GREAT ORMOND STREET." The total received, up to Friday last, was £5,830, and in addition to this, a "Donation Fund for Investment," £1,800. Bravo! Still Mr. Punch adopts, for the nonce, the horse-leech's cry of "Give! Give! Give!" and he will not be satisfied till the future of the Hospital is guaranteed beyond the possibility of doubt. Donations, small and large, to be sent as before to

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO.,

10, Bouverie St., Fleet St., E.C.,

by whom they will be most thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged.

### LABOURS FOR LENT.

Lord Salisbury.—To imitate the patriotism of the Colonial Premiers.

Mr. Arthur Balfour.—To give up excuses at public meetings, and to attend to his duties "in another place."

Mr. Chamberlain.—To imitate Brer Rabbit to lay low and say (next to) nothing.

Lord Lansdowne.—To put things straight at the War Office.

Mr. Wadham.—To keep his chief up to the mark and make a mark himself.



THE Illustrated Papers oft with satisfaction grunt, When they print a pleasing portrait of "Our Artist at the Front." Now here we have a picture of a sort we seem to Which is to say, a portrait of "Our Artist at the Back."



### THE SPIDERS AND THE HORNET.

A New Game, much played in South Africa.





H'M!

*Stern Father.* "WHAT AN UNEARTHLY HOUR THAT YOUNG FELLOW STOPS TILL EVERY NIGHT, DORIS. 'WHAT DOES YOUR MOTHER SAY ABOUT IT?'"

*Daughter.* "SHE SAYS MEN HAVEN'T ALTERED A BIT, PA."

## LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO SIR EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C.

SIR,—We have been passing, we are still, indeed, passing, through a crisis, and grievous as may be the disappointments, the losses and the temporary failures entailed upon a people by such a passage, it has at any rate one element of profit. Before the end is reached many a loudly-vaunted pretender will have been shown forth in his true colours; while here and there a man of true metal will have emerged, sound, serviceable, and genuine from all the trials imposed upon him.

How many and how strange are the chances and changes of political life! How often does some trivial, unnoted incident serve to dash the cup from expectant lips. Statesmen, generals, lawyers, leaders of thought and leaders of revolt, bright stars of literature and humble journalists—what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue. There was an EDWARD CLARKE, one of the mainstays of the Conservative Party, their trusted counsellor, their brilliant, impassioned advocate, the favourite of his constituency, to whom no avenue of honourable ambition seemed to be closed. Where is he now? In his place we see a man still brilliant and impassioned, still unstained in honour and in loyalty to high ideals. He is the self-same man, no more, certainly no less, but his party casts him out, and his constituents roughly break the bonds that have bound him to them for twenty years or more. Neither his services nor his merits availed him. His voice had been honestly uttered, but in defence of unpopular principles; his conscience was not impeached, but his opinion was said to have gone astray. His judgment had favoured peace, and peace having been broken he had still spoken in favour of conciliation.

In all this there is nothing, Sir, of which you have reason to feel ashamed. On the contrary, it must be admitted that throughout the crisis you, at any rate, have played your part like a man. Stale and stupid taunts are often levelled against those who

follow the profession of the law. In pompous leading articles, as at provincial penny readings, they are still held up to ridicule as men who, if they do not exactly "take their oath with equal ease on either side or both," yet profess opinions not because they honestly hold them, but because they are paid to profess them. But the lives of great barristers, their fiery zeal, their whole-hearted devotion to duty for duty's sake, their noble energy, often so ill-requested, their laborious industry in striving not for themselves—for fame is not always before them to lure them on, nor can the hope of mere gain explain their activity—but for others; their proud and upright spirit of fair dealing and honest speech; their high and sustained eloquence—all these qualities, and, in short, the whole tenor of their public lives stamp them as men to whom honour and truth are as the breath of their nostrils. Amongst this great company your place has been for many years assured. Not through the adventitious aid of rank or fortune, but by the force of your own strong intellect and your untiring work have you made your way. The poor boy who consecrated to learning the scanty hours of his leisure, who by the dim light of a hoarded candle picked up scraps of knowledge when the work of the day was over, can have had but little thought of the rewards that were to be his after many years, the great position honestly earned, the high reputation constantly sustained, and the esteem of his fellow countrymen. And it must surprise you, knowing what you are and how you stand, to look back at times and remember how small your chances seemed and how depressing was your lot.

Well, Sir, you have held one of the highest positions that law and politics combined can offer to the practising barrister. Your voice has been heard in great debates in the House of Commons; your eloquence and power of lucid exposition have enabled you to hold your own unashamed against the greatest parliamentarians. And now, after all these years of strenuous and distinguished political activity, you quit for a time the busy scene of your triumphs and your ambitions. You, at any rate, refuse to keep your seat in the House at the price of compromising with your conscience. Holding certain strong convictions, which happen to be disliked by the mass of your party, you express them fearlessly, and submit without unmanly complaint to the penalty those opinions entail.

It is a high example, especially valuable in these days when some statesmen glory in creating and stimulating a spurious ferocity of public opinion in order that they themselves may afterwards be swept away by it; when they hold no creed of their own absolutely, but divide their professions of faith into mutually destructive halves for the purpose of standing well both with their own conscience and the loud exponents of popular passion. From these you have severed yourself to your own credit and that of public life in England.

For you, the loss of the opportunities for speech and action that are afforded by a seat in the House of Commons is no small one. But you have, at any rate, the compensation of knowing that all who hold by freedom of opinion, independence of judgment, and unswerving rectitude of conduct are your friends and admirers.

I am, Sir, with profound respect,

Your faithful servant,

THE VAGRANT.

THE ESCAPED ELEPHANTS.—It is no wonder that at the Crystal Palace, Monday week last, the orchestra executed a *tremolissimo agitatissimo stampedo* on the appearance of the elephant loose in the auditorium, taking up a lot of seats (which he could neither occupy nor pay for) with his trunk. Pity the musicians could not have combined to play on the elephantine feelings since "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast" (or breast), and a modern Orpheus with his lute (or flute) might have caused the elephant, like the oft-quoted bear, "to dance to the genteelst of tunes," and so to have been easily captured:





### A REASONABLE REQUEST.

*Mild Sportsman (who has been jumped on). "DO YOU MIND ASKING YOUR HORSE TO TAKE HIS FOOT OUT OF MY POCKET?"*

### THE GAIETY OF LONDON.

If a genuinely crowded house, repeated hearty applause, and frequent "great laughter," be indications of triumphant success, then undeniably *The Messenger Boy*, at the Gaiety, has achieved it. It is a musical play, put together by a company of six collaborateurs, i.e., by two librettists, Messrs. TANNER and MURRAY; two lyricists, Messrs. ROSS and GREENBANK; and two composers, Messrs. CARYLL and MONCKTON, who, with the talented actresses, actors, and vocalists, have all marched to victory, in one "United Service" corps, under the command of Field-Marshal GEORGE EDWARDES, K.G.C., i.e., Kommander-in-chief of the Gaiety Company. That Mr. LONNEN, of "Killaloo" and "Bogey-Man" renown, does all that can be done with *Cosmos Bey*, and that that isn't much, and that Mr. HARRY NICHOLIS, G.C. (i.e., Genuine Comedian), is as excellent as the part of *Hooker Pasha* permits him to be, is to their great credit, though it doesn't say much for acute perception on the part of the eminent librettists and lyricists. Mr. NAINBY, most funnily made up, does nothing to justify the admiration his appearance, at first, excites; this is less his fault than his misfortune; while the insistence on the Fashoda affair would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. The authors, by now, should have substituted some other "business" for that of planting the flags. Mr. WILLIE WARDE is inimitably travestied as *Professor Phunckwitz*, and contributes largely to the success of the concerted dancing, in which he, besides having arranged all the terpsichorean efforts of the company, takes his fair share. The "honours easy" are borne by Mr. FRED WRIGHT, junior, as the aggressive Captain

Pott; by Miss ROSIE BOOTE as *Isabel Blyth*, with the song and chorus of "Daisy"; and by Miss VIOLET LLOYD as *Nona*. It is Miss KATIE SEYMOUR who shares "the cake" which is undoubtedly taken, and a big one too, by Mr. EDMUND PAYNE, who, no matter what he does in acting, singing, or dancing, is irresistibly funny. His face sets the house in a roar; he has only to appear in one costume after another to start irrepressible laughter, the climax being reached when he appears, as a male mummy and has a duet and dance with Miss KATIE SEYMOUR representing the female mummy. The costumes are artistically magnificent, the scenery bright, the dialogue, without any apparent attempt at brilliancy, helps on the action of the plot,—for there is a plot,—and the music is pleasing, though, with the exception of the "Daisy" song and one of the sextettes, not of the class of composition that "comes to stay." The tout ensemble constitutes another "Gaiety success."

**SHAKSPINERO.**—It is not true that Mr. BENSON has taken an entirely new view of the physical characteristics of King RICHARD the Third, and is henceforth going to represent him on the stage as "Dandy Dick."

**EVIDENT.**—As to Militia, it is said that we are "30,000 short." Well, what's the advantage of having them "30,000 tall?" On the contrary, if short men and deadly shots, they'll be safe "snipers."

**WAR NEWS.**—"Reports of Conflicts," i.e., "Conflicting Reports."





Paul Marz  
1900

"WHAT ON EARTH IS ALL THIS DEAFENING NOISE?"

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR. I'VE GIVEN IT TO THEM TO KEEP THEM QUIET!"

#### A DESPATCH À LA MUNCHAUSEN.

(Via Pretoria and Delagoa Bay.)

THE cavalry dashed into us, and we drove them back. They poured lead upon us from their carbines, and their swords flashed right and left. They rode us down with their horses, but we drove them back.

Then came the infantry. They charged with their bayonets. They were through our ranks a score of times, but to no purpose. We drove them back.

Then for twelve hours the artillery kept up a pitiless, unceasing fire. We had

shells of every description fall in our ranks, and bursting in every direction. It was a terrible time, but we held our own. After this fearful fusillade they retired in great confusion. Their losses must have been enormous. But we drove them back. And what were our casualties? The list is soon given. A bugler lost the tip of his trumpet, and a donkey was slightly wounded in the hoof.

QUERY BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.  
—Is Prince HENRI of Orleans so partial to the Bo(ars because he was born at Ham?

#### AN ACADEMIC PRAYER.

["Oxford is considering the creation of new degrees—those of Doctor of Letters and Doctor of Science. One proposal was that professors and heads of colleges should be exempt from the stipulated exercises, as it would be awkward if they failed . . . The Board of *Literæ Humaniores* has petitioned to be relieved of the obligation of examining, but without success."—*Daily Paper*.]

*Heads of Colleges sing:*

WITH trembling hearts, to you who sit  
Mid academic glories,  
We suppliants come, O Board of *Lit-  
-eræ Humaniores!*

Ah! hear our prayers,  
And pity our grey hairs  
And farrowed cheeks, where wrin'kled  
care doth dwell!

How can Age find  
A heart to grind?  
For things will slip from an old man's  
mind  
That youth remembers well.

Long years ago,  
Ere Time made white our brows with  
snow,  
When ye were bantling babes with downy  
pates,  
We haply knew  
As much as you,  
Aye, haply thought ourselves young  
gods

As we disported through the qua's  
Triumphant from our firsts in "*Meds*"  
Or "*Greats*."

Nay, plough us not! 'Twere mad!  
How could we face  
Mid such disgrace  
The chaff-ful undergrad?  
How could we scold the saucy elves  
For being plucked, when plucked our-  
selves?

Ah, Sirs, be kind  
And bear this thought in mind:  
Some day, when you've forgot what know-  
ledge is,  
You also may be heads of colleges,  
And crave of others what we crave of  
you—  
Then oh! be merciful, and let us through!

#### THREE LITTLE PATRIOTS.

["The Committee appointed by the Government to enquire into the administration of the Patriotic Fund contains the names of three of the Patriotic Fund Commissioners."—*Daily Paper*.]

THREE little patriots are we;  
They have selected us to see  
What we have done with the £ s. d.—  
Three little patriots!

We'll sit on ourselves, 'twill be such fun!  
Judge and criminal all in one!  
Won't we discover the deeds we've done?

Three little patriots!  
Three little heroes, whose vocation  
Is to defend their reputation  
From an unworthy accusation—  
Three little patriots!





### THE TWO RAVENS.

"THERE WERE TWO RAVENS SAT ON A TREE,  
DOWN A DOWN A ROSE-BERRY DOWN,  
DEKRY DOWN, SAL & BUAY DOWN."

[<sup>1</sup> Lord Salisbury's speech in the Lords was, if anything, rather more pessimistic than Lord Roseberry's. — *Daily Paper*.]

*Shirley Van der Meer, 1897, or 1898*





### PROVERBS (PISCATORIALLY PUT).

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND,"—SO DO NOT BE DISMAYED EVEN THOUGH YOU GET FAST TO THE BOTTOM (AFTER LUNCH), AND SEND EVERYTHING TO POT (YOURSELF INCLUDED) BY A TOO FRANTIC ENDEAVOUR TO STRIKE YOUR HOOKS INTO WHAT YOU TAKE TO BE THE BIG ONE!

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### The Hotel.

You tell that you not have but two rooms frees, of whom one to the first who give on the street. To what price?

Fifty francs! Name of one pipe! And the other?

Eh well, show to me the room to the fifth to ten francs.

What ascender! One not arrive ever.

It is here? One mansard who give on the court. Nothing of more sad!

You not have but that? All is complete?

This room is humid. He do cold here. Do to do of the fire. I shiver.

I detest these crusadesses. I prefer the windows to beheader to the female English. One can them to open one all small little.

What hotness under the roof! I stuff. Tell to the woman of

##### L'Hôtel.

Vous dites que vous n'avez que deux chambres libres, dont une au premier qui donne sur la rue. A quel prix?

Cinquante francs! Nom d'une pipe! Et l'autre?

Eh bien, montrez-moi la chambre au cinquième à dix francs.

Quel ascenseur! On n'arrive jamais.

C'est ici? Une mansarde qui donne sur la cour. Rien de plus triste!

Vous n'avez que ça? Tout est complet?

Cette chambre est humide. Il fait froid ici. Faites faire du feu. Je grelotte.

Je déteste ces croisées. Je préfère les fenêtres à guillotine à l'anglaise. On peut les ouvrir un tout petit peu.

Quelle chaleur sous le toit! J'étouffe. Dites à la femme de

room of to leave the window all great opened.

Bring to me one bath of seat, of the cold water, and of the napkins.

##### The Rising.

Bring to me one bath of seat, of the cold water, of the ice, and of the linen.

This bath of seat is too much little. There hast-he one school of natation all to near?

No? Then do to prepare one great bath all cold.

Who is therefore this lady in the passage? I not can her to pass in going to the bath.

She seek the good woman, to this that he appear. She is in robe of room.

Oh shocking! The manners of the female French are abominables. What country!

She is young however. Not ill. One cut enough elegant.

She regard of the other side to present. It is damage. What delicious little back-neck!

Ah, she me regard! My faith, that she is ravishing! Of the superb eyes. And one little smile! Oh!

Eh well, boy, that is this that you attend there?

You believed that I not dared to pass this lady?

Ah, cretin, imbecile, idiot!

Wish you you of him to go? I go to take my bath.

chambre de laisser la fenêtre toute grande ouverte.

Apportez-moi un bain de siège, de l'eau froide, et des serviettes.

##### Le Lever.

Apportez-moi un bain de siège, de l'eau froide, de la glace, et du linge.

Ce bain de siège est trop petit. Y a-t-il une école de natation tout auprès?

Non? Alors faites préparer un grand bain tout froid.

Qui est donc cette dame dans le couloir? Je ne peux pas la passer en allant au bain.

Elle cherche la bonne, à ce qu'il paraît. Elle est en robe de chambre.

Oh shocking! Les mœurs de Françaises sont abominables. Quel pays!

Elle est jeune cependant. Pas mal. Une taille assez élégante.

Elle regarde de l'autre côté à présent. C'est dommage. Quelle délicieuse petite nuque!

Ah, elle me regarde! Ma foi, qu'elle est ravissante! Des yeux superbes. Et un petit sourire! Oh!

Eh bien, garçon, qu'est-ce que vous attendez là?

Vous croyiez que je n'osais pas passer cette dame?

Ah, crétin, imbécile, idiot!

Voulez-vous vous en aller? Je vais prendre mon bain.

H. D. B.

### A SCHOOL BILL OF THE FUTURE.

(Computed after Consideration of a recent Verdict.)

[The "high spirited" and "imaginative" boy . . . suggests an indefinite and alarming addition to the possibilities already vague and large enough of the school bills of "our boys."—*Times*, February 22, 1900.]

WITH DR. BIRCH'S compliments to PATERFAMILIAS, Esq.

To damages caused by smashing a greenhouse	...	£35	10	0
" " destroying a wardrobe	...	15	10	10
" " de-stringing a grand piano	...	76	10	0
" " cutting oil paintings	...	128	4	10
" " ruining a carriage	...	96	10	0
" " "making hay" of drawing-room furniture	...	126	0	0
" " blowing-up the house...	...	560	0	0
" " mental anxiety consequent upon the above	...	1,000	0	0
		£2,038	5	8
Tuition fee (inclusive of stationery)	...	11	14	4
Total	...	£2,050	0	0

THE BARD ON THE SPOT.—Shakspeare on the originator of certain big coloured pictorial placards which appear on all the hoardings. "Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—*Henry the Fourth* (First Part), Act IV., Scene 1.





First Village Politician. "WELL, ALL AS I DO KNOW IS THAT THAT 'ERE CHAMBERLAIN DON'T NEVER SPEAK BUT WOT 'E SES SOMETHING!"

### THE MARTYRDOM OF STOCKWELL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There is a little Oasis in the desert of Clapham-Brixton. It is an unassuming Oasis, chiefly remarkable for a public house known to tram-conductors, for a College where school teachers are well trained, and little girls are well taught. There was no ambition about Stockwell, in so far as I know, except to be mistaken for Clapham or Brixton, or even Kennington, until the City and South London Electric Railway Company made this innocent suburb a Terminus station pending future extension. Then the butchers, the bakers, and the candlestick makers, and above all the Letters of Lodgings saw that the harvest had come, and, reckless of the feelings of the Ishmaels in the Oasis, connived at the Martyrdom of the spot, which bears the name of a famous racehorse. The Electric Railway Company, with the agility of the Electric Bel, has pushed its tail into every house in the vicinity. The bombardment of Ladysmith, I am absolutely certain, was nothing compared to the prodigious uproar, the rattling and shaking, the mysterious clicking, the dismemberment of doors and windows, which go on not only all day but all night.

I can conceive that a man or woman sentenced by some Occult Tribunal to pass away by lunacy would be conveyed to this unhappy spot. I can also imagine that the landlords, unless they

have been anointed with palm-oil, must be the most suicidal body of human beings whom Providence has ever endowed with property. I write to you, Mr. Punch, because you have a fine sympathy with suffering humanity and know that battling with the wide-awake Boers does not excuse the down-treading of the rest of patriotic citizens within two miles of Charing Cross. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant, **DIODENES TUBB.**  
Barrel House, Stockwell, S.W.

### SCENE AT ANY GOVERNMENT OFFICE.

(From a very old comedy.)

ROUTINE discovered seated reading newspaper. To him enter RED TAPE.

Red Tape. Mornin', ROUTINE.

ROUTINE. Mornin'.

R. T. Nothin' in papers, eh?

R. Nothin'—of any consequence.

R. T. Usual attacks on us.

R. That's all.

R. T. Yet we're still here.

R. And always shall be.

R. T. "What shall part us?"

R. "What shall tear us asunder?"

R. T. ROUTINE!

R. (rising). RED TAPE!

[They embrace. Then both sit. Pause.]

R. T. And now, what are you going to do?

R. Nothing.

R. T. Good. I'll assist.

[They set to work and do it. Scene closes.]

### PERILS OF THE ROAD.

[“No modern mechanism has assumed the extraordinary importance of the bicycle, either as a cause or as an instrument of crime.”—Professor LOMBROSO in *The Pall Mall Magazine*.]

Do you ask me why I shun

Wonted worship of the tyre?

'Tis not dread of Summer's sun,

CHLOE, nor of Winter's mire;

Nor that I weigh fourteen stone—

And some few pounds higher.

Slimmer rivals at your side

Urge their unbecoming suits;

I, aloof with proper pride,

Clad in less ungainly boots,

Give them berth—a roadway wide.—

When I hear their hoots.

For an article I read

That LOMBROSO wrote, revealing

How, in spite of what was said

To their better sense appealing,

Guileless youths to crime were led,

Step by step—through wheeling.

So from crime to live secure—

(Yet it need not disconcert you,

To the pure are all things pure,

Even biking could not hurt you)

CHLOE, I the bike abjure

Still to keep my virtue.

GUIDE TO THE CONTENTS.—BILLS.—In waiting

No news of any kind. On the move—last chance of the idealless sub-editor. Very latest—Nothing further to-night.





### ILL-TIMED ACCURACY.

*Amiable Hostess.* "WELL, NOW YOU ARE HERE, I HOPE YOU WILL STAY TO LUNCH WITH ME."

*Gushing Visitor.* "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, DEAR MRS. BROWNE, IF WE MAY. (To daughter.) THERE, VERA, WON'T THAT BE DELIGHTFUL? SUCH A PLEASANT SURPRISE FOR YOU!"

*Severely Truthful Child.* "NOT A SURPRISE, MOTHER. YOU KNOW YOU SAID MRS. BROWNE MUST ASK US TO LUNCH IF WE ONLY STOPPED LONG ENOUGH!"

### A GENUINE "SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT" AT - COVENT GARDEN OPERA HOUSE.

(Thursday, Feb. 22, at Covent Garden, in aid of the Officers' Wives and Families Fund.)

MAGNIFIQUE! et—c'est la guerre which has given occasion, sad occasion, for the raising of money wherewith to benefit "The Officers' Wives and Families Fund." A full house, of course, with their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES present in the Royal Box, ever ready to take the lead in assisting any effort in so excellent a cause. The Grand Concert given on Thursday last must have realised eleven thousand pounds.

What greater attraction could there be to lovers of music, vocal and instrumental, than the names of ADELINA PATTI, Monsieur ALVAREZ (who was so excellent in *Carmen*), ever popular Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, and Monsieur JOHANNES WOLFF, "first violinist"?

WILHELM GANZ was the indefatigable conductor of an admirable orchestra. If you want a safe man who knows the ropes, or, musically speaking, "the chords," try WILHELM GANZ.

Pictorially, the Concert was materially assisted by a "Drop"—not a "Drop in the ocean" of gold and silver, as a four-penny bit would have been, but a fine dashing specimen of scene-painting by, as I gathered from the programme, Messrs. BRUCE SMITH and DIXON (more power to their elbows!), which formed the background, or "back-cloth," to all the soloists, PATTI, ALVAREZ, LLOYD, and Violinist WOLFF. This work of art represented all sorts and conditions of the British Army, in a

variety of fierce and jubilant attitudes, on either side of two central figures, of which one was Britannia with a flag, and the other an open-mouthed lion, quite a masterpiece of artistic genius. To me this lion was absolutely fascinating: no matter who sang, or who played, the lion sympathised. His tremendous jaws were wide open, but so craftily were his eyes painted (I think the effect must have been due to his eyes) that whether the music was plaintive, gay, serious, or triumphant, the lion was *dans le mouvement*. He was ready to snarl, to smile, to growl, aye and even to laugh—and if it be possible to "make a cat laugh," why not a lion?—and, in short, he was ready to do whatever the music suggested.

Petite PATTI (beg pardon, Baroness CEDERSTRÖM, and "don't you forget it"), plus petite que jamais, not one whit afraid of the lion, skipped to the front, a perfect blaze of diamonds. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," but "no stones, however precious," observed Mr. WAGSTAFF, "could equal the value of her vocally precious (s)tones." Could that lion have got at WAGSTAFF he would have made short work of him.

And so, when "Rule Britannia" had been given, when the solos of "God Save the Queen" had been magnificently sung by Mme. PATTI and Mr. LLOYD, accompanied by the massed military bands under Lieutenant CHARLES GODFREY, gorgeous in uniform, and Mr. J. M. ROGAN, also splendid as a Coldstreamer, all that brilliant house and the Royalties standing, we retired in the full consciousness that this concert must have vastly benefited the fund it was designed to assist.

A TRUE BRITON.

P.S.—I have forgotten to mention the clever "Amateur Banjo, Mandoline and Guitar Orchestra of Ladies and Gentlemen," under the able and almost *ballet-d'action*-like conducting of Mr. A. D. CAMMEYER. Its effect was lost in so large an area, as the admirably executed tinkling and thrumming produced a result rather suggestive of a performance by one half of the well-known COOTE and TINNEY's Band, that is, the "TINNEY" portion without the COOTE.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. ALFRED KINNEAR, a War Correspondent invalided home from South Africa, has the good fortune to be first in the field with account of his experiences. *To Modder River with Methuen* (ARROWSMITH) is unpretentious in style, and only a shilling by way of cost. The absence of effort at making a big book adds to the value of this gleam of clear light on a critical and representative episode in the campaign. Mr. KINNEAR is generously anxious not to impute blame to individuals. This, my Baronite says, makes the more weighty his conclusion that had Lord METHUEN pushed on his advantage after the battle of Magersfontein, Kimberley would have been relieved within a week. That he decided to rest at Modder River whilst the Boers fortified the kopjes forming the Spytfontein group was due to blunders nearer home. What was wanted by METHUEN's little army was heavy artillery to smash the Boer defences, and howitzers to rake the sand-bag pits and entrenchments of the enemy. These were lacking, and the golden opportunity sped. Apart from grave disclosure of the causes of the earlier rebuffs, Mr. KINNEAR's pages are lightened with picturesque peeps of life in camp and on the march.

To their charming library of Bibelots Messrs. GAY AND BIRD have added a volume containing *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*. The fascination the work has for the English reader is testified by the fact that this is the 41st edition. None could be handier or presented in a more attractive form. My Baronite is struck with the profound wisdom that underlies the opening sentence of the fifth book. "In the morning when thou findest thyself unwilling to rise," wrote the Imperial philosopher, "consider with thyself presently it is to go about a man's work that I am stirred up." On cold, dark mornings nothing could be more agreeable than such a course of procedure.





### HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

AT A COURSING MEETING, ALWAYS LEAD YOUR OWN GREYHOUNDS, THEN YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING.

Only it should be thorough, not less than half-an-hour being devoted to the line of reflection.

The *Liberal Magazine*, being Vol. 7, covering the year 1899, just issued from 42, Parliament Street, is described as a periodical for the use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It is that and something more. Why toilers in the other camp should be deprived of the use of this invaluable work is not clear to the impartial mind of my Baronite. The volume is neither bulky nor costly. It is, nevertheless, so admirably compounded as to present a compendious record of the political year. The store-house is made easily accessible by an admirable index.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

#### RAIN!

(Viewed from a poky little Village with no resources.)

THE rain! the rain!  
It may be a gain  
For the ducks who are wallowing down in the lane.  
To me it's a bane  
That will rapidly render me wholly insane.  
I'm growing inane,  
My faculties wane,  
Hopeless, I stand at the window and crane  
My neck to discover blue sky—but in vain,  
For the rollicking rain  
Comes pittering, pattering pat on the pane,  
And flooding the lane, while I stand and complain,  
Goes eddying on till it meets with a drain.

Not a coster, a noble, a serf or athane  
Could relish this rain!

I once was laid up for six weeks with a sprain,  
And felt very bored, as if bound with a chain,  
But it didn't depress me as much as this rain.

Oh, this is water indeed on the brain,  
And nothing to balance the terrible strain!  
Not a book or a paper. I cannot attain  
To building magnificent "Castles in Spain."

Nor yet can I deign  
Good humour to feign

When Aquarius seems to have turned on the main.

A murrain or blain  
On the pestilent rain!

Alas! I am losing my temper—a stain  
On my hitherto innocence. Feeling like CAIN  
(As I fancy he felt when his brother was slain),  
With nothing of charity, no, not a grain,  
I'm silently waiting the advent of JANE  
With the tea and the muffins, then—hey for the train!  
Anything just to clear out of this rain.

A THEATRICAL NOTE.—Advice Gratis to Her Majesty's and Lyceum. If Mr. TREE and Mr. BENSON could combine forces, the public would see such a representation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as would be hard to beat. It would be invidious to say more. If Mr. BEERBOHM TREE can call in at the Lyceum for a *matinée*, he being a wise man, although an actor-manager, will be of our opinion. Verb. sap.

THE MANTLE WHICH SHOULD BE DIVIDED BETWEEN LORD ROBERTS AND LORD KITCHENER.—The Cape of Good Hope.





Governess. "NOW, EVA, TELL ME HOW QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE DIED."

Eva. "SHE WAS GELATINED."

#### THE PATRIOT ABROAD.

(To Mr. Punch, from his Own Depreciator.)

ABOVE the tideless Midland sea  
That licks this *côte d'azur*,  
Beneath a palm I swallow the balm  
Of airs serenely pure,  
And find the world a pleasant place  
And life a sinecure.

With royal pomp and masquerade  
Carnival comes to town;  
Through halcyon hours the war of flowers  
Goes raging up and down;  
And even solid matrons play  
The undiluted clown.

And yet at times I long to turn  
To yonder northern isle  
From lands like these where prospects  
please  
And slim mosquitoes smile,  
"And only man" (regarded as  
A croupier) "is vile."

To say I pine for English skies  
Would not be strictly true;  
I read of snow and blizzards that blow  
And noses coloured blue;

But there are points in which a plain  
Advantage lies with you.

When "Liberal Forwards" recommend  
That England's knee be bowed;  
When croakers fear the hour is near  
To put her in her shroud;  
You can at least sit down and laugh  
Together, long and loud.

But here, where malice walks at large  
And friends are few enough,  
We have to hide our mangled pride  
Under a careless bluff,  
As though they were no kin of ours  
Who preach this sorry stuff.

At home your sense of humour lets  
Such talkers talk at will;  
Their moral weight you estimate  
At practically nil;  
But here the local reader thinks  
We must be very ill.

Knowledge of English names is not  
Your Frenchman's leading forte;  
Just any blow of any foe  
Aimed at our fair report

Serves for excuse to point the thumb,  
And raise the ribald snort.

And so we Englishmen abroad,  
To prove our souls are free,  
We stiffen our necks and go in cheeks  
Louder by one degree;  
And the French we talk is as English as  
The FRENCH of Kimberley. O. S.

#### SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

Country Visitor (looking at a Map of the  
Seat of War in a Fleet Street shop-window).  
What be all them little flags sprinkled on  
yon paper?

London Friend. Those mark the positions  
held by ourselves and the enemy.

Country Visitor. Well now, I do declare.  
For all the world like a football match!

#### RINGING THE CHANGES.

Tompkins. I see they're forging British  
florins at Pretoria.

Jobson. Very likely, but I'll be hanged  
if they'll counterfeit British "Bobs."





“BRAVO, BOBS!”







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.  
House of Commons, Monday, February 19.  
—"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," said Mr. FLAVIN,  
in reflective mood, "considering how



"TWO MONTHS HENCE."

(Mr. Michael FLAVIN.)

you've outnumbered these gallant Boers, the marvel to me is that they have not been wiped out two months hence."

The other day, mercilessly dissecting an impossible bill brought in by his countrymen opposite, the Irish Attorney-General said its conception was due entirely to national sense of humour. The process seems to have exhausted current supply. FLAVIN'S flash in the pan the only gleam of light on cruelly dull evening. As part of tactics of new leadership, the United Irishmen felt it necessary to occupy another full sitting by exaltation of the gentle Boer, and abuse of the British. The tambourine going round Ireland not doing very well. Response to the reiterated "Pay, Pay, Pay," woefully disappointing compared with what it used to be in PARNELL'S time. Try the old expedient of another night's obstruction.

The hours pass; dullness deepens; benches nearly empty. The few Saxons present, instead of being roused to anger by open advocacy of the enemy in the field, and the bringing of foul aspersions upon all who, at home or abroad, are struggling to uphold the Empire, look on with pitying wonder whilst REDMOND cadet shouts three more speeches at intervals of two hours; whilst SWIFT MACNEILL, his mouth full of hot potato and warm protest, sinks lower in the estima-

tion of the House, long disposed to judge him genially; whilst TULLY, aimlessly meandering through reminiscences of the Jackdaw of Rheims, is thrice called to order by the Speaker.

If reiteration had not dulled a sharp sense of the ridiculous, it would be amusing to hear these chained and gagged patriots from Ireland, loudly talking treason in the most public place in the Empire, championing in the name of Freedom the most tyrannical oligarchy known to the latter half of the century.

"If," says SARK, "England had selfishly stood aside and left the Uitlanders under the heel of KRÜGER, I could understand Irish Nationalists saying exactly these things with just the variation of names necessary to their purpose. Of course, if England had taken that line, they would have done so with, perhaps, even greater zeal than they now espouse the cause of the oppressor. But to have GRATTAN'S countrymen backing up the Government of Pretoria, cheering on the cruel oppressor of the Zulu, applauding the slave driver of the Kaffir—really, if I may say so, it beats Banagher."

Business done.—War vote for 13 millions carried.

Tuesday.—DON JOSÉ reminds me of the walrus—not Alice's acquaintance, but another, hymned by a French poet:

Cet animal est très méchant,  
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

To-night solemnly set apart from purposes of public business in order to trot out that rickety bugbear, complicity of Colonial Office with Transvaal Raiders. It was DON JOSÉ who insisted on having the thing out. DAVID THOMAS won at the ballot-box opportunity for accusatory motion. Then PRINCE ARTHUR pounced, taking all Tuesdays for financial business. DON JOSÉ put down his foot. One Tuesday must be reserved. The challenge publicly flaunted, let him take it up and once for all make end of business. So it was settled, and result justifies DON JOSÉ'S bold fighting policy.

Far away best speech made in support of motion delivered by SAM EVANS. He, by rare exception among contributors to debate, had not been a member of the ill-starred Committee. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reluctantly dragged into the stale fray, made a poor show. In dealing with the impossible Irish bill mentioned above, ATKINSON cited interesting illustration. Bill proposed to establish Court of Control over Irish Local Government Board, the controllers to sit every three months. Amongst cases constantly arising were applications to Local Government Board for permission to inter in disused burial grounds. Permission having in particular cases been obtained, the impossible bill established right of appeal to the new controlling Board which

might chance to meet two or even three months later.

"And what," cried the Attorney-General, with horror-stricken gaze round the House, "what's to become of the remains?"

South Africa Committee, its Inquiry, and its Report, were buried three years ago. If you ask the SQUIRE or C.-B. what's to become of the remains, they will hoarsely whisper, "Leave them where they are." But there are gentlemen below and above the gangway who know much better how the fortunes of a Party in critical times may be brightened, and they go their way regardless of consequences. One of these was to give the object of their particular aversion a rousing victory, and to deal another whack on the head to a floundering Opposition.

In a circus or a penny show it is curious to see the tail wagging the dog. In ordinary affairs the original design of Providence is, on the whole, the best.

Business done.—Vote of confidence in DON JOSÉ, challenged by friends opposite, enthusiastically carried by 286 votes against 152.

Thursday.—When we once get to work in the Commons, we go ahead. True, a little shy in being led up to scratch. Disposed to turn aside in pursuit of chance hares. When we buckle to, nothing can stop us.



JASPERUS TULLIUS O'CICERO.

(Mr. Tully.)





A TOUGH KOPJE TO TACKLE.

They have tried him all round, and their latest attempt at outflanking only brought them under a withering fire, and their charges were easily repelled.

(Mr. L-b-ch-re, Mr. Sam Ev-na, and Mr. David Th-m-s.)

To-night Civil Service Supplementary Estimates set down for Committee. They cover congeries of miscellaneous topics, any one good for an hour's talking. List run through like winking; money voted with both hands, and no questions asked. Halt in mad career cried by strange incident. Vote for Science and Art Department reached. Minister in charge nowhere to be found. Not much past nine o'clock. In ordinary circumstances this particular vote would not have been reached till eleven o'clock. Scouts sent out in all directions. Every kopje narrowly searched. No trace of missing Minister.

Happy thought struck HUGH CECIL. "Let's have a count," he said.

So bells 'clamoured' through all the corridors. Dining-room, reading-room, library, all gave up their living. Members sauntering in in response to summons narrowly scanned. The Minister still tarried. Lord HUGH, looking more than ever like the dejected Mariana, murmured,

She only said "The night is dreary.

He cometh not," she said.

She said, "I am weary, weary.

Won't Arthur punch his head?"

That last line an emendation; but the prognostication reasonable. In untoward circumstances two votes that might have been slipped through passed over.

Business done.—Not quite so much as might have been.

Friday.—Some members, envious of privileges of foreign and Colonial legislators, from time to time claim concessions in the way of free railway travelling and free postage. These boons withheld by parsimonious Government. Glad to hear members are about to have supply of free tobacco.

HORACE PLUNKETT, who, whilst others talk of devotion to Ireland, quietly proves his by working for its material prosperity, has, through one of the branches of his Agricultural Organisation Society, succeeded in growing tobacco in County Meath. Modestly describes it to the House as "a fairly good sample of strong, coarse tobacco, containing an abnormal percentage of moisture and nicotine."

Sounds appetising to the smoker. In order that members may try the new weed, jars containing samples will be placed in smoke-room, free to all comers. It is suggested that the tobacco should be tried first on the Terrace. That merely English prejudice. The growth is highly recommended on the score of economy. An able-bodied man can get as much out of an ounce of Meath tobacco as he could draw from a pound of Virginia. Won't wash clothes, but for sheep washing its powerful nicotine makes it peerless. Promises to create revolution in furniture-removing trade. Half-an-ounce lit under heaviest four-post bedstead warranted to lift it off its legs and carry it straight out of the door. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, always eager to encourage Irish industries, has ordered 5 lbs. Means to distribute it amongst more prominent members of the meeting that welcomed him at Northampton the other day.

Business done.—Irish members make it clear that they don't think much of OLIVER CROMWELL. Nevertheless, monument erected in precincts of Westminster approved by 220 votes against 53.

#### "GENTLEMEN GOING SOUTH."

First Specimen (wrong sort). Got my uniform and pleased to see it suited me. Visited *matinées* and became the observed of all observers. Led patriotic chorus. Generally in great form. Judging, from the delay of the authorities in finding me a transport, that my country had no immediate demand for my services, doffed my suit of khaki and stayed at home.

Second Specimen (right sort). Determined to fight for my country. Went from pillar to post in search of an opening. Authorities distinctly luke-warm. Would give me my uniform, but threw difficulties in my way to passing a medical examination. Surmounted those difficulties. Not easy to catch an instructor in musketry. Caught one at last and passed in my shooting. Again had to use great energy to pass in riding. Convinced the authorities that I would go to the front. Put on my khaki—at the last moment—and went.





## II.

FTER this, Mr. GREENE had very confused ideas of what was taking

place. Sometimes there was an odour of tobacco

in his bedroom—tobacco so strong that it made him squirm and involuntarily hide his head under the bedclothes; sometimes he was under the impression that the doctor murmured to him grave doubts as to whether he (Mr. GREENE) had any constitution at all, seeing that it could be disturbed by so trifling an event as a blow from the butt end of a gun. The doctor, however, was unaware of the privations which Mr. GREENE had undergone in the gay city of Montreal—privations as much mental and moral as physical; for the sight of other people enjoying themselves when one has no money is just as dispiriting as the physical pangs of hunger. When Mr. GREENE first began to mend, he was conscious of a sweeter influence than the doctor's. A soft step glided to his bedside, bright eyes looked compassionately into his own, a fragrant scent which, later on, he identified as Florida water, bedewed his brow. In the middle of the night, he awoke to find Beauty bending over him, with a suspicion of tears in her eyes. "What's the matter?" he asked, somewhat incoherently. "Where am I? How did I get here?"

The girl indignantly brushed away her tears. Then she smiled. "I wouldn't ask so many questions all at once if I were you," she said, with a softness quite different from Mr. GREENE's recollections of their first interview. "All you have to do now is to get well again. I couldn't even issue the paper with the usual apology, what with you and dad. He's still at the 'Calumet' with JACK MURRAY, and I'm nursing you in my spare time."

"I believe I should have died if it hadn't been for you," he said gratefully, trying to seize her hand.

The girl drew it back with a ripple of laughter. "See here, stranger, we haven't time to die in this country. If you would get well, it might make things a little easier for me, and give

me [time] to fetch the prodigal father back to his loving daughter. I'm quite thin, worrying about the pair of you."

Mr. GREENE was seized with remorse. "I'll make an effort," he said determinedly. "I'll get up to-morrow and set to work. You—you've given me something to live for!"

"Do you mean the bearskin?" asked the girl. "But, sash! you mustn't talk. Go to sleep again. Go to sleep."

With a tremendous effort, Mr. GREENE raised her hand to his lips, and fell asleep.

When he woke up again, a long-nosed individual swayed uneasily about at the foot of the bed and regarded him with bleared eyes.

"Who are you?" somewhat testily asked Mr. GREENE.

"Don't be dishre—reshpekful," said the man at the foot of the bed. "I'm PARKER, I am. PARKER. Editor of that shuperb paper *The Four Corners Gazette*."

"Well, what do you want?" ungraciously demanded Mr. GREENE.

Mr. PARKER pointed to the bearskin in the corner. "I want shivl answer to shivl question," he said, hazily. "I've bin—bin drinkin'. Met ole fren' MURRAY. Old fren' MURRAY bin drinkin'. What I wantsh know is—is that a bearskin in the corner or isn't it?"

"I don't know," said Mr. GREENE, wearily.

"Then if you don't know, you've bin drinkin'," said Mr. PARKER, weaving his way with devious steps towards the door. "I will remonshtate wi' you—I will, I shay, remonshtate wi' you when you're shober."

"Oh, I'm sober enough," said Mr. GREENE, with a strange longing for companionship. "Can you,"—he paused delicately as if afraid to hurt Mr. PARKER's feelings—"Can you remember any of the pleasing incidents of your 'jag'?"

Mr. PARKER collected his thoughts for a grand descriptive effort. "A jagsh a wonnerful thing," he said dreamily—"a wonnerful thing. You don't know how you shtart, and you don't know much about the middle—I shay, about the middle—and you don't know how you wind up. The only thing—only thing—I can remember ish unfeeling conduct of ole fren' Judge EVANS. He don't know enough to—to be obliiverous when 'nother gentleman's—ob-obliiverous. I wash comin' down the sidewalk at the 'Calumet,' and he wash comin' tords me in



puffeekly dishgrashful state of intoxication—puffeekly dishgrashful. The sidewalk wasn't wide enough for two, yet he kept coming on till I wash forced to go on all fours. So was he. We both made for same store and stuck at the entrance. 'Lit'rature follosh the law,' saysh he, and crawled in leaving me outshide. Lit'rature follosh the——"

Here a strong hand was thrust into the room, and Mr. PARKER disappeared as if withdrawn by some irresistible force, still feebly muttering that literature followed the law. Then he reappeared, and insisted on affectionately shaking hands several times with GREENE, and expressed his willingness to embark on another "jag" to celebrate the new assistant's recovery.

A few days later, as soon as the pains of Eblis had abated in Mr. GREENE's stomach, he was again confronted by Mr. PARKER, who, although a prey to penitence and bad whiskey, felt exceedingly morose after his spree.

"Why, what was the matter with you—your momentary deviation from the paths of rectitude?" asked Mr. GREENE, with a sympathy he was far from feeling; for every man's stomach is a god unto himself and does not admit of undivided worship.

"It came to such an unexpected end," said Mr. PARKER, sadly. "I started off to meet JACK MURRAY and the spree at the same time, and then, first thing, JACK was down with the tremblings and running away from a two-headed duck and the spree over. That's what mixed me up when I saw the bearskin in your room. I thought it was MURRAY's two-headed duck turned up again in a different shape, just on purpose to worry me. There's an unexpectedness about the ending of sprees which robs them of their chief joy; for directly you get on friendly terms with one and learn to love it for itself, the durnd thing comes to an end and all your affection's wasted."

"Talk not of wasted affection. Affection never was wasted," spouted Mr. GREENE.

"I'll trouble you not to tell me what I'm to talk about," said Mr. PARKER, with dignity. "Tain't respectful. Get on with your work."

"What am I to do?"

"Fill up the paper," said Mr. PARKER, waving his hand towards an exceedingly grimy "devil."

"Where is it?"

"In there;" and Mr. PARKER pointed towards a shed which opened out of the dining-room.

The shed contained a few cases of type and a dilapidated old machine, which looked like a dismantled fire-engine, but had begun life as a hand-press. In one corner was a keg of ink, in another a very sticky roller, and in a third a printed placard containing the words "God bless our home."

"It ain't much to bless," said Mr. PARKER, motioning to Mr. GREENE to get to work, "and it seems rather like giving oneself airs to stick it up there; but my idea (he jerked his thumb heavenwards) is to begin by asking for small favours; then I can work up. *The Four Corners Gazette* is a political power, a power which—My! but I'm thirsty!" he added, breaking off suddenly and sitting down by mistake on the ink keg.

Mr. GREENE delicately pointed out his error, and Mr. PARKER wiped off the surplus ink from the hinder part of his person with the roller. "Tain't wasted; it'll come in just as handy," he said, with repressed sadness, "and clear off the dead flies."

This was not encouraging. "What am I to begin with?" asked GREENE.

"Oh, fill up somehow. Let's go out and do the same."

Miss PARKER opened the door. In one hand she carried a jug; in the other a "stick" of type. "Monday morning, lad," she said, presenting the jug to her thirsty sire.

Mr. PARKER drank a deep draught. When he put down the jug, his eye was bright, he seemed twenty years younger, and turned up his shirt-sleeves as he rushed at the cases of

type. "Now, Mister," he said to GREENE, "reckon we've wasted time enough over that spree;" and he began to distribute type for an unwritten leader, tossing the letters about with the skill of an Indian juggler.

"What am I to do?" again asked GREENE, turning his blue eyes entreatingly towards Miss PARKER.

"Sling in something about the new barn of our gifted fellow-townsmen, ELI PERKINS," said Mr. PARKER.

"But I haven't seen it."

"All the more reason that you should say something about it first," said Miss PARKER; "otherwise, your conscience might reproach you afterwards."

"Cow broke her hind leg last night," ejaculated Mr. PARKER, still continuing his leader. "Same one as horned old Deacon PRATT last Spring, so he'll be glad to hear of it. That's good for a column."

GREENE dispatched the cow with lingering pathos; she took the whole of a barn and a column of the newspaper in which to die. "Anything else?"

"Holes in the sidewalks. There are always holes in cur morals and sidewalks," said Miss PARKER.

"Let the morals alone, but go for the sidewalks. Our morals are our own; sidewalks belong to the Corporation," said Mr. PARKER, his mouth full of type. "We don't want any rows just as we've got that new keg of ink. They're sure to pour it over us if there's a fuss."

GREENE alluded in classical English to the state of the sidewalks. Towards evening he stopped for a moment. "I want another half column."

"Touch upon the evils of intemperance," said Mr. PARKER, pausing in his busy career. "My! but I'm real thirsty!" he added, turning the jug upside down.

"There's some water," said GREENE, handing him a pitcher.

Mr. PARKER looked at it disdainfully. "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink," he said, and turned away.

Outside, the ground was white with snow. GREENE worked steadily side by side with Miss PARKER, who had come in to help fill up the "locals."

"Did I—did I really kill that bear?" he asked, as he finished work for the night.

The girl turned towards him with laughing eyes. "Wasn't there a dead bear?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, then, what more do you want to know?"

"But how about its tail?"

"That reminds me," said Mr. PARKER, putting on his coat; "whiles you're getting supper ready, ELVINA, I'll look round for the dog. Haven't seen him for a week. Reckon he's been off on a jamboree."

GREENE flushed. "Was there a dog after all, Miss PARKER?"

She looked at him mischievously. "Was that a dog's skin in your room?"

"N—no."

"Was it freshly taken off its wearer?"

"Ye-es."

"Are all you Britishers so hard to satisfy?"

"But it hadn't a bear's tail; it was a dog's tail."

"Oh," said the unblushing Miss PARKER, "a bear's tail always spreads out in the death agony."

("That blamed dog's nowhere about." Mr. PARKER put in a grizzled head, and the snow, blowing in with him, brought a breath of wholesome freshness to the heated air. "It's the most extraordinary thing, but I've been to every tavern in the town, knowing that dog's fondness for liquor, and I can't find him. Ordinarily he's one of those dogs who won't leave town while there's any liquor in it; but they're so unsympathetic down at MILLETTE'S that I expect he's getting discouraged. However, there's a place on the Hawklesville Road I haven't tried yet. Maybe, I'll find him there;" and Mr. PARKER once more wandered forth on his congenial quest.)



"And does it shrink up again afterwards?"

"Of course."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. You don't even understand me."

"But you are a woman—a dream—"

"And the other a bear reality." She fled.

GREENE continued his work until he heard some one lurch against the door. He opened it, and Mr. PARKER fell into his arms. "Would you mind telling me, young man," Mr. PARKER enquired, with thickened utterance, "if—if an intellectual man name of PARKER lives here?"

"Yes," said GREENE, gently assisting his chief into the room. "You live here right enough."

"Then my name 's PARKER?" queried Mr. PARKER, anxiously. "I wasn't quite sure, but your face is familiar to me. Who are you?"

Then GREENE, who liked Mr. PARKER, in spite of that worthy's fondness for "lightning rod" whiskey, elaborately explained his own identity, and, to keep Mr. PARKER awake, narrated the conversation which he had just had with Miss PARKER.

"Her powers of repartee," said Mr. PARKER, drowsily, taking off his boots, "have been much admired. Do I understand, young man, that ELVINA said it was a bear?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then I shall take it as a personal insult," said Mr. PARKER, feeling for his hip pocket, "if you say it wasn't. What does an Englishman know about Canadian bears? Shall a representative of the Press be twittered—no, I mean twitted—by a beardless boy?"

"Certainly not," said GREENE, promptly.

"Of course it was a bear," laughed Miss PARKER, bringing in a plate of savoury steaks. "Are these dog's steaks?"

She held the dish under his nose.

Mr. PARKER produced an antique revolver from his pocket. "Whether it's dog or whether it's bear, you'll just wade in at it," he said, severely, "same as if it was bear; otherwise, it won't matter to you which it is. Oh, my young friend"—he approached GREENE with alcoholic fervour—"you don't know bear from dog. You must have been looking upon the wine cup when it was—I forget what colour it was, but you must have looked, anyway."

GREENE began to wish that he had never come to Four Corners, but a glance at ELVINA's mirthful face reassured him. She took her place at the head of the table, and handed Mr. PARKER the pickles with the air of one who knows the best remedy for chronic alcoholism. When Mr. PARKER saw the pickles, he brightened up. "Stonishing thing," he said, meditatively impaling an infant cucumber on his fork and swallowing it at a gulp—"Most stonishing thing the same Power that created whiskey made pickles for an antidote. Most stonishing when one comes to think of it."

Overwhelmed by the solemnity of the subject, Mr. PARKER wept bitter tears into the pickle jar.

"Don't do that, dad," said ELVINA, hastily rescuing the jar, "you're spoiling the pickles."

Mr. PARKER surveyed her mournfully. "No sympathy," he said. "You were always unsympathetic, ELVINA. What are pickles compared to the joy of ministering to a parent's comfort!"

"I don't know," said ELVINA, severely, "and I don't want to know; but you'd better get on with your supper, dad. I can tell you where the dog is, when he's wanted. Put your revolver away and edit your supper or I'll edit you."

Seeing that the revolver was unloaded, GREENE took the plate, and sat down opposite Mr. PARKER, whose brief visit in search of the dog had been productive of such disastrous results. "For what this young man has narrowly escaped receiving," said Mr. PARKER, with the air of a deacon, "teach him, O Lord, to have wisdom enough to be truly thankful."

### III.

WHEN the curiosity of Four Cornerites concerning Mr. GREENE had died a natural death, people interested themselves no more about him, feeling confident that ELVINA, who managed everybody, would not find the slightest difficulty in making him "walk Spanish," a phrase which was understood to mean that he had to mind his "p's" and "q's." Mr. GREENE troubled himself very little about the opinion of other people, provided ELVINA regarded him favourably. Her eyes could, as Mr. JACK MURRAY, Junior, forcibly expressed it, "scorch a hole in a punkin pie"; but, as GREENE was not a "punkin pie," this astonishing fact did not influence him as strenuously as it did Mr. MURRAY, Junior, who was understood to have evinced connubial yearnings with regard to ELVINA—yearnings which he had confided to Mr. PARKER. Mr. PARKER, however, with a sudden accession of wisdom, declined to interfere in so delicate a matter, and left Mr. MURRAY, Junior, alone, with an unfriendly indifference which filled his would-be son-in-law with intense wrath. Consequently, Mr. MURRAY, Junior, was reduced to his own devices, which consisted mainly in adorning himself in gorgeous apparel and riding furiously over every one who came in his way if Miss PARKER were likely to see the skill with which he managed his black horse. He even ventured to career at break-neck speed towards Miss PARKER herself; but was rather discouraged when that somewhat masculine young lady told him to "come down from his perch," and not spoil the mouth of a horse so much handsomer than its master. Then, she joined Mr. GREENE, who was waiting for her, and left Mr. MURRAY, Junior, planted in the road.

As time went on, it was easy to see that Mr. GREENE had made an impression on Miss PARKER, for she not only declined to encourage the addresses of Mr. JACK MURRAY, Junior, but pointedly gave him to understand that they were utterly superfluous. Mr. MURRAY, Junior, consequently fell a prey to filial devotion. Most of his time being occupied in seeing his bibulous parent safely home, he had few opportunities of paying court to the somewhat haughty lady of his love. When he did call at the office of the *Four Corners Gazette* he was greatly hurt by Miss PARKER's chilly reception, and set himself to look for the reason of this Arctic severity on her part. The reason speedily assumed the somewhat spindly shape of Mr. GREENE. Up to this point, Mr. MURRAY, Junior, had regarded the latter as an insect unworthy of the attention of a free-born Canadian; but insects, when they become noxious, must be crushed. "Goldarn my optics, Dook," said the indignant Mr. MURRAY to his rival, "you Britishers seem to think as you own the earth. If you don't git out of here, stock, lock, and bar'l in twenty-four hours, why, I'll blow the top of your head off, and don't you forget it."

"I am not accustomed to be addressed in the language of melodramatic romance," said Mr. GREENE, surveying his visitor with official indifference. "You appear to be annoyed at something. If you have anything to say, don't bawl it out over the housetops, but come inside and let me hear what it is."

"I'm not going to be told by a skinny-legged Britisher how I'm to talk to him," said Mr. MURRAY, Junior, with repressed fury. "Most people I talk to don't git over it in a hurry."

"That is extremely probable," said Mr. GREENE with engaging affability. "The mere sound of your voice is as unpleasant as that of a buzz saw. You haven't shaved for a week, and your clothes look as if they had been slept in. I don't as a rule"—he looked round for a missing letter—"criticise the appearance of visitors; but Miss PARKER is rather particular, and she says that the mere sight of you is enough to make MILLETT's goat faint."

"Oh, she does, does she?" enquired the infuriated Mr. MURRAY, Junior.

"She does," said Mr. GREENE with an air of finality.

"And what do you say? If you've the pluck of a chipmunk,



come outside and say it." Mr. MURRAY, Junior's, face rapidly became the hue of an Ottawa sunset, and he fingered his revolver pocket with ominous fury.

Mr. GREENE placidly continued to set type. A lack of familiarity with bears had unstrung his nerves; Miss PARKER had re-strung them; and he knew not fear.

"Call yourself a Dook," said the indignant Mr. MURRAY. "Why, I'd make a better Dook'n you out of sawdust."

Mr. GREENE ceased to set type and regarded his enemy with cold severity. "Am I to understand that you—oh—threaten me with personal violence if I fail to relinquish my aspirations to Miss PARKER's hand?"

Mr. MURRAY, although visibly impressed by this ornate language, declined to back down. "The largest size of personal violence," he said, briefly. "You've hit it, Dook; and if you don't clear out, it'll hit you."

Mr. GREENE came out, and stood on the old box-sleigh, turned upside down, which did duty for steps to the PARKER mansion. "Of course, you are aware," he said, with disdain, "that a person of my breeding cannot condescend to mere fistcuffs with a churl like you."

"Then if you can't descend to me, guess I'll have to climb up to you," said the pertinacious Mr. MURRAY.

"You misunderstand me." Mr. MURRAY quailed before the cold light of battle in Mr. GREENE's eye. "You misunderstand me. Persons of my breeding always use moral force instead of brute force."

"It takes a lot of moral force to stop brute force from punching," said Mr. MURRAY, with pregnant truth.

"Quite so! Quite so! Don't think I am afraid. I have a proposal to make. Miss PARKER, could you kindly come here a moment, if you are not too busy ministering to our bodily wants?"

Miss PARKER intimated, from the domestic regions, that she could come, but at present was not aware of any necessity for her to do so. Then she came. "What are you two quarrelling about?" she asked, with asperity.

"You," said Mr. GREENE. "Mr. MURRAY declares that he will blow the top of my head off if I do not leave the place in twenty-four hours. Now, I rather value the top of my head; it seems to suit the lower part so admirably."

Miss PARKER turned white. "And what did you say?"

"I haven't said anything yet. Have you a revolver?"

Miss PARKER, with set lips, marched into the house and fetched one.

"Mr. MURRAY," said Mr. GREENE, languidly, "have the goodness to unload your weapon and hand it to Miss PARKER. You may be sure that I shall not take you at a disadvantage in the meantime."

Mr. MURRAY did so, wondering what was coming.

"Now, Miss PARKER, have you a handkerchief you can lend us?" enquired Mr. GREENE.

Miss PARKER handed him a very pretty handkerchief. GREENE took it with a courtly bow.

"There is a painting in my ancestral home of GREENE-SHAWES," he said, "where one of my ancestors fought a duel with a Frenchman across a lady's handkerchief; it was a duel with daggers—sharp-pointed daggers with triangular grooves in them—scoopy sort of daggers."

Mr. MURRAY quailed visibly.

"But daggers are so—so messy," continued Mr. GREENE. "I propose, Mr. MURRAY, that Miss PARKER shall load one of the revolvers and that the other be empty. You can have your choice of weapons, and we will toss who is to fire first over the handkerchief."

"I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead on you," said Mr. MURRAY; "but I ain't agoin' to back down afore a skinny-legged Britisher, you bet. Let's pull straws."

Miss PARKER went into the house and returned with the revolvers and straws. "Longest straw fires first," said Mr.

MURRAY, with rugged honesty. "I ain't goin' to be crowed over as regards politeness by a skinny-legged Brit—"

"Will you kindly leave my legs out of the discussion," said Mr. GREENE, with hauteur, "and draw first. Longest straw fires first."

When they compared straws, Mr. MURRAY's was the longer of the two.

Miss PARKER put both pistols behind her back. "Reach round and take one," she said to Mr. MURRAY.

Mr. MURRAY did so. "It may be high-toned—blamed high-toned," he said, mopping the perspiration from his brow, "but I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead."

"I do not fight with cowards," said Mr. GREENE, arrogantly. "Go. I spare you."

"I've a good mind," said Mr. MURRAY, with heat, "to punch your head and shoot you afterwards, Dook. S'posin' my gun's loaded, is thar any partikler place as you'd like me to hit you? If this yer fight's goin' to be done British style—though I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead, mind you—I'm goin' to live up to it, you bet."

"Oh, anywhere w'll do," said Mr. GREENE, indifferently. "I'm ready. Blaze awa . . ."

"If thar should be any partikler place," hesitated Mr. MURRAY, "you've only got to say so, Dook, and I'll do my best to oblige."

Mr. GREENE bowed with courtly politeness to Miss PARKER. "If it is loaded, *sans adieu*," he said. Then he took hold of the handkerchief and gallantly faced his rival. "Now, Mr. MURRAY, I am at your service."

Mr. MURRAY faltered. "If thar is any partikler spot?" he urged.

GREENE shook his head. Miss PARKER suddenly produced a third revolver from the bosom of her dress, and placed the muzzle to Mr. MURRAY's temple. "If you don't clear out," she said, with sudden passion, "it's your head that will be blown off, JACK MURRAY, for I didn't load either of those pistols."

Mr. MURRAY's eye brightened. "I'd rather be ahind a tree and draw a bead on him, but seein' as you're so set on this skinny leg—"

"Don't dare to insult his beautiful straight legs, or I'll fire," said Miss PARKER, with a dangerous look in her lovely eyes.

"Guess I'll git," said Mr. MURRAY. "Me not warrin' agin wimmin, s'pose we call it square, Dook. Not havin' to spend your days totin' round a parent when he's full, you've won; but I don't bear no malice. Call it square, Dook."

And they called it so.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Why did you interfere with my honour?" asked Mr. GREENE, looking at the girl's white face, when they were left alone.

She flung the revolver upon the ground and herself into his arms. "For the same reason I shot your bear when you killed my dog."

"After having slaughtered an innocent dog, I shall never be able to return to my ancestral halls," said Mr. GREENE, mournfully.

"Then I reckon you'd better stay here in ours," philosophically remarked Mr. PARKER, as he appeared on the box-sleigh, whiskey jug in hand. "Blesh—I mean, bless—Bleshyoumy—shillen. Bleshyou!"

*Geo. B. Bugin.*



## NICE FOR HIM.

Extract from letter.—“While we were waiting in the drawing-room before dinner, MABEL very thoughtlessly asked an immaculate and starched youth with the most perfectly brushed and parted hair—



whether he would mind trying on a Balachava cap he had just completed. She wanted to see “what it looked like on.” Of course he had to cram his head into it—he looked like a cat being forced into a stocking—



and you can imagine what he looked like during the rest of the evening.”



## “VARIUM ET MUTABILE SEMPER.”

THE above might well be the motto for the Palace Theatre of Varieties and Novelties, open all the year round, which the present deponent recommends to the notice of the alert, experienced, and ever courteous manager, Mr. CHARLES MORTON. A most attractive entertainment is now being given and drawing all London to see it, so that unless you book beforehand or become an early bird for the sake of getting your perch, you will run but small chance of anything but “scarce room for standing, miscalled standing room.” The American Biograph is interesting, exciting, especially the fight of the Spider and the Scorpion—(alas! poor Scorpion!—“habet!”)—exhilarating and encouraging to patriotism. “Hoorah for BOBS!” The portraits of the other Generals are received with more or less enthusiasm, according to the knowledge of the audience. These pictures are varied from time to time as they come in fresh and fresh from the seat of war. An excellent idea this. The earlier portion of the entertainment is very amusing. The two “Mimics,” Mr. MOORE and MARIE DANTON, are capital. Mr. MOORE should omit his imitation of IRVING, as all his other imitations are really excellent without any exaggeration whatever. His “TREE” is perfect. The educated ponies, *Banner* and *Madison*, who get over the “HEDGE” (the name of the coloured gen’l’um with whom they wrestle), are as pretty as they are clever. Wonderful must be the power of M. LEON L. MORRIS as a trainer. Altogether, the show is equal, and in some respects superior, to any previous success at the Palace.

SHAKESPEARIAN NOTE AND QUERY FOR THE LYCEUM.—Was *Hamlet* married? Not to *Ophelia*; that is pretty certain. To whom then? Mr. BENSON may be able to solve the question, as “a Constant Theatre Goer” writes to say that “he went to see the first half of *Hamlet* between two and six” (these are the hours of the day, not the price of his stall), but that “a friend of his,” who visited the Lyceum in the evening, informed him that then “he had seen the *Better Half of Hamlet*.” Who the “*Better Half*” was, this gentleman did not mention. Perhaps some one will solve the problem and do it, to adopt the title of an old farce,—“To oblige BENSON.”

“BEN TROVATO,” writing under date, says, “Lord ROBERTS will, of course, be made an honorary Fellow of All Souls’, Oxford, as it is specially expected of such an excellent Fellow that he should be ‘Modder-raté Doctus.’”

MEMS FOR TRAVELLERS ON THE CONTINENT.—First-class abroad is patronised by princes, millionaires, fools, and wise men.

A sight-seeing trip would be far pleasanter without the sight-seeing.



## THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

A GENTLEMAN CROSSING A LONDON STREET, A.D. 1900.

## “IN A GOOD CAUSE.”

MR. PUNCH's Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children could not be getting along better, thanks to the generous public. We are “thankful,” but we cannot as yet “rest.” Mr. Punch has now ready illustrated “Collecting Cards,” which can be had in packets on application per post-card to



Mr. Punch, 10, Bouverie St., Fleet St., E.C.

Mr. Punch, as the conjurer does, invites every one to “take a card,” fill it up, return it to him at the above address, and “he'll do the rest.”





### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Mrs. A. "IT'S REALLY EXTRAORDINARY! MY NURSE TELLS ME THAT GENTLEMEN ARE ALWAYS STOPPING HER IN THE STREET TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE GIRL."

Mrs. B. "HOW LOVELY SHE MUST BE!"

Mrs. A. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. OF COURSE I THINK HER PRETTY, BECAUSE I AM HER MOTHER."

Mrs. B. "OH, I MEANT THE NURSE, DEAR!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

APART from its literary and historical value, there is a pathetic interest about *From Cape Town to Ladysmith* (BLACKWOOD). Turning over the pages, my Baronite feels the touch of a vanished hand, hears the sound of a voice that is still. It is the last work of one of the most brilliant journalists of the day, who, dying before he was thirty, lived long enough to make world-wide fame. The country is still throbbing with the gladness of the news that Ladysmith is relieved. Young STEEVENS found his relief two months before Lord DUNDONALD rode into the town, the advance guard of BULLER's column. His last work is marked by that closeness of observation, that felicity of illustration, and that wealth of apt phrasing that marked earlier efforts. With vivid touches he carries over land and sea the impressions his quick mind received on the spot. The watchers (and uncompromising critics) of war from the recesses of an arm-chair, imagine that life in a bombarded town must be a breathless experience. "Weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, the whole thing," writes STEEVENS from Ladysmith on Nov. 26. "At first to be besieged and bombarded was a thrill; then it was a joke; now it is nothing but a weary, weary bore. We do nothing but eat and drink and sleep—just exist dimly. We have forgotten when the siege began, and now we are beginning not to care when it ends." This note of drowsy indifference runs through the last chapter, portent of the everlasting sleep closing round the brilliant youth.

To all in search of a thoroughly sensational story, entirely original in incident and plot, save as to one point which is reminiscent of *Called Back*, allow the Baron to recommend *Wiles of the Wicked*, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (F. V. WHITE & Co.). Whoever takes up this book, if he be of an excitable temperament and impressionable nature, must be prepared to utilise two hours at least of his leisure so as to go through with it at a single sitting, otherwise the mysterious story will get on his brain, to the detriment of all ordinary business which will appear stale, flat, and unprofitable to him, until he has penetrated such secrets as Mr. LE QUEUX, with consummate art, and without any overwriting or waste of words in mere description for description's sake, keeps to himself until the very last two chapters. Now that the Baron has finished it and is "in the know," he feels inexpressibly relieved; yet will it be some time before he succeeds in completely shaking himself free of the impression that he personally has been mixed up, as an innocent agent, of course, in some diabolical plot, and has just escaped from the toils and the Wiles of the Wicked.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL, a keen and safe judge in the literary market, did well to induce Mrs. LYNN LINTON to commence what was designed as a chronicle of her literary life. She died before the task was completed. In a slim volume, HODDER & STOUGHTON publish a few chapters which bear the title of the projected work, *My Literary Life*. They consist chiefly of reminiscences of DICKENS, THACKERAY, GEORGE LEWES, GEORGE ELIOT, and WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Mrs. LYNN LINTON, in looks and manner the model of a kindly-hearted lady, was accustomed when she took pen in hand to dip it in gall. She loved few women and suspected all men. Poor GEORGE LEWES is severely handled, and GEORGE ELIOT does not come off much better. Once Mrs. LINTON lapses into unqualified admiration of the author of *Adam Bede*. It is where, LEWES and GEORGE ELIOT having set up their tent together, she observes that the former "was brought pretty tauntly to his bearings." If he went so far as Birmingham to lecture he was under strict orders, which he dared not disobey, to return home the same night. Of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, whom Mrs. LINTON always spoke to and of as "Father," she has enthusiastic admiration, even affection. Particularly she recognizes his deference to women. "He treated them," she writes, "with the high-bred courtesy of his time and school." My Baronite has faint recollection of an episode in LANDOR's domestic career where, the cook having displeased him, he threw her out of the window, and went about for the rest of the day inconsolable, because she had fallen on a bed of violets and, naturally, crushed them. But that is another story. The book is interesting, not less for the insight it permits into the being of the author, than for the side light it throws on the character of others. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A VOICE IN THE AFFAIR.—The affair was GOUNOD's fine work, "*The Redemption*," magnificently given on Ash Wednesday by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, and the old friend, vocally as powerful as ever, and singing as dramatically, is Mr. CHARLES SANTLEY, whom, with the sweet songstresses ELA RUSSELL, MAGGIE PURVIE, and LUCIE JOHNSTONE, not forgetting the popular tenor, Mr. BEN DAVIES, whose value was estimated by his being put "above Price"—DANIEL PRICE appears next on the list—Mr. Punch heartily congratulates. "Band and chorus one thousand." Organist, Mr. BALFOUR (how did he get away? Ah, but the House doesn't sit on Wednesday evening; and then this wasn't ARTHUR, but another). The conductor was Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, and, indeed, it requires a strong bridge for this little lot of one thousand, quite a Bridge of Size.

NOWADAYS Khaki, like Motley, is your only wear. Everything is made in Khaki. Every one is wearing or using Khaki! Khaki-doodle-doo!





## SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICA. BOERS AND BOARS

Tommy (late from India). "COME ON, BILL! RACE YE FIRST SPEAR FOR 'ARF A PINT!"

## A CYCLE OF CRIME.

(Suggested by Professor Lombroso's Article on "The Bicycle and Crime," in the March "Pall Mall Magazine.")

THE trial of Sir JOHN SCORCHAWAY was resumed yesterday at the Central Criminal Court. It will be remembered that the counts of the indictment enumerate twenty-three distinct charges against the prisoner, including murder, burglary, forgery, arson, etc. A good deal of interest was manifested in the proceedings, since the prisoner for many years enjoyed a wide reputation for benevolence and philanthropy.

The first witness called yesterday was the Rev. JOHN SMITHERS. He deposed that he had known the prisoner intimately for fifteen years. During the last ten the prisoner had served as his churchwarden. Had always regarded him as a man of exemplary character. Certainly should consider him incapable even of the least of the offences alleged. In cross-examination, admitted that he had heard rumours of a change in the prisoner's character. Could not swear when such rumours first reached him. Might be after January 1, 1900—could not remember. Thought it was towards the beginning of the year. Was not aware that on January 1 the prisoner had bought a bicycle. (Sensation.) Had he been so,

as a clergyman and his friend, certainly would have warned the prisoner against subjecting himself to this deadly influence. (Slight applause, which was promptly suppressed.)

WILLIAM SPOKETYRE, the next witness, was cautioned before giving his evidence. Admitted that, though an ironmonger by trade, he sold bicycles. Did not deny that he had sold one to the prisoner. The price was, he thought, £5. It was a first-class machine in every way. Pressed as to his reasons for selling it so cheaply, admitted he had heard that his stock had been laid under a sort of curse by a Prof. LUMBEROSO, or some such name. Prisoner rode the machine home. Was told later that prisoner had murdered a policeman and set a house on fire that same day. Took no action in consequence. Had noticed that those who bought his bicycles were usually affected in this way.

Miss MARY SCORCHAWAY, daughter of the prisoner, deposed that until the beginning of this year her father led an admirable life. Much distressed by the change. He seemed to think nothing of a murder or two a week since Jan. 1. For one week had reverted to his better self. In cross-examination, admitted that the bicycle was at the repairer's during that week. (Sensation.) Remembered distinctly the day of its return. In the afternoon the Secretary of the Chimney-

Sweeps' Asylum called. Prisoner gave him £100 in bank-notes for this Institution. Just after the Secretary had left, a boy brought back the bicycle. Prisoner mounted it, and after riding round the garden two or three times, suddenly dashed down the road in the direction the Secretary had taken. An hour later the latter was found with his throat cut and no bank-notes in his pocket. The prisoner seemed particularly cheerful that evening.

After counsel had addressed the court, and his Lordship had summed up, the jury at once found the prisoner Guilty.

In passing sentence, the learned Judge remarked that he felt certain the prisoner's career of crime was due to his fatal indulgence in bicycle-riding. He entreated all who heard him to take warning by this example, and to read the wise remarks of Prof. LOMBROSO on the point. Having regard to all the circumstances of the case, he sentenced the prisoner to two days' imprisonment.

The prisoner enquired anxiously whether he would be allowed to take exercise on the treadmill during this period, but was removed before an answer could be given.

A THEATRICAL MANAGER, WHO HAS GOT THE V.C. THIS YEAR.—Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS, by the engagement of that charming actress and singer, Miss VIOLET CAMERON.





MASTER JACK (INSPIRED BY THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE DAY) IS AT PRESENT PUTTING HIMSELF THROUGH A COURSE OF TRAINING, WITH A VIEW TO BECOMING A LANCER IN THE FUTURE.

#### DON J.'S WAGER IN A NUTSHELL.

An impression of the new piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

ACT I.—At the Sign of the Laurels. Revellers revelling. Good deal of Spanish Dancing. Host tells story of eccentric wager.

Host. Yes, a year ago DON LUIS said he would live a worse life than DON JUAN, and to-day they are to meet here and sit at that very table, on those very chairs.

Enter Comendador in black velvet.

Comendador. Disgraceful! I must hear this unobserved.

Host. Then take this chair, Excellency, and put on a mask. Sit to the left.

[Comendador accepts the suggestion.

Enter DON DIEGO TENORIO.

Don Diego. My son is too bad! I must confront him in disguise.

Host. Then take this chair, Excellency, and put on this mask. Sit to the right.

[DON DIEGO adopts the suggestion.

Great crowd enter ushering in DON LUIS.

Greater crowd enter ushering in DON JUAN.

Both the Dons. Well met. Now let the audience decide which has been the wicked.

[They count up their sins.

All. DON JUAN has been the greater villain.

[Great applause.

Comendador (rising). You shall never marry my daughter.

Don Diego (rising). I disown you.

Don Juan. Who are you?

Don Diego. Your father!

[The two old men exeunt.

Don Juan (to LUIS). I will make my wager safer by committing a few more sins. I will steal your betrothed and run away with a novice! [Curtain.

ACT II. SCENE 1.—A street in Seville.

DON JUAN cajoles BRIGIDA, and enters house of LUIS's betrothed.

SCENE 2.—Within the Convent of Calatrava. SOLEDAD discovered before some tapestry on an elaborate scaffolding suggestive of the renovation of the street electric light.

Soledad. I am so innocent.

Enter DON JUAN.

Don Juan. I have come to elope with you by order of your papa.

Soledad. I am so innocent. [They elope.

ACT III.—A Room in the Palace of DON JUAN. SOLEDAD discovered sleeping innocently.

Don Juan. Do you not hear the wind? Does it not make you love me? Listen to my blank verse. Do you not love me?

Soledad. I am so innocent; and as I am tired—for the convent hours are so early—I want to go to sleep.

Don Juan. Certainly.

[Calls her attendant and bows as she makes her exit.

Enter Comendador and DON LUIS.

Comendador. You are a villain. I have come to kill you.

Don Juan. Do not fight me. Your daughter is the only good woman I have ever met.

Don Luis. I have come to kill you too.

Don Juan. Oh, very well. [Kills them.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.—The Pantheon of the Tenorios.

DON JUAN has a nice chat with the Statues of the Comendador and SOLEDAD.

Don Juan. Come to supper.

[The Statue of the Comendador, who must be tired of standing for half an hour in one position, nods acquiescence.

SCENE 2.—DON JUAN's apartments. Guests revelling. DON JUAN smoking. Enter the Statue of Comendador.

Statue. Here I am. You are going to be killed. [Exit.

Two Guests (waking up). We have had a bad time. [They kill DON JUAN.

LAST SCENE.—The Undiscovered Country.

Statue of Comendador (presiding over a supper party of ghosts). I return your hospitality. If you repent before the sand falls through that hour-glass you will be all right.

Don Juan. Thanks. I do repent.

Statue of Comendador. I am heartily glad to hear it. Pray let me shake hands with you! (They shake hands.) And now the statue of my daughter will look after you.

(The Statue does. Curtain.)

#### ANACREONTIC.

To Boers the Gods have given  
To shoot with guns and slay;  
The Britons learnt from Heaven  
With Lyddite to dismay;  
But while through fields white-tented  
Bellona flies demented,  
What arms have been invented  
For woman in the fray?

Dame Nature doth her duty  
Towards both great and small,  
And she discovered beauty  
To arm the weak withal.  
And where's the brave Boer farmer,  
Or Briton, wears such armour  
As can resist the charmer  
Whose beauty conquers all?

#### DON'T

MAKE Pro-Boer observations in railway carriages, or other public places: it is an unhealthy practice, just at present.

Hum an accompaniment whilst your hostess is singing.

Ask your elderly Aunts if they are "going strong."

Volunteer for the front, if you don't mean to go.

Repeat "donteherknow" more than half-a-dozen times in one sentence.

Attempt to direct the military operations in South Africa from the recesses of an arm-chair in a West End club.

Claim the authorship of the P. P. C. (Pour prendre CRONJE) joke.

Say what you'd really like to say when the telephone clerk switches you off in the middle of an important message.





AT LAST!

*Sir George White.* "I HOPED TO HAVE MET YOU BEFORE, SIR REDVERS."

*Sir Redvers Buller, V.C.* "COULDN'T HELP IT, GENERAL. HAD SO MANY ENGAGEMENTS!"





### A CHOICE OF EVILS.

*Groom (to Nervous Lady, whose Hat has just been blown over the hedge). "BEG PARDON, MISS. WILL YOU 'OLD THE 'OSSIES WHILE I RUN AFTER THE 'AT? OR WILL YOU RUN AFTER THE 'AT, AND ME 'OLD THE 'OSSIES?"*

### A REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe that in a recent issue you permit yourself to apostrophise the Man in the Street, and profess, in phrases palpably dictated by jealousy, to marvel at his omniscience and infallibility. Sir, the pretence is utterly unworthy, and, if this wonder on your part is not feigned, it can only be because you are ignorant that he whom you satirise was once Lord MACAULAY'S schoolboy, and that he has been adding to the sum of his knowledge ever since.

I state the fact because I am one of the band and know it; but if you require proof, look around you. Where else have those schoolboys gone? Do you notice

such profound wisdom as must have marked their ripe age in the Senate? Do you discover it in the Government? Is it in the War Office, the field, or even the domestic circle? By a process of exclusion it is demonstrated it can only be in the street.

True it is that many have sunk from time to time under the insidious attacks of that mysterious disease of which the rapid swelling of the head was symptomatic. True it is that others are less occupied now with the world than with the varying number of fingers on a too frequently studied hand, or with the answers to the problem as to the position of the Hebrew when the light first failed. True it may be that some few, late in life, have

perished in the attempt to learn the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by heart. But after all due allowance being made, enough of us remain to save the nation, or to put it to shame—I regard the expressions as synonymous; and it would better become you, Sir, to render honour and thanks to our great CADMUS than to pretend a sarcastic admiration for the mature development of our jaw. Yours in purple patches,

EX-MACAULAY-SCHOOLBOY.

### AN ORCHESTRAL SCORE.

[A New York paper states that "Governor LEARY, of Guam, asks for musical instruments to be sent to him as aids to civilization."]

GOVERNOR LEARY,

Thanks be to you,

Instrument-weary

We learn what to do,

I know a 'cello

Groping for airs,

Played by a fellow

Somewhere upstairs.

I know a cornet

Seeking Lost Chords,

Echo has borne it

Up through the boards.

I know a STEINWAY

Swept by a squall,

Tearing a fine way

Right through the wall.

I know of hurdy-

Gurdies a score,

Turned by some sturdy

Wrists at my door.

These will we spare you,

Happy the while:

Turn them all—dare you?—

Loose in your isle.

Governor LEARY,

Strangely misnamed!

We shall be cheery,

You will be blamed.

### THE LAWS OF WAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Is it not time that some fresh provisions were added to the Geneva Convention? You remember that, quite recently, Lord DUNDONALD'S men caught the Boers bathing in the Tugela, and that the latter paid the penalty, by being taken prisoners, for their daring excursion into an unfamiliar element. Now, there are a lot of things that are unfair in modern war, and I consider this to be one. The whole question, I admit, is a thorny one. In the first place, if they had their rights, the Transvaalers ought to have been shot on sight for poisoning the streams by the introduction of their insanitary persons thereinto. But let that pass. It was in all probability a first and strange experiment. If we catch the Boers napping, well and good; but to catch them washing is another cup of tea.

Your Late Correspondent in South Africa.





### THE WAR IN THE NURSERY.

Visitor. "AND HAS BABY BEGUN TO TALK?"

Elsie. "OH, YES; BUT HE CAN ONLY SAY ONE WORD AS YET."

Visitor. "AND WHAT'S THAT?"

Elsie. "BANG!"

#### L. L. A. A. M.

THE new "League of Liberals Against Aggression and Militarism" might have found a better name. There is a Peace Society, but such a title as that would be much too short for any new association. If the League had added "Bluster" to the things which it opposes, every member of its peaceful flock could have called himself a Llaamb, in a sort of blenting, hesitating fashion. But if it had doubled the M, by adding "Money-making" to "Militarism," the effect would have been much finer. Years ago, in that excellent comedy, *The Colonel*, there was a name just suited to this League, only, unfortunately, the character was connected with "Militarism"—Col. WOOTTWELL W. WOODD, L.L.A.A.M.M.

Double-dealing all Liberals must condemn; doubling, as a military exercise, must be hateful to the new League; double-entry, connected with money-making, should also be denounced. But there is one double thing every member must study—it might do more than plain English has done to explain the objects of the League—and that is, double Dutch. H. D. B.

A PROTEST AGAINST A POSSIBILITY.—SIR,—I see advertised a "St. Paul's Shirt." What next? I don't mean "what next to the shirt," because the answer is evident, according to whether the inner or outer side of the garment be intended. No, I mean, will there be a "St. Peter's Hat," "St. Titus's Trouserings," "St. Barnabas's Boots," and so forth? Yours,

THE LAST OF THE BRACY'S.

COMMITTEE ROOM INTELLIGENCE.—Attending for two hours a meeting as one of the members of a "Standing Committee" is very tiring. A light-hearted witness, requiring some refreshment, requested to be informed what the Standing Committee was "going to stand?" On the reply being given by the chairman that "the Committee would stand—no impudence," witness fainted, and—attained his object.

#### DRAMATIC DIALOGUE.

First Critic. I went t'other day to see the Shakspearian Sassiety play, the entire Quarto *Hamlet*.

Second Critic. Dry work. But what's the good of a Quart o' *Hamlet* unless the pints are made and taken?

MAKING NOTHING OF IT.—*The Graphic* showed us a picture of the "New Destroyer *Viper*, the fastest ship in the Navy," warranted to travel forty miles an hour. The L. C. and D. and S.-K. Companies, it is said, are going in for some of these *Vipers*, which will cross the Channel in just two-thirds of the time now taken, that is, in three-quarters of an hour from one coast to the other: and it may be reduced to half-an-hour!! At Dover you say, at 12.15, I think I'll lunch at Calais, and having crossed in a *Viper*, there you are au buffet at Calais Maritime at one; finished by two; start at 2.15, back again in Dover at three to the moment. [N.B. The above would be our arrangement of trains.] At this rate of progression, within a very few years the trip to Calais and back will take just a quarter of an hour, and the journey between Dover and London will be about an hour or so. This will do much on the Brussels' journey and that line of country; while, of course, as the *trajet* to Boulogne will be done in the same space of time, this latter will be "good biz" for Paris and the travellers on French "lines in pleasant places." There won't be time to be ill: "quick transit," not "sic transit."

A LINE FOR "THE PILOT," A WEEKLY REVIEW (*vide Henry the Sixth* (Part 3), Act V., Scene 4).—"For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge" (sixpence), and we hope we may be able to add, several months hence, another quotation from the same play—"Yet lives our Pilot still."

THE CRY FROM THE TRANSVAAL.—Mounts wanted. "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"



## A DUOLOGUE.

*Man in the Street, loquitur:*  
 'ERE! Wot are yer tryin' ter do, Sir?  
 O crikey! It makes me feel queer  
 Ter see an ole fossil like you, Sir,  
 A-thinkin' as 'ow 'e can steer.  
 Ter watch yer is positive rilin',  
 An' me an' my mates kinder feel  
 We 'd like for ter know wheer we 're silin',  
 O man at the wheel.

*Man at the Wheel, loquitur:*  
 I'll tell you concisely and clearly  
 Whatever I happen to know:  
 The port we are bound for is merely  
 Wherever you wish me to go.  
 And if, Sir, you know any better  
 Than me, how to reach that retreat,  
 I shall look on myself as your debtor,  
 O man in the street.

*Man in the Street, loquitur:*  
 'Ere, chuck it! Yer mean yer expec' us  
 Ter keep a look-out an' ter show  
 The shallers an' rocks as may wreck us—  
 Jes' wot yer are paid for ter know?  
 If this is in horder, wot 's stited,  
 Then please will yer kindly reveal  
 Wot for yer was ever creited,  
 O man at the wheel?

*Man at the Wheel, loquitur:*  
 Those that study the papers—they 're rum  
 things:  
 To read them was never my wont—  
 Should surely know more about some  
 things  
 Than sensible people who don't.  
 And as for your following question,  
 I frankly confess myself beat;  
 I can't even make a suggestion,  
 O man in the street.

TO THE EDITOR, WHO MAY COM-  
MAND HIM ANYTHING.

BID me to live, and I will live  
 Thy office-boy to be.  
 Or bid me write, and I will give  
 A ready pen to thee.

A pen as fierce, a pen as kind,  
 A pen as broad or free  
 As in the whole world thou canst find,  
 That pen I'll give to thee.

Bid that pen stay, and it shall stay  
 Tory at thy decree,  
 Or bid it sweep the Lords away  
 And 't shall do so for thee.

I'll write to make the public weep,  
 Till cramp lays hold of me,  
 When that occurs, I still will keep  
 A type-writer for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,  
 In Little England's key,  
 Or call upon our troops to dare  
 E'en death to die for thee.

Thou art my views, my brains, my heart,  
 The very tongue of me,  
 Thou hast command, and only "part,"  
 I'll live and lie for thee.



## THE LAGGARD.

"HECTOR ALEXANDER MACFAURLANE, YE 'RE  
 JUST DRIVIN' ME TO DESPERATION!"

COMMON FORMS FOR USE OF FIELD-  
CORNETS, ETC.

"TO-DAY, the British attacked the Boer position at — in force. They outnumbered us by — to one, but we repulsed them with terrible loss. After — hours' desperate fighting, they were driven back. Our artillery did great execution. Out of 5,000 British troops engaged, 2,000 were killed and 4,000 wounded: the rest surrendered and were made prisoners" (where needful, alter figures, but always in same proportion as above). "The Boer losses were 1 man (very old) killed, 2 wounded" (here insert any "fancy stroke" as e.g.), "Commandant ANANIASJE lost his valise and a pocket-handkerchief. Whoever will restore the same to him at P. O. Pretoria will receive a reward of 4d."

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

["The English attach an importance to sanitation, the pettiness of which may cause us to smile."—*Le Temps*.]

BUT zey are *drôles*, *ces Anglais*!  
 Zey turn so vite as veal  
 Before ze smell ve love so vell  
 Vich makes itself to feel;  
 Zey sniff, zey say ze vord profane,  
 Zey svear, zey cry, "Ze drain, ze drain!"

BUT zey are *drôles*, *ces Anglais*!  
 Zey do not fear to stew  
 In jungles low vere fevers grow  
 And snakes and livers too;  
 And yet, be'old I zey vill complain  
 If zey should smell von leetle drain.

BUT zey are *drôles*, *ces Anglais*!  
 Zey live, zese 'ardy dogs,  
 Sans sun, sans air in London vere  
 It always rains and fogs;  
 But oh, *ma foi*! vot rage insane  
 If zey should smell von leetle drain!

## PRECIOUS POEMS.

## VI.—THE PET SNAIL.

I CAUGHT a gentle little snail,  
 And trained it up to love me,  
 'Twas not a friend to make me quail,  
 Nor mentally above me.

This snail was honest, leal, and true,  
 Decidedly demure, re-  
 -Tiring, though to casual view,  
 It frothed and foamed with fury.

At breakfast-time upon a plate  
 It went through evolutions,  
 And executed three or eight  
 With wondrous executions.

How happy we were both at lunch  
 May not be sung or spoken;  
 But now alone my meal I munch—  
 My heart of hearts is broken!

At dinner-time it frisked away  
 Upon a tray of lacquer;  
 But none the dread attack may stay  
 When Death is the attacker.

I sing its loss (a bitter pill)  
 With sorrowful cadenza;  
 I fancy that it caught a chill  
 Which turned to influenza.

Alas! I've suffered much, and not,  
 As Frenchmen say, a *leetle*,  
 Yet bravely would I bear my lot,  
 And try and tame a beetle.

ADVICE GRATIS.—A CHAPERON.—Well, of course, it was not pleasant that the elopement should have taken place when she was under your charge, but her mother seems to have acted in a most intemperate manner. Your explanation that you were dancing all the evening yourself, and were down three times to supper, and had forgotten all about her, should have been accepted as satisfactory.



FOG!

(By a Utilitarian.)

O WONDROUS fog, that gently steals  
Upon the wilderness of wheels  
And hushes them to rest,  
I yearn, at times, to think of thee  
As utilised commerciallee,  
Unmitigated pest!

May I be there to hail the day  
When science says its final say  
On utilising waste,  
Distilling from the murky air  
Some second "Bovril" rich and rare  
Of turtle-soupy taste.

O fog! it is too much to hope  
That some day thou wilt yield a soap,  
And cleanse instead of stain;  
But thy "too solid" texture ought  
In blocks of fuel, deftly wrought,  
To prove our future gain.

I have it now! Thy blacks so nois-  
-ome as they seem, are choic-  
-est carbon, and, some day,  
Transmuted by electric power,  
These "blacks" shall fall, a brilliant  
shower  
Of diamonds—hooray!

## MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

## VI.—THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

(Revised by R. Le G-ll-ne.)

THE young man emerged from the Lane of Vigo and wandered over Bodleian pastures where the verdure is flecked with yellow. "The age demands a new *Pickwick*," he murmured; "a *Pickwick* from which all bourgeois views of life and foolish banalities have been eliminated. Yes, I will transform this uncouth Beast into a fairy Prince. 'Twill be a pretty Prose-fancy and worthy of a fresh paragraph."

See! the gaitered gentleman approaches. Tarry awhile, good Sir, if, indeed, thou art desirous of attaining a celebrity rarer and more enduring than the vulgar popularity thou once enjoyed among the mob. Give me those spectacles which do but magnify the ineptitudes of the lower middle class and put on these rose-tinted glasses of mine. Through them even the hard things of life become as rose-rock. Lo! I am an adept in the art of literary confections, and know full well how to change the saccharine drops of fancy into rainbow-coloured delicacies far excelling PASCALL'S purest-edible-thoughts. True, this idea of an exchange is not quite original; for I wot that the low, flashy youth ALADDIN participated in a lamp-exchange, and I know (for the very name of GRUNDY is dear to me) that BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH. . . . Yet why excuse myself? What after all is originality but a pose? As for me, my literary youth has known a Sterne up-bringing: I have supped frequently off Lamb and suffered

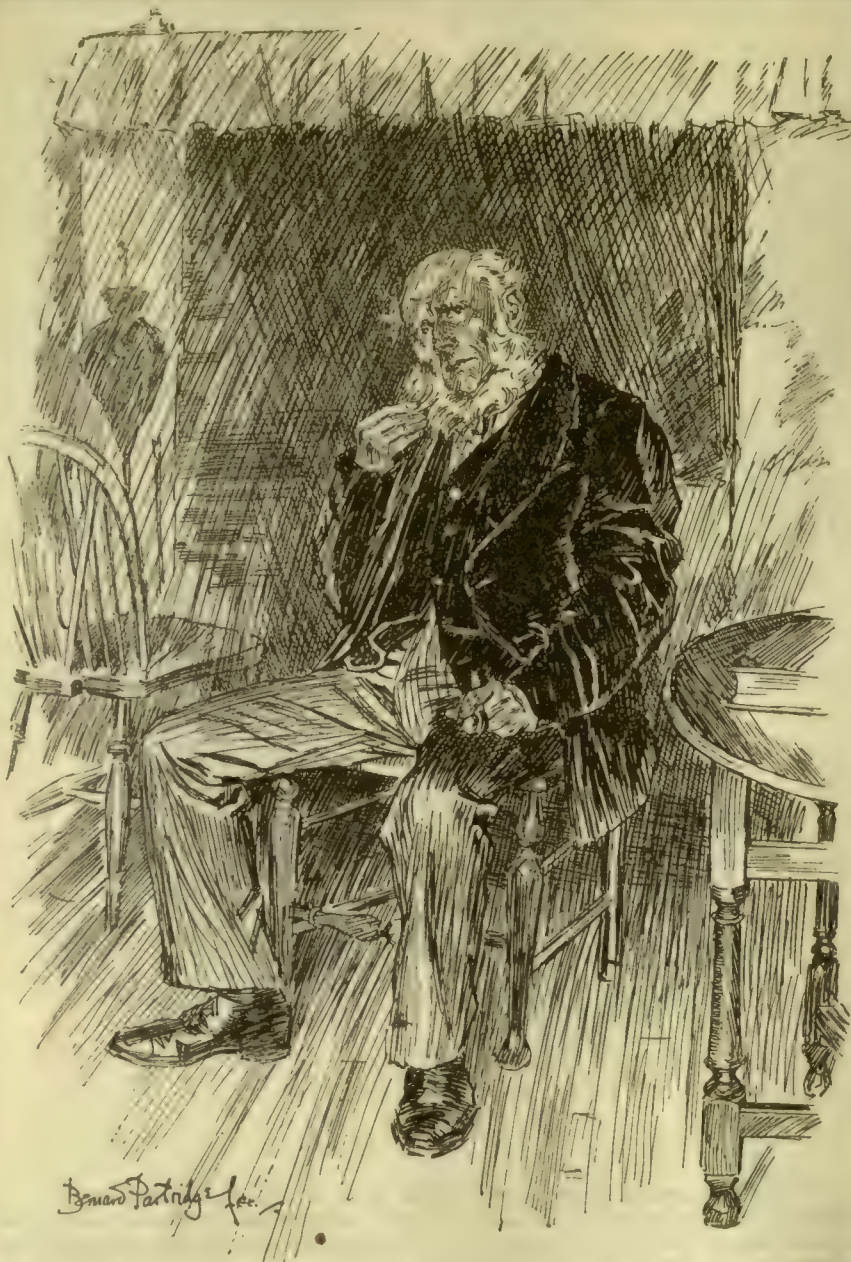


"YER KNOW, THEM BOERS 'AS BIN STORIN' GUNS AND HAMBRITION FOR YEARS!"

from attacks of Quincey. But enough . . . will you? . . . With characteristic good humour Mr. PICKWICK accepted the rose-tinted glasses. Instantly clusters of curls crept over his once bald head; his rotund figure became Apollo-like, and even the gaiters blossomed into beauty. Mr. PICKWICK smiled dreamily and a pucker crept into his Alastor-like brow. "The Pilgrimage," he murmured. "Oh, yes! the Quest of the Brazen JINGLE." He took a parcel from his pocket and looked furtively at its contents. Therein lay a shirt and a pair of socks which once hung sun-kissed upon an hotel clothes-line. He had purchased them—meaning to track the owner—from a youth named TROTTER, to whom they had been given by the miscreant JINGLE. At this moment the Rev. Mr. STIGGINS, from Zion Chapel—a young, Nonconformist

visionary of poetical aspect and advanced social theories—came hurrying along. Unhappily he collided with Mr. Pickwick, and as they both wore rose-tinted glasses, their spectacles were shaken off. "Bless my soul!" cried Mr. PICKWICK, regaining his well-known "phiz." Mr. STIGGINS' countenance, moreover, now suggested pine-apple rum rather than poetry. The young man advanced. "Put on your glasses," he cried in disgust. "Just as they were getting on so well," he groaned. At that moment an explosive Wellerism, fired at a distance from a newcomer, hit him full on the brow. Vainly did he try to protect himself with a piece of sugar-candy wrapped up in an epigram. "I cannot withstand that odious cockney," he murmured, then fled to his own particular Star, where he wrote tragic fairy tales with a pen dipped in treacle. A. R.





*Sandy McPherson, in a moment of abstraction, put half-a-crown in the collection plate last Sunday in mistake for a penny, and has since expended a deal of thought as to the best way of making up for it.*

"Noo I might stay awa' frae the kirk till the sum was made up; but on the ither han' I wad be payin' pew rent a' the time an' gettin' nae guid o' 't. Losh! but I'm thinkin' this is what the meenister ca's a 'releigious defficulty!'"

#### DIEU ET MON DROIT.

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain."

*A member of an African firm (in direct communication with the front) advises his partner during the siege of Kimberley.*

Modder camp's by Modder river  
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);  
There the days go idly by,  
Hope is sick and like to die—  
Brother, should not you and I  
Do a deal and bear De Beers?

#### Northward Magersfontein lies

(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);  
There at dawn our fate was sealed,  
Thence at dusk our bravest reeled—  
Still the heart-wound might be healed  
If we went and beared De Beers!

Tier on tier the trenches front them  
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);  
There our gallant soldiers sleep,  
Yet the price we paid was cheap,  
There's a harvest yet to reap  
If we only bear De Beers.

Ill the wind that blows no vantage  
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);  
Riper yet shall grow the grain  
Watered by this ruddy rain,  
Ours shall be the future gain,  
Ours who holdly bear De Beers.

Nearer yet the cordon closes  
(Brother, brother, sell De Beers!);  
Famine, fever, flame and all—  
Graves below the leaguered wall—  
Kimberley is bound to fall,  
So are diamonds! bear De Beers!

*Later.*

Useful news to hand this morning  
(Brother, brother, buy De Beers!);  
FRENCH is working round the right  
Fast and keen for a running fight,  
They'll be in to-morrow night—  
Now's our chance to bull De Beers!

Take the turning tide of Fortune  
(Brother, brother, buy De Beers!);  
Ebbing, flowing—either way—  
Some of us should make it pay  
Snapping profits while we may—  
Quick, my brother, bull De Beers!

Shall the sole reward be honour?  
Never, never! Buy De Beers!  
RHODES will soon be dealing salmon  
Round the hungry haunts of Manmon,  
Take my tip—it isn't gammon—  
God for England! Bull De Beers!  
O. S.

#### WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

*(Suggestions from various quarters.)*

*A Number of Persons.* Send him to the Mauritius.

*A Number of Others.* Land him at St. Helena.

*A Promoter.* Obtain his assistance in floating a company.

*The Foreign Press.* Reinstate him with an army of Continental mercenaries.

*An Agent for the Junior Branch of the Profession.* Engage him for the Halls.

*An Admirer of Pluck.* Beg him to sign and return a few autographs.

*One in Need.* To respectfully solicit a subscription.

*A Publisher.* Get him to write a History of the War for England and the Colonies, with a special edition for foreign consumption.

*An American Citizen.* Secure him as a lecturer in connection with a series of dissolving views.

*A Leader of Society.* Invite him to London and make him the Lion of the Season.

#### A BIT MIXED.

*Landlord of the "Bag of Nails"* (to clergyman's Factotum, whose master has gone to a Conservative meeting). I thought your guv'nor was a Radical?

*Factotum.* So 'e was till the war. Now 'e's a downright Unitarian.





SWAIN SC

WHO SAID "DEAD"?









"AWFUL BORE, DEAR OLD CHAP. WAR OFFITH WON'T HAVE ME, THIMPLY BECAUTH MY EYETHIGHT ITH THO DOOTHEED BAD!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, Feb. 26.

—JOKIM, in spite of his cheery name and festive manner, is of all men the most miserable. To-night made clean breast of sorrow before sympathetic House. A trustful and well-to-do country places at disposal of First Lord of the Admiralty a trifle under thirty millions, to be spent within the twelvemonths on the Navy. JOKIM, in voice broken with emotion, confessed to-night that he couldn't spend the money. He had done his best; got up early, gone to bed late; had spared neither himself nor his staff, and had to acknowledge failure. A balance of £1,400,000 the Admiralty couldn't get rid of.

House deeply affected. Not a dry eye in any quarter. As JOKIM, utterly breaking down, stood at the Table silently wringing his hands, JESSE COLLINGS, who ever had a sympathetic heart, broke into a fit of sobbing that completed the un-manning of the House.

After dinner the offing of the door of the First Lord's private cabin was besieged by sympathetic callers, each anxious to bear their share of JOKIM's infirmity.

*Business done.*—JOKIM explains Navy Estimates. Pitiful condition of affairs at the Admiralty.

*Tuesday.*—"What is gas after all?" Mr. LOUGH asked just now in course of windy speech on a Private Bill. Members hilariously laughed, ironically cheered, subsiding in order to hear the point

authoritatively expounded. But Mr. LOUGH was off breathless after some other hare, and the question, like the earlier and more famous one, "What is a pound?" remains unanswered.

House crowded to hear BOBS's Majuba Day despatch from Paardeberg. Afterwards, debate ensuing on so trifling a matter as a year's expenditure of thirty millions on the Navy, the place deserted. Possibly, had there been prospect of a brisk debate on controverted points, the scene would have been more inspiring. What actually happened was the reading of long papers prepared in the seclusion of the study by FORTESCUE FLANNERY and other experts. These, doubtless, full of rich matter in the way of information and counsel. But, in the form adopted for their delivery, the House will have none of them.

So the Admirals, the Captains, and Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER—that Marine of Parliamentary debate, equally at home on sea or land—have the place all to themselves, the Treasury Bench presenting the only approach to a crowded audience. There sat Admiral JOKIM trying against strong access of drowsiness to keep his weather eye open; Captain MACARTNEY wondering if he will ever succeed in worming out of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES the secret of the pair of spars on which he keeps his white ducks unwrinkled when not in wear; and Lieut. CHAMBERLAIN, who, young and trusting, believes that Admiral FIELD really was at one period of his life at sea, and could now, if he were called

## SEE-SAW, OR FROM HAND TO HAND.

(Page from a Palmist's Diary.)

*Monday.* Any number of aristocratic clients. Told their past, present, and future very successfully. Received large cheques, which I sent to the bankers. Dinner, theatre, and supper—all excellent.

*Tuesday.* Attended an At Home. Plenty of diamonds. Told the fortune of a judge. His Lordship much pleased and amused.

*Wednesday.* Bad luck. Wet day. Turn of the tide. Falling off in receipts. No invitations.

*Thursday.* Day of disaster. Bank smashed with all my money. Left absolutely penniless.

*Friday.* Went back to my old life. Told fortunes in the kitchen. On coming out by the area arrested by the police.

*Saturday.* Brought before the magistrate. Convicted of fortune-telling. Usual sentence.

*Sunday.* In ch-key.

ALMOST A SINECURE.—The Academy for March 8 says that "Mr. A. B. WALKLEY has been made dramatic critic of the Times." Good, so far. "*Poeta nascitur non fit*," is true also of a critic. A critic is not "made" until he has shown himself a born genius; and thenceforth he is "a made man." It is to be hoped that Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, who is credited by the Academy with "volatile personality," will soon be afforded an opportunity of giving us a "touch of his quality," as at present there is little else going on at the theatres but musical farce, which, if it amuses and pays, calls for no real criticism. For the nonce, the critic's occupation is gone.

upon, take charge of the steamer to Southend.

*Business done.*—Vote for men taken in Navy Estimates.

*Thursday.*—CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, satisfied that Chancellor of the Exchequer was not permitted chivalrously to wrong himself in the transaction whereby Netheravon was purchased by the War Office, lightly turns his thoughts to Kimberley. CECIL RHODES, addressing company of De Beers shareholders, who seem to have been hanging about through the siege, mentioned matter of two millions sterling cleared as recent profits on working of mine. Also, some £167,000 in diamonds lying loosely around. To the CAP'EN's generous soul has occurred idea how nice it would be to distribute these unconsidered trifles among the relieving force! Meaner minds might have said, "Let them take the diamonds"; or, "Hand over to the brave fellows the two millions sterling." The CAP'EN, when he makes up his mind to be generous, goes all the way.

"Let 'em have both," he says, with comprehensive wave of his hooked arm.

That seemed to settle matters. But some preliminaries necessary. Must put up the Government to insist on carrying out the idea. So to-night the CAP'EN, heaving alongside the Treasury Bench, hails the Admiral in command, asks him what he thinks of proposal.

"The effect of the suggestion," PRINCE ARTHUR remarked, in reflective mood, "would appear to be that the difference



between being sacked by your enemies and relieved by your friends would be merely one of form."

House roared with laughter. CAPTAIN TOMMY sheered off disgusted with the narrow-mindedness of his fellow men. Here, in a flash, had been born to him a great idea. He claimed no credit; in fact, the millions and the diamonds belonged to the De Beers Company. All he, in a moment of inspiration, had said was, "Give 'em to TOMMY ATKINS." Instead of jumping at the idea, crowning with bays

The period covered, from 1857 to 1872, is one of most important epochs in Parliamentary history. It saw the first Jew seated in Commons; DISRAELI as Leader; Reform Bill carried; the American Civil War fought out, once at least bringing England to verge of battle; the Disestablishment of the Irish Church; the freeing of the Irish land; the Establishment of School Boards; the introduction of Ballot. The reader who goes to the Diary for graphic description of scenes and episodes accompanying these momentous events

that WILKES would be more severely punished if he were not so advertised. Accordingly discharged from custody on paying the fees. But SPEAKER DENISON, a man of regular business habits, had in awful solitude of his study prepared a reprimand. So pleased with its terms that he enters it in his Diary. Here, ghost-like, it pops up, from the grave more than forty years later, when judge and culprit have both passed away.

"I accordingly give you this reprimand," so the solemn address ends,



"THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY."

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET OF THE LONGSHORE FRATERNITY. (NAVY ESTIMATES.)

(Admiral F-ld, Mr. G-b-s-n B-w-l-s, Mr. G-sch-n, Mr. M-c-rtn-y, and Mr. A-st-n Ch-m-b-r-l-n.)

the noble forehead under whose lofty dome it had found birth, he was met by a cheap sneer, and a ribald House rudely laughed.

*Business done.*—Ladysmith relieved. So is the public mind.

*Friday.*—A quiet night in Committee of Supply. Took opportunity of reading Diary of John Evelyn Denison, written when he was SPEAKER. Like PEPPY'S Journal, inasmuch as it was not prepared with view to publication, which makes all the more valuable its contributions to knowledge. Manuscript, like the body of the mistletoe bride, found in an old oak chest; printed a year ago for private circulation; now JOHN MURRAY gives it to the world in handsome volume.

will be d'sappointed. SPEAKER DENISON watching them from his Chair could not have been unmoved, but very rarely he stops to sketch a mere incident. Whenever he varies his habit it is because it raises some point of order. Nevertheless, incidentally, accidentally, we see the living men of an age now passed—DISRAELI or GLADSTONE, as they "come to my chair," and take counsel on points of order or procedure.

In the Session of 1853, WASHINGTON WILKES was committed to custody of Sergeant-at-Arms for breach of privilege. Intended that he should be brought to Bar and reprimanded by SPEAKER. On further consideration it was shrewdly suspected

"which I trust will carry with it a sufficient caution for the future."

"In order to be reprimanded," SPEAKER DENISON notes, "a person at the bar must be in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. When not in custody he can only be admonished." Think of that!

A most interesting book. But what does Mr. MURRAY mean by publishing a photograph of PHILLIPS' painting of a section of the House of Commons—showing the mace on the table, the SPEAKER in the Chair, PAM on his legs addressing the House, DIZZY and his colleagues seated opposite—and labelling it "Lord PALMERSTON'S Cabinet, 1802"? *Business done.*—Money voted for the Fleet.





**M**

Y dear Sir," said Professor MURGATROYDE, on the eve of the third day of his

visit to his friend Dr. PASSMORE,—"My dear

Sir, although I confess that I should like a further experience of the practical working of your Pantokephalolutron, yet I have seen enough of your discovery to cause me to have faith—yes, some faith, as much faith as a scientific man can acquire in the product of another's research—in its possibilities. Yes, something may come of it."

Dr. PASSMORE was a trifle irritated; he was not a man of genius, but sometimes he was quite as irritable as if he were.

"Don't you think that you have gone too far in eulogy of my discovery?" said he—a few grains of sarcasm were held in solution in his speech, as it were; but of course his brother savant failed to perceive this fact; there was no litmus paper in his tympanum, so to speak; he could not detect the presence of acid without having such a test handy. That was why he pursed out his lips and looked a trifle startled.

"No, no; I haven't said too much," he cried. "I haven't committed myself to any definite opinion. I should not like to be the one to encourage you, Dr. PASSMORE. There's nothing so fatal to a discoverer, as well as to an inventor, as encouragement. Why, he might be led to continue his investigations, and it wouldn't be in keeping with the spirit in which an official of a scientific department of the State discharges his duties to stimulate research. Oh, no; I only admit that your Pantokephalolutron has its possibilities—some possibilities. After ten or fifteen years of departmental hostility, it may be found worth attention."

"I appeal to the mental and not to the departmental investigators," said Dr. PASSMORE, dropping a few more grains of extra acidulated tincture of sarcasm (its symbol is  $H_2SO_4$ ) into his flow of phrases. "The mental side of a question is, I take it, exactly the opposite to the departmental."

"Well, not exactly the opposite—no, I wouldn't say that they are separated by one hundred and eighty degrees of arc;

but I allow that the angle made by the two, if represented geometrically, would be found considerably greater than a right angle."

"And the word that geometrioicians employ to designate such an angle is 'obtuse.' It strikes me, Professor MURGATROYDE, that a better word could scarcely be found to describe the attitude of a scientific department."

"Speaking as man to man, I am disposed to assent to that view; but looking at the question from a purely departmental—"

"Well, Sir?"

"Ah, you haven't such a thing as a sheet of foolscap paper in your house, Dr. PASSMORE? It would be grossly irregular on my part to make the attempt to express the opinion of a scientific department except on blue foolscap. An official expression of opinion looks almost foolish on any other sort of paper. But upon blue foolscap—"

"It looks as you say, only with the qualification omitted. Well, Professor MURGATROYDE, it seems pretty clear that I shall have to look for support in my investigations in another direction. The British Biological Department is not likely to advance my interests, although you admit that you have been greatly impressed by my experiments."

"Yes, greatly impressed; that exactly expresses my feeling. I did not commit myself."

"No; but the logical conclusion—"

"My dear Sir, the logical conclusion and the biological conclusion are two separate and distinct conclusions. At any rate, my visit to you has concluded, and it has been a very pleasant visit, I assure you. Your daughter's treatment of the third movement in the *Diamant Noir* suite seems to me to be the most finished performance I have heard for a long time."

"And your official report on my Pantokephalolutron?"

"You may look for the first part of my report in—let me see, this is May, is it not?—yes, I should say about next August twelve-months you may begin to correspond with the department on the subject of the time when you may look for the official report on the Pantokephalolutron."

"I am so glad that you admire my daughter's rendering of the third movement, Professor MURGATROYDE. I feel that the visit with which you have honoured me has not been altogether without results. The dog-cart is at the door, Sir."



The two savants shook hands without any great show of enthusiasm, and parted without any great show of emotion. Professor MURGATROYDE drove off to catch the 4.30 express to London, and his recent host, Dr. PASSMORE, banged every door between the hall and his laboratory on his way to that apartment. He had just come to the conclusion that, although an ignorant fool may be a very irritating person, an ignorant savant is infinitely more mischievous.

The name of Dr. PASSMORE has for a good many years been very greatly respected in England and greatly laughed at in Germany. It would be difficult to say with any degree of precision in which country he was the better known. He had made several scientific discoveries of immense uselessness, and had thus come to be regarded as one of the foremost of modern investigators. He was, happily, independent of his profession, which was that of a doctor of medicine. Indeed, he had never had any need to practise: the death of his father soon after he had obtained his degree had left him with abundant means for pursuing his favourite researches in the laboratory, which he had added to his house in one of the suburbs of Steeplecross.

He had practically lived in his laboratory since the death of his wife, and it was generally assumed by the people of Steeplecross that his only daughter, JOAN, was compelled to lead a very lonely life; for though she was a very lovely girl and an earnest student of music, people said that beauty and music were not enough. It is scarcely necessary to add that, as it was understood that JOAN PASSMORE would inherit the fortune which her mother had left to her, as well as her father's property, more than one youth, to say nothing of several fully-matured householders (male) of the prosperous little town, had from time to time offered to transfer her to presumably more congenial surroundings than were available in her father's house. She had, however, rejected all such hospitable offers; and then people who wished to be cutting alluded to her as a modern young woman.

Others who meant kindly towards her said that she was devoted to her father, and that if it were not for the care she took of him he might lose his reputation as a self-denying scientific explorer by inventing something useful—say, a chemical preservative for milk, or a way of making omelettes without breaking eggs.

Few people were aware of the exact character of the latest of Dr. PASSMORE's discoveries, or they would not have suggested, even vaguely, that his labours did not tend to the amelioration of mankind. The fact was that, after years of study and some thought as well, he had made a discovery, the object of which was to achieve what all philanthropists had aimed at accomplishing from the infancy of the world. In short, he had, by the combination of certain chemicals, succeeded in producing a liquid possessing extraordinary properties.

There was nothing of the philosopher's stone tradition about it. Dr. PASSMORE, having been always well off, would not have wasted an hour of his time over so immoral a project as the transmuting of a noble metal such as iron into a base metal such as gold. It was not a new anæsthetic, nor was it even a hair-dye, or a cure for neuralgia. It was simply a colourless liquid, the application of which to any portion of the body caused a slight indentation similar to one produced by the pressure of a heavy weight, only much more permanent, though not absolutely so.

Like a large number of other valuable discoveries, its property was revealed by accident. A drop of it fell upon the back of Dr. PASSMORE's hand, and as it was not an acid, he disregarded it. To his surprise he found that it produced a slight depression, not merely on the skin, but on the bone beneath as well, and without causing the least pain or even inconvenience.

At first he was more amused than anything else. He let another drop fall on the fleshy part of his arm and the result was precisely the same as before. Then he began to experi-

ment freely on his laboratory assistant, and he found out that the young man was equally susceptible to the influence of the chemical combination. Experimenting on the flesh of one's assistant is quite as fascinating, and certainly less inconvenient, than upon oneself; and Dr. PASSMORE found, after a delightful hour or two, that the liquid only acted when the flesh overlaid a bone or a cartilage, and also that the depth of the impression varied, as one might have expected, in proportion to the duration of the application of the liquid.

Now, the utility of a liquid possessing such a property would not be immediately apparent to many people: the number of ordinary citizens who are anxious to have their bodies dinged, as it were, may be counted on the fingers of one hand; and it was quite a week before his discovery assumed its real proportions in the mind of Dr. PASSMORE—for he brushed aside as inconsequent his assistant's suggestion that it would only be a boon to such persons as were afflicted by warts. It was quite a week before the supreme importance of the liquid as an agent of reform flashed across its discoverer. It was only when he had tried its property upon a specimen skull which he possessed—he was desirous of finding out whether it would work when applied directly to the bone—that he perceived wherein lay the utility of the liquid. He was a biologist, and had for many years accepted the truths of phrenology, and the question was now forced upon him:—

"Why should not I use my discovery for the regulation of the heads of the people?"

It had been demonstrated to his satisfaction by the professors of the science—or is it an art?—of phrenology, that people were not responsible for their own acts: their acts were due to the configuration of their heads. The homicide could not avoid homiciding: he had the homicidal "bump" extravagantly developed. The thief was bound to steal, for he had a "bump" that gave him no rest until he had acquired the property of some one else. The mother who had the organ of "philoprogenitiveness" positively could not refuse to have a sort of fondness for her own children—and so on down the whole of the phrenologist's list of "organs" and "tendencies."

But here was a power which could depress the undue developments of the skull so that the man who was a born murderer could be made to look with the kindest feelings upon his fellow man, even though his fellow man regarded ISEN as a dramatist; and in like manner the born thief would not be compelled to become a company promoter in order to legalise his operations. The depression of the "bump" of "philoprogenitiveness" in women would enable them to look on their children with that equanimity which is displayed by other people in contemplating other people's offspring, and perhaps even the fictional output might be made susceptible of regulation by indenting the skulls of the composers of prospectuses, through the agency of the fluid, and not by the means a man of ordinary habits would feel inclined to adopt to effect the same object.

Dr. PASSMORE perceived that he was on the eve of bringing about a work of reform compared with which the aspirations of the greatest philanthropists were insignificant. He was, therefore, somewhat irritated when, on the very day when he first perceived the splendid possibilities of his discovery, his daughter, who had just returned from a visit to London, entered his study, with her face rather inclined to be rosy and her hands somewhat inclined to tear into the very smallest shreds her lace pocket-handkerchief.

He looked up from his desk where he was jotting down a few notes relative to the experiments which he meant to try with his fluid, and enquired what it was she wanted.

"Oh, it is nothing of importance," said she, "I can easily come back again." It seemed as great a relief to her to find her father engaged as it does to one who, on visiting one's dentist, learns that he will be occupied all the day.



"I don't want you to come back again," cried her father rather testily. "Say what you have got to say and have done with it. You see I am very busy."

"Oh, it is really nothing," she said, "only—you know that I have just returned from the COLLINGHAMS'."

"I know that. Good heavens, JOAN! do you fancy that I have no memory for trivial matters? I know that you have returned two days—or is it a fortnight? Never mind, it's one or the other. Well?"

"I only thought that I should tell you that when in London I met—well, a man."

"Bless my soul! a man—a live man! Well, they do have that phenomenon in London, I hear. Is it due to the smoke, do you think?"

"This was a—a—well, a different sort of man, papa."

"Most of them are indifferent."

"He wasn't; at least he wasn't indifferent—to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, papa dear,"—here she succeeded in tearing the lace border of her pocket-handkerchief quite clear of the parent fabric,—“he asked me if I would mind marrying him.”

"Heavens above us! The impudent fellow! I hope you sent him about his business."

"Oh, yes, yes—that is—I told him that I would tell you."

"Quite right. And now that you have told me, we may consider the incident closed, as the diplomats say. Now run away and play with your dolls, my dear."

He returned to his notes, and actually failed to notice that his daughter's face wore that expression which—when it is assumed by pretty girls—is called pouting. JOAN's friends knew that she pouted very prettily, and she thought so too, but she should have known better than to pout for her father. He never saw how piquant was the expression on her face, and after waiting in vain by his chair for half-a-minute or so, she gave an exclamation of impatience and left the room, considerably letting her father know, by the way she closed the door, that she was annoyed at his attitude.

She spent the rest of the afternoon writing a long and despairing letter to a youth named CHARLIE COLLINGHAM, who was the eldest son of the friends with whom she had been staying in London. She entreated this young man to forget her—that would be the wisest course for him to follow, inasmuch as her father would never consent to their union. And two days later she got a letter from Mr. COLLINGHAM, scouting her advice, and thus she was very happy.

And then her father began his series of tests in regard to the fluid to which he had, after some little trouble, given the good working name of Pantokephalolutron.

He found a man in Steeplecross who had been up before the local magistrates for attempting to commit suicide. He had been for eighteen weeks out of work and his children were starving. This man was, Dr. PASSMORE felt assured, the very man to experiment on. He allowed him thirty shillings a week for permitting his organ of self-destructiveness to be touched up daily with the fluid, and the result was to demonstrate its extraordinary power; for not once during the three weeks he was being experimented on did he show the least tendency to suicide. On the contrary, he became extremely cheerful, and was once heard to admit that he had been a great fool to make an attempt on his own life. But at the same time, his newly-acquired optimism caused him to qualify his statement; he said he had found that there were greater fools than himself in the world.

Then he tried it on the dog. His daughter had a fox-terrier, which was all too fond of chasing stray cats. Dr. PASSMORE applied the liquid to its bump of destructiveness, and bought a toy cat which he locked in the room with the dog. In half-an-hour, on opening the door, it was found that, not merely had the dog refrained from chasing the cat, he was actually lying asleep on the rug with his head resting on the cat. His

crowning test, however, was to buy a clockwork mouse for the household cat, after it had been duly tested with the Pantokephalolutron, as to its organ of "sportiveness." So great a change had been effected in the nature of the animal, that it had actually run away from the clockwork mouse at the first click of the machinery.

These experiments were repeated, with some others, on a guinea-pig and a frog in the presence of Professor MURGATROYDE, of the Biological Department, and yet he had not been convinced that he would be justified in recommending the adoption by the State of the Pantokephalolutron as a preventative of crime, for the prevention of pauperdom, or, in short, for the general regulation of all the ill-balanced heads in the community at large.

Two days after Professor MURGATROYDE's visit to Steeplecross, Dr. PASSMORE went to stay with his friend Sir GEORGE COLLINGHAM in London; and when he returned to Steeplecross at the end of the week, his daughter perceived that he was greatly excited about something, but she made no remark on this subject: she knew that her father would betray himself before very long; and she was right.

After dinner on the day of his return he said to her:

"JOAN, my dear, didn't you say something to me the other day about a man—a young man whom you had met in London—a fellow who was impudent enough to want to marry you?"

"Yes, yes," cried JOAN with sparkling eyes. "You have seen him—you know—"

"I have not seen him—I know nothing of him, and I do not wish to hear anything of him," said her father. "No; but the incident suggested an idea to me. You have got to be a big girl now, dear, and you will have a considerable fortune. Now the difficulty of finding a really good husband for you is so great, that I have made up my mind to reduce it to a minimum by making a good husband for you out of some very unpromising materials."

"What on earth do you mean, papa?" she enquired.

"I mean, JOAN, that by the aid of my Pantokephalolutron I can so regulate the brain development of any man that, in the course of a very short time he is bound to become perfect."

"Psha! I don't want that sort of a man for a husband. I prefer one ready made. And in any case, I have promised—"

"I don't care what you have promised. You are a most ungrateful girl, JOAN. Few fathers would go to the trouble that I have been at on your account."

"I did not ask you to go to any trouble. I don't want a husband of your making."

"How can you say until you've considered the matter?"

"One does not want to give any consideration to one's husband."

"That's sheer nonsense, JOAN. A girl's chances of married happiness are altogether dependent upon the phrenological development of her husband's cranium. Now, my Pantokephalolutron is capable of altering the configuration of even so great a young reprobate as CHARLIE COLLINGHAM, so as to make him a model husband."

JOAN gasped, then stared.

"So great a young reprobate as—as—who?" she cried.

"CHARLIE COLLINGHAM," replied her father. "You must have met him more than once when you were staying with the COLLINGHAMS."

"I do believe that I did," said JOAN. "But I have a very bad memory for names. What were you saying about him, papa dear?"

"Well, Sir GEORGE admitted to me that his son had given him a good deal of trouble from time to time. Not that he has any particular vices; it seems that if he were not so shockingly extravagant and so addicted to sport he would be—well, no worse than the average young man."

"But what has all this to do with me?"



"It has everything to do with you, my dear. In short, young COLLINGHAM has shown a most exemplary spirit of self-sacrifice, for in response to my suggestion that he should allow me to experiment upon him with a view of marrying him to you—if the experiment turned out a success—he made scarcely any demur, and—well, he is coming to stay with us to-morrow, and I must insist on your treating him with—with consideration—some consideration."

"Oh, you may be sure that I'll treat him with—well, with some consideration."

JOAN laughed, and her laugh irritated her father.

"I don't like the way you say those words, and I fancy I detect a mocking note in your ill-timed hilarity," said he. "Remember, this is a serious matter. If I find that, after I have made a model husband for you, you refuse to have anything to say to him, I shall—yes, I shall be greatly annoyed. What, is a comparative stranger such as young COLLINGHAM to show a most commendable spirit of self-abnegation for the furtherance of a great scientific discovery, while my daughter——"

"Perhaps I was too hasty, papa. But one does not altogether relish the idea of sacrificing oneself for the advance of science."

"Hundreds of people do so every day. Here is a young man who has hitherto been a spendthrift—a driver of a four-in-hand and a keeper of polo ponies at his father's expense, ready to——"

But at this point JOAN pulled out her handkerchief and hiding her face in its not over-capacious folds, she rushed from the room.

Her father fancied he heard her sob.

But if he had effected his purpose at the cost of only a sob or two he felt that he had no reason to complain. He swore—in his own way, of course—that he would provide his daughter with the most exemplary husband that was ever made for a girl. He would cure young COLLINGHAM of all his follies—nay, he would treat him so as to make it impossible for him ever to commit a foolish act. He would level his "bump" of jealousy so that he would never worry his wife with foolish doubts; he would make a little ditch, so to speak, round about his organ of domesticity, so that it would appear like a hillock at the side of his head, and thus he would never be happy out of his own house. He would pare away every extravagant taste that had been born with him, and he would turn his taste for polo ponies of twelve-and-a-quarter hands into a love for carriage horses of sixteen. In one word, he would make a model husband out of a good-natured spendthrift.

When CHARLIE arrived the next day, Dr. PASSMORE was pleased to see that there was really no marked repugnance in JOAN's reception of him. Could he have seen the pair of them when they were together the moment his back was turned, he would have been confirmed in the belief that his daughter was successfully combating whatever feeling of resentment she might have originally entertained against him. For when a young woman lays her head on a young man's shoulder and allows him to kiss her on her forehead, her cheeks and her chin, it is nearly always safe to assume that, for the moment at any rate, she bears no animosity to him.

"I doubt, Sir, if Miss PASSMORE will ever care anything more for me than she does at present," said young Mr. COLLINGHAM to his host as they parted that night at bed-time. His host noticed that he had smoked four cigars at 150s. the hundred since dinner.

"Nonsense," said Dr. PASSMORE. "Oh, never fear for her. If she doesn't take to you, I'll—I'll mould her into it by the aid of my Pantokephalolutron."

"I wouldn't have her altered, Sir," said the young man quickly. "I think her perfect as she is."

"Good-night," said his host dryly. "We begin our course of treatment after breakfast to-morrow."

And so they did.

The "bump" of extravagance was the first to be dealt with, and before evening, Dr. PASSMORE noticed that his guest declined an *entrée* at dinner, and only smoked three of the expensive cigars afterwards. The next night the improvement was still more marked. Mr. COLLINGHAM came downstairs for dinner wearing the tie which he had worn the previous night, and afterwards he asked his host if he would mind his smoking a pipe instead of a cigar. Cigars were, he declared, a ridiculous extravagance. Of course Dr. PASSMORE had no objection to so marked a demonstration in favour of the Pantokephalolutron. But when, the next day, he was approached by his guest with the enquiry if he, Dr. PASSMORE, would mind allowing him, Mr. COLLINGHAM, say one-and-sixpence daily, for the *entrée* which he did not eat at dinner, and fivepence each (the club price) for the three small whiskies and sodas which he meant to give up drinking in the course of the night, Dr. PASSMORE felt that his triumph was complete, and he cheerfully consented to the suggested allowances, though he felt bound to say that he could not recollect an instance of a host having made such concessions to a guest.

And then Mr. COLLINGHAM took to eating his frugal dinner with his serviette spread over the white front of his shirt, and retaining the napkin in that position for the rest of the evening. He felt, he explained, that, by taking this precaution, he could make the one garment serve for a whole week. This announcement would have shocked Dr. PASSMORE if he had not perceived in it the strongest testimony he had yet received of the efficacy of his specific. But after all, this attempt to perpetrate an economy failed, for the shirt-front got wrinkled and tossed before the evening of the third day; and young Mr. COLLINGHAM was very despondent about it; he wondered if his host had ever heard of shirt-fronts sold separately and fastened on by an elastic band—things that only cost one penny in the washing list. Perhaps these fronts could be obtained, made of paper, for an immediate outlay of one shilling a dozen. That would be admirable, for it would save the initial capital involved in the purchase of movable linen fronts—say, one-and-sixpence each. In the case of linen fronts it must not be forgotten, he said, that one would be obliged to write off a certain sum for depreciation year by year, which meant a dead loss.

When he was going out the next day to enquire about the paper shirt-fronts, he took his host aside and asked him—confidentially—if he could recommend him to any good pawnbroker in the town—who, for instance, was the pawnbroker usually employed by Dr. PASSMORE?

Dr. PASSMORE was astounded, but jubilant. He regretted, however, that he was unable to name any pawnbroking firm with the confidence of an *habitué*.

"The fact is," Mr. COLLINGHAM explained, "I have been wearing for some years a bunch of articles at the end of my chain. Here they are—a match-box, a pen-knife, a tooth-pick, a paper-knife, a pencil case, a cigar case, a cab whistle and an aneroid barometer. They are made of gold and must have cost over a hundred pounds. Well, let us put it down at a hundred. What does that mean? Why, that I have been paying five pounds a year for the privilege of carrying these things about with me! Did you say there was a pawnbroker in Vere Street?"

Dr. PASSMORE went hastily out of the room, leaving his daughter to suggest, if she wished, the advisability of Mr. COLLINGHAM's taking less drastic means of displaying his newly-developed virtue. And she certainly did feel impelled to make a move in this direction.

(Continued in our next.)





Mrs. Jones. "AND PRAY, MR. JONES, WHAT IS THE MATTER NOW?"

Jones. "I WAS ONLY WONDERING, MY DEAR, WHERE YOU MIGHT HAVE BOUGHT THIS FISH."

Mrs. Jones. "AT THE FISHMONGER'S. WHERE DO YOU SUPPOSE I BOUGHT IT?"

Jones. "WELL, I THOUGHT THAT, PERHAPS, THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A REMNANT SALE AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM!"

#### A FAREWELL VISIT.

SCENE—Burlington House, after the closing of the Vandyck Exhibition, Saturday, March 10. Sir ANTHONY VANDYCK and Queen HENRIETTA MARIA, who have been received by Mr. Punch. The Galleries are marvellously illuminated between the hours of midnight and cockcrow.

Sir Anthony (looking round him). I trust your Majesty has been pleased with the collection?

Queen Henrietta Maria. Vastly so, Sir ANTHONY. At least eight pictures are of particular interest. I allude to the numbers 9, 12, 20, 39, 50, 57, 76, and 126. They seem to me charming.

Mr. Punch. Perfect. I see, Madam, you have named the numbers attached to your Majesty's own portraits. They are admirable; and, indeed, it seems to have been a

motto of Sir ANTHONY's, "When in doubt—Happy Thought—paint one or other of Their Gracious and Graceful Majesties."

[Bows to Sir ANTHONY, who returns it in most courtly style.

Queen H. M. Ah! I remember! No. 9 with the jewels, and No. 12 with that fire-eating dwarf, Sir GEOFFREY, by my side. Ah! (Sadly.) How I recall them all! Poor CHARLES!

Mr. Punch. Sir ANTHONY was great at silks and satins, and as to crowns—

Sir Anthony. Your Majesty will excuse me, but the hour is late, the show is over, and I have a pressing engagement. Have I your Majesty's permission?

Queen H. M. Certainly, Sir ANTHONY.

[Sir ANTHONY kneels, kisses the royal hand, shakes Mr. Punch's heartily, and withdraws.

Queen H. M. Ah! a great pity! He was

always extravagant, and, as I am informed, far happier away from Court than at it. What say you, Mr. Punch?

Mr. Punch. Most gracious and majestic Shade, Sir ANTHONY was as fortunate as he was talented. Your royal CHARLES, his friend and patron, stood by him, and both of you sat to him as often as possible. Your Majesty, with true feminine insight, has noticed that Sir ANTHONY was but now eager to leave the Royal presence? (The Queen gives her royal assent with a bow.) And why? The secret is revealed in this collection, where, excellent as are all the pictures, there is just one portrait into which the painter has thrown his whole heart and soul, and wherein is reflected, as in a mirror, the genuine Bohemianism of his artistic character. Oblige me, your Majesty, by inspecting No. 122, a portrait of Monsieur FRANÇOIS LANGLOIS called DE CHARTRIS, being a native of that city. Here VANDYCK gives us his best. And who was Monsieur LANGLOIS dit "DE CHARTRIS"? Why, your Majesty, he was a bookseller and publisher, and not only was he fond of art, but he was also a skilled musician; and on him his great friend and boon companion, the "painter-fellow" TONY (with your Majesty's permission we will drop the "Sir,") has bestowed immortality. Bless him! FRANÇOIS wears neither brocades, nor sharp pointed lace, nor starched wristbands fresh from the laundress, but attired in an easy lounging coat, worn in a *dégagé* manner (it may be "fancy costume," but I doubt it, at all events 'tis a costume that both he and the painter fancy), he plays a lilt on the pipes, humming the tune smilingly while VAN catches the melody with his ear, and his friend's likeness with his eye. Isn't this Bag-piping Bookseller a jolly dog? His portrait was a labour of love to VANDYCK, and I have no doubt was knocked off by VAN when staying with his old chum FRANÇOIS in "gay Paree." That together these jovial companions had "painted the town red" is symbolically expressed in the colour of the coat. Yes, here—

Queen H. M. (interrupting). Mr. Punch, je suis de votre avis. "But soft," as your SHAKESPEARE has it,

"Methinks I scent the morning air."

[Vanishes.

Mr. Punch. Farewell, your Majesty. (To the portraits generally.) Ladies and gentlemen, the exodus from your Winter quarters has commenced, and in another six weeks or so your places will be filled, I trust worthily, by our modern Sir ANTHONYS, PETER PAULS, and others of various schools of art. And so, for the present, adieu! [Retires gracefully.

ERRONEOUS PROVERBIAL SAYING.—"Who breaks pays." Evidently a mistake. A man "breaks" because he can't pay.





Elder Sister. "YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE DOING ANYTHING, MABEL. COME OUT FOR A WALK."

Mabel. "THANKS; BUT I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT BOTH TO BE OUT TOGETHER. IF ANY ONE SHOULD CALL ON MOTHER, I THINK THERE SHOULD BE ONE DAUGHTER AT HOME!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

HAVE you tasted the *Waters of Edera*? They are not strong waters, but very pleasant to the palate athirst for romance. The *Waters of Edera* have been bottled off by OUIDA, and presented to the public through her agent for the supply, the piscatorially-named publisher, FISHER UNWIN, who, the Baron trusts, will have a profitable catch in these same *Waters of Edera*. It is an interesting tale of Italian peasantry told in OUIDA's best and most picturesque style, only marred here and there by perfectly unnecessary Zolaesque details. The character of *Don Silverio*, the parish priest, gifted scholar, pious and paternal, unflinching in his duty, is admirably drawn, as also are those of the wilful young peasant, *Adone*, and the devoted girl, *Nerina*. The sketches of the Italian officials are, probably, from life, the Syndic being a superior type of Mr. *Nupkins*, before whom *Signor Pickvickio* was forcibly brought. The fate of hero and heroine is tragic. The book ends by telling in a few lines how *Don Silverio* is suddenly and unexpectedly promoted to the College of Cardinals, a proceeding about as improbable in fact, as it is artistically unnecessary in this fiction.

If any lady or gentleman is thinking of indulging in the luxury of pursuing a case before the Lords of the Judicial Committee of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, my Baronite urgently advises her or him to purchase *Privy Council Appeals* (EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE). Its author, Mr. THOMAS PRESTON, for the guidance of solicitors conducting appeals, has distilled the experience of nearly a quarter of a century as clerk in the Judicial Department of the Privy Council. He has taken a representative appeal, and dictates every step, from the entering an appearance down to the issue of the Queen's Final Order. Also, he prints the bills of costs. For an ordinary solicitor, the book is worth much more than its price in view of

the pleasant watering of the mouth a glance down these little accounts will induce.

The *Great Company* (SMITH, ELDER) comprises a history of the Honourable Company of Merchant-Adventurers who, more than two hundred years ago, were the first that ever burst upon the silent sea of Hudson's Bay. Mr. BECKLES WILLSON has compiled his narrative from the Company's archives, from diplomatic documents, State papers of France and England, and from the talk and writings of factors and traders. A blemish upon the work is that the author has been somewhat embarrassed by his riches. If he had compressed his two volumes into one, by leaving out some tiresome, and occasionally in their minutiae, bewildering details, he would have done better. As it is, the book, with its many maps and portraits, is a valuable addition to literature. The earlier chapters remind my Baronite of boyhood's revellings in the works of FENIMORE COOPER. That delectable scoundrel RADISSON, earliest pioneer of the Hudson Bay Company, might have stepped out of the pages of *The Spy* or *The Last of the Mohicans*.

The Baron was much taken by the outward appearance of four little books belonging to a series of *The Temple Primers*, published by Messrs. DENT, of Aldine House, treating of *Ethnology*, *Roman History*, *Dante*, and *Introduction to Science*. With which should he begin? His *Roman History* might want a little brushing-up; into DANTE he had been recently dipping; and from what he knew of *Science*, he hardly required an "introduction" to that party. So the Baron decided on taking up *Ethnology*, when, on opening the little volume, he was so staggered by being brought face to face with a "Wedda Woman" from Ceylon staring him out of countenance in so brazen-faced a manner, *Wedda* he liked it or no, that he was compelled, somewhat rudely, to shut her up, and to postpone his further acquaintance with *The Races of Man* until some more convenient opportunity, say till the Oxford and Cambridge sports, or some similar occasion, when *The Races of Man* are specially interesting and exciting. Good Heavens! who could Wed a Woman like this *Wedda Woman*!

There are some good sensational stories in *Marvels and Mysteries*, by RICHARD MARSH (METHUEN), but they must not be taken at a single sitting, otherwise apparitions, cataleptic fits, murders, and other "blood curdlers," which, at first, are calculated to make your flesh creep, soon become mere commonplace incidents in ordinary life. The first three stories and the sixth are the best. But the Baron recommends them being taken with a quiet cigar or soothing pipe, one and no more at a sitting.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

### COMMANDEERS AND COMMANDOES.

(An Explanation.)

Q. WHAT is the meaning of "Commandeer"?

What is the meaning of "Commando"?

A. "Commandeer" is to steal, I fear,

And "Commando" is the thief, I know.

NEITHER LEAVE NOR LICENSE.—At the Penge Licensing Sessions last week, the seven days' license for the Crystal Palace was refused. On what grounds, except of course those of the Crystal Palace—which is another story—is not clear. So now those who may feel inclined to visit the Palace on a Sunday to hear the music, which is not forbidden, and to enjoy the health-giving air in the gardens, will, we suppose, have to be satisfied with living on air like *Hamlet's* chameleon. Mr. GILL, who appeared for the Crystal Palace, did his best, but the scruples of a Licensing Committee that sets itself against refreshing liquor on a Sunday are not likely to be overcome by the offer of a GILL. However Poundage, Shillingsh, and Penge decision as to the Crystal Pallidge interferes with the receipts, it will not at present interfere with the "Lyons Share" at feeding time, as steps, so we are informed, are being taken to appeal against it to Quarter Sessions.



### "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH begs to acknowledge with great pleasure the receipt of the following letter:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We have long recognised your pre-eminence in the world of humour, and we now desire to acknowledge, with deep gratitude, your proof that true humour and true sympathy, if not the same, are inseparable.

For months past we have been making appeals for our Sick Children in this Hospital, but though they are young, the appeal is somewhat time-worn, and was smothered in the host of newer demands.

But when you took up your wand on our behalf, the heart-strings and purse-strings seemed to open, as if by magic, under the combined influence of your own popularity and of pity for suffering children.

We are told that the days of Fairy Tales are past, that even the art of writing them has perished; but you have proved that the art of acting them survives when a good cause is brought in contact with so strong a hand and so warm a heart as yours.

Allow us, then, to convey to you and your innumerable readers our own heartfelt thanks, and those of all our little patients, past, present, and future.

The Committee of the  
Hospital for Sick Children,  
Great Ormond Street.

The subscriptions, Mr. Punch is happy to say, already amount to over £12,000, and, like the young giant at the fair, are "still growing!" The fourth list will be published next week. Meanwhile donations, great and small, may be sent to Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd., 10, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

### THE VOLCANO.

["The modern tourist has no reverence for Nature when he thinks she can be improved upon. 'Convenience' is his motto. The majestic grandeur of the mountain peak is enhanced in his opinion by a light railway to the summit."—*Daily Paper.*]

To realms that are warmed by a tropical sun,

Where native simplicity slumbers,  
Some cheap but attractive excursions  
were run,

And tourists flocked thither in numbers;  
They whistled the strains of a popular  
song,

Till even the echoes could hum it,  
They climbed ev'ry mountain they could,  
before long,

And scribbled their names at the summit.

But towering high o'er the plain O!

With glances of haughty disdain O!

There gazed on the scene

What had formerly been

A most energetic volcano!

That district in time very popular grew,  
For all by its beauty were smitten,  
Photographers came to take view after  
view

And guide books were hastily written;  
But still the volcano no temper displayed  
Until—half a year or so later—



Mr. Noodel. "I INSIST ON YOUR TAKING BACK THIS BEAST. HE MADE SUCH A NOISE IN THE HUNTING-FIELD, YOU COULD HAVE HEARD HIM A MILE OFF! AND HERE'S THE VET'S CERTIFICATE OF HIS BEING THOROUGHLY UNSOUND."

Mr. Cheke (the dealer). "QUITE SO. I GUARANTEED HIM AS A 'ROARIN' GOOD 'ORSE,' AND SO HE IS. IF YOU DIDN'T WANT THAT KIND OF ANIMAL, YOU SHOULDN'T HA' COME TO A DEALER WHO'S DOIN' A 'ROARIN' TRADE.'"

A light and ascensional railway was laid  
For passengers up to its crater.

"Such conduct," it thought, is pro-  
fane O!

"As I'm pretty certain that they know,  
Impertinent dogs,  
By a system of cogs,  
To try and ascend a volcano!

"They think, I suppose, that my power  
is past,  
—A thought which exceedingly rash is—

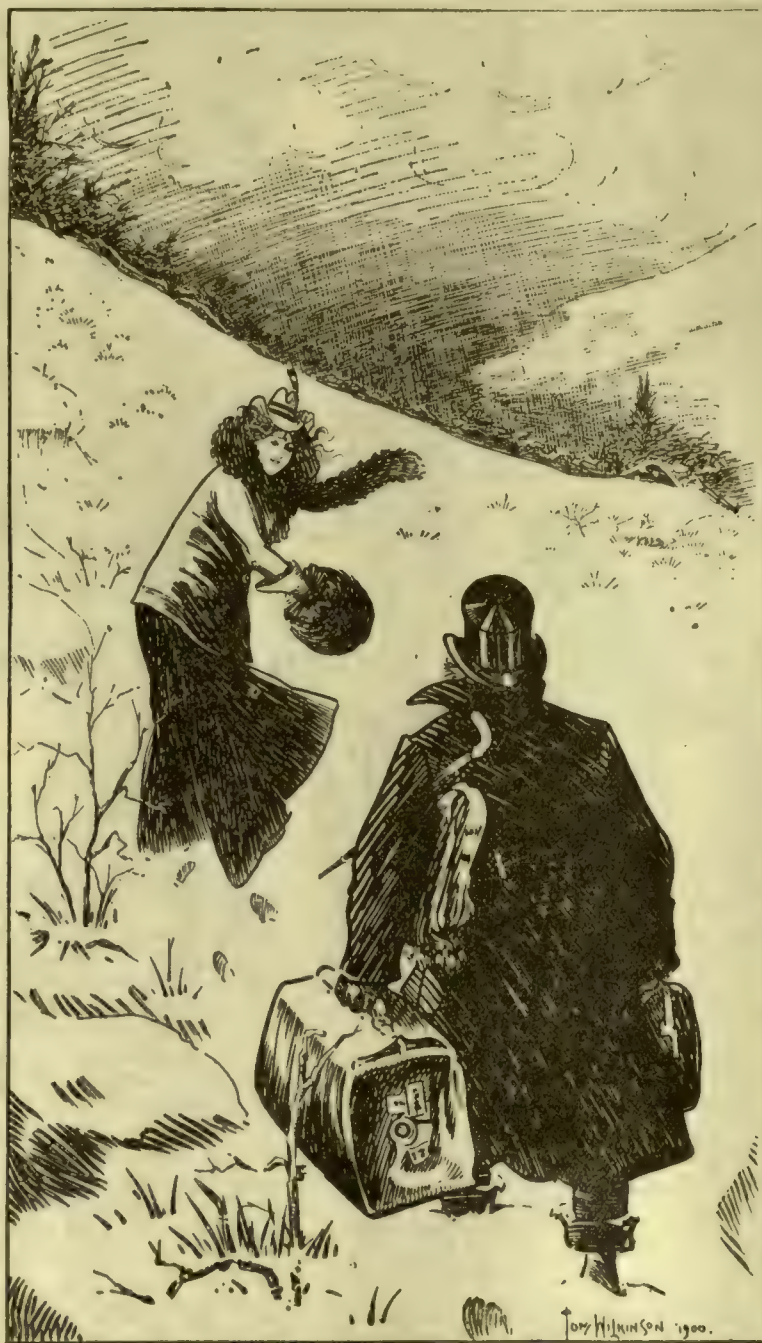
I know it's some centuries now since my  
last

Performance with lava and ashes;  
But wrath is consuming me under my crust,  
For speedy revenge I am thirsting;  
I hate showing off, but I feel that I must  
Give vent to my feelings by bursting!"

And very small pieces remain O!  
Of passengers, engine and train O!

You'll find it's no joke  
If you chance to provoke  
A highly explosive volcano!





### VOYAGE DUE NORTH.

Old Barclay, who has decided to accept an invitation to spend a week with Ponsonby at his new country house in the North, is met at the Station by one of the Ponsonby daughters, who insists on taking him a short cut.

"**Isn't this jolly, Mr. Barclay!** You will see our House from the top of this Hill, and we can slide down almost to the door!"

[Barclay murmurs "Oftly jolly," and sincerely wonders why on earth he ever left town.]

### A PALACE—NOT IN SPAIN.

(A Dream of the Alhambra.)

CERTAINLY a good entertainment. Acrobatic and patriotic. Lofty tumbling and stirring songs. TOMMY ATKINS greatly respected. A fair amount of vocalism and capital dissolving views. People at the

front greatly cheered. But "BOBS" for choice. And the feature of the evening entertainment. "Sons of the Empire" should be called "Daughters," for girls distinctly in the majority. The scene at Aldershot. Every one dances except the general commanding-in-chief, who merely flirts. "Stables" to "the music of the

band," and "first-aid drill," chiefly on the light fantastic toe. Officer in the R.A.M.C., after comic dance with nurses, becomes distinguished member of the general staff. Strange review but entirely satisfactory to the audience. Altogether good. Other "turns" commendable. The Alhambra of the past—in Spain—was great, but the Alhambra of the present—in Leicester Square—is greater still. Long live "Varieties!"

### TO A MESSENGER FROM MARS.

["Professor FOURNOY, of Geneva, has discovered a somnambulist of undoubted honesty who describes scenes in the planet Mars."—*Paris Correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle."*]

LADY, who, in some former state,  
Have lived, they say, among the stars,  
What is the lot assigned by fate  
To Mars?

Here wars still take their wonted course  
Though rescripts come from peaceful  
Czars;

Has the Bloch system come in force  
In Mars?

Here Oppositions come to blows,  
And each disjointed fragment jars;  
Pray is its function to oppose  
In Mars?

While here we boast with feeble pride,  
About our bikes and motor-cars,  
Upon what hobby do they ride  
In Mars?

Here our omnivorous readers feed  
On "bits," and "cuts," and spicy  
"pars,"

What masterpieces do they read  
In Mars?

Here criminals we still restrain  
In durance vile with bolts and bars;  
Is vice extinct?—does virtue reign  
In Mars?

Yet while at mundane things we scoff,  
And sigh, and groan, and show our  
scars—

Perhaps they're, after all, worse off  
In Mars.

\* APPROPRIATE.—Sir, his comedy in five acts Mr. GEORGE MOORE has entitled *The Bending of the Bough*. Excellent suggestion for pictorial advertisement! So evident. There can be no bow made without some bending, and there you have the figure of the author before the curtain, acknowledging the plaudits of the audience, gracefully bending as he bows, or gracefully bowing as he bends. No Moore at present, from

Yours truly, BILL POSTER.

ADVERTISEMENT.—Youth Wanted by a Gentleman aged seventy-five.—Apply SENEX, Waning, Feebleshire.





*Nervous Visitor (pulling up at stiff-looking fence). "ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE THIS HEDGE, SIR?"  
Sportsman. "NO. IT CAN STOP WHERE IT IS, AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED."*

### FACING THE MUSIC.

(By Our Musical Critic at the Front.)

[“Neither ought soldiers (where trumpets, fifes, and drums can be supplied) to be called on to take great guns up steep mountain heights and fight afterwards without the help of stimulating music. The question which I would respectfully but solemnly ask of those who direct the supply of military music to the British Army is: ‘What relative proportion is there between the supply of trumpets, fifes, and drums allotted to regiments during war service to that which the same regiments are accustomed to enjoy during time of peace?’”—A Correspondent in the “Morning Post,” March 6.]

Brassfontein Camp, Monday, Noon.

NEW vigour has been infused into the campaign here by the arrival of 500 picked instrumentalists. To-day's operations have been most successful. In the early morning our scouts reported that a large force of the enemy lay entrenched two miles to the north-east of our position. The General at once sent out a detachment of fifes and drums to dislodge them, divided into seven sections, each section playing a different tune *fortissimo*. The combined effect as they left the camp was thrilling beyond words. As they neared the enemy's position, we could learn by our telescopes that wild consternation prevailed among the Boers, and many of them were seen to be stuffing their ears with gun-cotton. But this precaution

proved futile against the gallant noise of our intrepid drum-and-fife bands. Ever onwards they pressed, while numbers of their foes writhed on the ground. It was impossible not to admire the heroism with which the Boers refused to retreat until absolutely compelled to do so. But nothing could avert their fate. When within twenty yards of the trenches, the commander of the drums-and-fifes halted his men, and there was a moment of deathly silence. The chief was seen to raise his *bâton* in the air. Friends and foes alike gazed upon it as though fascinated. It fell; and the ears of the enemy were smitten by the strains of the National Anthem played simultaneously in seven different keys! This was the finishing blow. With loud yells of pain the Boers fled in every direction, and the trenches were ours.

4 P.M.—News has just reached us of a successful movement in the direction of Tootleberg. For days we have been endeavouring to capture a lofty kopje which is of great strategical importance. The first attempt was made by three infantry regiments and two batteries of artillery, who, however, were repulsed with severe loss. At the second trial six infantry regiments and four batteries were employed, but equally without success. This morning an alternative plan was executed, and the attacking force was

composed of a single regiment of infantry supported by a strong brass-band detachment. In ten minutes the position was won. Our only casualties were—Bassoon-player SMITH, slight strain to lungs from over-exertion. Drummer JONES, stiffened right arm, same cause.

7 P.M.—So much has been said of the inferiority of our equipment, as compared with that of our adversaries, that one is glad to find our field-euphoniums completely out-range and out-class the Field-Cornets.

All is now quiet here, except for the instrumental practising, which is carried on unceasingly. As a measure of precaution, I am learning to blow my own trumpet. Most of the special correspondents, I notice, are already proficient in this art.

### THE BUDGET.

WHY, oh why, has the Chancellor of the Exchequer omitted to tax:

“Mary Ann” collars,  
Evil-smelling motor-cars,  
Creaking boots,  
Khaki neckties,  
Street shouters of “Win-ner!”  
Amateur reciters of the “Absent-Minded Beggar.”

Newspapers which find it impossible to bring out a single issue without referring to Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING?





### PROBLEM—WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE?

"COMMEND ME TO ONE HUBERT!"

*King John, Act V., Scene 4.*

THE German Emperor (WILHELM MEISTER understands the *entente cordiale*, and in giving his countenance to the rare art of Herr HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., His Imperial Majesty has, of course, thrown that friendly expression towards England into his lineaments which has been quickly caught and transferred to the enamel in which the Emperor is to be immortalised. Is it to be exhibited at Burlington House in May, or is it to remain in Berlin, and to be added to the HERKOMER Collection "just a goin' to begin"?

### EXPLANATION AND INFORMATION.

WE see a correspondence in *The Academy* concerning "*The Chaplain to Punch*." We beg to put the matter clearly before those interested in the discussion, which primarily concerns only the Rev. A. C. DEANE, one of *Mr. Punch's* distinguished contributors. Certainly, there is such an office as Chaplain to *Mr. Punch*, but it is an honorary Chaplainship, and, as is evident to the meanest capacity, is not held by "one of the inferior clergy," but by no one under the dignity of Dean. And not only so, but this Dean must have, as if he were a Bishop, *A See* attached to his name. Thus it is that *Mr. Punch's* Private Honorary Chaplain is able to sign himself "A. C. DEANE."

POPS.—At CHRISTIE's last week some fine old silver was sold which had been removed from the ancient home of the POPHAM family. When Mr. HARDUP heard this, he observed, "Ah! one of my Uncles has a yearly sale of some very valuable silver that once belonged to the 'Pop 'em family,' from whom he has a constant supply." Mr. HARDUP is a regular subscriber to "Saturday Pops."

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

#### *The First Breakfast.*

AH, good day, Mister X. How go you? You descend also to this hotel?

I am very bad lodged to cause of the incumbrance.

Enchanted of you to encounter here. Wish you to breakfast with me?

Boy, despatch you!

That is this that this is that that? One cup of coffee to the milk and one crescent?

Ah, here, no! Bring to me one bifteck, of the muttons chops, of the ham, of the lard, of the butter, of the preserve, of the grilled bread, of the mufins, of the porridg, of the fish, one tenner of eggs, of the cold meat, some sausages of Lyon, and of the tea.

You eat one breakfast to the female english as me?

It is that. He must himself to take care of in voyage.

Boy, of the mustard!

Not that; of the english mustard. Where the mufins?

You not of them have. Nor of the buns of the bath no more? Not even of the cakes SARAH LUNNE?

However we have enough well breakfasted, in commanding of the plates to part.

Boy, the addition!

That is this that this is that that? Porridg, five francs.

You tell that this plate not is french; that he musted of him to send to search the ingredients?

It is true. It is one plate of the Iglands, all near to Edinburgh.

You go to do one walk, Mister X.?

Me also, before the lunch.

Should can I you to offer one small glass of gin, on the terrace of the coffee?

We are very well here, to the great air.

You tell? Who is this woman? What woman?

Ah, this woman there! One female French, evidently.

Are they all schocking!

She we smile. It is one fine girl.

Should be he discreet of to her to offer one glass of gin?

Can to be that no.

We her shall encounter in the ascender, or some part.

#### *Le Premier Déjeuner.*

Ah, bon jour, Monsieur X. Comment allez-vous? Vous descendez aussi à cet hôtel?

Je suis très mal logé à cause de l'encombrement.

Enchanté de vous rencontrer ici. Voulez-vous déjeuner avec moi?

Garçon, dépêchez-vous!

Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Une tasse de café au lait et un croissant?

Ah, ça, non! Apportez-moi un bifteck, des muttons chops, du jambon, du lard, du beurre, de la confiture, du pain grillé, des mufins, du porridg, du poisson, une dizaine d'œufs, de la viande froide, quelques saucissons de Lyon, et du thé.

Vous mangez un déjeuner à l'anglaise comme moi?

C'est ça. Il faut se soigner en voyage.

Garçon, de la moutarde!

Pas ça; de la moutarde anglaise. Où sont les mufins?

Vous n'en avez pas? Ni des buns du bain non plus? Pas même des gateaux SARAH LUNNE?

Cependant nous avons assez bien déjeuné, en commandant des plats à part.

Garçon, l'addition!

Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Porridg, 5 francs.

Vous dites que ce plat n'est pas français; qu'il fallait en envoyer chercher les ingrédients?

C'est vrai. C'est un plat des Iglands, tout près d'Edimbourg.

Vous allez faire une promenade, Monsieur X.?

Moi aussi, avant le lunch.

Pourrais-je vous offrir un petit verre de gin, sur la terrasse du café?

Nous sommes très bien ici, au grand air.

Vous dites? Qui est cette femme? Quelle femme?

Ah, cette femme là! Une Française, évidemment.

Sont-elles toutes schocking! Elle nous sourit. C'est une belle fille.

Serait-il discret de lui offrir un verre de gin?

Peut-être que non.

Nous la rencontrerons dans l'ascenseur ou quelque part.

H. D. B.





**FORTUNE OF WAR.**

*General Cronje (at St. Helena, saluting the Shade of Napoleon the Great). "SAME ENEMY, SIRE! SAME RESULT!"*





Miss Marjorie. "AND HOW IS YOUR SON JAMES GETTING ON, MR. GILES?"

Giles (whose son has gone to London "in service"). "WELL, TO TELL YE THE TRUTH, MISS MARJI, OI'M VERRY TROUBLED ABOUT 'IM. OI 'AD A LETTER LAST WEEK, AN' 'E SAYS THAT 'E'S LIVIN' IN A BUILDIN' WITH 'UNDREDS OF PEOPLE IN IT, AN' IT'S THREE OR FOWR 'OUSES ONE ON TOP O' T'OTHER. 'E SAYS THERE'S A RAILWAY CARRIAGE WITHOUT AN INGIN' THAT GOES UP THE MIDDLE O' TE' BUILDIN', AN' THE LIGHTS IS ALL IN BOTTLES, AN' YOU TURNS 'EM ON WITH A TAP WITHOUT USIN' A LOOCIFER, AN'—"

Miss Marjorie. "BUT WHY ARE YOU TROUBLED ABOUT JAMES?"

Giles. "AYE, OI FEAR 'E MUST 'A TOOK TO DRINK, MISS!"

#### THE BICYCLISTS' BENISON.

BICYCLE riders bless the orbs  
Of Manager Mr. WILLIE FORBES,  
Who's going to run a cyclists' train,  
To take 'em to Dorking and back again.  
On Sunday morn about eleven,  
A "Special Service," and back ere seven.  
The cyclists' gratitude he absorbs,  
Does Manager Willy Wheelie FORBES!

#### CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION PAPER.

(Inspired by South Africa.)

1. Define a rift without quoting the poet's lute.
2. Give your opinion of the strategical value of Holfontein and Ventersburg.
3. State in a few words the lives of Sir HARRY and Lady SMITH. Additional marks for brief record of FAURE SMITH.
4. Was Kimberley called after Lord KIMBERLEY, or Lord KIMBERLEY after Kimberley?
5. What is the difference between a "Dopper Boer" and a "dipping kopje"?
6. What is the affinity between a Field-Cornet and a British bugler?
7. Why is Sir ALFRED MILNER known as the Safe Man?

8. Why, when Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar, Lord KITCHENER of Khartoum, and even KRÜGER spell their names with a "K," should CRONJE elect to begin his appellation with a miserable "C"?

9. Name the contractors who lengthened their bills, and explain how they dipped them without finding other beaks.

10. Give a list of the foreign mercenaries serving with the Boers and their average salaries. Explain why they are called men-at-arms.

11. Explain why the change for Transvaal gold will undoubtedly be paid in British "Bobs."

12. Draw a map of the railway from the Cape to Cairo, not forgetting to insert the dominant Rhodes.

QUOTING KRÜGER.—After the best news from the Transvaal, the thirst for details was so great as not to be more than partially allayed by "cocktails," or any other "modest quencher," to quote Mr. Richard Swiveller. Had President KRÜGER been in London, or in any one of the chief towns in England, he would have seen plenty of examples of "staggering humanity."

#### ADIEU "GAMELLE"!

["The Duc d'ORLÉANS has left England for an indefinite period."—*Daily Paper.*]

You find, although your "cheek" is cool,  
That absence is the wisest plan;  
We always thought you quite a fool,  
Yet something of a gentleman.

Your manners now are wholly bad,  
What will they seem in courtly Spain?  
You prove to be an utter cad,  
We do not want you here again. H. D. B.

ONE OF "OURS."—Our dear old friend, "ROBERT THE WAITER," has gone. The Author of his being in *Punch*, JOHN THOMAS BEDFORD, died at the ripe age of eighty-seven. His creation, "ROBERT," was unique: replete with genuine humour, quiet observation and kindly wit, his studies from city life which, as "Deputy BEDFORD" he knew so well, viewed by "ROBERT," were universally popular.

NOTE FOR CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER.—Old wine, like old soldiers, should be exempt from duty.



## THE WEARIN' FOR THE QUEEN.

O PADDY dear, and did ye hear  
The news that 's goin' round?  
The Shamrock is by law allowed  
To grow on Irish ground.  
Whene'er St. Patrick's Day we keep,  
We 'll let it well be seen;  
A four-leaved Shamrock may it be,  
This wearin' for the QUEEN!

## BRAVO, BULLER!

OF "England's Worthies" praise I 'm full,  
I cannot well be FULLER!  
None can compare with old JOHN BULL,  
Unless, it may be, BULLER!

## MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

## VII.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

(Revised by Henry Arthur Jones.)

## INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH it is with a glow of satisfaction that I view the present popularity of a fellow-worker—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—in the same vineyard as myself (for what the English Drama would have done without SHAKESPEARE and J-N-s is too terrible to contemplate), yet it is daily borne in upon me that the plays of the Elizabethan dramatist would gain largely in educational value were they put into modern dress. I have striven laboriously, ever since I took orders in the church of St. Thespis, to educate my fellow-creatures both in and out of season. It is to the theatre rather than to the ordinary church that we should look for moral enlightenment. Let us hasten, therefore, to remove the pulpit from the ordinary church or chapel into the theatre. I have ever held with MATTHEW ARNOLD—who was a highly intelligent man—that war must be waged against the Philistine. In the present play I have discarded blank verse almost entirely, feeling convinced that, even when of superior quality, it fails to attract nowadays—as the run of *The Tempter* conclusively proved.

ACT V. SCENE—London Residence of the Duke of ATHENSBERY. Double drawing-room, back part fitted up as a miniature stage. Window overlooking public square, where statues of our leading dramatists occupy conspicuous positions. All appointments show great refinement and culture. On table lies a book entitled "*Lectures on the English Drama.*" TIME, 11 P.M.—A summer evening. Discover Duke, his wife the Duchess DRUSILLYTA, and guests, amongst whom are the famous millionaire Mr. CYRUS BLENKARN, the brilliant Nonconformist preacher, Rev. JUDAH LLEWELLYN, etc.



Commissionaire. "Would you like a FOUR-WHEELER or a 'ANSOM, Sir?"  
Convivial Party (indistinctly). "VER' MUSH OBLIGE—BUT—REELY DON'T THINK I COULD TAKE 'NY MORE!"

Duke (concluding a short but brilliant discourse on Imagination, illustrated by allusions to the lunatic, the dramatic critic, and the Philistine). Such are the vagaries of the Philistine's imagination that "On Exchange imagining some fear, How easy is a 'bull' suppos'd a 'bear.'" (All laugh.) But enough of caustic satire. The question is, how shall we pass away the time before supper? (Addresses private secretary.) You have the agenda of amusements? ... Ah! thanks. (Reads.) "The Bold Bad Cleric"—recitation by MICHAEL FEVERSHAM." No; that's been overdone. (Reads again.) "A farcical

moral scene of young BAPCHILD and his love JANE." That will do capitally.

Judah Llew. (confidentially). Don't you think a mystic séance would be better? Now my wife VASHTI—

Cyrus Blenkarn (impatiently). Excuse me—I should say some full-blooded melodrama.

Duke (with a sweet smile). Once, gentlemen, they served their purpose admirably. To-day it is different. This proposed interlude is not merely farcical—it is charged with the highest moral teaching. At least, I assume so.

(The others are silenced, and scene proceeds.)





### ECHOES OF THE WAR.

*Trooper (who has caught a Locust). "LOOK 'ERE, BILL! THIS IS A RUMMY COUNTRY. 'ERE'S THE BLOOMIN' BUTTERFLIES IN KHAKI!"*

#### KINGS IN EXILE.

*Sir W. V. H-rr-rt to Lord R-s-b-ry.*

AND so the end has come at last!

You, too, have found the world is vain;  
You, too, propose to treat the past  
With philosophical disdain.

Of Fortune's horrid shafts and slings  
You cease to be the weary butt;  
To all the vanity of things  
Your final repartee is *Tut!*

Far from the loud abortive strife  
Of this incorrigible age,  
You mean to spend a quiet life  
In some sequestered hermitage.

The great renunciation made,  
I take it, you intend to seek  
Seclusion in a forest-glade  
Or occupy a mountain-peak.

Myself, I recommend a hill;  
You get a nicer view from there;  
You overlook the world and still  
Imb' be an independent air.

Close to the stars, with head sublime,  
Aloof from vulgar fear or hope,  
You will consent from time to time  
To read the nations' horoscope.

Yet take my warning as a friend:—  
This lonely elevated site  
To which your thoughtful motions tend  
Is "not attained by sudden flight."

In self-denial still unversed,  
You should proceed by slow degrees;  
It might be well to take, at first,  
A course of solitary ease.

Try (let us say) a short retreat  
In affluence on Naples' bay,  
And learn to train your gradual feet  
To tread the hermit's thorny way.

You might, for instance, nerve your  
heart  
Against the barren days to come  
By silent intercourse apart  
With buried Herculaneum.

Upon the crude volcano's crest,  
Proceeding there by rail, or moke,

You might be moved to make a jest  
On ardent aims that end in smoke.

And if you ever feel inclined  
(Your spirits getting rather low)  
For converse with a kindred mind,  
Don't hesitate to let me know!

A hint and I am by your side,  
So glad to be of any use,  
If thus the bonds be closelier tied  
Which were perhaps a little loose.

For though, before the present plight,  
We two were not exactly twin,  
Common disgust should knit us tight,  
And equal exile make us kin.

O. S.

PRODIGIOUS! — *Viã Lourenço Marques* came this astonishing piece of news:—  
"Dr. KNOBEL reports that two of his men  
put to flight the British mounted infantry,  
who advanced out of Ladysmith." This,  
indeed, is the capture of— the biscuit!  
The Knobel man won't find his peer in  
this line of business.





## FULL OF RESOURCE.

PRESIDENT KRÜGER (*reading the Chancellor's speech on the Budget debate*):—

"I am not going to bind myself as to what I will do on the termination of the war. I look first to the Transvaal."

"OH, DOES HE? I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO ON THE TERMINATION OF THE WAR. I'M GOING THROUGH THE BANKRUPTCY COURT!"







## PRECIOUS POEMS.—No. VII.

## THE REAL "NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY."

How good and thankful we should be  
For journalistic  
Attempts to wake in you and me  
The sense artistic.

The portrait of the hero dead  
In War's convulsion;  
The portrait of the hero fed  
On SMITH'S Emulsion;

These, these appeal to us and claim  
Our heart's devotion,  
And which is worthier of fame  
I've not a notion.

Of course I mean the *men*, and not  
Their fair presentment,  
And hope I am not saying what  
Will rouse resentment.

He may be brave who faces shell  
With whoop and chirrup,  
But what of him who swallows—well,  
Some patent syrup??

\* \* \* \* \*  
Now "let us travel back to our"  
Artistic "muttons,"  
And faces, too often sour,  
Of baby gluttons.

The darlings ought to be arrayed  
In smiles and dimples;

Oh, why are we so oft dismayed  
With endless pimples?

Mid cocoa pure and undefiled,  
And keyless watches,  
Our eyes survey some monster child  
One mass of blotches!

'Tis sad to gaze on such a blur—  
It makes us shiver.  
We feel that we should like to stir  
Its little liver.

But stay—we ought to be more kind  
And eulogistic  
Of efforts to improve our mind,  
And sense artistic! F. E.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 5.—Decidedly a stiff job before Chancellor of the Exchequer. Got to find a trifle of sixty millions to meet war charges. Fancies that will carry us on to end of September. If not, will look in again in July or August and ask for more.

Nothing could be nicer, kinder, or more thoughtful. Predisposed House at once to make any sacrifice demanded of it. This by no means light. The net widely spread. Interesting to watch faces here and there as disclosures made. When shilling clapped on income tax, WILFRID LAWSON looked compassionately on JOHN BRUNNER seated by his side.

"Poor chap, he'll feel it," he said.

When tea stirred up with long spoon containing an extra twopence in the pound, BRUNNER, forgetting his own trouble, gently squeezed Sir WILFRID'S hand. When an extra shilling a barrel was put on beer, JAMESON looked over at McEwan and shook his head.

"Such a nice, quiet, modest fellow," he said; "generous-handed too. Make a difference to him."

In another minute ST. MICHAEL planked down his sixpence a gallon on whiskey, and JAMESON began to think that raids were committed by other than persons of his family name. It's these little things that try people and bring out native grit.

Over twelve millions proposed to be raised by extra taxation. Everybody hit more or less hard. But each so concerned with the sorrow of others, he forgets for the moment his own sad plight. Thus, in the end, ST. MICHAEL found, to his manifest surprise, his Budget hailed with pretty general chorus of approval.

What soothed members more than anything was the noble conduct of the millionaires. During current financial year, they have been dropping off in really patriotic manner. Upwards of two millions and a quarter have come from this limited class of our fellow citizens. A single one—noblest Roman of them all—lived on fifteen shillings a day in order that he might, at his death, endow the Chancellor

of the Exchequer with £900,000. What makes this unselfish conduct the more striking is, that this gentleman was but a visitor to our shores. On the whole, quite a pleasant evening. Sixty millions provided whilst you wait.

Business done.—Budget introduced.



"MY POOR FRIEND."

(Sir W-ll-f-d L-w-n and Sir J-h-n B-r-n-n-r.)

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY back with us again. Been lingering in Ireland comforting WILLIAM O'BRIEN, saying nice things (*sotto voce*) about JOHN DILLON, and extolling the statesmanlike qualities, the fine Parliamentary style, of REDMOND cadet. The Budget has drawn him across the Channel. Up to-night, following SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and Chancellor of Exchequer in discussing loan for 35 millions. SQUIRE says, "Why not make the Transvaal pay?" "Delighted to do so," says ST. MICHAEL. "Right thing to do, my boys," says TIM.

The only objection he takes rests on the moderation of proposal. Why only 35 millions? Why not the whole 60 millions? TIM confides to listening House that his personal knowledge of the possibilities of the Transvaal was acquired during a visit to a shilling show of Savage South Africa. Lasting impression made on his ingenuous mind. He saw kopjes of gold rising sheer into the burnished sky. Beneath Johannesburg, so he learned for his shilling, stretch goldfields worth 2,000 millions sterling. Why haggle about 20 millions? Having robbed the Boers of their land, why should

bold buccaneers tremble on the verge of the gold mines?

"I didn't go to war to secure the franchise for the Uitlanders," TIM said, gravely surveying the laughing faces round him. "I want these gold mines, and I trust the Government will not disappoint me."

A pretty bit of grave comedy. So delighted a bored House that, by half-past eight, business, including the borrowing of a mere trifle of 35 millions, wound-up, and so home to dinner.

Business done.—Further discussion of Budget proposals. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD seizes opportunity, *à propos de bottles*, of remarking that he isn't a panic-monger ("Mr. Crummles is not a Prussian"), and doesn't want conscription.

"Why does the right hon. gentleman address these observations to us?" asked ST. MICHAEL.

"I didn't," said the SQUIRE. Which, indeed, the House had suspected.

Thursday.—Morning sitting of both Houses; to be precise, it was a morning standing; place of gathering the quadrangle outside Buckingham Palace. Queen came to town to-day. All the world gone forth to greet her. Noble Lords and faithful Commons not behind in loyalty. So they crowd quadrangle, and stand bare-headed whilst they sing "God Save the Queen."

Lord ROWTON started the hymn; Lords and Commons, forming joint committee, took it up lustily.

"ROWTON," says SARK, whose fine baritone was distinctly heard above the tuneful quire, "has beaten his old friend and chief. DIZZY led the Commons and BEACONSFIELD led the Lords. ROWTON this morning has led both."

Charming little incident at evening sitting. Questions over, REDMOND *ainé* rose and delivered gracious message to the Queen. Is good enough to approve Her Majesty's action in directing that hereafter, as a distinction reminiscent of their gallant conduct in the field, Irish soldiers shall wear sprig of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. This almost good enough for one day and one speech. But when



REDMOND *ainé* makes up his mind to do a nice thing he goes all the way. House having been privileged to hear approval expressed of Her Majesty's action in the matter of the shamrock, held its breath whilst the plump gentleman, without a twinkle in his eye or the least suspicion of a smile on his lips, went on to announce that "our people will treat with respect the visit which the venerable sovereign proposes to make to their shores."

Beyond this magnanimity condescen-

ROSEBERY's fresh evidences of resignation?" I asked.

"No, TOBY, I'm not," he rather tartly answered. "I am thinking how strange are the ways of Destiny. Here's the country engaged in a war which I regard as the most needless and iniquitous ever entered upon. And who is the man who most largely contributes to make it possible? Why, I am. Where would the present Government be without my Death Duties? ST. MICHAEL admits that before

of my finance. To begin with, no sooner had I, so to speak, weaned it than I was bereft. The very men who would have smothered the che-ild in infancy"—(here the strong man broke down and wept)—"have now taken it over with its rich inheritance, which they systematically use for purposes calculated to wring a father's heart. They have eased the landlord's purse, subsidised church schools, relieved the clergy battenning on tithes, and now they go to war in the interest



"OUTFLANKED, BE JABERS!"

(ANOTHER OF KRUGER'S COMMANDOES IN DIFFICULTIES.)

The above Patriots, after enthusiastically supporting in turn Cetewayo, the Mahdi, the Afridis, King Prempeh, the Khalifa, the Boers, and other equally attractive and respectable enemies of the Queen, have solemnly granted *their* permission to the Irish people to receive their own Queen respectfully, but "without prejudice"! Now that the Shamrock is not only permitted but directed to be worn, they will no doubt vote it "after all an overhated vegetable for porphuses av decoration."

sion could no further go. Accordingly, the Speech from the Throne—I mean from the corner seat below the gangway, concluded with an intimation; to whom it may concern, that "our chivalrous hospitality" must not be taken as meaning abatement of demand for national rights.

"And yet," said SARK, staring aghast at the pompous person who, with an ineffable air, resumed his seat after delivering this message, "they say the Irish are pre-eminently gifted with a sense of humour!"

*Business done.*—Navy Estimates rattled through.

*Friday.*—Found the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD in low spirits just now. "Grieving over

financial year closes he will have raked in seventeen millions and a half from this one source of revenue. He puts down cost of war at sixty millions. If present rate of increase in Death Duties continues over next two years I, *moi qui parle*, will have paid for the Transvaal War in three years, without burdening the ordinary taxpayer with a single penny. Or, if you like to be quite safe, put the term down at four years.

"Talk about Monte Cristo and his mine, what were they compared to Monte HARCOURT and his Death Duties? And yet, TOBY, as you know, I have had nothing but disappointment and shame born with this, the fairest, fondest child

of the millionaires of Johannesburg. And all with the proceeds of my Death Duties. Ah! TOBY, may you never know how much sharper than a serpent's tooth is the conduct of a political party who first say you sha'n't create Death Duties and then go and put the money—your money—to these discreditable purposes."

*Business done.*—Quite a lot.

WAR NEWS.—The illness which prevented Dr. LEYDS from receiving journalists was *Cronjestion*. Mrs. CRONJE's idea that Boer re-inforcements would arrive before her husband was compelled to capitulate, has proved to be a myth—a Lady's-myth.



## THE PANTOKEPHALOLUTRON.

(Continued from p. 180.)

"Of course, you don't mean to go to a pawnbroker's with those lovely things, CHARLIE?" said JOAN, with a laugh.

CHARLIE gave a considerable amount of attention to the tips of the fingers of one hand, suggesting in this way the curiosity which a baby shows in the joints of the same member. Dr. PASSMORE knew very well that the baby is wondering how it has come about that it is not hanging by the hands—perhaps also by a medium of suspension that has been wanting in the species for some hundred thousand years or so—from the bough of a tree; but Dr. PASSMORE's daughter could not for the life of her understand why CHARLIE COLLINGHAM kept his attention riveted for so long upon the curves of his nails, and failed to reply to her at once.

"What on earth do you find to interest you at the tips of your fingers?" she cried. "Haven't you seen them before now, you goose?"

"Well, the truth is, my dearest, I could not help thinking that—that—well, I'm surprised to find myself feeling that, after all, there's a good deal of enjoyment—no, not quite enjoyment—satisfaction, rather—solid satisfaction to be got out of being a bit miserly," said CHARLIE, gravely.

"Don't be a fool," said JOAN, quickly.

"That's just the point," said he. "Isn't it a fact that I have been a bit of a fool up to the present?"

"You admitted that you fell in love with me, at any rate," she said, with a pout. "I suppose you will suggest that that proves your point?"

"It was the only sensible act of my life," cried he. "In fact, it represents such an attitude of sensibility I can't quite understand how it was even suggested to me."

She turned away from him and picked up an account-book. If he was talking of falling in love as an act of sensibility, she would show him that she could be sensible too, and let him see how he liked that. She knew no better than to confound commonplaceness with sensibility.

"What I mean is this, my dear JOAN: I have never given economy a fair trial before," said CHARLIE. "I have never bothered myself about reducing my expenditure—always been an extravagant beggar, you know. It never occurred to me until this affair came up that there was any fun in being otherwise."

"How amusing!" said JOAN, with a sarcastic inflection. "How amusing! And now you find that you have all along had the instincts of a miser?"

"Oh, you go too far. What I mean is that—that—well, that being a fool is—is—well, a bit foolish."

"You have actually made that discovery? You are clever!"

"I'm quite surprised to find that smoking a pipe is better for a chap—not to say a deal cheaper—than smoking those big Larranagas. And one whisky and soda is twice as good as two. I've found that out; and then, as regards this rubbish at the end of my chain—there's no denying the fact that it costs me five pounds a year at the very least to carry these things about with me."

"To say nothing of the wear and tear upon your strength—surely you should take the expenditure of muscle into account, CHARLIE, now that you have set yourself to make the calculation of the consequences of wearing all those heavy gold trinkets? Well, go away and pawn them. I don't know much about pawning things myself, but I'm sure that if you go into one of those places wearing a paper collar and that horrid tie, which you bought for tenpence, and offer them your trinkets, the people will have you detained while they send for the police. I hope you'll have the manliness to refrain from giving my father's name as a reference, when it comes to that."

He went away after a pause, thoughtfully jingling his trinkets, and a few minutes later his host sought JOAN with exultant enquiries.

"A spendthrift! That man a spendthrift!" he cried. "Who could have imagined so extraordinary a change taking place in any temperament within a week? Have I kept my promise to you, JOAN, or have I not? Have not I provided you with a model husband? He will show you how to spend your money—I mean, he will show you how to keep it. Has he spoken to you yet on the subject of marriage, my dear?"

"Oh, yes; he referred to the matter yesterday," said JOAN.

"And you did not refuse to listen to him—I hope you were not such a fool?" cried her father.

"Of course I told him that I was entirely in your hands," said JOAN. "The daughter of a scientific investigator should be prepared to sacrifice herself to—"

"Heavens above! Can't you see that I've made for you one husband out of a thousand? But you are like all girls; you would rather marry a spendthrift than a sensible, economical young fellow such as I have made out of CHARLIE COLLINGHAM."

"I hope that I know my duty sufficiently well to sink all personal aspirations, papa. Only if I may venture to advise you, I would say: Proceed with your negotiations without further delay."

"Negotiations? What negotiations?"

"Negotiations for the disposal of your daughter. He is getting closer-fisted every day. He apologised to me for not shaving for three days, on the ground that the wear and tear upon his razors was so great by daily shaving, he had calculated that an ordinary razor would not remain serviceable longer than thirty-five or forty years. The sooner you make your bargain with him, the better chance you will have."

Dr. PASSMORE pondered for some time on this advice.

He spoke to CHARLIE COLLINGHAM on the subject of settlements that very evening after dinner. And then he found that he should have had his conversation on matters of business with the unreformed spendthrift, CHARLIE COLLINGHAM. Up to this point he found that he had only the most elementary notion of the extent of the work of reformation brought about by the Pantocephalolutron; for young Mr. COLLINGHAM now showed himself to possess the largest ideas on the subject of their conversation. Indeed, Dr. PASSMORE was fully justified in calling him grasping. He called him so in the presence of his daughter the next day. But his daughter took the part of her *flancé*, and asked her father if Mr. COLLINGHAM was grasping, who had made him so? "After all, what is thirty-five thousand pounds?" asked JOAN.

"I'm afraid, my dear, that he will keep a tight hand on your expenditure," said the father.

"I daresay," said JOAN; "but one must show oneself ready to submit to any sacrifice for the promotion of research."

That morning CHARLIE COLLINGHAM indulged in the luxury of a shave, and in the evening he put on a perfectly white tie, and took no precautions for the preservation of his shirt front; and his host felt that he might take a more optimistic view of the possibility of the return to him of a moderate measure of generosity. Time has shown that his judgment on this point was not at fault. It is possibly their acquaintance with the COLLINGHAM *ménage* that causes those of Dr. PASSMORE's friends to smile curiously when he refers to the condition of his son-in-law as a conclusive proof of the value of his Pantocephalolutron. He is still in correspondence with the Biological Department on the subject of its adoption in board schools, prisons, lunatic asylums, and the House of Commons; but in spite of its signal triumph in one case, the Pantocephalolutron has not yet become fully recognised in the world as a potent agent of reform.

*F. Frankfort Moore*





It was early in October, 1718. An indigo sky overhung Bologna, and the midday sun was hot and dazzling upon the stones. It was for that reason, in some measure, that Mr. FAVERSHAM walked without any hurry through the streets. But, besides, he had never taken great account of the makeshift court which the Pretender established in this or that halting-place of his migrations. Its ceremonies amused him; its intrigues and jealousies interested him; he had some respect for the devoted adherents which it numbered, some admiration for its hardy adventurers, and some pity for the pale, melancholy man who, in solemn earnestness, daily played at being king. But Mr. FAVERSHAM's enthusiasms were not stirred, and so on this morning when he knew the court must be shaken and dismayed, he was merely picturing to himself, as he walked through the white alleys to the Pretender's lodging, how this Irishman would find in the bad news a cause of offence against that Scotchman, and how, perhaps, an Englishman would twist the quarrel to make a profit for himself.

But as he mounted the stairs he heard no sound of squabbling in the ante-chamber as he had expected; he did not even hear a voice; it seemed that the room was deserted. A lackey opened the door for him, however, and he saw that, on the contrary, the room was full. He saw also the reason of the silence. The Pretender himself was seated on a chair, his chin propped upon his palm, and his tired face overcast with despondency. And then, just as Mr. FAVERSHAM stepped within the door, a voice spoke:

"Let me choose three men."

There was just a stir of amazement, and again a great silence. The sunlight penetrating between the shutters shone here upon an arrested face, there upon a woman's dress, motionless as though it robbed a statue, and lay in still pools upon the dark polished floor. The clatter of the streets outside seemed to magnify the quietude of this crowded apartment, until the voice spoke again more insistent and louder:

"Let me choose three men," and some one in a dark corner laughed aloud and checked his laugh. The speaker never turned his eyes from JAMES STUART's face, but for the third time repeated his request.

"Let me choose three men. We four will break this Innsbruck prison and bring Her Highness safe to you."

Mr. FAVERSHAM saw the Pretender stroke his chin and hopelessly wave his hand.

"Four men against half Europe! An army could not rescue her." The answer came quick upon the words.

"And I do not ask for an army. I ask for three men. Prisons have been broken before to-day. I myself from time to time have had some practice with them," he added with a laugh.

Mr. FAVERSHAM echoed the laugh. He had a great liking for CHARLES WOGAN, whose escape from Newgate across the roofs three years before was still a matter for wonder to those who only knew the man by sight. As he stood forward in the room, though he was both scholar and soldier, it was chiefly the scholar who showed in his appearance, and while he had the enthusiasm native to his Irish blood, he conjoined with it the repression of an Englishman. This exploit, however, which he now proposed, exceeded that escape, and by how much the silence signified.

JAMES STUART turned to his right, where stood the Cardinal ORIGO, and asked his opinion.

"I will wager Mr. WOGAN," he answered, "a box at the opera that he returns empty-handed;" and the voice which had laughed croaked out from its dark corner:

"If he returns, which to be sure he will not do."

Mr. FAVERSHAM knew the speaker now for a cantankerous Baronet who saw no profit in any scheme which he himself did not devise. Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY stood out from his corner and continued,—"If there were a chance of success, I would be the first to wish Mr. WOGAN God-speed. But there can be no chance. When the Princess CLEMENTINA was first betrothed to your Majesty, we know the dismay the news caused in England, and we know why. If the marriage once took place, your Majesty became allied, not merely to her father the King of Poland, but to half the crowned heads of Europe. We know what efforts were made to break the marriage off. The Princess kept her troth, and here's the consequence. She travels from Silesia with her mother to join your Majesty. News is brought



to us to-day that, at the command of GEORGE of Hanover, the Princess was arrested at Innsbruck by the Emperor of Austria. She will be kept safe. General HEISTER, the Governor of Innsbruck, we are told, has orders to guard her and her mother upon pain of death."

"Well," interrupted WOGAN. "Would the world stop if General HEISTER died?"

"Twice a day the magistrates visit the villa where she is imprisoned. At ten in the morning and at ten of the night."

"One is not compelled," said WOGAN, "to choose the hour of ten for her rescue."

"Besides, suppose that the Princess is rescued, she will need a gentlewoman to bear her company on her journey here."

"That's true," rejoined WOGAN, "and therefore one of the three men I choose shall have a jealous wife who would rather come with him at any risk than trust him out of sight."

In the end WOGAN got his way, as he had a knack of doing. He chose three men, Major GAYDON, Captain LUCIUS O'TOOLE, and Captain MISSET, of the Irish brigade, for his companions, Mrs. MISSET as a companion for the Princess, and her maid JENNY, whom they were to leave behind as a substitute in the Princess's apartments. Still no one believed in the prospects of the venture, Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY least of all. He left the Pretender's lodging with Mr. FAVERSHAM.

"I am not sure," said he, with an air of great preoccupation, "that success would be here the wisest thing. The Princess CLEMENTINA has never yet seen her future husband."

"One hears," said Mr. FAVERSHAM, "that she is none the less devoted to him."

"She has, no doubt, a fanciful picture of him, such as girls will make and cherish, until they see the original. It was, I believe, through Mr. WOGAN's mediation that the marriage was arranged. Mr. WOGAN chose her as the one woman in Europe. He is very enthusiastic concerning her."

"His heart is in the work," Mr. FAVERSHAM agreed.

"Perhaps a thought too deep," MOWBRAY suggested.

"A man may love his Queen," said Mr. FAVERSHAM.

"Why, yes," said MOWBRAY, laying a finger upon Mr. FAVERSHAM's sleeve. "But the pity would be if those who wished to say 'here's a man who loves his Queen,' were compelled to say instead 'here's a man who loves a woman;' and Sir WILLIAM came to a sudden stop, stared for a moment across the road and broke into a laugh.

"Do you see that?"

Mr. FAVERSHAM looked across the road too.

"I see the Caprara Palace."

"And a travelling carriage at the door, a carriage, my dear friend, from which the Princess CAPRARA has just stepped out. You do well to start. For let us suppose the King just a mere gentleman. Whom would he marry, do you think? We need not look so far as Innsbruck, eh?"

"The CAPRARA back in Bologna," cried Mr. FAVERSHAM. For one moment he was almost concerned; then he whistled.

"It is, of course, a coincidence," said he.

"That she returns on the very morning when we know SOBIESKI's daughter is safe under lock and key? No doubt, but a regrettable coincidence. Look forward, Mr. FAVERSHAM. It begins to grow upon me that Mr. WOGAN's success would mean a misfortune, and alas! we may always count upon misfortunes."

This misfortune, at all events, Sir WILLIAM went forward to meet with a smiling face. He enlarged upon it as he walked on.

"If Mr. WOGAN—who is, we will be content to say, enthusiastic—rescues the Princess CLEMENTINA, who for her part has never seen her King, and brings her unexpectedly to Bologna to find the Caprara woman officiating as the consoler, why

then—" and he paused, delicately savouring the complication.

"Well, what then?"

"Why then we may look for a diverting comedy," said he, and it is to be regretted that Mr. FAVERSHAM also chuckled.

While these two leisurely gentlemen sauntered through Bologna, CHARLES WOGAN was already making his preparations. In November he travelled into Silesia, where he spent many weary months persuading the King of Poland to assent to his adventure; from Silesia he passed to Strasbourg, where he picked up his companions, took for the expedition the name of WARNER, and bought a barouche; and on April 16 the tiny cavalcade rode in disguise out of Strasbourg to make a hole in the moon, as their commiserating friends predicted. They reached Nazareth, a mountain village in the Tyrol, on the 23rd. Communications were made with M. CHATEAUDON, the Princess's Major-domo; he was shown a letter in the King of Poland's hand, enjoining him to entrust the Princess CLEMENTINA to a gentleman going by the name of WARNER; and then Mr. WARNER ordered him to leave the house-door unlatched on the night of the 27th. That day the barouche was brought down to a suburb of Innsbruck, and the horses were put up at an inn. The weather was frosty so that one's breath was a puff of smoke, and the city from its roadways to its gables lay sheeted in snow. Mr. WOGAN tapped on the window of the inn-parlour and prayed for more snow. The snow fell in feather-flakes through the afternoon, in a whirling, blinding storm when the night fell. It drove the sentry at the door of the prison-house, secure that on such a night his prisoner was safe, across the road to a tavern. That was WOGAN's luck, and it was also lucky for the sentry.

WOGAN led JENNY to the doorstep.

"Tell her Mr. WARNER will be under the fifth tree in the avenue," said he in a whisper; "and play your part well, JENNY. Keep your bed to-morrow. We need a day's start. Let no one see you without the room is darkened. Speak in a weak voice."

The door was open; JENNY slipped into the house; WOGAN waited under the fifth tree of the avenue. He waited for hours and months and years. He waited for precisely five minutes. Then something dark bulked for a second mistily upon the doorstep, and a girl came stumbling towards him. WOGAN stepped out from his tree. The girl caught him by the hand. "The King," she said in a voice that thrilled. "I knew it. Here is a night to prove a lover."

WOGAN raised her hand and kissed it.

"No," said he, "only the King's servant." And the girl drew back, not at all in distrust, but with a world of disappointment in her manner.

"The carriage is a mile from here," said WOGAN, "if your Highness can walk it."

"Yes, and a mile to that mile too," she said readily. "And so the King could not come himself. No, to be sure. I know he has much to think of. I did not expect it. Let us walk;" and she stepped bravely out.

"You do not mind the snow," said WOGAN.

"Would it fell faster! Would the flakes fell thicker!" she said, and she held out her hands as though to catch them. "Would they did not melt! I believe God sends the snow to cover me. It's the white canopy, do you see, spread above my head, that I may go in state to meet my lord;" and as she spoke she stumbled over a hillock on to her hands and knees, and laughed.

WOGAN helped her up, with a question whether she was hurt.

"That comes of rhapsodies," said she, and dried her hands upon his coat. "But I am not hurt. Tell me of the King. I shall make mistakes in that new world—oh! mistakes by the dozen! Will he have patience while I learn?"



"If you knew him as I do," began WOGAN, and stopped his walk. A puddle of melted snow lay across the road, too wide for a stride. WOGAN jumped over it and turned.

"If your Highness will take my hand, there is a stone—a white stone, on which you may safely step."

The Princess took his hand and stepped. The stone sank beneath the puddle. She uttered a little cry, and jumped dripping to the further side.

"Your stone was a bunch of straw," she said, with a gasp. "He is generous, then?"

"Your Highness, here is the barouche," said WOGAN.

O'TOOLE sat on his horse by the carriage door, the Princess, Mrs. MISSET, and GAYDON mounted within, and the horses were driven off through the suburb, across the open, and up the slope to the head of the Brenner pass where MISSET waited with fresh relays.

"I will not sleep till we reach Italy," said WOGAN, and MISSET's head at the window woke him up in the grey of the morning.

"Look man," cried MISSET. WOGAN looked and saw the Princess lying back against the cushions in a dead faint. WOGAN chafed her hands, and cursed himself aloud for his negligence. Mrs. MISSET held a bottle of salts to her nostrils, and O'TOOLE wept bitterly. In the midst of the noise, the Princess opened her eyes and saw WOGAN bending over her.

"My poor marmozet," said she, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "don't look so unhappy." Then she looked at O'TOOLE and laughed.

Beyond the Brenner the climate changed. The snow vanished. The noise of spring was in their ears, the gold of spring was luminous in the air, and the sun rose over the hills. WOGAN sat over against the Princess; now and then her knee touched his; now and again her fresh voice spoke to him. He spent his time weaving rare images to match her looks and courage, and spent his time unprofitably, for he found not one to his taste; and in the midst of one such reverie she fairly startled him.

"Mr. WOGAN, I am sure you are in love."

WOGAN answered with great vehemence and confusion.

"No, your Highness; no, don't believe that. I mean—well—do not believe it."

"I am sure of it. Twice I spoke to you and you did not answer. Tell me her name. I will stand her friend."

"Never," cried WOGAN, suddenly, and his confusion increased. "There is no one. I was not thinking of her. I mean—it would be well to make sure we are not followed," and he made a hasty retreat from the carriage, took O'TOOLE's horse, and rode in the rear. It was towards evening when he rejoined the carriage, and he found the occupants in some embarrassment. The Princess explained their embarrassment.

"They will tell me nothing," said she to WOGAN. "I ask them of the King. He is brave."

"A lion for bravery," protested O'TOOLE.

"A soldier for endurance," said GAYDON.

"A boy for eagerness," cried WOGAN.

"So they keep saying," said she; "but they will not tell me one single exploit that stamps him King."

WOGAN, if he had not much imagination, was a man of resource. He replied at once.

"Then I will," and he told her of an imaginary night attack upon an imaginary town in Scotland. The story was a little vague until it reached a point where the King, rushing into the street, found himself confronted with five grenadiers. Then the details became distinct.

"He was unarmed," said WOGAN. "He drew back into the shadow of the wall, but one of the five flashed a firebrand in his face. 'By Heaven!' he cried, 'CHARLES——' and here Mr. WOGAN stuttered and resumed. 'By Heaven, CHARLES,' he cried to the man in front of him, 'here's the King.' But before CHARLES could turn, the King threw his chain in a loop over the man's head and jerked it tight."

"What chain?" asked the Princess, breathlessly.

"What chain?" echoed WOGAN. "What chain? Why, to be sure, the chain about his neck. The grenadier dropped on the ground. The four who were left turned with one cry, 'The King.' But the King was now armed with the fifth man's musket. He broke through the group, climbed the wall——"

"What wall?" asked the Princess.

"The wall of a garden across the street. Behind the garden there was a door, inside the door a staircase, above the staircase a roof, where for hours he played the strangest game of hide-and-seek among the chimneys until his own men rallied and won back the town and him."

Here CHARLES WOGAN drew a sigh of relief and mopped his forehead, while the girl sat with her hands clasped upon her lap and her eyes looking down towards Italy.

"And what help can I give to such a man?" she said.

"The strengthening presence of a woman," answered WOGAN, in all earnestness. "The magic stone—let a man hold it in his hand, and the dull world blossoms into fairyland;" at which the Princess looked at him with a smile.

"Does she love you?" she asked.

"Madam, you mistake," spluttered WOGAN.

"Do I?" said she, and she added softly, "Could I hear the King speak thus of me, I should not doubt he loved me;" and the words sent WOGAN again to watch for the pursuit.

The next day the carriage reached Brixen, which it left towards nightfall, and five miles beyond Brixen an awful thing happened to Mr. WOGAN. For then the axle broke, the carriage lurched over on its side. WOGAN sprang out in the dark and lifted the Princess in his arms. She set her hand upon his shoulder to steady herself, and he felt her touch tingle through his blood. Then with the tenderest care he set her down knee-deep in a puddle of water.

"This is the second time," said she, shivering; but when the axle-tree was bound up with cord and the carriage was again rolling towards Italy, she looked at him with a new and kindly thoughtfulness; and it was noticeable, though WOGAN was not in the mood to notice it, that she no longer bantered him about his love affairs.

Two miles beyond, WOGAN, who had been looking persistently from the window, cried out:

"See! there is Alla. Those are the last lights in the Emperor's territories. Beyond those lights is Italy," and as he spoke, the cord which spliced the axle snapped.

They stood in the roadway looking down at the lamps twinkling in the valley. The night had cleared; a star-sown sky overhung them.

"Let us walk," said the Princess. "This one last mile frightens me more than all the rest. Let us walk in silence down to Italy."

They crept through the little village, and crossed the border. Three days later, in the early morning, the cavalcade drew up before the Pilgrim Inn at Bologna.

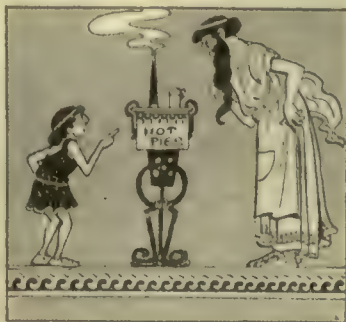
(Continued in our next.)



ACCORDING TO THE *EVENING NEWS* AN "ATHENIAN SCHOOL-MISTRESS HAS TRANSLATED THE OLD ENGLISH NURSERY RHYMES INTO GREEK." MAY OUR ARTIST SUGGEST SOME ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE GREEK STYLE:—



Three blind mice, see how they run,  
They all run after the farmer's wife.



Simple Simon met a piewoman going to the fair.



Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water.



Hark, hark, the dogs do bark!  
The beggars are coming to town.

"MARCH 17."  
THE Harp that once through Tara's halls—  
(We'll take the rest as read!)  
Its symbol high o'er Saxon walls  
On Patrick's Day is spread.  
When London's Mansion House displays  
The flag that Celts adore,  
The feud endures from former days  
On England's side no more.

In Ireland's honour all unite,  
Street boys and gilded swells,  
And Covent Garden girls' delight  
The boom of Shamrock tells,  
While Erin, once more loyal, wakes  
And gracious answer gives,  
Ceasing to harp on past mistakes,  
To show that still she lives.

### BESTING THE BUDGET.

(A *Causerie à la Kipling*.)

THE Cycle trembled and nearly damaged a tyre.

"It is sure to be right," said the Cart-ridge, consolingly. "The members of the Cabinet are too good sportsmen to think of me."

"And yet it seems a pity," replied the Silk Hat, "for those who use you would not feel the loss of a shilling or two."

"Don't you speak," retorted the Cart-ridge. "It would be a good thing for society if Sir MICHAEL catches you. It would send you out of fashion!"

"I was almost afraid they would touch me," whispered the Double-crown Poster. "Then how should I get upon the hoard-ings?"

"Why not?" asked the argumentative Cartridge. "In France your *confrères* have all to bear a stamp."

"Oh, the impost upon knowledge was removed years ago," returned the Double-crown Poster. "It would be a retrograde step to make me a source of revenue."

Walking-sticks, umbrellas, pipes, and billiard-balls were about to speak when there was a cry of joy.

"It's all right," cried the Cartridge. "The speech is over. We are not in the



"Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;  
But every woman is at heart a rake."—*Pope*.

Priscilla (reading). "WHAT PIERCING INSIGHT, WHAT ACUTE PENETRATION!"

Budget, and so have escaped being taxed for another year."

ACTING UP TO THEIR NAME.—"The pit-head gear of the Elands-laagte Colliery," we read in the *Times*, March 14, "was fired by the retreating Boers, but the coolies extinguished the fire," &c. The "coolies" is an appropriate name, and this particular body of "coolies" should henceforth be known as "the Extinguishers."



Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie,  
Kissed the girls and made them cry.



Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
To get the poor dog a bone.





### AN INCIDENT OF THE LATE FLOODS.

*Jim (to Jack).* "LOOK OUT, JACK! I FANCY THERE'S A POND ABOUT HERE SOMEWHERE."

*Jack (to Jim).* "BY JOVE, YOU'VE FOUND IT!"

#### A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I firmly believe the world has gone mad! Last night I went to Puddleton, where I had promised to read my well-known paper on "Some Characteristics of the Common Earth-worm," which has been received with quiet satisfaction by dozens of provincial audiences. Last night—but I am still too prostrated by the experience to write more. Instead, I send you the report of my lecture as it appears in to-day's *Puddleton Herald*. Yours in perplexity,  
ALEXANDER DRYASDUST, F.R.S., &C.

(Cutting from the *Puddleton Herald*.)

Every corner of the Mechanics' Institute was occupied last night fully an hour before the commencement of Professor DRYASDUST's lecture, and several hundreds were unable to gain admission. The interval of waiting was occupied by the singing of patriotic songs, which, however, did not find favour with a small knot of dissentients at the back of the room. Punctually at 8 P.M. Professor DRYASDUST stepped upon the platform, and his appearance was the signal for a terrific outburst of cheering, which lasted for some minutes, and seemed greatly to bewilder the lecturer. When quiet was at last restored, he began by expressing his gratitude—

and, he must honestly add, his surprise—in finding so large and so enthusiastic an audience. True, he had always felt that the study of the earth-worm was a subject of paramount importance. (*Shouts of "Good old Paramountey!" "Remember Majuba!" and interruption.*) All of his hearers must be familiar with the appearance of this member of the *Annelides* family, and have watched it as it bore a hole—(*Loud groans and hisses, cries of "Down with the Boers!" followed by the favourite chorus, "We're going to kick old Krüger out."* After this had been repeated eight or nine times, the lecturer was able to resume)—in the ground, and the swiftness, with which, on the approach of an enemy, it would conceal itself in its earthworks. (*Tremendous uproar, "Three cheers for White," and the singing of "Rule Britannia" drowned the next remarks of the Professor.*) He must beg to inform them that he had not undertaken to address a lunatic asylum. (*Cheers.*) But only that title seemed to describe the behaviour of those whom he saw before him. (*Shouts of "That's the Little Englanders at the back of the room!" "Turn them out!" "Shame!" An attempt was then made to eject certain members of the audience, with the result that a free fight raged for ten minutes.*) Really, it

was almost impossible to deal adequately with the Common Earth-worm under these conditions, and he would therefore bring his lecture to a close.

The Professor, who showed some signs of annoyance, was apparently about to retire, when a prominent lady of the town sprang upon the platform and flung a large Union Jack over his shoulders. At this all present rose to their feet and cheered frantically. Four members of the Corporation seized Professor DRYASDUST, who was vainly endeavouring to disengage himself from the folds of the flag, and carried him shoulder-high to his hotel. A bonfire was kindled in the courtyard, and a huge crowd assembled round it, cheering the Professor, Lord ROBERTS, General BULLER, &c., and singing "God Save the Queen," alternating with "Rule Britannia," until 3 A.M.

We understand that Professor DRYASDUST left Puddleton by an early train this morning.  
A. C. D.

#### AT THE ANGEL COURT KITCHEN.

*Stranger (to Eminent Financier).* Why did you call that man at the bar "the Microbe"?

*Eminent Financier.* Because he's "in everything."



## WITCH-DOCTOR KIPLING.

(See Mr. Rudyard Kipling's letter on "The Sin of Witchcraft" in the "Times" of March 15.)

To KIPLING, this: there are who much  
Admire, they say, his rare and rich  
craft,

Yet marvelled at the double Dutch  
That so obscured "The Sin of Witch-  
craft";

Who, having studiously toiled—

*Opus inutile, infandum!*—

Through all its paragraphs, were foiled,  
And failed, they fear, to understand  
'em.

Some hints there were of men who spoke  
In words that were, I trust, not meant  
ill;

Of men whose notions of a joke  
Were rather practical than gentle;  
Of fly-by-nights, sand-colic, heat,  
Of pianos smashed as with a pestle;  
Of rooms where playful cyclones meet,  
As cyclones will, to romp and wrestle.

Of loyalty that doesn't pay,  
Pay, pay—it has a money basis;  
Of women who, I grieve to say,  
Flung caps, 'an act that leaves its  
traces;

Of some one who infects the earth,  
And some one's antidote to his bane;  
Of Edmonton, Vancouver, Perth,  
Quebec and Halifax and Brisbane.

Of some one's head whose hoary hair  
Will not, 'tis hoped, avail to save it;  
Of men at home who must not spare,  
But take and read an affidavit;  
Of little tags of journalese,  
And stray allusions to the Bible,  
And rumours floating on the breeze,  
All mixed in one fantastic libel.

Besides he threw in Mafeking,  
He threw in dysa, heath, plumbago,  
And stuffed with many a wondrous thing  
His bi-columnar *Times* farrago—  
Until a plain man, bored to death  
The while the solid task he strives at,  
Gives up his reading, gasps for breath,  
And asks in vain what KIPLING drives at.

I rather think I can explain—  
I'll clear up KIPLING's latest mud-yard.  
I haven't studied quite in vain  
The idiosyncrasies of RUDYARD:  
Benignant spectacles on nose  
He's sailed six thousand miles of water  
To howl in dull, confusing prose  
For judgment, vengeance, blood and  
slaughter.

Let "rebels" hang from every tree—  
Thus best you may exalt your free land.  
By lending ear to mercy's plea  
You may perhaps offend New Zealand.  
Our colonies with anger burst—  
'Tis KIPLING's meaning, so I take it—  
They have a most consuming thirst  
For vengeance, and 'tis ours to slake it.



Tommy. "I CAN STRIKE A MATCH ON MY TROUSERS, LIKE UNCLE BOB.  
CAN YOU, AUNTIE?"

Strange, is it not, so mild a man  
Should want more blood when war is  
finished?  
Should do the little best he can  
Lest slaughter be perchance diminished?  
Should deem debased beyond excuse  
That statesman, cursed with wilful  
blindness,  
Who bans the bullet and the noose,  
And strives to do his work by kindness?  
No! let the dogs of vengeance go!  
Divide by blood two angry nations.  
Make every Dutchman still your foe  
Through all the coming generations.

And let the bard—you know his needs—  
In prose that stalks or verse that ambles  
Tell all the listening world your deeds,  
A proud TYRTÆUS of the shambles!

THE VAGRANT.

PROBABLE MIS-REPORT. — Mr. CECIL  
RHODES, in reply to a question regarding  
the future of the Republics, is reported  
to have said, "That is Imperial business,  
and no matter of mine." Surely there  
must have been some error in transmis-  
sion? Didn't he say, "That is Imperial  
business and a matter of mines"?





### A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

Aunt Maria. "WHAT A GOOD LITTLE BOY TO LEAVE YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS TO COME WITH A POOR OLD AUNTIE LIKE ME."

Master Douglas. "OH, MOTHER ALWAYS MAKES US DO NASTY THINGS AND THINGS WE DON'T LIKE!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. HARDY, Chaplain to the Forces, has written an informing and interesting book on the British soldier. That he should call it *Mr. Thomas Atkins* (FISHER UNWIN) is, my Baronite thinks, a regrettable sacrifice to cheap and rather wearisome humour. Save the title, the volume is excellent. It is pleasant to read on unimpeachable authority that our army is not only the best fed and clothed in the world, but, with the possible exception of the small standing army of the United States, is the best paid. The ordinary private, it is true, receives only a shilling a day. But with allowances in the way of lodging, food, and clothing, his weekly wage reaches the value of fifteen shillings a week. Not the least interesting chapter in the volume is that which catalogues the marks of distinction and the nicknames of the various regiments. Herein are condensed whole pages of glorious history. Mr. HARDY has many good stories to tell. Delightful that about the big dragoon whom a lady visitor invited to join her in prayer about some difficulty he was in. "I can't, Miss," he frankly said; "my britches are too tight."

That the Baron should give his opinion on a collection of stories which have already appeared in illustrated weeklies and in magazines is of small use to either 'public,' author,

or publisher, and so he will content himself with informing any who may not have read eight stories by W. E. NORRIS, bound up together in one volume, entitled *An Octave*, and published by METHUEN, that, being well worth reading, any one of them will prevent a spare half hour from hanging heavily on the hands of the otherwise unemployed.

"What a nice lot of new friends" Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS introduces us to in *The Cambric Mask* (MACMILLAN & CO.)! When the reader's eye, and ear, have become thoroughly accustomed to the odd-looking, queer-sounding Americanisms, and when he can, without difficulty, grasp the meaning of the strange language used by an uncouth set of people, he will intensely enjoy their proceedings in the "fresh scenes and pastures new" (the idyllic description of which is not the least charm of the book), as depicted with much quiet humour by the author of their being, and he will soon find himself deeply interested in the story of the manly hero and the fascinating heroine who, with the other less important but graphically sketched characters, play their parts in the "Sweet Fern Distillery District." It will be of interest to our esteemed collaborateur, "TOBY," to learn that "SARK" is the name of the above-mentioned manly hero, though whether nearly connected with, or distantly related to "TOBY'S" eminently serviceable friend and confidant, this deponent author sayeth not. But, be that as it may, *The Cambric Mask* is a delightfully fresh, picturesquely written, and startlingly sensational romance.

The two new volumes of the Temple Classics (J. N. DENT & CO.) are *Cowper's Task*—quite a holiday task to the Baron, who is sufficiently old-fashioned to affectionate Poet COWPER, and to prize him far above modern incomprehensibles—and *Carlyle's Heroes*, whose dashing, spasmodic, kaleidoscopic style makes the work tolerable to the Baron for about ten minutes at a stretch.

The New Century Library gives us three new volumes, adapted to an ordinary pocket and to ordinarily good eyesight, by road, river, or rail, in daylight, viz., DICKENS' *Oliver Twist* and *Sketches by Boz*, bound together, *The Old Curiosity Shop* by itself, and THACKERAY'S *Pendennis*.

Mr. HENRY FROWDE has added to the Oxford University Press Library of the Poets the complete works of JOHN MILTON. They appear in divers dress and at varied prices. All are after the original text by the Rev. H. C. BEECHING. Daintiest of the volumes is the miniature edition bound in tree calf. It may be comfortably carried in the pocket. Nevertheless, being printed on the marvellous India paper, the secret and the glory of the Oxford Press, my Baronite finds the type large enough to read in a railway train. Facsimiles are produced of the original title pages of MILTON'S several works. It is interesting to read in the antique letter of two and a half centuries ago, how "Paradise Lost, a Poem written in Ten Books, by JOHN MILTON, is printed and are to be sold by PETER PARKER under Creed Church near Aldgate; And by ROBERT BOULTER at the Turk's Head in Bishopgate St.; And MATHIAS WALKER under St. Dunston's Church, in Fleet St., 1667." THE BARON DE B.-W.

### THE ENGLISH SPRING.

(A recent—and common—experience.)

#### One Day.

SPRING 's in the air!  
Soft her caress;  
Smiling and fair,  
Spring 's in the air,  
Everywhere,  
You must confess,  
Spring 's in the air,  
Soft her caress,

#### The Next Day.

Spring 's in the air!  
Shrewish her smile,  
Making one swear,  
Spring 's in the air,  
Pray take a care!  
East winds are vile;  
Spring 's in the air,  
Shrewish her smile. A. R.

FINE SPECIMEN.—A genuine "Carpet Knight" of most recent manufacture: Sir WILLIAM PURDIE TRELOAR.





## LAURIER AND LAWSON.

(A Contrast.)

*Britannia (to the Canadian Premier).* "BRAVO, SIR WILFRID LAURIER! WHEN I THINK OF MY SIR WILFRID AT HOME I CAN ONLY SAY THAT 'BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER.'"

[*"For my part I am fully convinced in heart and conscience that there never was a juster war on the part of England than the present one."*

*Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Speech in the Dominion House of Commons, March 13.]*

[*"In my opinion it is a cowardly and infamous war."*—*Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the House of Commons' Debate, March 13.*]





MA W STAMP 300

"I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE QUITE FORGOTTEN, MR. JONES, THAT YOU OWE ME A FIVER?"

"No, I HAVEN'T YET. GIVE ME TIME, AND I WILL."

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### The Sport.

Eh well, Mister X., we have doed one small walk enough agreeable after the lunch of ten hours and half; one whisky and somes sandwichs. If we goed breakfast in one good restoring, that of him think you? He is one hour.

You acquaint one restoring of the first order? Go there.

This hall is very coquette, very jolly. See there one table, there, to the corner.

Boy, we desire one good english breakfast.

Of abroad of the peasoup, of the ham of Yorek and of the pudding of Yorek, and then of the rosbif and of the mutton boiled with of the potatos, of the spinachs, of the small peas and of the green beans, all to the water, without any sauce. As between-meats, of the

##### Le Sport.

Eh bien, Monsieur X., nous avons fait une petite promenade assez agréable après le lunch de dix heures et demie; un whisky et quelques sandwichs. Si nous allions déjeuner dans un bon restaurant, qu'en pensez-vous? Il est une heure.

Vous connaissez un restaurant du premier ordre? Alions-y.

Cette salle est très coquette, très jolie. Voilà une table, là, au coin.

Garçon, nous désirons un bon déjeuner anglais.

D'abord du peasoup, du jambon d'Yorek et du pudding d'Yorek, et puis du rosbif et du mouton bouilli, avec des pommes de terre, des épinards, des petits pois et des haricots verts, tous à l'eau, sans aucune sauce. Comme entremets, du pudding de riz et du plum-

pudding of rice and of the plum- pudding. Enfin du fromage de pudding. In fine of the cheese Chester. of Chester.

See there the butler. That Voilà le sommelier. Qu'est- is this that he demand? As ce qu'il demande? Comme vin? wine? And of the mineral Et de l'eau minérale? Ni l'un water? Nor the one nor the ni l'autre. Deux grandes other. Two great bottles of bouteilles de porter-stout. porter-stout.

Is it that you you occupy of Est-ce que vous vous occupez the sport, Mister X.? But that du sport, Monsieur X.? Mais go of himself. We others cela va de soi. Nous autres English we are all sportmans. Anglais nous sommes tous sportmans.

Ah, you love the canoeing, Ah, vous aimez le canotage, the chase, and the peach. You la chasse, et la pêche. Vous not go to the courses? Ah if, n'allez pas aux courses? Ah of time in time. si, de temps en temps.

Me I am enraged of the exer- Moi je suis enragé des exer- cises of the corpse; the box, cices du corps; la boxe, le the footbal, the cricket. I footbal, le cricket. Je monte mount to horse all the days, à cheval tous les jours, et and I adore the chase to the j'adore la chasse au renard. fox. I go also very often to Je vais aussi très souvent aux the courses. courses.

You acquaint Longchamp? Vous connaissez Longchamp? The French selfs extase on Les Français s'extasient sur ce this field of courses. Me I champ de courses. Moi je find that one of Derby much trouve celui de Derby beau- more jolly. "I go all the years coup plus joli. Je vais tous les ans au Grand Prix de to Derby. l'Epsom à Derby.

Hold, is it that you know Tenez, est-ce que vous savez the terms of sport in french? les termes de sport en fran- Not of the all? çais? Pas du tout?

Truly! But these words Vraiment! Mais ces mots there are indispensables. I go là sont indispensables. Je vais you them to tell on the field. vous les dire sur-le-champ.

The sport, the sportmans, Le sport, les sportmans, le the turf, the course, the price, turf, la course, le prix, les par- the partings, the gainings, the tants, les gagnants, le favori, favourite, the outsider, the l'outsider, le champ, les tri- field, the tribunes, the Tater- bunes, le Tatorsall, le jockey, sall, the jockey, the steeple- le steeple-chase, le selling- chase, the selling-plate, le handicap, le book- handicap, the book-macker, the macker, le pick-pocket. pick-pocket.

H. D. B.

### "A GEORGIC."

To be sung by Mr. George Edwardes, dancing, every morning Daily and with Gaiety.

At Daly's, I run my San Toy,  
Gaiety, Messenger Boy,

With dance, song, and dresses,  
If both are successses,  
Why ask me the cause of my joy?

THE ISLE OF MAN AND WOMAN.—The House of Keys, with a good turn of one on its bunch, has released the Deceased Wife's Sister so that she is now free in this Happy Isle to share the bonds of wedlock with her widowed relative-by-marriage. Perhaps in this new departure may be found material for a novel by the author of *The Manxman*.

SIGNAL EXAMPLE OF THE "BIG, BIG, D——," is "The Great Dam at Assouan." Messrs. JOHN AIRD & SONS say that "This is one of the few dams that can be uttered without offence in the politest society."





He. "CAN YOU TELL ME THE THREE QUICKEST MEANS OF COMMUNICATION?"

He. "WELL, WHAT'S THE THIRD?"

She. "GIVE IT UP."

She. "TELEPHONE, TELEGRAPH——"

He. "TELL A WOMAN!"

#### CHADBAND IN THE TRANSVAAL.

(Dickens up-to-date.)

"WHAT is it?" asked Mr. KRÜGER. "It is the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars. It is the Light of Terewth."

Mr. KRÜGER drew himself up and looked triumphantly at the civilized world, as if he would be glad to know now it felt after that staggerer.

"Of Terewth," said Mr. KRÜGER, hitting the civilized world again. "Say not to me that it is *not* the lamp of lamps. I say to you it is. It is! I say to you that I will proclaim it, to you whether you like it or not. Nay, the less you like it the more I shall proclaim it to you—with a speaking trumpet! Now what I proclaim to you is it deception? Is it suppression? Is it reservation? No, my friends, it is neither of these. Neither of these names belongs to it."

Mr. KRÜGER paused for a moment and then continued.

"If the President of this State goes forth towards a battlefield and sees a fellow-

countryman shooting an enemy under a white flag of truce, and comes back and calls to him his friends and says, 'Friends, rejoice with me, for I have seen a noble deed.' Would that be Terewth? Yes, my friends, it would be. Or, put it that the President of this State, after casting forth the skullums to the wolves and the vultures and the wild dogs and the young gazelles and the serpents, and in spite of that casting-out gets the worst of it and goes back to his dwelling and his pipe and his puffing and his resting and his malt liquor and his butcher's meat and poultry and says, 'Behold, I have not been beaten and am President of a Sovereign State and should have a hundred and fifty millions a year and pickings,' would that be Terewth? Well, I hope I'll make you think so."

And Mr. KRÜGER looked round at the civilised world with a smile on his lips, and brought into prominence a right optic over which an eyelid stealthily trembled.

CRONJE'S LAST GAME.—Playing Nap at St. Helena.

#### THE HERO OF 37,500 GUINEAS.

HONOURED SIR,—Waterloo is avenged. WHITE held out at Ladysmith. BLANC held out at Kingslere. The *Flying Fox* is captured by the Gnaul and exchanges the yellow jacket of Ducal WESTMINSTER for the Orange of the Arbiter of Monte Carlo in exchange for 37,500 guineas. I wish I had the Shillings. I was unable to be present at this British defeat and so referred to my Ever Excellent D. T., now Lord Chief Almoner of the Empire. What the subjoined lines mean I leave to your Puzzle Editor:

"Seven was the lucky number of the only lot on which any reserve was placed, and when *Flying Fox*, looking pale and anxious, on his back, was introduced, a buzz of excitement went round the company."

I have no doubt but that F. F. looked "pale and anxious," but why should he have been introduced "on his back," when he has four legs to stand on? With continued respects,

I am, Honoured Sir,  
Your faithful and humble henchman,  
DARBY JONES.





Mamma. "I DON'T LIKE YOUR STAYING IN DOORS LIKE THIS, BOBBIE. HAVEN'T YOU ANY LITTLE FRIEND YOU CAN GO OUT AND PLAY WITH?"

Bobbie. "WELL, I HAVE ONE, MUMMIE. BUT I HATE HIM!"

#### NO ROOM TO LIVE.

[This article appears to have been intended to form one of the series recently published in the *Daily News*. By some mistake it has been addressed to this office, and the Public interest seems to demand that we should print it.]

THOSE persons who have given their attention to the Housing Problem in London, will probably have observed that there is one class which suffers pre-eminently under the blind tyranny of ground and other landlords. It cannot have escaped observation that there is a crying need for small bachelor suites of rooms in the central and western districts of London at moderate rentals. Sets of two and three rooms, pannelled in oak and with an agreeable outlook, are almost unprocurable in central London by young men of small means! Such a state of things does small credit to our municipal authorities, and indeed constitutes a cry-

ing evil. Something, indeed, has been done in the past to mitigate this state of things by the Temple and other similar institutions, but it is monstrous that an evil of these dimensions should be left to be coped with by voluntary agencies.

The bachelors of London are a deserving class, and as such are peculiarly suitable to be assisted to eligible dwellings out of the rates. Such men, to the skilled observer, show themselves to be among the poorest classes of the community. They have their Club subscriptions to pay and a position to keep up. They must entertain in a modest way. And all this has too often to be done on an income of two to three hundred a year! Compared with such men the married clerk with three children in the suburbs is wealthy. It is therefore evident that the County Council will not be doing its duty if it does not come forward with a scheme for

suitably housing such persons at rentals of from twenty to thirty pounds a year; and as their occupations and distractions require that they should dwell in a central situation, it would be well if some portion of the site laid bare by the Strand Improvement scheme should be given up to them. A few blocks or squares of buildings in this neighbourhood, of pleasing appearance, and not more than three storeys in height, would be in every way adapted to their requirements. It must, of course, be borne in mind that these persons are not paupers, but respectable ratepayers and, therefore, the buildings must be of an architectural style that will not outrage their self-respect. On the other hand the rents must be strictly moderate, any difference between such rents and a fair return on the money borrowed being, as usual, provided by the ratepayers. Until some such scheme as this is taken in hand the Housing problem in London cannot be said to have been fairly faced by the authorities, and a serious grievance in the very heart of London will remain unredressed!

#### TO A CERTAIN PLEBISCITE.

[The *Daily News* published recently a plebiscite on the Best Hundred books for children. The immediate object was to furnish suggestions for the establishment of a children's library at West Ham.]

A HUNDRED Books; you say the best  
For children's special delectation:  
Alas, this democratic test  
Gives ample scope for oburgation.  
For many in this "little list"  
Bear titles ominous with warning;  
O Plebiscite, why thus insist  
On books provocative of yawning!  
From prairie stories dear to REID,  
A *Daisy Chain* restrains you ever;  
And though upon LAMB's *Tales* agreed,  
The children's *Lear* is mentioned never.  
You covet *Carrots*, which I know  
A plain but wholesome diet still is;  
Yet might not girls more wisely go  
To feed off *Sesame and Lilies*?  
And why is SAWYER; why is FINN  
Edged out by Canterbury cleric?  
Most boys would wish that TWAINE got in,  
Not heroes one must call hysteric.  
MACDONALD's charming *Phantastes*  
You certainly were not alert on;  
Ignoring fairy realms like these,  
For dismal tracts of *Sandford-Merton*.  
Those moral powder stories ought  
To vanish quite—they're growing fewer:  
Why did you not—a happy thought—  
Include a version somewhat newer?

L'Envoi.

Best children's books! Ah, could I see,  
This cult of Plebiscites diminish:  
Well, West Ham has my sympathy;  
And with that sentiment I finish.

A. R.





TIME—3 A.M.

Voice from above. "IS THAT YOU, JOHN? YOU'RE VERY LATE, AREN'T YOU?"

Brown (returned from celebrating the latest victory). "IT'S ONLY ABOUT—ER—TWELVE, MY DEAR, I THINK—"

The Cuckoo Clock. "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

Brown (grasping situation instantly). "CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

## HOW IT'S NOT DONE.

(Extract from a Yeoman's Note Book.)

**Monday.**—Find the Loamshire may not go South for a month, resign and join Mudshire. Enter name and receive directions.

**Tuesday.**—Up before the Riding Master. Passed. Interview with the doctor unsatisfactory. Chuck the Mudshire and enter the Clodshire.

**Wednesday.**—Clodshire examining medi-

cal board capital. Pass in triumph. Up before the Riding Master. Failed! However, join the Chawshire. Must get out somehow.

**Thursday.**—All day passing the doctor. Wait for a couple of hours (with others) at his private professional address. Then later on meet him at the Town Hall, where he examines my teeth. Why couldn't he have passed me in both at the same time? He doesn't know, nor do I.

**Friday.**—All day 'chivying' the Riding Master. Doesn't know whether I will do. Reserves his decision until later.

**Saturday.**—Have been on the move for the last five days, and still moving. Receive two letters—one from home authorities saying I won't do. Other from a cousin in South Africa. "Come over," he says, "and they will be delighted to have you. Better trust to the Colonies than Pall Mall." Think so, too. [Exit.]

## AN EPITAPH

To be erected in the Presidency at Bloemfontein.

["The late President of the Orange Free State,"  
—LORD ROBERTS.]

## HERE LAY

For the Best Part of Three Years  
Until Its Abrupt Exit  
On the Evening of March 12, 1900

THE BODY OF

MARTINUS THEUNIS STEYN

Sometime President

of the

NOW DEFUNCT ORANGE FREE STATE

His Honour

WAS A CONSPICUOUS INSTANCE  
Of Vaulting Ambition O'erleaping Itself  
And of the Advisability  
OF LETTING WELL ALONE

MR. PUNCH

Distinctly Invited Him Last October  
To STAND ASIDE

Out of the Quarrel between KRÜGER and  
JOHN BULL

But

He Must Needs Rush In and Occupy]

DEFENSIVE POSITIONS

Within Her Majesty's Dominions

With the Result

That on his Brother's Testimony

He is Now

A NONENTITY

He was last heard of

At a Place called Kroonstad

Heading for Pretoria

Having Left a Lot of Little Things Behind Him

And

Goodness Only Knows

If he will Ever

FIGURE IN HISTORY AGAIN

## PATRIOTIC POULTRY.

**Housekeeper.** Are you quite sure that's a Norfolk turkey, Mr. GIBLETS? It looks to me like a Russian.

**Mr. Giblets.** A Russian! Oh dear! no, ma'am. Himpossible! 'Aven't you 'eard as 'ow the Boers 'ave bought hup hall the Roossian birds? Besides, ma'am, hunder the present hun'appy haspect of haffairs, I'd scorn to 'ave one in my hestablishment.

[Housekeeper is plucked as well as the Muscovite.]





*Tutor.* "YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT IN CHRISTIAN COUNTRIES SUCH AS OURS, A MAN IS ONLY ALLOWED ONE WIFE. NOW, WHAT IS THAT STATE OF THINGS CALLED?"  
*Pupil.* "I KNOW. MONOTONY!"

### CONCESSIONAL.

*Mr. Krüger to Lord Salisbury:—*

As birds delight to bill and coo  
 And in their downy nests agree,  
 So good a thing it is to view  
 Nations that live in unity!

My Christian hands were never meant  
 To go and knock you in the eye;  
 Still less were yours by Heaven lent  
 To pay me double by and by.

But lo! how lying lips abound!  
 How Ananias doth increase!  
 The devil how he prowleth round  
 Saying that we disturbed the peace!

We who alone with sin would wage  
 Battle when Satan crossed our track,  
 Nor e'er forsook the psalter's page  
 Except to flay an errant black!

Blessing and blest we sought to dwell  
 On frugal fare from Nature snatched;  
 Innocent as the young gazelle,  
 And harmless as the dove unhatched!

Yet, wise as serpents, we were ware  
 What risks a pious Doppler runs  
 Who leans upon domestic prayer  
 Apart from automatic guns.

So, praying still, we probed the Rand  
 And from its bullion made us bombs;  
 Still singing, we converted grand-  
 pianos into Long Pom-poms.

Then with our wallets full of text,  
 Armed with the Dutch for Dr. WATTS,  
 We in our simple way annexed  
 The promised land in goodly lots.

Dealing the first (defensive) blow  
 From some external Pisgah-kop,  
 We hoped to catch the heathen foe  
 On, or a shade before, the hop.

But, failing in our noble scheme  
 Of self-defence on alien soil,  
 To try it nearer home would seem  
 A wicked waste of tears and toil.

How beautiful upon the veldt  
 The feet of him that pipeth peace!

How must our souls with rapture melt  
 When rage and horrid tumult cease!

This notion did occur before,  
 But then the time was not so fit;  
 For fear your honour might be sore  
 We hardly liked to mention it.

But with the present change of scene,  
 And bloodshed growing rather rife,  
 My conscience bids me intervene  
 To end a most immoral strife.

Having already done enough  
 To "stagger" people, as proposed,  
 We surely may, without rebuff,  
 Look on the late affair as closed.

The terms we contemplate are light;  
 My simple burghers would, I know,  
 Be willing to accept a slight  
 Improvement on the *status quo*.

O. S.

SOLILOQUY BY A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.—  
 Absence of the beggar makes the heart  
 grow fonder.





## A HANDSOME OFFER.

BOER (considerably damaged). "I DIDN'T LIKE TO MENTION IT BEFORE, BUT NOW THAT 'YOU 'VE RECOVERED YOUR PRESTIGE,' GIVE ME EVERYTHING I WANT AND ALL SHALL BE FORGIVEN!"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 12.—No one expected the MARKISS would speak to-night. House, as usual, nearly empty. No questions about either peace or war. Only one relating to convalescent soldiers, and a bill providing for discipline of Youthful Offenders. The MARKISS in his customary attitude of profound reflection; his chin sunk in his chest, his knuckles dug in the reluctant cushion, his right leg quiescent. *Cherchez la femme*; familiar saying when mischief is accomplished. *Cherchez la jambe* is a regular practice in the House of Lords when members speculate as to whether mischief is brewing in form of speech from Premier. If he means it, right leg crossed over left knee is observed pegging away at pace of ten miles an hour.

Motionless to-night. All the more marvel when, of all subjects in the world, he plunged in Committee on Youthful Offenders Bill.

ELGIN, jealous for the preservation of sacred family ties, insisted that if the Youthful Offender must needs be flogged, his parents should enjoy the healthful exercise in preference to the policeman as directed by the Bill. Had it been any but ELGIN, the remark, like many others, would have passed unheeded over massive head of MARKISS. By clearly traceable association of ideas, sight of noble lord on his legs carried him back to far-off days. ELGIN inevitably suggested marbles; marbles are played out of school hours; school recalls certain interviews with the headmaster. In an instant the MARKISS was back in his Eton days. Was it, he asked, abruptly rising, the custom then for the parents to be sent for from distant counties in order each to flog his own boy? The MARKISS trowed not. Then why should there be one law for the poor and another for the rich? For centuries the sons of the rich had been flogged at school by other than the kindly arm of the parent. Why should the poor have the monopoly of parental service in this fundamental matter?

Argument a little illogical. What ELGIN objected to was establishment of the rule that when you want a small boy flogged you should ask a policeman. Dr. KEAT was not in the force, nor were any of his contemporaries or successors who wield the rod at public schools. MARKISS too indignant to care for logic. He had his flare-up; trembling Lords subsided; Clause passed as drafted in Bill.

Curious to see KIMBERLEY furtively glancing over the bench on either side of the MARKISS. He would not have been a bit surprised if he had seen peeping forth the familiar growth of the Eton birch.

Business done.—In the Commons, GEORGE WYNDHAM made fresh hit with speech explaining Army Estimates.



"AND WHAT ARE YOU LEARNING AT SCHOOL, ETHEL?"—"HISTORY." "AND HOW FAR HAVE YOU GOT? AS FAR AS QUEEN VICTORIA?"—"OH, MUCH FURTHER THAN THAT!"

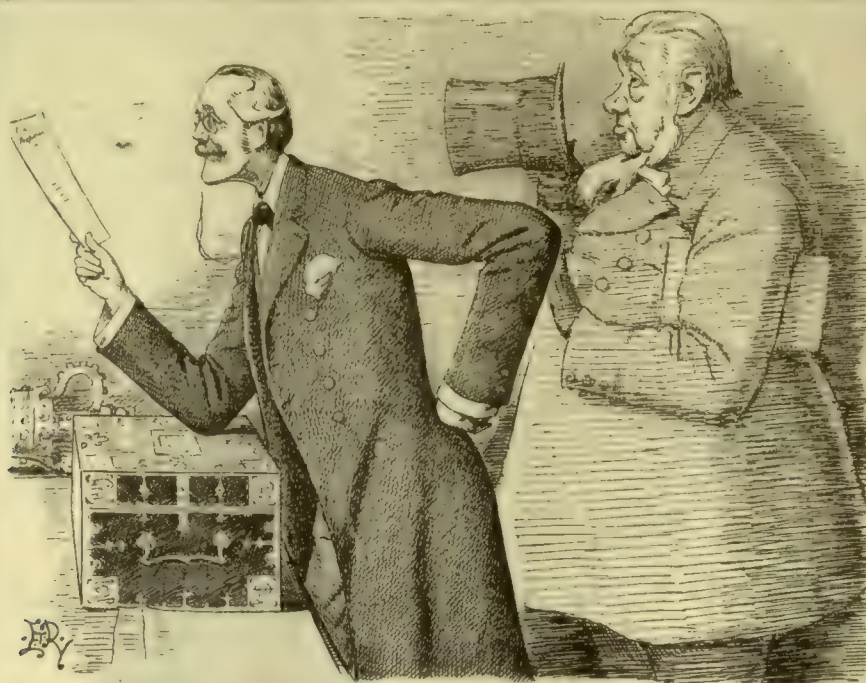
Tuesday.—There still linger in the memory the tones of DON JOSÉ's flexible voice when he read to the House OOM PAUL's little bill arising out of the JAMESON Raid. To hear him cite the item "moral and intellectual damages" was worth being present at prayer time in order to secure a seat.

It was PRINCE ARTHUR who to-night read the sublime document containing the proposals of peace. They are presented at the joint instance of the Presidents of the Orange Free State and of the South African Republic. The handwriting was plainly OOM PAUL's, his the unctuous voice that rolled through its amazing sentences. PRINCE ARTHUR, of

course, said nothing. The intonation of his voice was most eloquent.

Old Gentleman at Pretoria generally admitted to have excelled himself. The ultimatum had tendency to take away the breath by reason of its boldness. Almost blood-curdling in the sudden unrestrained outburst of hissing hatred long diplomatically concealed. Britons, in their self-complacent confidence, inclined to smile at its peremptoriness. Seemed at the moment like poodle ordering a mastiff out of the stable yard. Know now that OOM PAUL wasn't nearly so far out of his slow reckoning. But for gallant stand made at Kimberley and Ladysmith, he would have carried out the threat, that





PRINCE ARTHUR AND THAT AMAZING OOM!  
 "The handwriting was Oom Paul's, his the unctious voice."

seemed so preposterous when spoken, of driving the English into the sea..

Now the guileless old Gentleman, finding "BOBS" at the gates of Bloemfontein, FRENCH resting his horses for a new ride to Pretoria, writes to say that if the incontestable independence of both Republics as sovereign international States be acknowledged, and if the rebels who have risen in the rear of the QUEEN'S troops get off scot free, "BOBS" and his victorious army shall be allowed to go away unmolested! OOM PAUL is much too good for this world.

*Business done.*—War Loan Bill voted.

*Thursday.*—"A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanack. Find out moonshine; find out moonshine." Thus Bottom.

RICHARDSON, obeying the behest, has come upon painful discovery. When GEORGE THE SECOND was king he ordered (see 24 George II., c. 23) that Easter Day should be the first Sunday after full moon which happened upon or next after the 21st of March. If—mark how nothing escaped GEORGE THE SECOND—the full moon happ'd upon a Sunday, Easter Day should be the Sunday after.

Very well. RICHARDSON, having looked in the almanack, finds that the first full moon happening next after the 21st day of March current timidly presents itself two minutes after one o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 15th of April. Argal, Easter Day should be the 22nd of April, not the 15th, as the calendar decrees.

Here's a pother. What's to be done to avoid catastrophe? RICHARDSON comes up to-night, presents his puzzle at head of Attorney-General. Many men would

have shrunk appalled. Most Ministers would have suggested that "the question should be addressed to my right hon. friend the First Lord of the Treasury." Sturdy DICK WEBSTER looked the moon full in the face, and found she was a fraud. "The fact is," he said confidentially to the Speaker, "the full moon referred to in the statute is not the actual full moon, nor the mean moon, but a fictitious and statutory full moon, sometimes called the ecclesiastical full moon."

Uneasy feeling that this is libellous. But Attorney-General may be trusted to know what he's about. House fully reassured, happy in possession of an extra moon whose existence was hitherto unsuspected, turned with light heart to sublunary affairs. *Business done.*—Census Bill passed through Committee.

*Friday.*—Nearly twenty years since GRANT-DUFF left House of Commons and



The Fictitious or Statutory (sometimes called the Ecclesiastical) Full Moon.  
 (Sir R-ch-rd W-bst-r.).

Elgin forlorn to rule over Madras. Didn't often speak in House. The effect of his ordered speech—something like an icicle running down the spine—not conducive to renewed invitation. But when he mounted his pulpit in Elgin the western world humbly waited to be instructed. Elgin long been a closed borough to him. Happily has found another medium for his mission. Takes the form of publication of Notes from his Diary. First batch issued in 1897; each successive year blessed with fresh crop.

A dull night in House; been reading last two volumes just published by JOHN MURRAY. The *Diarist* a sort of Literary Dustman. As each day brings its collection of material to the door (back or front), an industrious and discriminating hand may be counted on to pick up something. In pursuit of material for his diary, GRANT-DUFF does not shirk that last purgatory of social life, the early breakfast where *litterati* gather. The result is a string of scraps of conversation, with here and there a good story that lightens the prim pages of the work. In his way of enjoying himself GRANT-DUFF is the most methodical of men. On his many excursions he was ever prepared with a collection of quotations, directly pertaining to the scene. Being at Cairo he, of course, called to pay his respects to the Sphinx. "I repeated in its presence KINGLAKE'S sublime description." What the Sphinx said in reply is not recorded. But what a picture is here—GRANT-DUFF reciting KINGLAKE, the Sphinx listening with that far-away look that awes mankind.

Later, at Dresden, the *Diarist* met two ladies. "I introduced them," he notes, "amongst other things to the Sistine Madonna. In its presence I repeated to them the lines of SCHOPENHAUER. Later, I read aloud from the note book, which accompanied us in so many journeys, the passage from PATER'S *Conclusion*, which begins with the words 'Philosophiren says Novalis,' down to the words 'only for those moments' sake'; the paragraph from MORLEY'S *Robespierre* which details what, according to the writer's view, *Chaumette* should have said to the priest; and the scene of July 13, 1847, in the '*Récit d'une Sœur*.'" Nor was this all. "I further read from the same book a passage added in India, the description, namely, of what the Rhone does at Geneva, taken from RUSKIN'S *Præterita*."

If his audience had been a couple of men, they could have done something in self-defence. But two hapless women! A commercial traveller in literature, GRANT-DUFF always had his knapsack packed with samples, knew exactly where to lay his hand on the article suitable to the occasion and the customer. What he lacks, besides modesty, is a saving sense of humour.

*Business done.*—Army Estimates.





### LITTLE BINKS ON HIS NIGHT MARE!

(After reading about the Diving Horse at the Crystal Palace.)

#### A SHADE SEVERE.

(A Soliloquy received by wireless telegraphy from St. Helena.)

Too bad! Much too bad! Have I come from the banks of the Seine to see this? My old home overrun by Dutchmen! The walks I knew so well traversed by a "Commandant" who never appeared in uniform, and relied upon the good shooting of women with rifles for victory! Surely my shade might have been spared the indignity!

But Albion was always perfidious! A nation of shop-keepers! And this reflection reminds me that I who speak have also left Paris—that city of retail merchants—to avoid the Exhibition. I have come to St. Helena to stand watching the setting sun, as I did of old!

But how different! Boers here, Boers there, Boers everywhere! They will be better treated than I was. It is not just. For the first time in my career I regret the absence of Sir HUDSON LOWE.

#### ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"DOUBTFUL."—No, we have not read the article on "Self-Advertising," contributed to the *Universal Review* by MARIE CORELLI, and cannot, therefore, give an opinion on the point you submit. You may, however, take it that the lady is especially well qualified to discuss the topic of her paper.

#### TO PHYLLIS WHO SMOKES.

[“The Anti-Tobaccoists will hold a congress at the Paris Exhibition. Among other questions they will consider whether the society of a woman who smokes is really as delightful as it frequently appears to be.”—*Daily Chronicle*.]

PHYLLIS, you a magic chain

Weave about my heart so tight,

That, despite its constant pain

At your conduct light,

Frivolous though your behaviour be,

From your toils, alas! I can't get free.

But a hope I have in view

That your sway I need not fear now,

Since of girls who smoke—like you—

(So at least we hear now),

They can prove, by force of logic rightful,

That they are not really so delightful.

Then to Paris I will wend—

When the anti-smoking mission

Meets in congress I'll attend

At the Exhibition;

So their doctrines when they there

explain,

Haply I may find your influence wane.

Ah! how foolish to rebel

At a tyranny so sweet,

And to strive to break your spell,

Since, when we shall meet

And I once again to you am near,

I'll forget their arguments—I fear.

BADLY NEEDED BY THE BOERS.—A BULLER-proof shield.

#### THE POST-MISTRESS OF VAN WYK'S VLEI.

[“Miss WALTON, the Post-Mistress at Van Wyk's Vlei, on being threatened with instant death by the rebel Boers unless she gave up the keys of her office, placed them in the bosom of her dress, and told the man who pointed his rifle at her that he could only get them from her dead body. She succeeded eventually in escaping with the money and stamps, even the Boers applauding her dauntless courage.”]

This is the song of a heroine,  
Mid the heroes of the War,  
The song of a maid, who was not afraid,  
But stood to her trust as a man should stay,

Who scorned the threats of the rebel raid,  
And looked down the rifle without dismay,  
British born! true to the core!

This 's the song of a heroine  
With never a man to help,  
At Van Wyk's Vlei with no succour nigh  
She held her post, as a soldier would,  
For the right of her Cause not afraid to die,  
A lioness showing the lion's blood  
As becomes a lion's whelp!

This is the song of a heroine,  
Sing it the Empire round,  
Tell it afar this tale of war  
Wherever the flag that we love floats high,  
Be it on land or be it on sea,  
Toast her! Miss WALTON of Van Wyk's Vlei!

Echo her valour with three times three,  
For where could a braver heart be found?

#### “IN A GOOD CAUSE.”

MR. PUNCH is delighted, in fact, “pleased as Punch,” to announce that the contributions to the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street, which, but for this timely aid, would have had to turn out its little patients and close its doors, have reached £212,990 13s. 5d. Most probably ere this grateful acknowledgment appears, the sum will have



topped thirteen thousand. Why turn off the tap? the stream of benevolence flows freely. “Flow on thou shining river!” Bless the stream, don't dam it. *Encouragez les autres!* Address as before, Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., LD., 10, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

N.B. “Collecting Cards” still in stock. Send to above address. To be had for the asking.



## A VALEDICTION.

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow!" says the poet,  
So to be cheerful I will bravely try,  
It grieves me sore, although I may not show it,  
To say good-bye.

Friends we have been, and that for many seasons,  
Some have remarked how elderly thou art,  
I heed them not,—but there are other reasons  
Why we must part.

Time in its course relentless never ceases,  
'Tis always introducing something fresh,  
Thy tender countenance it fills with creases,  
I put on flesh.

And so of late, all hopes have been demolished  
Of keeping thee for evermore mine own,  
A comrade so old-fashioned and so polished  
I ne'er have known.

Nay, be not coy, these demonstrations grieve me;  
Thou holdest me in such a loving clasp,  
I welcome thy embraces, but, believe me,  
They make me gasp.

I say farewell, but I may meet thee later,  
When, in some restaurant of small repute,  
Thou settest off the figure of the waiter,  
My old dress suit!



*Continued from page 198.*

**A**T seven o'clock, the town was ablaze with the unexpected

news: at nine, Mr. FAVERSHAM's valet brought

it to his master with his chocolate. Mr. FAVERSHAM sprang out of bed, and hurried to WOGAN's lodging in a state of ill-concealed anticipation. On the doorstep he came face to face with Sir WILLIAM MOWBRAY.

"You are early," said FAVERSHAM, with a smile.

"The curtain is rising and the play will, I think, be diverting."

They went upstairs, where they found WOGAN in his bed, and woke him up. They plied him with questions as to his journey. WOGAN praised the Princess. Her endurance, her discretion, her courage, her gentle temper, her misplaced humility, her fresh voice, her open friendliness, made a full theme for WOGAN's eulogy.

"And pride?" asked FAVERSHAM. "You omit that quality. Has she pride? It is most important."

"Why?" asked WOGAN, and he sat up in his bed. "Is there news to tell?" He caught FAVERSHAM by the arm. "What news, man? Is it news of the King?"

FAVERSHAM gently disengaged his arm and smoothed the velvet of his sleeve.

"The King, Sir, has been most sad. Indeed, but for the CAPRARA——"

"The CAPRARA!" cried WOGAN, falling back upon his pillows. "She is in Bologna, then?" he asked, with a strange quiet.

"She came, indeed, the day you left."

"Most happily," added MOWBRAY, "for her company has in some measure consoled him."

WOGAN said nothing for awhile, but lay and stared at the ceiling. Then he asked:

"And why are you gentlemen at such trouble to bring me this news?"

"It might be well," answered MOWBRAY. "I do not hazard an opinion but you say the Princess CLEMENTINA has pride, and it might be well, perhaps, if you prepared her——"



"No," cried WOGAN, "she must not know. Think! After her sufferings, borne with what constancy, she is to discover that while she suffered—No! She must not know, and not for the King's sake, mark you, but for hers. She must make this marriage, for which she has ventured more than women dare to venture. Else she drowns in ridicule. So she must not know."

Mr. FAVERSHAM humm'd and ha'ed.

"It will be difficult," said MOWBRAY, "to keep the knowledge from her."

"Very difficult," agreed FAVERSHAM. "For, alas! there are always busy-bodies."

"Why, that's true," said WOGAN, staring at his visitors. He flung out of bed and opened the window. "There are flowers in the street below, gentlemen," he cried, "and here's a spring day of sunlight."

"To be sure," said FAVERSHAM, "but I do not understand—"

"That in some company," WOGAN took him up with a bow, "one feels the need of them."

WOGAN dressed with all haste as soon as he was disembarrassed of his visitors. He must see the King; he must get rid of the CAPRARA; he must make sure that the Princess CLEMENTINA should not know. He hurried to the King's lodging. But events had moved fast that morning. He was met in the ante-chamber by Mr. FAVERSHAM, who positively twinkled with excitement.

"You are too late," said FAVERSHAM, "the King has gone; a message from Spain—a most momentous message—so we are told. But between you and me, the King has fled. He heard of the Princess's coming at seven, and at nine he was gone. He has incontinently fled, leaving the two women to fight for him. So clever; so diplomatic!"

WOGAN went home to his lodging. That the Caprara affair could be kept secret he knew now to be altogether an impossibility. But he was none the less firmly convinced that the marriage must take place. His conviction increased as the days passed, and the rumour of the escape from Innsbruck spread. In a little time, Europe was ablaze with it; people thronged into Bologna to catch a glimpse of the Princess; her name and praises were even upon women's lips. What if the marriage did not take place? This, thought WOGAN, that she, who to-day was the wonder of Europe, would be to-morrow its laughing-stock, flouted at every tea-table as a romantic girl well and suitably punished. The King WOGAN pushed out of his heart and thoughts: he had run away. But if by any chance he were, as the phrase went, to come to his own, why then CLEMENTINA must be Queen; she was most fitted to be Queen. In a word, she should not be wasted.

Meanwhile, WOGAN saw nothing of the Princess. Perhaps he passed of an evening beneath her windows when the lamps were lit; but he held deliberately aloof. However, he had news of her from the busy-bodies. Moreover, they told him one morning, to his great relief, that the Caprara Palace was again empty.

"Where has she gone?" he asked the next moment. "Into Spain?"

"No, to Rome."

"Her Highness knows, do you think?"

Mr. FAVERSHAM shrugged his shoulders.

"She has a great gift of silence, though,"—he made the qualification archly—"she can talk, too, when she wills."

"Yes," said WOGAN. "She talks of the King, no doubt. From Innsbruck to Bologna she had words for no one else."

"That is curious. For now she has words for no one but Mr. WOGAN. Oh, believe me, she is most particular. I paid my reverence to her yesterday at the little house the Cardinal has hired for her. We walked in the garden. She kept me by her side that I might tell her of your escape from Newgate."

"But you did not," cried WOGAN, in alarm. "You did not tell her?"

"I told her half the story, only half."

"Ah, only half. And then you stopped?"

"Yes, for she interrupted me, and told me the second half. The chain, the prison wall, the game of hide-and-seek among the chimneys. She had it all at her slim finger-ends. I was constrained to say," he added, with a smirk, "that Mr. WOGAN rarely spoke so freely of himself."

"And she answered?" continued WOGAN, putting the impertinence aside.

"She answered thoughtfully that Mr. WOGAN spoke more about himself than she was aware of at the time. A curious answer—one that puzzles me."

WOGAN was not concerned to explain. He merely cursed himself for his folly in relating that episode. He had spoken on the spur of the moment; had he taken time for thought, he would have known that sooner or later the truth must come out.

WOGAN lay closer than ever in his lodging. He had neglected the Princess, when all the rest were paying their court to her. Here was one good consequence. Her pride would hinder her from summoning him to explain that story he had told her as he rode by the carriage window.

"Pride!" said he. "To be sure it is a most convenient quality in a woman," and turned the thought over in his mind, until he became aware that the quality had its drawbacks too.

For the King had fled; that would touch her pride, even if she knew nothing of the CAPRARA's devotion. There was that "great gift of silence"—an ominous phrase when used of the girl who had been frankness itself along the road from Innsbruck to Bologna. WOGAN became very uneasy. The Princess was just the woman to keep her own counsel to the last moment, and then act as a woman and not a politician.

It was this dread which weighed chiefly upon WOGAN when he received a letter from the Pretender. The letter announced that all arrangements for the marriage had been made, but that urgent business kept the Pretender in Spain, so that the marriage must take place by proxy. WOGAN was chosen to act as proxy.

WOGAN read the letter several times. The proposal was rank cowardice. It was also for personal reasons quite distasteful to him. He shrank from standing up at an altar before a priest and marrying this girl for another man. The Princess might refuse—he had a moment's thrill of hope that she would. Then he came back to his old thought. She must not, for her own sake. He must prevent that if he could, and it seemed that, perhaps, he had some power with her. The time for inaction was past.



WOGAN paid a visit to the Princess that morning.

She received him alone, standing in the centre of the room. There was a change in her, but it was the change which WOGAN had foreseen. She was guarding the girl in her within the mail of a woman's pride. Only the fatigue in her eyes surprised him, who slept well, whatever troubled his daylight. She made no comment upon his abstentions, nor did WOGAN excuse himself. He handed her the letter, through which she merely glanced as though she was already aware of its contents, and said slowly:

"A lion for bravery, a soldier for endurance, a boy for eagerness;" and, folding the letter, she gave it back to him as a sufficient comment upon the words. WOGAN was utterly disconcerted by the direct attack. He stepped back a pace and stood awkwardly silent.

"You dread plain speech," she continued, with a touch of scorn. "Why then, Mr. WOGAN, I'll play the courtier and speak in parables. You told me of a white stone on which I might safely set my foot, and since the night was dark I took your word, and stepped, and, Sir, your stone was straw."

"Your Highness, no," cried WOGAN.

"Straw," she repeated pitilessly, "as you well knew when you commended it to me as stone. Else why should you lend your exploits to the King? I think I understand. You thought, 'here is a lovesick girl who asks for deeds of which the King, it seems, has none to his credit. So out of my many I will toss her one and, please God, she'll be content with it.'"

WOGAN lifted his head and faced her.

"That was not my thought," he protested. "But we who have served him, know the King. We can say frankly to each other, 'The King's achievements—they are all to come.' But with your Highness it was different. Suppose I had said that amongst his throng of adventurers, each of whom has something to his name, he, the chief adventurer, has nothing——"

"You had spoken the truth," she interrupted.

"But the truth's unfair to him."

"And was the untruth fair to me?"

WOGAN had no answer to the question. He stood catching at the thought that she had not as yet definitely refused the marriage. He noticed that her pride began to melt. She spoke, hesitated and caught the words she was speaking, back. She blushed, and then very quickly she said:

"Mr. WOGAN, I shall be glad of your company this morning. I wish to visit the Caprara Palace."

The wish expressed a command. WOGAN walked with the Princess to the Palace in an extreme agitation. He could gather nothing of her purpose from her looks, and she did not speak upon the way. The household had removed from the Palace to Rome, and one old serving-man received them.

"I wish to see the pictures," she said, and the old man, leading them into the long gallery, left them there. CLEMENTINA stopped before the portrait of the Princess CAPRARA, the portrait of a woman, tall, handsome, of a warm complexion, and the black hair and eyes of the south. CLEMENTINA looked at it for a long while, while the blood came and went in her face.

"There is my answer to the letter," she said.

WOGAN collected his arguments and became rhetorical to a degree.

"Happiness," said he, "comes not for the seeking. You may build up your mansion for happiness to dwell in, and when you have built it up, you will find that you must draw down the blinds, for the tenant to inhabit it is dead."

"Your sentiments," said she, with the ghost of a smile, "are quite unimpeachable. You have, I think, a scarf of mine."

WOGAN flushed red and stopped his harangue.

"A scarf!" he stuttered.

"Yes," said she. "One that I dropped that night we walked under the stars to Alla. I turned to pick it up, but——"

"I will return it to you," said WOGAN, hastily. "I had forgotten that I picked it up," he added, indifferently.

"You were saying?" said CLEMENTINA, with another smile.

WOGAN renewed his arguments, but without the rhetoric. She could not throw her pride into the scale against all that was staked upon the marriage, the success of the Cause, and above all, her own future. What would she do? Return to her home? And hide, and so waste her incomparable qualities, which now belonged to a nation? Mr. WOGAN grew impassioned; but all the while it seemed to him that she was listening, not so much to what he said, as to the tone in which he said it, catching here at a note of fervour, there at an accent of sympathy.

"So it is for my sake," she suddenly interrupted him, "that you wish this marriage to take place?"

"Yes;" and since he had now a hint or two as to the reason which had prompted her to this visit to the Caprara Palace, he allowed himself to say, looking her fully in the eyes, "May I be frank with you? You and I sat opposite to each other for three days. I think I know you. I think, were you just free to choose like any woman of the people, and the man you chose spoke the word and hoisted some poor scrap of a sail in an open boat, you would adventure over the wide seas with him. But such things are not for you."

Again she took no notice of the argument, but only of the man who used it. Her face brightened, her eyes smiled.

"One cannot, as you say, ride opposite to another for three days without learning something of that other. But one may lose confidence—one may cease to be sure, and supposing that one feels lonely, one wants to be sure." With that she turned and left him. She had almost reached the door before WOGAN bethought him of the letter.

"And the marriage, your Highness?" he asked.

She stopped, hesitated for a moment, and answered.

"I will be frank with you. I wrote yesterday to the King in Spain, and—accepted you as the King's proxy. But you will return my scarf to me?" And she left WOGAN standing in the gallery.

The marriage by proxy, as all the world knows, took place a week later in the Cardinal's Palace. But one item of the proceedings has escaped the chroniclers. The Princess wore a scarf about her neck, for which the proxy pleaded as a memorial of the ceremony. But she lifted a hand and held the scarf close about her throat.

"No, Sir," she answered, and her voice trembled as she answered. "I keep it, and at times think to wear it in memory of a certain walk under the stars to Alla, and of a stone upon which I stepped—a stone which was not straw."

C. E. W. Mason





"WHAT'S THAT THERE BLANK SPACE LEFT FOR, JIM?"  
 "WHY, THAT'S FOR THE FOLKS AS CAN'T READ!"

#### ANTICIPATED HISTORY.

(Being an extract from the work of Prof. Dryasdust, pub. circa 2900, A.D.)

THE 17th March, 1900 (St. Patrick's Day), appears to have been an eventful date in the history of Ireland. Of the precise nature of what actually occurred it is impossible at this distance of time to speak with absolute certainty. Some historians attempt to connect it with an obscure ceremony known as "the wearin' o' the green." As to the exact meaning of this phrase itself, antiquarians are much divided. Recent research has brought to light an ancient MS., held by some to be an Army Order, enjoining

Irish regiments to wear a sprig of shamrock.<sup>1</sup> The authenticity of this MS. is, however, very doubtful. I find in an old copy of a newspaper under date, March 19th, 1900, certain "impromptu" lines by one RUDYARD KIPLING—apparently a writer of the so-called patriotic songs,<sup>2</sup> which were sung regularly at this date in the buildings called Halls of Music.<sup>3</sup> The lines are:—

From Bloomsfontein to Ballybank<sup>4</sup>  
 'Tis ordered by the Queen,  
 We've won our right in open fight—  
 The wearin' o' the green.

I do not quote these lines for any literary or other merit they possess, but simply as containing the phrase "the

wearin' o' the green," probably used then for the first time in English literature.<sup>5</sup>

Be these facts as they may, it is certain that the "green" was largely worn on this day. The curious fact is that those by whom it had been hitherto worn, now discarded it.<sup>6</sup> But while it died out as a national emblem in Ireland, it became a popular ornament in London, where it was largely used to decorate diverse objects such as omnibuses,<sup>7</sup> Jingoos,<sup>8</sup> horses and mokes.<sup>9</sup>

(Signed)

DANIEL DRYASDUST, Prof. U.K.

<sup>1</sup> The word *Shamrock* is of very doubtful meaning. Even contemporary authorities (e.g., *Times*, *Daily Graphic*, *Pall Mall Gazette*) disagree as to the exact plant signified.

<sup>2</sup> One of these, entitled "The Absent-minded Beggar," evidently attained a very wide popularity. Judging from the fragments that remain, it is difficult for us to see in this production any peculiar merit.

<sup>3</sup> *V. my Lexicon of Ancient London.*

<sup>4</sup> Ballybank I cannot find in any ancient atlas, and am doubtful, therefore, of the extent of the Queen's order.

<sup>5</sup> I am aware of a recent article in the *Historical Review* maintaining that KIPLING's verse is a parody of a still older ballad. But internal evidence certainly proves that this ballad—which contains some feeling and genuine poetry—is a later and more polished work than the crude jingle of the older rhymester.

<sup>6</sup> During some recent research, I came across a letter from one ADA PARNELL, calling upon all Irishmen to dip the green in ink, and wear it as a sign of mourning. This advice was doubtless universally followed in Ireland.

<sup>7</sup> Curious cumbrous vehicles, of which fragments are still to be seen in our museums. The form of the word suggests a Latin origin; the form of the machine, a much earlier period.

<sup>8</sup> A word of doubtful meaning and origin. They appear to have been remarkable as birds of a feather that flocked together. They made a great noise, but were, we gather, perfectly harmless.

<sup>9</sup> Despite opinions to the contrary I incline to identify the moke with the ass or donkey. In the works of one *Punch*, a learned writer, who alone redeems the 19th Century from the charge of barbarism, there is an account of a creature *Mokeanna*, which I take to be the feminine form of moke. On one occasion *Mokeanna* is said to bray, and when she disappeared, people asked, "Who stole the donkey?" This appears to me conclusive in favour of my theory.

#### MORE WORK FOR THE L.C.C.

To do away with the sandwichmen when they impede locomotion.

To exile the German bands and the organ-grinders.

To arrest the vendors of newspapers who shout out the leading lines of the contents-bills.

To prosecute the ruffianly cab followers who insult ladies for not employing them to carry their luggage.

To pull up the streets only in the night time and get the work done before daylight.

To keep an eye upon the recommendations of some of their own sub-committees, and be on the alert for departmental jobs of all descriptions.





### THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

"WOT ARE YER? OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE?"

### FATHER THAMES'S TIP.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

It chanced last week that wandering by the marge  
Of Thames's tide—its bleakness made me shiver—  
I passed a creek onveniently large,

Where lay much spoil collected from the river—  
Hencoops and biscuit-tins, and cats whose throttles  
Were tightly bound, and hats and boots and bottles.

And many another waif that once stood high,

But, ah, how fortune, fickle jade, upsets 'em!

Exalts at first their honour to the sky,

Next moment turns them into common jetsam—

When, as I mused, a hale and ancient party

Rose from the ooze and gave a greeting hearty!

Right well I knew him: 'twas the River god;

His beard was matted and his forehead wrinkled;

And from his tangled hair with every nod

A shower of mud upon the banks was sprinkled.

He wore a tunic—nothing could be damper—

And on his head a fragmentary hamper.

"Great Thames!" I cried, "you come upon the nick;

But, oh, speak soft, lest others should remark you,

And tell me truly which shall do the trick,

Which shall be first—the azure or the dark hue?

Since for the crews each day your ebb and flow trace

The course they row, say which shall win the boat-race."

"I never bet," the god replied, "myself,

Although I bear their barks upon my deep tide.

Let others quote the odds and aim at pelf—

I simply do my work with spring or neap tide.

But as for rowing, why of course it's true, Sir,

I can't help knowing just a thing or two, Sir.

"I hear the laboured breathing of the eight,

The coxswain's shouts, the finish sharply ringing.

And some, I note, are generally late,

Some fail in drive and others fail in swinging.

The while the air grows blue with loud reproaches

Hurled at the crews by megaphoning coaches.

"And as night's shepherdess at morn is pale,

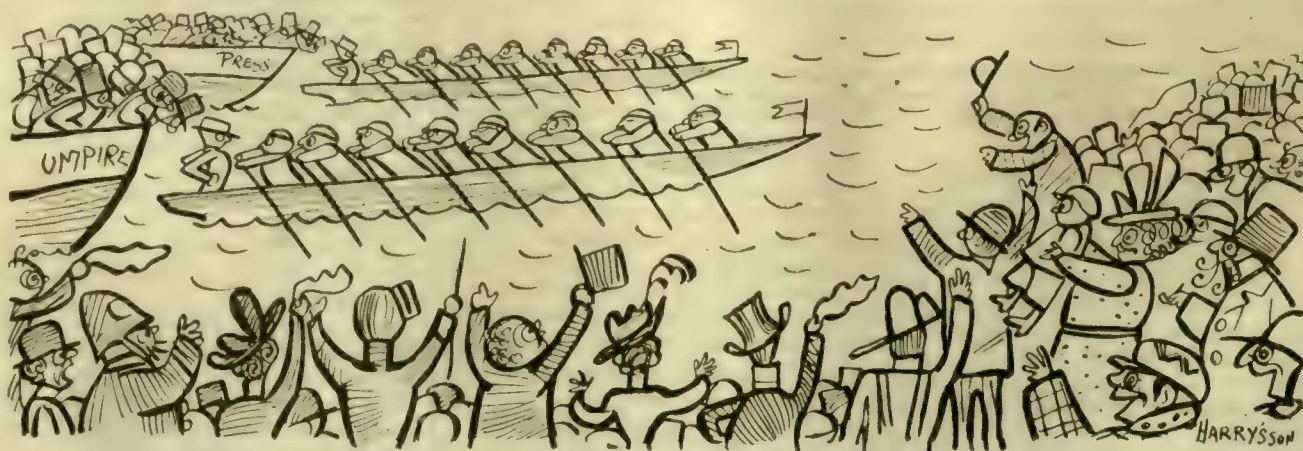
Her light grows thin and all her starry flocks wane,

So, when imposed upon the balanced scale,

Thinner and lighter grows each tiny coxswain.

Fed upon husks, but ever uncomplaining,

He fades and fades, and thus fulfils his training.



### THE BOAT-RACE.

(By Our Youngest Contributor, Harry's Son.)



"All this I see, and thus of course I know;

As to the race itself and which will win it,

My mind's made up, my judgment's fixed, and so

With two crews rowing, only one crew's in it;

And that"—but as he spoke the god grew frightened,

Dived to the depths and left me unenlightened.

But in his place a bubble rose and burst, And seemed to speak "that crew will prove the stronger,

Which shows more last and gets to Mortlake first

In shorter time, its rowing being longer. And, therefore, since you want to know the right blue,

Keep the tip dark, but go and back the light blue."

"A STICKLER for the decent conventionalities of civilised life" writes: "Sir, under the heading 'London School Board,' I notice in the papers a description of proceedings entitled 'Evening Continuation Schools.' Why this distinctive appellation apparently differentiating such schools from 'Non-Continuation Schools'? Are there '*sans-culottes*' Schools? Impossible. And yet, if not, why are '*Continuation Schools*' emphasized?"

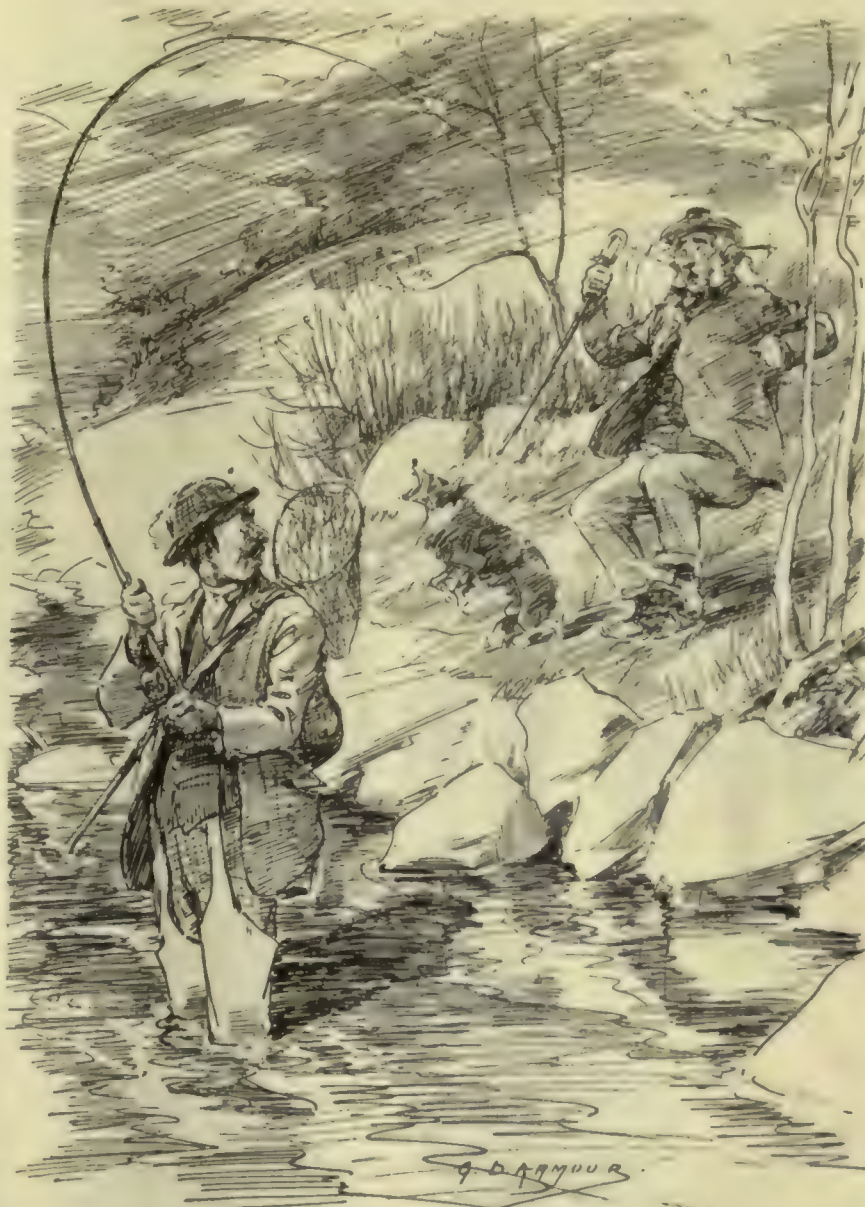
QUERY TO CLERICS. — A certain well-known Reverend preacher is advertised to give "Lent Orations" at some Hall somewhere. Um! Queer description! "Lent Orations" are uncommonly suggestive of "Borrowed Sermons."

#### "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH begs to announce that the Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children, (Great Ormond Street, is making steady progress, and that, thanks to kind friends



everywhere, Mr. Punch will be able to give the generous benefactors a pleasant surprise in next week's number. In the meantime, subscriptions may be sent in to Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd., 10, Bouverie Street, E.C., who are ever ready and waiting to receive them.



#### HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

WHEN CASTING WITH A FLY ROD, BE SURE TO GET YOUR LINE WELL OUT BEHIND YOU.

#### APRIL 1, AND HOW TO CELEBRATE IT.

PRESIDENT KRÜGER will be invited to meet Sir ALFRED MILNER at another conference in Bloemfontein.

MR. STEYN will receive an invitation to dine with the British officers at the Ramblers' Club in the same town.

DR. LEYDS will be asked to deliver a lecture on MACHIAVELLI at the Imperial Institute.

General CRONJE will be given *édition de luxe* copies of BADEN-POWELL'S *Scouting*, Lord ROBERTS' *Forty-one Years in India*, and STEVENS' *With Kitchener to Khartoum*.

The editor of the *Eclair* will receive an official telegram stating that the Boer

fleet has at length taken Mafeking, Cape Town, and St. Helena.

MR. COURTNEY will be made a burgher of what is left of the Free State.

The Duke of ORLEANS will be elected a member of the Athenæum for "distinguished services to literature or art."

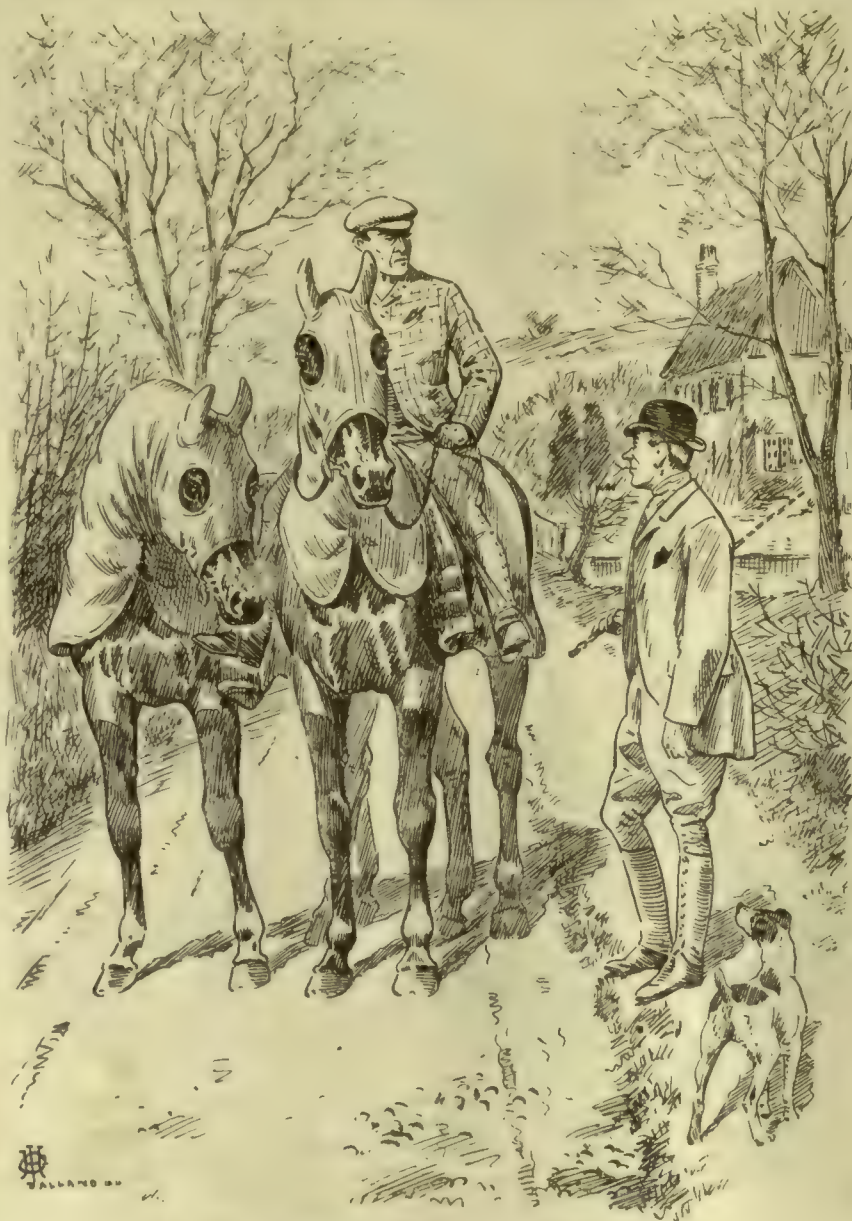
MR. DILLON will be informed that he is to be knighted on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to Ireland.

MR. STEAD will be made Hon. Colonel of the Marine Light Horse.

MR. CRONWRIGHT-SCHREINER will be presented with the freedom of Scarborough and some sticking-plaster.

MR. "UNDERWOOD" and his Directors will be favoured with a contract for refurbishing the War Office. Y. Z.





### SO INCONSIDERATE.

*First Melton Groom.* "SO YOUR GUV'NOR HAS GONE TO THE FRONT, JIM."

*Second M. G.* "YUS, 'EE'S GONE. TREATED ME VERY SHABBY TOO."

*First M. G.* "HOW DO YOU MEAN?"

*Second M. G.* "WHY, 'EE TOOK MY BEST 'OSS WITH 'IM!"

### DIARY OF A "PEACE" ORATOR.

*Monday.*—The work of my life now begins. To-night I address great meeting at northern manufacturing town to denounce the war with the Transvaal. In imagination I already see the eager faces, hear the enthusiastic cheers. I am borne shoulder-high by transported audience, stirred to its depths by my eloquence and my arguments. Glorious!

*Tuesday.*—Monday's meeting hardly came up to my expectations. Prophetic vision proved somewhat deceptive. The eager faces were there, but they were

eager for my blood. The cheers were there, but not for ME. Quite the contrary. Finally, when I was actually on the verge of being lifted shoulder-high by transported audience (it deserved to be transported), with a view to submersion in a neighbouring public fountain, the police happily appeared and rescued me. I am, of course, opposed to war and to physical force of any kind, but I was glad to see they used their truncheons. Meeting to-morrow at great Scottish city. Have great hopes of Scotland.

*Thursday.*—Scottish peace meeting very disappointing. Feeling curiously hostile.

"Are not your fathers and brothers fighting in a bad cause, murderously assaulting a gallant foe who have courageously invaded our territories in self-defence?" I cried. Unmistakable sounds of disapproval interrupted the thread of my remarks. Raising my voice, I shouted in impassioned accents: "Will you support this dastard soldiery in its cowardly attacks upon a brave agricultural people?" But they wouldn't listen to reason. Indeed, they wouldn't listen to anything. With a howl of fury they rushed at the platform, and but for the opportune position of a side door, my blood would have "stained the heather," as the ballad picturesquely puts it. Scottish meeting certainly disappointing.

*Friday.*—Resting. To-morrow, the great meeting!

*Saturday Night.*—The great meeting is over. Another failure. The unreasonable fury of my audiences is quite unintelligible to me. I made it perfectly clear that the British Government and the British Nation were despicable and unscrupulous and greedy and overbearing, but they only responded by singing "Rule Britannia." "Is that ridiculous song any answer to my arguments?" I asked. The words, innocent enough surely? provoked an outburst of frenzied violence. . . . Is this Freedom of Speech? No! . . . I shall continue the agitation as soon as my eye has recovered its normal colour.

### TO THE G. P. O.

I LOVE a girl with ardour fond,  
And she returns my passion,  
So we intend to correspond  
In sentimental fashion;  
But though we're both in town, yet we,  
Kind G. P. O., must trouble you,  
My postal district is S. E.,  
Whilst hers is the N. W.

I'll write her notes, each day I hope,  
Imprint some kisses damp on,  
Enclose them in an envelope  
And stick a penny stamp on;  
Although my sentiments may be  
As airy as a bubble, you  
Will please convey them from S. E.  
To far away N. W.

I trust we both may get distinct  
Enjoyment from our letters,  
Until the day when we are linked  
In matrimonial fetters;  
And then you'll very quickly see  
No more a loving hub'll u-  
tilise the post to bind S. E.  
So closely to N. W.

P. G.

NOT QUITE THE SAME THING. — SMITH asked JONES, "Do you belong to a Sharp-shooter's corps?" "No," answered JONES, who was limping along, "but I've got a 'sharp shooter' that belongs to me, and I'm going to have his 'core' extracted. What ho! the pedicure!"



“‘POWERFUL,’ AHOY!”



“WELCOME HOME!”

[H.M.S. “Powerful,” with the Ladysmith contingent of the Naval Brigade, is expected to arrive at Portsmouth within the next ten days.]





APRIL 1.

Mamma. "OH, I AM SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, PROFESSOR. YOU KNOW EVERYTHING. DO TELL ME WHAT TIME THE TRAIN THAT STOPS NOWHERE STARTS."

[For once the Professor is not ready.]

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN has enriched the world with a book recording "The Early Life of CHARLES JAMES FOX." *The Letters and Life of George Selwyn* (FISHER UNWIN), edited by E. S. ROSCOE and HELEN CLERGUE, might, my Baronite suggests, be described as "The Early and Late Life" of PITT's great rival. It is true SELWYN chiefly deals with one familiar phase of it—that passed at the gaming table. Even in the most critical periods of political strife, FOX was to be found early and late at BROOKS'S playing for high stakes, and, in the main, losing. When Lord NORTH was turned out and FOX was inevitable as his

successor, he was quite bored at BROOKS'S by the interruption of State affairs. SELWYN compassionately mentions that "CHARLES can neither punt or deal for a quarter of an hour but he is obliged to give an audience." Under date, May 21, 1781, SELWYN writes, "Yesterday, about the middle of the day, passing by BROOKS'S, I saw a hackney coach, which announced a late sitting." On enquiry he found that FOX and two others had been playing pharo through the live long night and the May morning, a sum of 3,500 guineas changing hands. That was nothing. Another entry records a loss, by one player at a single sitting of £13,000. Eight days after what FOX's successors

in the House of Commons have learned to call an all-night sitting, FOX was "wakened in the morning by news that an execution was put in." The furniture was going, and soon his bed would be wanted. Being a man of resource, he moved into a neighbouring Apothecary's, went over to BROOKS'S, and gambled again. SELWYN'S letters were written to Lord CARLISLE, serving in Dublin as Lord Lieutenant. They profess to supply, and the effort is brilliantly successful, all the gossip of the town, political and social. It is history stripped of its brocade; history in its pyjamas, but, perhaps, all the more interesting and instructive.

*Southern Arabia* (SMITH, ELDER) is a record of successive journeyings by Mr. and Mrs. THEODORE BENT, through unfrequented districts of an ancient, still unfamiliar country. A permanent and valuable result is found in the half-a-dozen maps drawn after personal survey of pathways hitherto untrodden by a white man, not to mention a white woman. In his travelling, not always free from peril, Mr. BENT was comforted by the companionship of his plucky and resourceful wife. On the whole, my Baronite comes to the conclusion that Southern Arabia is more pleasant to read about than to sojourn in. It teems with personages grandiloquently styled Sultans, who seem to be exceedingly mean cusses. What they want is backsheesh, and, in the words of the advertisement, they see that they get it. Whilst all the men are dirty, not all the women are beautiful. In one of many passages of vivid description Mrs. BENT says of the Arab girls, "Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow; on this ground they paint black lines with antimony over their eyes. The fashionable colour of the nose is red; ring spots adorn the cheek." Thus in South Arabia is a thing of beauty a joy forever.

H. D. RAWNSLEY, M.A., Hon. Canon of Carlisle, has exploded in a volume, not of smoke, but of patriotic verse, entitled *Ballads of the War* (J. M. DENT & Co.). The Canon is nothing if not enthusiastically patriotic, and, no doubt, his lyrics canonical (not strictly written according to "canon") will be acceptable to poetic patriots. The Baron's own Private Poet is somewhat distressed at the Canon's having treated a subject which he, the B.'s P. P., had already selected. At the Private Poet's urgent request, the Baron publishes the production in question—it is entitled, as is the Canon's verse, "*The Bugler's Wish*," and, premising that whatever may be the correct pronunciation of "Tugela," our bard has taken out his "poetic license," here it is—

"What shall we give you, my little Bugelar,  
What for the bugle you lost at Tugelar?"

"Give me another! that I may go  
To the front and return them blow for blow."

THE BARON DE B.-W.



**HIC INDICAT SUSPENDISSE VESTIMENTA.**

[The *Lancet* reports the case of a man who has swallowed his braces.]

THO' I was not wont to question  
That a healthy indigestion  
Could be captured from a crumpet or a crab,  
It another kind of case is  
If a man may eat his braces,  
And batten on the buckle and the tab.

There are times when beef and mutton  
Fail to please the merest glutton,  
And I'm personally very sick of each,  
And there's constantly a reason  
(Such as being out of season)  
Why the dishes that I want are not in reach.

But my fancy fairly riots  
In the prospect of new diets  
That is opened by the *Lancet's* gentle touch ;

For when meat inspires loathing  
We can always take to clothing,  
And it does not seem to hurt one very much.

There is naught, they say, like leather,  
And I dimly wonder whether  
This suspender had the succulence of hide,

Or if it was elastic  
So particularly plastic  
That it easily got folded up inside.

But it really doesn't matter  
How you manage to get fatter,  
And a recipe is never out of place ;  
So if feebleness is chronic  
You can try this modern tonic  
And presumably it cannot fail to brace.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, March 21, says,—  
"Telegraphic communication with Bloemfontein having been restored, telegrams in plain language may be accepted for that town at sender's risk." We could send a wire to Oom PAUL in uncommonly plain language: likewise to Mr. STEYN, who, sans phrase, gave "BOBS" the lie direct.



*Elder Sister (coming up).* "KITTY! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN SAYING TO CAPTAIN COWARD? HE LOOKS DREADFULLY OFFENDED!"

*Kitty (engaged to the Captain).* "I ONLY TOLD HIM THAT IF HE HAD GONE TO THE WAR AND BEEN SHOT, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SO PROUD OF HIM!"

**TO ILLUSTRATED PAPER ARTISTS.**

IF YOU ARE GOING TO DRAW ANY CELEBRITY WATCHING THE BOAT-RACE, PLEASE AVOID THE ABOVE KIND OF BALCONY.  
WITH THANKS FOR WARNING IN THE *DAILY GRAPHIC*, MARCH 19.





*Lady.* "YES, HOPE AND CHARITY IS RIGHT. BUT WHAT IS THE FIRST THING WE ALL NEED TO MAKE US HAPPY?"  
*Small Girl.* "'USBANDS, MISS."

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.  
 IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### IV.—THE IMPERIAL, OR MARTIAL, SECTION.

[*Note.*—Complaints having been made that some of these Thoughts are too Great for a single day's digestion, in future the larger ones will be spread over a longer period.]

MARCH 1ST TO 4TH.

From ALFRED's wave-girt isle they fared them forth  
 Over the salt and intervening sea,  
 Heirs of the Saxon, nurtured by the North,  
 Wielding the Great One's watchword—*Ever Free*;  
 Sworn for his sake to crush the tyrant's crown,  
 Bring liberty to bondsmen held in thrall,  
 And ultimately lay their trophies down  
 At England's Darling's corpse's feet withal.

*Alfr-d A-st-n.*

5TH.—With certain reservations, which I undertake to set out at length in my forthcoming volume, the conduct of our Generals receives the stamp of my approval. *W-nst-n Ch-rch-ll.*

6TH, 7TH.—England! I think to-day thou shouldst be proud,  
 Whose lion's paw is on the lone ewe-lamb;  
 Craven! when blood of Christians cried aloud  
 Thou caredst not one Oriental —. *W. W-ts-n.*

8TH, 9TH.—It is a poignant sign of the New Degeneracy—not without its note of irony for those antiquated people, if any, who still pursue the study of the past—that the honest enemies of England, prophesying in the English Press, or from an English platform, cannot secure an impartial hearing even from their own fellow-countrymen! *H. W. M-ss-ngh-m.*

10TH TO 12TH.—Ere yet our conquering Captains flit,  
 Ere yet the shouting dies away,

Shall we, the chosen race, omit  
 To make the rebels pay, pay, pay?  
 Beware, with memory like a sieve,  
 Lest we forget, and so forgive.

*R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.*

13TH TO 16TH.

[On Mr. Punch's cartoon of CRONJE at St. Helena.]

Admire how the Tyrannical in current adumbration of Sambourne-pen stands at insular remove posed authentic; takes sullen salute of co-exile cognisant in vagueness of the over-again of Imperial Fact. A picture of contrastables confluent to similar; here your Dutch, exsurgent from Cincinnatus-plough, inexpert of externals transmarine and other, territorial within limits of the fencible; there, your Corsican, cosmic to the utter of bellicose, insatiate of a shackled hemisphere one link short; labefact each before a like Necessitated, merging extremes.

*G-rge M-r-d-th.*

17TH [St. Patrick's Day] TO 23RD:

Type of the Unity of Britain's sons  
 Confirmed and welded 'neath the foeman's guns,  
 To-day, in every clime betwixt the poles,  
 Trifoliate in loyal button-holes  
 (Or otherwise attached to loyal chests)  
 The *Oxalis Acetosella* rests.

*A. A-st-n.*

[Variation on same theme.]

O PADDY dear, and did ye hear  
 How fine the Union grows?  
 The Saxon sports the shamrock,  
 And the Kelt he sports the rose!  
 The Welsh are eating thistles  
 And the English eating leeks,  
 And the Highlands tako for friendship's sake  
 To the wearing of the breeks!

*W. E. H. L-cky.*

24TH TO 26TH.—On the road to Bloomfontine,

'Ome o' late-lamented STINE

Lawst observed a-movin' outwards in a absent frame o' mind!

On the road to Harcadec,  
 Milk an' 'oney flowin' free

From the bloomin' fount o' blessin's wot the late 'un left be'ind!

*R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.*

27TH.—Courage, my brave brothers! I and the Island are watching you.

*H-ll C-ne.*

28TH TO 30TH.—[To KRÜGER.]

HAZAE! by the blood that smears thy hands!

And JEROBOAM by thy people's shame!

Lord of the woman's lash that bites and brands—

Lo, where they wait, the Avenger's pageantry,

Crowning thy-bastion'd crags with sword and flame  
 To wipe thee out, thy curséd kin and thee!

*A. C. Sw-nb-rne.*

31ST.—VICTORIA! VICTORIA! VICTORIA!

*Sir L. M-rr-s (by request). O. S.*

FROM THE WINGS OF THE WYNNDHAM THEATRE.—Some curiosity has been evinced by theatre patrons as to how Mr. CHARLES WYNNDHAM will treat his nose when he appears as "*Cyrano de Bergerac*, or the Nasal and Military Hero." Most are of opinion that this will be the principal feature of the piece, and some fear is expressed lest this should be the only point in it. Those of this opinion have not got hold of the right tip as to this nose. Yet its obvious presence ought so to pervade the house that, as *Hamlet* says, "You will nose him as you go into the lobby." The earliest arrival will exclaim, "What is that I see before me? Is it a nose?" The reply will be, "Yes, Sir, a nose de Bergerac."



## IN VINDICATION OF SCIENCE.

[The *Phrenological Journal* has been examining Lord ROBERTS's bumps with the aid of a photograph. From "the development of his head in the region of the parietal eminence" it is concluded that "he can be depended on to do the right thing in an emergency."]

OH, the prodigies of Science are increasing day by day

Till they put to shame our questionings incredulous;

The secrets of our being its authority obey,

As its studies grow more accurate and sedulous;

Till now—though doubtful in the past—our grievous fault we own,

And, tendering our abjectest apology, Proclaim his exploits, hoping in some measure to atone

Thereby to the Professor of Phrenology.

A photo or engraving will be quite enough for him

To judge each bump and measure each concavity,

He will finger KRÜGER's cranium and tell us he is *slim*,

And predicate the Khalifa's depravity;

The military genius of "BOBS" he knows at sight,

And sees that STEAD has impulses to pacify,

He reads a bishop's virtues, and invariably he's right

When endeavouring our public men to classify.

He hits on each convexity, protuberance, and bump,

And is never at a loss for what to say from them;

He'll prophesy from Mr. Punch's own time-honoured hump

His power all other's "hump" to take away from them;

So all who are distinguished by their qualities of mind

Their genius may determine with facility, For they only need to tell him their achievements—he will find

A bump that will account for their ability.

## RESURRECTION-PIE.

Notes on the latest Russian dish from the diary of Count T-ist-y, translated into English by A. R.

January, 1890.—Excellent idea for a new dish. Large slices of the elemental passions with sauce à la melodrame and plenty of seasoning.

February, March, and so on for a year or so.—Have started upon the new dish. Considering that I am constantly changing the ingredients—taking some out and putting fresh ones in—dish promises extremely well.

January, 1898.—Dissatisfied. Have considered 200 ways of serving up—none



He. "YOU'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR MY BROTHER HAS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF AT THE FRONT."  
She. "WHICH ONE? THE CLEVER ONE?" He. "OH—ER—WE'RE ALL CLEVER!"

please me. Not body enough; so have stiffened with large quantities of social and religious powders. Several faddists who have stepped in to taste it now pronounce it admirable.

January, 1899.—Quite satisfied with my dish. It has completely upset the digestion of many former admirers. This shows its merits and testifies to the splendid advance I have made as a literary cook since the days when I was merely an artist. After all—what is art?

Autumn, 1899.—Understand some people admire Norwegian cookery. Chuk! Have tasted an insipid production by a Scandi-

navian imbecile. What palates some folks have!

March, 1900.—My dish going strong in England. No idea it was grandly solid (those powders did it!) till I heard from a friend how reviewers were dropping in dozens and being sent off in batches to the hospitals. Now if I wasn't opposed to war, what splendid ammunition this Resurrection-Pie would have made. Already it is taking its place on the Continent as a new and efficacious anæsthetic. Good. I have revolutionised religion, ethics and art; perhaps I shall also revolutionise science.





Applicant (for situation as Parlour-maid). "SHOULD I BE EXPECTED TO HAND THINGS AT LUNCH, MADAM, OR DO YOU STRETCH?"

### THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER.

["Mr. CHARLES M. SHELDON was entrusted with the editorship of the *Topeka Daily Chronicle* for a week. He was to edit it entirely according to his own ideas. The experiment has proved an unmitigated fiasco."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN I took to the Press, as a middle-aged man,  
(Said I to myself—said I,) I'll work on a new and original plan  
(Said I to myself—said I,) I'll cut out the columns of crime and divorce,  
I never will mention the name of a horse,  
And the betting we'll drop, as a matter of course,  
(Said I to myself—said I!)

Then politics, too, are ephemeral things,  
(Said I to myself—said I,) And so are the doings of Queens and of Kings,  
(Said I to myself—said I,) And war is so wicked that I will refuse  
To print in my paper who win and who lose—  
In short, I'll abolish all manner of news,  
(Said I to myself—said I!)

But I'll fill up my columns with temperance facts,  
(Said I to myself—said I,) And temperance meetings and temperance tracts,  
(Said I to myself—said I,) And as for my leaders, no grave D.D.

Can write better sermons, as you will agree,  
While in each little par, lo! a text there shall be,  
(Said I to myself—said I!)

### UNITED IRELAND.

["Irish Nationalists dined together at the Hotel Cecil to celebrate the reunion of Irish parties . . . There was a free fight and the police were called in."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE hall of Cecil's glowin', bhoys,  
The craytur—good luck to it!—'s flowin', bhoys,  
An' our hearts are afire  
Wid amazin' desire,  
To show 'tis united we're growin', bhoys.  
Then we'll go for each other to-night, me lads,  
'Tis never too late for delight, me lads,  
An' the best way I know  
To unite wid a foe  
Is to grapple him close in a fight, me lads.

SOUNDS BAD FOR THE DARK BLUE.—One of the Oxford crew was recently described, in a report of their practice, as "the spare man." If he is "spare" by comparison with the others, much depends on how stout his seven fellow-oarmen may be. But if they are all stout and he is the only spare man, then how about *their* good condition? Probably they are all "slim" enough, but this isn't of much avail.





## POCKET *VERSUS* SENTIMENT.

FRENCH RAND SHAREHOLDER. "IS HE NOT A BOER AND A BROTHER?"

GERMAN RAND SHAREHOLDER. "YES! BUT IF HE WRECK OUR MINES?"

FIRST SHAREHOLDER. "A-A-A-AH!"

[“We can hardly believe that President KRÜGER could commit such a blunder (as the threatened destruction of the Rand mines). The proprietors of the mines are not all English, far from it, and France, Germany, Europe as a whole, possesses shares in the majority of the great companies which have exploited South African soil. . . . If he went so far, would not Mr. KRÜGER estrange precious sympathies?”

*The “Débats,” quoted by the “Times,” March 23.]*







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 19.—Few things more pleasing or touching than attitude of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD towards ST. MICHAEL in discussion on Budget scheme. To the guardianship of All Angels ST. MICHAEL has added the jealous watchfulness of his predecessor at the Treasury. Rude boys, like JEMMY LOWTHER and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, speak disrespectfully of the Budget. (The CAP'EN, who never forgives his old chum, CORPORAL HANBURY, for accepting a commission, sneers at him as "the acolyte of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.") The SQUIRE is down on them with weighty reproof. ST. MICHAEL sits smiling and blushing on Treasury Bench while his battles are fought by this doughty champion.

HENRY FOWLER ventured to say War Loan would have been better raised by terminable annuities. Hereby was the SQUIRE twice blessed. Had renewed opportunity of defending his disciple, and was able to show how hopelessly devoid of financial capacity is the body he once led on the Front Opposition Bench. His approval just sufficiently spiced with criticism. Thinks ST. MICHAEL would have done better further to increase taxation; also doesn't like his somewhat flippant manner of alluding to the late millionaire who lived on fifteen



## "THE GOOD OLD RULE, THE SIMPLE PLAN."

She. "IT'S TOO PROVOKING! WE'VE ONLY JUST HAD THE DRAINS PUT RIGHT, AND NOW THE SERVANTS ARE ALL COMPLAINING THAT THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED!"

He. "I'M SURE I'M VERY SORRY; BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT I CAN DO."

She. "WHY, OF COURSE, YOU MUST HAVE A MAN DOWN FROM LONDON WHO UNDERSTANDS ABOUT GHOSTS!"



THE ACOLYTE OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

(Mr. H-nb-ry.)

shillings a day, and left the State £900,000.

"Never look a dead millionaire in the mouth," said Sir WILLIAM, enriching the language with a fresh proverb.

On the whole, he regards the Budget as a structure almost as near perfection as he could have made it himself. Anyhow, he won't have other people criticising it, or presuming to lecture ST. MICHAEL. These relations between eminent persons on the two Front Benches very pleasant. Cast a glow of friendship over the political arena. Same time it makes things duller than ever.

Business done.—Budget Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—In the temporary withdrawal from the scene of his esteemed Leaders, Mr. FLAVIN took "the flure" to-night, and discoursed on oats and the Consolidated Fund Bill. The member for North Kerry was dressed with that apparently careless, really studied grace, that makes Listowel sit up on Sundays. To show he was not proud in his best clothes, was perfectly at his ease he, whilst he spoke, lightly rested his right fist in his trouser pocket. If there was about him indica-

tion of aloofness from the common horde it was shown in the persistence with which, overlooking members opposite and above gangway on his side, he persistently addressed the SPEAKER.

"Now, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, "considering the large proportion Ireland has to pay to the cost of the war, if you don't, Mr. SPEAKER, give us something back in the way of contracts there will be nothing remaining for me, Mr. SPEAKER, but—to enter my protest."

Rather an anti-climax after long note of preparation; but it has good Parliamentary sound about it, and Mr. FLAVIN's speech is quaintly made up of the echoes of stock sentences repeated with supreme gravity. Much better when, occasionally, he steps out of beaten track; as for example when he persistently declined to use the ordinary phrase "oats." He, with large manner, and comprehensive wave of disengaged left arm, always alluded to the commodity as "an oat."

"Now, Mr. SPEAKER, if an oat weighs twenty-four pound to the bushel—I say twenty-four pounds, not knowing what is the weight the War Office has fixed—but



if you have an oat weighing, say, twenty-four pound to the bushel, and the Irish farmer has an oat weighing thirty-six pound to the bushel he is teetotally debarred from tendering."

House broke into fit of laughter. Mr. FLAVIN looked round with startled air as if just recognising existence of members opposite. What they might be laughing at he couldn't imagine; didn't think it worth while considering; quickly resolved



"Teetotally debarred, Mr. Speaker!"  
("An Oat" of Mr. FLAVIN.)

to resume his concentrated attention on the Chair.

"Yes, Mr. SPEAKER, I say the Irish farmer, with an oat weighing thirty-six pounds to the bushel, is teetotally debarred from tendering."

The added emphasis placed upon the alluring adverb greeted with fresh burst of laughter which Mr. FLAVIN majestically ignored. If a failure in Mr. FLAVIN's debating style may be hinted at, it is found in what may be described as his teetotal inability to catch a favourable moment for concluding his remarks. Having repeated himself five times he, with disdainful gesture, flings on the bench behind him the sheet of notes from which he has been speaking. Looks as if he were about to resume his seat. Stretches out hand towards his hat; eye falls upon POWELL WILLIAMS sitting at end of Treasury Bench, crushed with reflection on wiles of War Office contractor, who, as he has just confided to the House, when whole establishment is on the alert at the front door looking out for him with short weight of inferior coal, gets in at the back door under another name loaded with rotten forage.

"If, Mr. SPEAKER," Mr. FLAVIN suddenly continues, with a side glance at

the Treasury Bench, "you had an oat that weighed twenty-six pound to the bushel—and that I believe is what the Financial Secretary to the War Office insists upon—you might have a chance. But the Irish farmer with an oat weighing thirty-six pound to the bushel, and, therefore, a heavier, better oat, he, as I said before, is teetotally debarred."

*Business done.*—Consolidated Fund Bill read second time.

*Thursday.*—Irish members amazed at their own victory. By arrangement made some time ago with PRINCE ARTHUR, to-day set apart for them to serve up once more the thrice-boiled colewort of their luminous essays on financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. It happened that members in charge of London Water Bill also selected to-day for its second reading. This a fresh injury to Ireland. The tyranny of private bill legislation is only too familiar. Several times this Session it has preemptorily interposed, delaying public business for a space varying from one hour to three.

That all very well for the Saxon, if he likes to stand it. Irish members not to be trifled with. Moreover, here was a fine opening for bold advertisement. The tambourine going round Ireland and United States doing badly. No response, as in days of yore, to the reiterated "pay, pay, pay." Moral, try on the old game. To turn the High Court of Parliament into a bear garden, to obstruct business, to blatantly defy authority would be worth £50 at least. To get themselves suspended was good for a sorely needed £100.

Game played with success, stopping short only of the £100 limit. The SPEAKER, possibly influenced by disinclination to play up to the obvious game, refrained from "naming" the rioters. CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, less diplo-

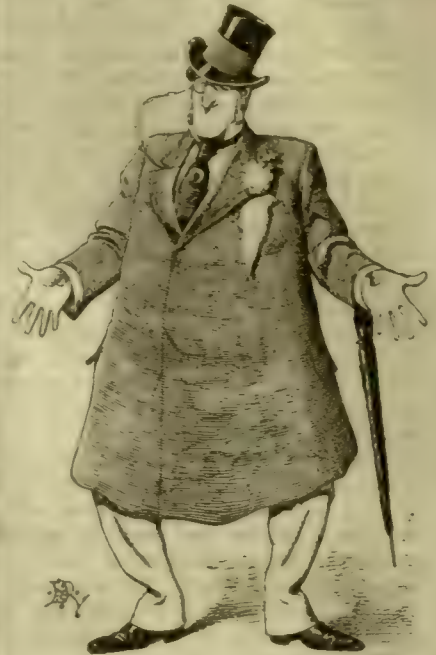


"Mr. Speaker, I do not purpose to unduly occupy the House by dilating on this topic."

(Mr. J-hn R-dm-nd.)

matic, did. He called them a rabble, and was immediately directed by the Chair to withdraw the imputation. As for PRINCE ARTHUR, disturbed in his private room, where he was engaged in sharing the meditations of MARCUS AURELIUS, he came in and meekly surrendered.

Rather a bad business for the Mother of Parliaments. Taken all round, nothing since the free fight on the floor of the House which disturbed the serenity of



"Now, do I look like a Parson?"  
(The Right Hon. H-nry Ch-pl-n.)

a June night seven years dead has stricken such a blow at dignity and authority in the House of Commons.

*Business done.*—None.

*Friday.*—SARK advises me, if I have any business to transact with President of Local Government Board, better defer it till Monday, a habitually serene temper being ruffled by little incident that happened on his way down to House this afternoon.

Looking in at War Office to see GEORGE WYNNDHAM, he found a strange janitor at the door.

"Will you tell Mr. WYNNDHAM I want to see him on urgent business?" said H. C. in his blandest manner.

"What name, Sir?"

"CHAPLIN," said H. C., wondering where the man could have been hiding his head for the last twenty years.

"Chaplain of the forces. Yes, Sir, this way, Sir," and the attendant turned to open the door.

"Do I look like a parson?" roared the sometime owner of *Hermit*.

*Business done.*—Debate on University Education in Ireland. Illumined by speech from WILLIAM JONES (North Carnarvonshire) that charmed House by the fire and the simplicity of its eloquence.





Edward Partridge for



T half-past nine the crew of the *Merman* were buried in slumber, at nine thirty-two

three of the members were awake with heads protruding out of their bunks, trying to peer through the gloom, while the fourth dreamt that a tea-tray was falling down a never-ending staircase. On the floor of the forecabin something was cursing prettily and rubbing itself.

"Did you 'ear anything, TED?" inquired a voice in an interval of silence.

"Who is it?" demanded TED, ignoring the question. "Wot d'yer want?"

"I'll let you know who I am," said a thick and angry voice. "I've broke my blarsted back."

"Light the lamp, BILL," said TED.

BILL struck a tandsticker match, and carefully nursing the tiny sulphurous flame with his hand, saw dimly some high-coloured object on the floor. He got out of his bunk and lit the lamp, and an angry and very drunken member of Her Majesty's foot forces became visible.

"Wot are you doin' 'ere?" inquired TED, sharply; "this ain't the guard-room."

"Who knocked me over?" demanded the soldier, sternly; "take your co—coat off lik' a man."

He rose to his feet and swayed unsteadily to and fro.

"If you keep your li' l' 'eds still," he said gravely, to BILL, "I'll punch 'em."

By a stroke of good fortune he selected the real head, and gave it a blow which sent it crashing against the woodwork. For a moment the seaman stood gathering his scattered senses, then with an oath he sprang forward, and in the lightest of fighting trim waited until his adversary, who was by this time on the floor again, should have regained his feet.

"He's drunk, BILL," said another voice, "don't 'urt 'im. He's a chap wot said 'e was coming aboard to see me—I met 'im

in the 'Green Man' this evening. You was coming to see me, mate, wasn't you?"

The soldier looked up stupidly, and gripping hold of the injured BILL by the shirt, staggered to his feet again, and advancing towards the last speaker let fly suddenly in his face.

"Sort man I am," he said, autobiographically. "Feel my arm."

The indignant BILL took him by both, and throwing himself upon him suddenly fell with him to the floor. The intruder's head met the boards with a loud crash, and then there was silence.

"You ain't killed 'im, BILL?" said an old seaman, stooping over him anxiously.

"Course not," was the reply; "give us some water."

He threw some in the soldier's face, and then poured some down his neck, but with no result. Then he stood upright, and exchanged glances of consternation with his friends.

"I don't like the way he's breathing," he said, in a trembling voice.

"You always was pertikler, BILL," said the cook, who had thankfully got to the bottom of his staircase. "If I was you—"

He was not allowed to proceed any further; footsteps and a voice were heard above, and as old THOMAS hastily extinguished the lamp, the mate's head was thrust down the scuttle, and the mate's voice sounded a profane reveille.

"Wot are we goin' to do with it?" inquired TED, as the mate walked away.

"'Im, TED," said BILL, nervously. "He's alive all right."

"If we put 'im ashore an' 'e's dead," said old THOMAS, "there'll be trouble for somebody. Better let 'im be, and if 'e's dead, why we don't none of us know nothing about it."

The men ran up on deck, and BILL, being the last to leave, put a boot under the soldier's head before he left. Ten minutes later they were under way, and standing about the deck, discussed the situation in thrilling whispers as opportunity offered.

At breakfast, by which time they were in a dirty tumbling sea, with the *Nore* lightship, a brown forlorn-looking object, on their beam, the soldier, who had been breathing stertorously, raised



his heavy head from the boot, and with glassy eyes and tightly compressed lips gazed wonderingly about him.

"Wot cheer, mate?" said the delighted BILL. "Ow goes it?"

"Where am I?" inquired Private HARRY BLISS in a weak voice.

"Brig Merman," said BILL; "bound for Bystemouth."

"Well, I'm damned," said Private BLISS; "it's a blooming miracle. Open the window, it's a bit stuffy down here. Who—who brought me here?"

"You come to see me last night," said BOB, "an' fell down, I s'pose; then you punched BILL 'ere in the eye and me in the jor."

Mr. BLISS, still feeling very sick and faint, turned to BILL, and after critically glancing at the eye turned on him for inspection, transferred his regards to the other man's jaw.

"I'm a devil when I'm boozed," he said, in a satisfied voice. "Well, I must get ashore; I shall get cells for this, I expect."

He staggered to the ladder, and with unsteady haste gained the deck and made for the side. The heaving waters made him giddy to look at, and he gazed for preference at a thin line of coast stretching away in the distance.

The startled mate, who was steering, gave him a hail, but he made no reply. A little fishing-boat was jumping about in a way to make a sea-sick man crazy, and he closed his eyes with a groan. Then the skipper, aroused by the mate's hail, came up from below, and walking up to him put a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"What are you doing aboard this ship?" he demanded austerely.

"Go away," said Private BLISS faintly; "take your paw off my tunic; you'll spoil it."

He clung miserably to the side, leaving the incensed skipper to demand explanations from the crew. The crew knew nothing about him, and said that he must have stowed himself away in an empty bunk; the skipper pointed out coarsely that there were no empty bunks, whereupon BILL said that he had not occupied his the previous evening, but had fallen asleep sitting on the locker, and had injured his eye against the corner of a bunk in consequence. In proof whereof he produced the eye.

"Look here, old man," said Private BLISS, who suddenly felt better. He turned and patted the skipper on the back. "You just turn to the left a bit and put me ashore, will you?"

"I'll put you ashore at Bystemouth," said the skipper, with a grin. "You're a deserter, that's what you are, and I'll take care you're took care of."

"You put me ashore!" roared Private BLISS, with a very fine imitation of the sergeant-major's parade voice.

"Get out and walk," said the skipper contemptuously over his shoulder, as he walked off.

"Here," said Mr. BLISS, unbuckling his belt, "hold my tunic one of you. I'll learn 'im."

Before the paralysed crew could prevent him he had flung his coat into BILL's arms and followed the master of the *Merman* aft. As a light-weight he was rather fancied at the gymnasium, and in the all too brief exhibition which followed he displayed fine form and a knowledge of anatomy which even the skipper's tailor was powerless to frustrate.

The frenzy of the skipper as TED assisted him to his feet and he saw his antagonist struggling in the arms of the crew was terrible to behold. Strong men shivered at his words, but Mr. BLISS, addressing him as "Whiskers," told him to call his crew off and to come on, and shaping as well as two pairs of brawny arms round his middle would permit, endeavoured in vain to reach him.

"This," said the skipper bitterly, as he turned to the mate, "is what you an' me have to pay to keep up. I wouldn't let you go now, my lad, not for a fl-pun' note. Deserter, that's what you are!"

He turned and went below, and Private BLISS, after an insulting address to the mate, was hauled forward, struggling fiercely,

and seated on the deck to recover. The excitement passed, he lost his colour again, and struggling into his tunic, went and brooded over the side.

By dinner-time his faintness had passed, and he sniffed with relish at the smell from the galley. The cook emerged bearing dinner to the cabin, then he returned and took a fine smoking piece of boiled beef flanked with carrots down to the fore-castle. Private BLISS eyed him wistfully and his mouth watered.

For a time pride struggled with hunger, then pride won a partial victory and he descended carelessly to the fore-castle.

"Can any o' you chaps lend me a pipe o' baccy?" he asked, cheerfully.

BILL rummaged in his pocket and found a little tobacco in a twist of paper.

"Bad thing to smoke on a empty stomach," he said, with his mouth full.

"Tain't my fault it's empty," said Private BLISS, pathetically.

"Tain't mine," said BILL.

"I've 'erd," said the cook, who was a tender-hearted man, "as 'ow it's a good thing to go for a day or so without food sometimes."

"Who said so?" inquired Private BLISS, hotly.

"Diff'rent people," replied the cook.

"You can tell 'em from me. they're blamed fools," said Mr. BLISS.

There was an uncomfortable silence; Mr. BLISS lit his pipe, but it did not seem to draw well.

"Did you like that pot o' six half I stood you last night?" he inquired somewhat pointedly of BOB.

BOB hesitated, and looked at his plate.

"No, it was a bit flat," he said at length.

"Well, I won't stop you chaps at your grub," said Private BLISS bitterly, as he turned to depart.

"You're not stopping us," said TED, cheerfully. "I'd offer you a bit, only——"

"Only what?" demanded the other.

"Skipper's orders," said TED. "He ses we're not to. He ses if we do it's helping a deserter, and we'll all get six months."

"But you're helping me by having me on board," said Private BLISS; "besides, I don't want to desert."

"We couldn't 'elp you coming aboard," said BILL, "that's wot the old man said, but 'e ses we can 'elp giving of him vittles, he ses."

"Well, have I got to starve?" demanded the horror-stricken Mr. BLISS.

"Look 'ere," said BILL, frankly, "go and speak to the old man. It's no good talking to us. Go and have it out with him."

Private BLISS thanked him and went on deck. Old THOMAS was at the wheel, and a pleasant clatter of knives and forks came up through the open skylight of the cabin. Ignoring the old man, who waved him away, he raised the open skylight still higher, and thrust his head in.

"Go away," bawled the skipper, pausing with his knife in his fist as he caught sight of him.

"I want to know where I'm to have my dinner," bawled back the thoroughly roused Mr. BLISS.

"Your dinner!" said the skipper, with an air of surprise; "why, I didn't know you 'ad any."

Private BLISS took his head away, and holding it very erect, took in his belt a little and walked slowly up and down the deck. Then he went to the water-cask and took a long drink, and an hour later a generous message was received from the skipper that he might have as many biscuits as he liked.

On this plain fare Private BLISS lived the whole of that day and the next, snatching a few hours' troubled sleep on the locker at nights. His peace of mind was by no means increased by the information of TED that Bystemouth was a garrison town, and feeling that in spite of any explanation he would be



treated as a deserter, he resolved to desert in good earnest at the first opportunity that offered.

By the third day nobody took any notice of him, and his presence on board was almost forgotten, until BOB, going down to the fore-castle, created a stir by asking somewhat excitedly what had become of him.

"He's on deck, I s'pose," said the cook, who was having a pipe.

"He's not," said BOB, solemnly.

"He's not gone overboard, I s'pose?" said BILL, starting up.

Touched by this morbid suggestion they went up on deck and looked round; Private BLISS was nowhere to be seen, and TED, who was steering, had heard no splash. He seemed to have disappeared by magic, and the cook, after a hurried search, ventured aft, and, descending to the cabin, mentioned his fears to the skipper.

"Nonsense!" said that gentleman sharply. "I'll lay I'll find him."

He came on deck and looked round, followed at a respectful distance by the crew, but there was no sign of Mr. BLISS. Then an idea, a horrid idea, occurred to the cook. The colour left his cheeks and he gazed helplessly at the skipper.

"What is it?" bawled the latter.

The cook, incapable of speech, raised a trembling hand and pointed to the galley. The skipper started, and rushing to the door drew it hastily back.

Mr. BLISS had apparently finished, though he still toyed languidly with his knife and fork as though loath to put them down. A half-emptied saucepan of potatoes stood on the floor by his side, and a bone, with a small fragment of meat adhering, was between his legs on a saucepan-lid which served as a dish.

"Rather underdone, cook," he said severely, as he met that worthy's horror-stricken gaze.

"Is that the cabin's or the men's he's eaten?" vociferated the skipper.

"Cabin's," replied Mr. BLISS, before the cook could speak; "it looked the best. Now has anybody got a nice see-gar?"

He drew back the door the other side of the galley as he spoke, and went out that way. A move was made towards him, but he backed, and picking up a handspike swung it round his head.

"Let him be," said the skipper in a choking voice, "let him be. He'll have to answer for stealing my dinner when I get 'im ashore. Cook, take the men's dinner down into the cabin. I'll talk to you by and by."

He walked aft and disappeared below, while Private BLISS, still fondling the handspike, listened unmoved to a lengthy vituperation which BILL called a plain and honest opinion of his behaviour.

"It's the last dinner you'll 'ave for some time," he concluded, spitefully; "it'll be skilly for you when you get ashore."

Mr. BLISS smiled, and fidgeting with his tongue, asked him for the loan of his toothpick.

"You won't be using it yourself," he urged. "Now you go below all of you and start on the biscuits, there's good men. It's no use standing there saying a lot o' bad words what I left off when I was four years old."

He filled his pipe with some tobacco he had thoughtfully borrowed from the cook before dinner, and dropping into a negligent attitude on the deck, smoked placidly with his eyes half-closed. The brig was fairly steady and the air hot and

slumberous, and with an easy assurance that nobody would hit him while in that position, he allowed his head to fall on his chest and dropped off into a light sleep.

It became evident to him the following afternoon that they were nearing Byster-mouth. The skipper contented himself with eying him with an air of malicious satisfaction, but the crew gratified themselves by painting the horrors of his position in strong colours. Private BLISS affected indifference, but listened eagerly to all they had to say, with the air of a general considering his enemy's plans.

It was a source of disappointment to the crew that they did not arrive until after nightfall, and the tide was already too low for them to enter the harbour. They anchored outside, and Private BLISS, despite his position, felt glad as he smelt the land again, and saw the twinkling lights and houses ashore. He could even hear the clatter of a belated vehicle driving along the sea-front. Lights on the summit of the heights in the background indicated, so BILL said, the position of the fort.

To the joy of the men, he partly broke down in the fore-castle that night; and, in tropical language, severely blamed his parents, the School Board, and the Army for not

having taught him to swim. The last thing that BILL heard, ere sleep closed his lids, was a pious resolution on the part of Mr. BLISS to the effect that all his children should be taught the art of natation as soon as they were born.

BILL woke up just before six; and, hearing a complaining voice, thought at first that his military friend was still speaking. The voice got more and more querulous with occasional excursions into the profane, and the seaman, rubbing his eyes, turned his head, and saw old THOMAS groping about the fore-castle.

"Wot 's the matter with you, old 'un?" he demanded.

"I can't find my trousis," grumbled the old man.

"Did you 'ave 'em on larst night?" inquired BILL, who was still half asleep.

"Course I did, you fool," said the other, snappishly.



"(Clear out, you—you—ballet girls!)"



"Be civil," said BILL, calmly, "be civil. Are you sure you haven't got 'em on now?"

The old man greeted this helpful suggestion with such a volley of abuse that BILL lost his temper.

"Pr'aps somebody 's got 'm on their bed thinking they was a patchwork quilt," he said, coldly; "it 's a mistake anybody might make. Have you got the jacket?"

"I ain't got nothing," replied the bewildered old man, "cept wot I stand up in."

"That ain't much," said BILL, frankly. "Where 's that blooming sojer?" he demanded, suddenly.

"I don't know where 'e is, and I don't care," replied the old man. "On deck, I s'pose."

"Pr'aps 'e's got 'em on," said the unforgiving BILL; "'e didn't seem a very pertikler sort of chap."

The old man started and hurriedly ascended to the deck. He was absent two or three minutes, and when he returned consternation was writ large upon his face.

"He 's gone," he spluttered; "there ain't a sign of 'im about, and the life-belt wot hangs on the galley 'as gone too. Wot am I to do?"

"Well, they was very old cloes," said BILL, soothingly, "an' you ain't a bad figger, not for your time o' life, THOMAS."

"There 's many a wooden-legged man 'ud be glad to change with you," affirmed TED, who had been roused by the noise. "You 'll soon get over the feeling o' shyness, THOMAS."

The fore-castle laughed encouragingly, and THOMAS, who had begun to realise the position, joined in. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and his excitement began to alarm his friends.

"Don't be a fool, THOMAS," said BOB, anxiously.

"I can't help it," said the old man, struggling hysterically; "it 's the best joke I've heard."

"He 's gone dotty," said TED, solemnly. "I never 'eard of a man larfing like that a 'cos he 'd lost 'is cloes."

"I'm not larfing at that," said THOMAS, regaining his composure by a great effort. "I'm larfing at a joke wot you don't know of yet."

A deadly chill struck at the hearts of the listeners at these words, then BILL, after a glance at the foot of his bunk, where he usually kept his clothes, sprang out and began a hopeless search. The other men followed suit, and the air rang with lamentations and profanity. Even the spare suits in the men's chests had gone; and BILL, a prey to acute despair, sat down, and in a striking passage consigned the entire British Army to perdition.

"E's taken one suit and chucked the rest overboard, I expect, so as we sha'n't be able to go after 'im," said THOMAS. "I expect 'e could swim arter all, BILL."

BILL, still busy with the British Army, paid no heed.

"We must go an' tell the old man," said TED.

"Better be careful," cautioned the cook. "'Im an' the mate 'ad a go at the whisky last night, an' you know wot 'e is next morning."

The men went up slowly on deck. The morning was fine, but the air, chill with a breeze from the land, had them at a disadvantage. Ashore, a few people were already astir.

"You go down, THOMAS, you're the oldest," said BILL.

"I was thinking o' TED going," said THOMAS, "'e's the youngest."

TED snorted derisively. "Oh, was you?" he remarked, helpfully.

"Or BOB," said the old man, "don't matter which."

"Toss up for it," said the cook.

BILL, who was keeping his money in his hand as the only safe place left to him, produced a penny and spun it in the air.

"Wait a bit," said TED, earnestly. "Wot time was you to call the old man?" he asked, turning to the cook.

"Toss up for it," repeated that worthy, hurriedly.

"Six o'clock," said BOB, speaking for him; "it 's that now, cookie. Better go an' call 'im at once."

"I dassent go like this," said the trembling cook.

"Well, you 'll 'ave to," said BILL. "If the old man misses the tide, you know wot you 've got to expect."

"Let 's follow 'im down," said TED. "Come along, cookie, we 'll see you righted."

The cook thanked him and, followed by the others, led the way down to interview the skipper. The clock ticked on the mantel-piece, and heavy snoring proceeded both from the mate's bunk and the state-room. On the door of the latter the cook knocked gently; then he turned the handle and peeped in.

The skipper, raising a heavy head, set in matted hair and disordered whiskers, glared at him fiercely.

"What d'ye want?" he roared.

"If you please, Sir," began the cook.

He opened the door as he spoke, and disclosed the lightly-clad crowd behind. The skipper's eyes grew large and his jaw dropped, while inarticulate words came from his parched and astonished throat; and the mate, who was by this time awake, sat up in his bunk and cursed them roundly for their indelicacy.

"Get out," roared the skipper, recovering his voice.

"We came to tell you," interposed BILL, "as 'ow——"

"Get out," roared the skipper again. "How dare you come to my state-room, and like this, too."

"All our clothes 'ave gone and so 'as the sojer chap," said BILL.

"Serve you damned well right for letting him go," cried the skipper angrily. "Hurry up, GEORGE, and get alongside," he called to the mate, "we 'll catch him yet. Clear out, you—ballet girls."

The indignant seamen withdrew slowly, and, reaching the foot of the companion, stood there in mutinous indecision. Then, as the cook placed his foot on the step, the skipper was heard calling to the mate again.

"GEORGE?" he said, in an odd voice.

"Well?" was the reply.

"I hope you're not forgetting yourself and playing larks," said the skipper with severity.

"Larks?" repeated the mate, as the alarmed crew fled silently on deck and stood listening open-mouthed at the companion. "Of course I ain't. You don't mean to tell me——"

"All my clothes have gone, every stitch I've got," replied the skipper desperately, as the mate sprang out. "I shall have to borrow some of yours. If I catch that infernal——"

"You're quite welcome," said the mate, bitterly, "only somebody has borrowed 'em already. That's what comes of sleeping too heavy."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Merman sailed bashfully into harbour half an hour later, the uniforms of its crew evoking severe comment from the people on the quay. At the same time, Mr. HARRY BLISS, walking along the road some ten miles distant, was trying to decide upon his future career, his present calling of "ship-wrecked sailor" being somewhat too hazardous even for his bold spirit.

*W. W. Jacobs*



### "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

To begin with a quotation, from a somewhat obsolete play, to which we do not propose to supply the key by continuing the line, we say, "Thanks, generous friends!" and, in our WILLIE SHAKSPEARE'S words, we may add, on behalf of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children, "For this relief much thanks!" And what a relief it has been! A besieged town,



"YOU'RE GETTING ALONG NICELY NOW, EH?"

after its long and anxiously looked for and prayed for "relief," is a sorry sight that tones down exuberant joy, and saddens every heart. But here, the relief of this Hospital brings with it only grateful thanksgiving and most hopeful prospects. The Mother Hospital welcomes her suffering children, and assures them of a bright future. Now may it be announced that "Mother and children are doing well." Not only so, but it is pretty certain that they will do better and better as time progresses.

Here is the account "up-to-date."

#### HOSPITAL FUND.

Summary to Friday, March 30, 1900.

	£	s.	d.
Donations ... ..	10,542	2	8
New Annual Subscriptions ...	367	10	6
Endowment Fund... ..	2,800	0	0
	13,709	13	2

The *Punch* Box for Contributions is still open, and all donations will be most thankfully received by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & CO., Ltd.,

10, Boulevard Street, E.C.

The next item of news about the Fund is that Mr. CHARLES MORTON, of the Palace Theatre, has most generously offered to give a Benefit Matinée in the early part of May, probably May 3, the proceeds of which he presents to the *Punch* Fund for Sick Children's Hospital. All particulars of this will be duly announced.

Finally, Mr. *Punch* opens his "Surprise Packet," as promised in his last issue, and begs to announce that the Committee of Management of this Hospital, in recognition of the timely aid afforded by Mr. *Punch* and his many friends, has established a "cot," to be now and hereafter known as "THE PUNCH COT."

### SHAKSPEARE AND THE WAR.

*King Henry.* "We give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the 'Boers or Free Staters' upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner."

Substituting "Boers or Free Staters" for "French" in the original, Lord ROBERTS might have annexed this quotation from *Henry the Fifth*, Act III., Sc. 6.

In *Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., SHAKSPEARE gives us a dialogue between three soldiers, representing pro-war and anti-war opinions, and the king, who states "the case for the crown" as plainly as convincingly. The scene ends with the touching prayer, commencing, "O God of Battles," which is "familiar" to us all "as household words."

CRYPTIC BUT SATISFACTORY.—"JOSEPH is now the Ruler of his People." This observation, when illumined by the brilliant search-light of our superior Intelligence Department, is found to mean not that the Right Hon. JOSEPHUS CHAMBERLAINUS is to replace Oom PAUL on the Presidential seat of the Transvaal, but that another JOSEPHUS, rejoicing in the saltatory Elizabethan surname of HATTON, has been recently appointed Editor of *The People*. His motto to his quill-armed warriors will be "Up guards and HATTON!" To politely adapt the very ancient academic chorus, "We do care a rap for *The People*, and what will the Editor say?" We shall see. *En attendant*, HATTON'S health, and many of 'em.



AN IDEA FROM THE ANCIENTS.





## CHECK.

Parent. "IF YOU DON'T STOP CRYING AT ONCE, SIR, I SHALL GIVE YOU A SEVERE THRASHING."

Son and Heir. "AND I SHALL TELL THE TICKET-COLLECTOR I AM OVER AGE! BA-HOO!"

## "A GUINEA HERE, A GUINEA THERE!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Many of the daily papers are being inundated with floods of suggestions from embryo Chancellors of the Exchequer for the imposition of new taxes wherewithal to supply the "ready" for the khaki brigade. I have several times attempted to bring my views before the public, but have, after wasting much time, much paper, more ink, and many stamps, come to the conclusion that *Jealousy of Genius* is not unknown to the Day-by-Day editors. You, Sir, I believe, have a more just and less egotistical understanding than these gentry, and I venture to submit that imposts might conveniently be placed—

1. On all paragraphs such as the following:—"Mr. and Mrs. SNOOKER and the Misses SNOOKER have left London for Monte Carlo—tax, ten shillings per insertion.

2. On all persons of both sexes who wear varnished boots in wet weather—tax, 5s. per boot. (It would be obviously unfair to rate one-legged individuals on the same terms as bipeds.)

3. On all incapables, who attempt to sing or recite *The Absent-minded Beggar* in public—tax-fine, £1 for every offence.

4. On all Sporting Tipsters, who fail to give none but Winners in their prophecies—tax-fine, £1 for every failure. Probably in time races would be reduced to walks-over.

5. On all perambulators and go-carts encroaching on the pavements—tax-fine, 5s. for every breach of the public safety. N.B.—Large sums would readily be collected at Richmond, Brixton, Clapham, Hammersmith, and Notting Hill.

6. On all keepers of Servants' Registry Offices—tax-license, £10 per annum, with £5 tax-fine for every useless domestic placed by the agency. This alone would bring in an enormous revenue.

Such, dear Mr. Punch, are but half-a-dozen of the ways with which I would swell the budget. In case Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH would care to communicate with me I append my address and remain,

Your obedient Servant,

NATHANIEL NUMMUS.

Pyx Villa, Putney, S.W.

## A ROUNDEL OF DRAWBACKS.

["Some of the great victories we have won and the great deeds that have been done are due to the consumption of good beer."—Sir Cuthbert Quilter.]

WHEN beer was pure men's hearts were great,

And strong to battle and endure;  
And virtue (doubtless) swayed the State  
When beer was pure.

But bread was harder to procure,  
(And sometimes worse than second rate),  
Drains bad, and highways insecure.  
With such "set-offs" to compensate  
'Twas not all beer and skittles, sure,  
Even at that uncertain date  
When beer was pure.

## BY TELEPHONE.

Krüger. Hello—is that you, STEYN? I say, I'm awfully sorry, but I've had to annex you. Must do something to keep my fellows' spirits up.

Steyn. Funny, but not an hour since I annexed you!—however, it really doesn't matter: we can annex each other *und winkje das other eyeje*. I've told my people that the English have lost 64,000 men, and that Lord ROBERTS and 20,000 British troops have just been surrounded, and taken prisoners, by three men and a boy of the Burgher forces.

Krüger. Oh, that's all right. I've just stated that CRONJE has merely taken a cheap return to Brighton, and will be back again in a fortnight—that cheered them up immensely.

Steyn. So I should think. I've addressed the people here, saying that we purposely lured the English troops into Bloemfontein, and that it's all a deep laid plot of ours to destroy them.

Krüger. H'm—that's pretty steep, eh? but what do you think of my master-stroke? I told them the Russians had captured London!

Steyn (gasping with astonishment). Oh, come, I say! I'm a bit of a liar myself, but—





### SOMETHING LIKE A NOSE.

*Whip* (after galloping half a mile to a holloa). "WHERE DID YOU SEE HIM?"  
*Yokel*. "CAN'T ZAY AS 'OW I 'ZACTLY ZEED 'UN, BUT I THINK I SMELLED 'UN!"

### APAGE!

["President KRÜGER does not like orchids."—*The Gardener*.]

HENCE, loathed orchid flower,

Of Insolence and Jingoism born  
 In Birmingham forlorn,

Mid dark intrigues in an accursed hour!  
 Find out some Highbury

Where plots are hatched and lawless raids are planned,  
 And all things underhand;

There, in the buttonhole of pushful JOE—  
 No worse a fate I know—

Go, hide thy hateful face and droop and die.

### "A NAME TO CONJURE WITH."

MR. PUNCH deems it necessary to inform the public, especially that portion of it which has overwhelmed him with applications and inquiries on the subject, that he has nothing whatever to do with "The Birrin Valley Gold Mining and Dredging Company, Limited." On referring to the Prospectus of that Company, to which he wishes the most complete and lasting success in all its takings, undertakings, and overtakings, it is evident that the error has arisen from the fact that a gentleman bearing the honourable surname of "PUNCH," with the prefixes to it of "JOHN JOSEPH," appears there (*vide Times of Monday, March 26*) as one of the Directors of the aforesaid Company.

The action of the friendly but indignant correspondents, who have notified Mr. Punch of the fact, reminds him of the occasion when Sam Weller drew his master's attention to the "magic name of Pickwick," which appeared "in gilt letters of a goodly size" on that part of the Bath Coach, "where the proprietor's name usually appears."

"Yes; but that ain't all," said Sam. "Not content with writin' up 'PICKWICK,' they puts 'MOSES' afore it, vich I call addin' insult to injury," and so forth. Then he finally asks, "Ain't nobody to be whopped for takin' this here liberty, Sir?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Pickwick eagerly, "not on any account." And of course, with stoical indifference, and with Pickwickian wisdom, thus also says Mr. Punch, and, further, hopes that The Birrin Valley may be the Happiest of Happy Valleys with gold galore. As all the world knows that he is the one and only "Mr. Punch," without any *prénom* whatever, why say any more? It is true that he does possess any number of titles and prerogatives which he can use at will, yet is he the sole owner and proprietor of the *one* title and the *one* name, always going together, which combine aristocratic exclusiveness with purest republican simplicity, recognised universally as "Mr. Punch."

### BACHELORS' WOES.

M. (to N., who is suffering from loss of linen). Does your washerwoman iron well?

N. I don't know as to "ironing," but it seems to me she's first-rate at "stealing."

WARY.—The "Open Door" Policy, is, of course, admirable. But there is just one important question that must occur to all parties concerned, and that is, "Who is going to be 'let in'?"

A PRODUCT OF THE "FISHERIES INDUSTRY (IRELAND)."—Cork soles.

SHAKESPEARIAN PHRASE FOR "ASK A POLICEMAN."—"Tell the constable."—*Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., Sc. 3.





G. L. STAMP / 98

## A FUTURE DIPLOMATIST.

"HAVE A SMALL PIECE MORE CAKE, TOMMY?" "No, THANK YOU."  
 "NOT A TINY PIECE?" "No, THANK YOU."  
 "WILL YOU HAVE ANYTHING MORE?" "Yes, A BIG PIECE."

## SHERIDAN AT THE HAYMARKET.

AN excellent "up-to-date" performance of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket. "SHERIDAN'S wit triumphs over all the execrable growths of traditional "gags" that have gradually become, apparently, part and parcel of the original; and he would be a bold manager who, in 1900, should place before the public the play as acted in 1775. Tedious indeed would be found the entire scenes between *Julia* and *Faulkland*, two parts in this revival ad-

mirably played, without one second's boredom, by Miss LILY HANBURY and Mr. FREDERICK HARRISON. Perhaps the most "conscientious" performance at the Haymarket is that of Mr. HARRISON as *Faulkland*, of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE as *Acres*, and of Mr. PAUL ARTHUR as *Captain Absolute*. The earnestness of this trio in Scene 3, Act I. is within an ace of producing a perfect example of genuine comedy acting. Whenever an excerpt from *The Rivals*, as revived at the Haymarket, may have to be played for a benefit, let it be this.

Miss WINIFRED EMERY's *Lydia Languish* is charming as a representation of the affectedly sentimental young lady of the period, and makes us tremble for the domestic happiness of *Captain* and Mrs. *Absolute*.

Clever Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE's *Sir Anthony* gives the impression of an "old man in a hurry." To be violently angry about nothing seems his normal state; and on the rare occasions when he is not raging, he is laughing like a country bumpkin at his own limited ideas of humour. He is a fine specimen of the irascible, hot-tempered old guardian, who has been "always with us" from prehistoric times until now. With his culti-

vated suavity of manner, Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, even if a trifle heavy for the part, is probably a fair representative of the type of Irishman of no-fortune in England whom SHERIDAN drew, and if his conduct, in some of the situations in which he is placed with *Bob Acres*, exceeds the limit of probability, the blame cannot fairly be laid on his broad shoulders.

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT as Mrs. *Malaprop* is good throughout, and in one or two situations superb; notably when she listens to the letter read by *Captain Absolute*, and answering his question as to "who the weather-beaten she-dragon may be," she replies, with conviction, "Me!" At this monosyllable, given as Mrs. CALVERT gives it, so calmly, so painfully, and with such a contempt for the writer of the letter, the laughter of the house was almost inextinguishable. We have heard "Me" delivered with grimace and glance intended to appeal to the house, and it has so far succeeded. But this Mrs. *Malaprop* shuts her eyes, places herself on a pinnacle of moral superiority to the writer of so vile a calumny, and simply utters the monosyllable "Me" as if giving a most unexpected solution to a most difficult enigma. The "Me" takes the house by storm. The success of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket seems due in no small degree to surprises such as the utterance of this monosyllable by Mrs. *Malaprop*. *Faulkland*, ordinarily so dull, is a pleasant surprise as played by Mr. HARRISON; and *Julia* is a delightful surprise, as very sweetly and sensibly rendered by Miss LILY HANBURY. But that four acts should



Mrs. Calvert Malaprop and Sir Valentine Anthony.

be played within three hours, should give us constant laughter, and never be for one instant tedious, is, perhaps, the greatest surprise of all.

APPROPRIATE BIRTHPLACE.—It appears that Bugler DUNNE is a native of the land of the Deemsters. We are not surprised, for clearly there is a good deal of Man about the brave boy.



Cyril Maude Acres and Miss Winifred Languish.





**PAID IN HIS OWN COIN; OR, WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.**

*Convicted Contractor.* "LOOK HERE! I CAN'T WALK IN THESE BOOTS, AND I CAN'T EAT THIS FOOD!"  
*Warder Punch* "WELL, YOU'VE GOT TO; IT'S WHAT YOU SUPPLIED TO THE TROOPS."





### FISHING INTERROGATORY.

"NOW, SUPPOSING A FELLOW FINDS A GREAT HULKING CHAP AND HIS DOG COMMANDEERING HIS SANDWICHES AND THINGS, WHAT OUGHT A FELLOW TO DO, DONCHERKNOW?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WITH the exception of a very few "chestnuts" thrown in as a make-weight, or dropped in accidentally, *Lighter Moments from the Note-book of Bishop Walsham How* (ISBISTER & Co.), edited by FREDERICK DOUGLAS HOW, is a carefully assorted collection of such good stories as, if he but carried a tithe of them in his memory, would provide a social raconteur, living by the want of wit in others, with dinners, lunches, and sojourns at country houses, for the better part of two years, during which time he could be daily acquiring fresh material from the same source. The Baron would recommend all black-and-white artists with a humorous turn to procure this book and to study it, as therein they will probably find many subjects which may have already been sent to them, or which assuredly will be sent to them as "new and original," as "a fact," or "as something that happened to myself only the other day." A thorough acquaintance with *Lighter Moments* will show "How it's done."

*Unwritten Laws and Ideals* (SMITH, ELDER) is an uninviting title. It is, however, the only failure in the book. The Editor, E. H. PITCAIRN, has had the happy thought of bringing together a number of experts to write of the professions they adorn. Rare discrimination has been made in the choice of the contributors. Sir EDWARD MALET speaks for the Ambassadors, Lord MONKSWEILL for the House of Lords, Sir REGINALD PALGRAVE for the House of Commons, with which he was so closely, and had been so long, associated that strangers in the distant gallery used to mix up him and the mace. Other professions are dealt with by equally able hands. Whilst all the chapters are freshly written, blazing with information from an inside point of view, my Baronite delights most in that on "The Judges," contributed by Sir HERBERT STEPHEN. The literary style, and the sub-acid humour that underlies communication of sound

information on abstruse matters of fact, supply conclusive proof of the heredity of genius. The final passage devoted to description of the ideal judge is too long to quote. It would have been specially appropriate in these columns, where, if Sir HERBERT had done his duty to a wider range of mankind, it ought in the first instance to have been sent for publication.

*Marcelle of the Latin Quarter*, by CLIVE HOLLAND (PEARSON), is a story of artistic life in Paris, inartistically told. It commences well, but after a time the reader becomes, like Mariana in the Moated Grange, "awearry, weary," and the coup, when it does come, is ill-contrived; yet it might have been so effective, that its failure in this respect is irritating.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### At the Tailor.

I go to pass at the tailor. Where that? Street Thing, No. 1, the house who do the corner.

I desire one costume of town. One riding-coat or one jacket, that me is equal. To the country I not carry but one vest, but not in town.

You tell that one jacket grey deepened is very elegant, very check? That himself can. To true to tell the riding-coat is one little heavy.

Eh well, jacket, waistcoat, pantaloons—in effect one complete grey deepened.

See there one colour who me go to marvel.

It is all. No, I not have necessity of habit. I dine in smoking. One has less hot. But I have always my frock to the foundation of my mail, for the evenings of great holded.

Shall come I to essay the costume friday?

Perfectly. Good day.

##### At the Booter.

Have you of the english boots?

You not of them have point?

Nothing but these boots there, thins, pointeds, the soles thicks as one leaf of paper?

No, thousand times no! I desire of the goods boots english, larges, strongs, solids, the talons garnished of fat nails.

For to march in Paris, you demand?

But yes. The English self protect the foots, even in town.

Try of to finish the boots the most soon possible.

Ah, the talons of these shoes are one little used. He must them to accomodate again. Wish to send to search the shoes this evening to my hotel.

##### Chez le Tailleur.

Je vais passer chez le tailleur. Où ça? Rue Chose, No. 1, la maison qui fait le coin.

Je désire un costume de ville. Une redingote ou une jaquette, ça m'est égal. A la campagne je ne porte qu'un veston, mais pas en ville.

Vous dites qu'une jaquette gris-foncé est très élégant, très chic? Cela se peut. A vrai dire la redingote est un peu lourde.

Eh bien, jaquette, gilet, pantalon—en effet un complet gris-foncé.

Voilà une couleur qui me va à merveille.

C'est tout. Non, je n'ai pas besoin d'habit. Je dine en smoking. On a moins chaud. Mais j'ai toujours mon frac au fond de ma malle, pour les soirées de grande tenue.

Viendrai-je essayer le costume vendredi?

Parfaitement. Bon jour.

##### Chez le Bottier.

Avez-vous des bottines anglaises?

Vous n'en avez point?

Rien que ces bottines-là, minces, pointues, les semelles épaisses comme une feuille de papier?

Non, mille fois non! Je désire de bonnes bottines anglaises, larges, fortes, solides, les talons garnis de gros clous.

Pour marcher dans Paris, vous demandez?

Mais oui. Les Anglais se protègent les pieds, même en ville.

Tâchez de finir les bottines le plus tôt possible.

Ah, les talons de ces souliers sont un peu usés. Il faut les raccommoder. Veuillez envoyer chercher les souliers ce soir à mon hôtel. H. D. B.



## THE "NOTTINGHAM LAMBS."

[On the opening day of the Session of the National Liberal Federation at Nottingham, there was a stormy display of feeling between the supporters of the peaceful chairman and those of the warlike Professor MASSIE. On the second day the struggle abated. Sir EDWARD GREY spoke in the place of Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, regrettably absent through indisposition. The speaker was not sure, even now, that if we had an election it would turn on South Africa. There were other subjects, such as the Workmen's Compensation Bill for agricultural labourers, old-age pensions, and temperance reform. Here was work for the Liberal Party.—*Daily Paper.*]

## PRETTY it was by all report

To note the Nottingham lambs at sport :  
"Baa!" said the black coats, "baa! baa! baa!"

And "Pooh!" said the white, said they;  
But the great bell-wether was indisposed,  
And hoped that the struggle would soon  
be closed

In a friendly and lamb-like way.

The chair-sheep held that the flock had  
sinned

Just on the point where his faith was  
pinned;

A section of sanguine rams had gone

On the innocent wolf his track,

Blundering forth in a blind career;

"Hear!" said the white sheep, "hear!  
O hear!"

And "Pish-pooh-baa!" said the black.

The chair-sheep spoke to the faithful  
few:—

"What would the Grand Old Llama do?  
He that was head of the ancient run

And friend of the enemy's pack?  
He would have tethered those truculent  
rams."

"Ja! Ja! Ja!" said the little white lambs,  
And "Bah! Bah! Bah!" said the black.

After a prayer that war should cease,  
Followed by cries of "Stop-the-Peace!"

Rose a mutton of massy brain,

Black as the coaly night;

"Mine," said he, "is a bellicose view!"

"Good," said the black sheep, "good for  
you!"

And "Bah! Bah! Bah!" said the white.

Deadly it must have been to see  
This struggle for Liberal Unity;  
Many a head was lost that day,  
Many a mouthpiece shut;  
Fleeces and tails flew thick and fast  
And the lowering welkin rang aghast  
To the rain of the frequent butt.

The great bell-wether was far away  
Indisposed to assist at the fray;  
But a so-called Grey-sheep lifted his voice  
Filling the vacant chink;  
Sable his coat, but his bleat was bland  
As he touched on the Labour Question and  
The awful effects of Drink.

"Topics like these that strike so deep  
Appeal," said he, "to the average sheep;  
Wolves are a sort of a foreign affair



"I HEARD YOUR DAUGHTER IS ENGAGED, MR. DE COURCY. MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU!"  
"THANKS, BUT—ER—I'M AFRAID IT WON'T COME OFF. YOU SEE—I PROMISED TO GIVE  
HER A 'THOU' BY WAY OF DOWRY—AND—AH—ER—I'M NOT QUITE READY WITH IT JUST NOW."  
"MY DEAR MR. DE COURCY, YOU CAN EASILY GET OVER THAT DIFFICULTY. GIVE HER  
SAY TWO HUNDRED DOWN, AND PROMISE THE EIGHT HUNDRED IN THREE MONTHS' TIME."  
"YES—UM—THAT'S VERY GOOD. OF COURSE THE EIGHT HUNDRED IN THREE MONTHS  
I CAN PROMISE EASILY ENOUGH, BUT—ER—IT'S THE TWO HUNDRED DOWN THAT I CAN'T  
MANAGE."

Vaguely affecting the race;  
But Compensation and Pensions and such,  
Those are the kind of thing to touch  
The heart in a tender place.

"Lambs may differ about the war,  
How it should end and what it was for;  
Mightier matters will make them one  
When the general flock is polled."—  
So was finished the long-drawn fight,  
And soft-winged peace with the second  
night  
Fell on the family fold. O. S.

## COMING TO TERMS;

Or, Small by Degrees and Beautifully Less.

First Suggestion (close of 1899). South  
Africa to be abandoned by the British  
and rechristened Krügerplussteinland.

Second Suggestion (March, 1900). Peace  
to be restored on the condition t at  
Krügerplussteinland be an independent  
sovereign State.

Third Suggestion (Sept. 30, 1900). Any  
thing your Majesty may deign to wish.





### OUR LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

Fair Captain. "OH, GET THE BALL, WINN! DO RUN! DON'T WADDLE!"

#### "CASSANDRA" CUTTINGS.

April 1. (Paris Telegram.) "Every detail of the invasion of England is now arranged. I learn, on the very best authority, that a comprehensive timetable has been issued to every military and naval officer. The first transport is timed to reach Dover at 3.26 A.M., June 31, and the sinking of the last British ironclad is fixed for four o'clock on the same afternoon. The entry of four army corps into London was originally arranged to take place at 8 A.M. on the 5th, but, in deference to the wishes of those generals who dislike early rising, it possibly may be postponed until 10.30. After prolonged deliberation, the President of the Republic has selected Buckingham Palace in preference to Windsor Castle as his future abode; there is some reason to believe that the

latter place will be leased to General MERCIER."

Same date—same paper.—We publish a St. Petersburg telegram, proving conclusively that the Russians will have occupied Calcutta within a month from this date.

Same date. (Monte Carlo Telegram.) Startling intelligence! My informant, whose name I am not at liberty to divulge, moves in the very highest circles, and his statement may be relied on absolutely. He has confided to me that the Prince of MONACO, persuaded by the arguments of Dr. LEYDS, intends to invade England on Easter Monday. Fifty-eight men, in his opinion, will suffice for the campaign, the remaining two (army numbers sixty) will be reserved for home defence. The exact hour of his arrival in England is not yet definitely settled.

2nd Edition, April 1. (From a letter to the

Editor, signed "Vigilans.")... "Despite abundant warning, despite the convincing telegrams which you, Sir, have published, our authorities are as inert, as supine, as inefficient as ever. Let them awake without a moment's delay! Let us spend this very week seven hundred millions on national defence! Is this a time for niggardly economy, when the enemy is at our door," etc., etc.

April 2. (From a leading article.) "We have previously referred to the alarmist and mendacious reports, so freely disseminated by a section of the press. The Cassandra, we are proud to think, has eschewed this crime from the first. As we have consistently shown, there is not the least likelihood that any foreign power will elect to pick a quarrel with us. The peace of Europe is assured."

#### SOME POINTS ABOUT ARBITRATION.

[The Award of the Delagoa Bay Arbitration Tribunal was published at Berne on March 29, after more than ten years' delay.]

THE principle of *wacht een bietje*—wait a bit—which has hitherto governed South African politics, has been once more applied with success, as far as the interests and pockets of the Arbitrators are concerned.

The claimants, who expected at least two-and-a-half millions compensation for a flagrant violation of their rights, and will receive about £300,000, after costs have been paid, are now not exactly of the opinion that *everything* comes to him who waits.

After this performance it would be advisable in the future that Arbitrators should be treated like common juries, and locked up without food and firing, when there would be some chance of accelerating their deliberations. At present, arbitration is a method best suited to the Millennium, when time shall be no object.

The problem of What to Do with our Sons is merely a matter of arbitration, i.e., let them imitate the worthy Swiss juris-consults and take up a profession which ensures them a steady income with no trouble for an unlimited number of years.

It is probable, however, that arbitration will henceforward be conducted in person, after the delivery of an Ultimatum, by the Commander-in-Chief of the Power which has the most cogent armaments and explosives. Arguments, like expletives, have apparently had their day—and a pretty long one at that.

Arbitrators and their heirs, administrators, and assigns, will be allowed a hundred years to investigate the question of the commencement of the Twenty-First Century, and the Duplication of the Cube. Other more pressing matters will be referred to Business men.



## A POOR MAN'S MOTTO.

I WANT to choose a motto,  
Some graceful watchword that 's  
More classical than "What, oh,  
She bumps," less terse than "Rats!"

*Fortis per ardua centum?*  
How's that? I've lots of pluck—  
*Dat Deus incrementum?*  
Not much to me, worse luck!

*Pro patria?* A hero  
To that were not averse;  
There's *Meliora spero*,  
And things could scarce be worse.

But since my income slim is,  
And few the quids I touch,  
My choice is *Ne quid nimis*,  
Or, not a quid too much!

## AS WE SEE OURSELVES.

The new weekly, the "Londoner"—an excellent twopennyworth—contains an article by Mr. F. H. Cowen on the impression produced by his own compositions on himself. Charmed with the notion, Mr. Punch has written to several eminent literary persons, asking them to describe the impressions produced by their own compositions on themselves.

THE principal impression produced upon me by the perusal of my own works is a splitting headache, especially acute in the case of my poems. I have a strong suspicion, amounting at times to a conviction, that I generally have meaning if only it can be found. In my more recent works, however, this feeling is less marked.

A subsidiary impression is amazement at the number of people who read my works and profess to understand them.

G-RGE M-R-D-T-H.

On reading my patriotic poems, my feelings are tremendous. I am as a lion going forth to battle: my hair crimps (a most curious sensation) and I stretch my limbs—a phenomenon which, I am told, occurs also in many of my readers, with the further accompaniment of a yawn. On the whole, I am immensely struck with my own genius, and I know not which to admire the more, the discrimination of Lord SALISBURY who saw in me a fitting successor to TENNYSON and WORDSWORTH, or my own merits, which enable me to wear so worthily the laurels which once decked their brows.

In spite of the odiousness of comparisons, I cannot but institute one between myself and a certain ephemeral poet whom some have the audacity to call the National Laureate; and when I contrast the vulgar diction of his jingling rhymes with the pure and classic language in which my prose is couched, I can only reflect with grief and indignation on the difference between his circulation and my own.

ALFR-D A-ST-N.



"WHATEVER HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOURSELF, MURPHY? YOU LOOK ALL BROKEN UP!"

"WELL, YER 'ANER, I WINT TO WAN IV THIM 'SHTOP-THE-WAR' MEETINGS LASHT NOIGHT!"

A glow of satisfaction thrills me as I gaze upon the bookshelves which contain my works. There is really some very good stuff amongst them. I don't profess to know what I meant when I wrote some of them, e.g., the *Jungle Book*; but plain tales of ORTHERIS, MULVANEY & Co., were played out, and one had to strike out a different line somehow. I confess, when I read *The Day's Work*, I have an uncomfortable misgiving that I am running to seed, which, however, is instantly dispelled when I hear the barrel-organ outside my door discoursing the classic and familiar strains of that undoubted work of genius, *The Absent-Minded Beggar*.

R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

Robert Elsmere convinces me that I am a great novelist, my new edition of the BRONTËS that I am a still greater critic. Surely nothing gives one so pleasing a sense of superiority as to patronise a feeblster sister, such as the authoress of *Jane Eyre*.

MRS. H-MPHRY W-RD.

When I read some of the awful rot that I have undoubtedly written, I find myself wondering if I am quite responsible for my literary actions. Can it be that I am as mad as my last creation, *The Worshipper of the Image*?

R-CH-RD LE G-LL-NNE.

THE NEW FRENCH APPLE OF DISCORD.—  
The Pom-Pom.





### "APPRECIATIONS," LOCAL.

*Vicar's Wife.* "I SEE, MRS. FIELDSEND, THAT MARY IS HOME AGAIN."

*Mrs. Fieldsend.* "YES, M'M. YOU SEE, SHE HAS BEEN A YEAR AT CROWE RECTORY, AND EIGHTEEN MONTHS AT EXHOLME VICARAGE, AND NOW WE WANT HER TO GO INTO A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY!"

### ALMOST FRENCH.

["Les victoires boërs sont à peu près françaises."  
—Quoted by the "Progrès," of Cairo, from a French newspaper.]

I SAT in an Egyptian train,

In clouds of dust,  
And wondered if our English rain  
Is justly cussed.

A little Arab and his pal,  
Unblessed with hankies,  
Yelled "*Progrès, Sphinx, Petit Journal*"!  
(Not *Sphinx*, 'twas "*Sphunkis*.")

I bought the first, and found a lie  
Too rich and rare  
To waste its sweetness here, thought I,  
On desert air.

I read that all the Boër braves,  
Both chiefs and henchmen,  
Who've dug so many British graves,  
Are really Frenchmen.

I read that Boër triumphs won  
On hill, in trench,  
(Oh, gnash your teeth, False Albion!)  
Are really French.

The Boërs, I read, are proved to be  
Down to their toes,  
Pure Gauls, the same who as Belgæ  
Pulled Cæsar's nose.

No doubt, dear friends, their gain is yours,  
But, AUGUSTE, tell,  
Are you prepared to claim the Boers'  
Defeats as well?

If we can prove, as prove we can,  
We're Teutons—see?  
May we assert we won Sedan  
And took Páree?

Wait till, at least, the end is sure  
My good *insensé*,  
Ere you make haste to dub the Boer  
"*A peu près Français*."

SUGGESTION FOR MR. RHODES. — The P. M. G. told us last week that "With the exception of one Christian firm our Johannesburg interests are now practically Jewish." Hope that "one Christian" will remain "firm." But why not

change the name of the town to "Jewhannesburg"?

### THE NEW TONGUE.

SCENE.—Any Club.

*Brown.* Well, old man, it's about time we were trekking.

*Jones.* Yes, we must inspan now, if we're to get to the theatre in time. How are we going to manage the transport? A hansom?

*Brown.* It's raining. We'd better form four-wheelers. Got your field-glasses?

*Jones.* Yes; a pair I commandeered from ROBINSON. Confound it, there's old BOREHAM entrenched behind the paper! He's sure to open fire on us and shell us with heavy remarks.

*Brown.* We'll do a turning movement and outflank him by the other door.

*Shade of Johnson (hovering in the air).* To what has my poor mother tongue descended? There was never such slang in the coffee taverns.





SWAIN SC

## A TRUE IRISH WELCOME!

HIBERNIA. "SURE, YOUR MAJESTY, THERE 'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME, AND IT 'S AT HOME YE 'LL BE WITH US!"









*Vicar's Daughter (who likes to be up to date).* "I'VE DECIDED TO SELL THIS OLD BICYCLE, JANE AND TO GET ONE OF THE NEW FREE WHEELS. IT WILL BE QUITE A NOVELTY IN THE VILLAGE, WON'T IT?"

*Jane.* "WELL, 'ARDLY, MISS. YOU SEE, ME AND COOK, WE GOT NEW BICYCLES SOME TIME AGO, AND THEY 'RE BOTH FREE WHEELS!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 26.—Irish Nationalist Party of to-day a poor travesty on what it was when CHARLES STEWART was King. Still, it has unsuspected lodes of native gold. One turned up to-night in Mr. DOOGAN. Never heard

him speak before. In his way—quite a different one—as delightful as the peerless FLAVIN. When not looking after imperial affairs at Westminster, is a farmer in far off Fermanagh. Looks the part; in personal appearance much nearer the popular idea of JOHN BULL than of average Irishman. Got up to-night in debate on Budget. Followed those other eminent financial authorities, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Question before Committee was, Shall Ireland equally with Great Britain pay an extra twopence a pound on tea? Mr. DOOGAN emphatically says "No!" and he will tell them why. They have heard of Mr. PITT? Mr. DOOGAN pauses for a reply. None forthcoming, he politely assumes the affirmative. On second thoughts, looking over scantily-peopled benches opposite, his eye lingering on the unresponsive countenance of CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, doubt disturbs his mind. Perhaps, after all, they haven't heard about Mr. PITT. Mr. DOOGAN, always punctilious to give the great minister the prefix—as who should say Mr. MILTON or Mr. SHAKESPEARE—recently made his acquaintance in the studious glades of Lisbellaw, Co. Fermanagh.

managh. Impression left on his mind is sharp and deep. Committee would probably like to hear a few particulars personal to Mr. PITT. Mr. DOOGAN, who, in the absence of TIM HEALY, has secured the corner seat on the second bench below gangway, insensibly falls into SOCRATES' peripatetic habit when conveying instruction. Between his sentences he takes a little walk out into the gangway, hastily returning when, to his alarm, he finds himself midway across. Refreshed by one of these excursions, he advises gentlemen opposite to "get up Mr. PITT."

Here the Chairman gets up and reminds Mr. DOOGAN that the question before the Committee is whether an additional twopence a pound shall be clapped on tea.

Mr. DOOGAN takes another little walk; coming back urges that the Act of Union, taken in connection with the war in the Transvaal, imposes on the British Chancellor of the Exchequer the duty of seeing that Ireland has a special allowance of twopence a pound on tea. This naturally leads him up to the observation that "Mr. PITT was a very remarkable man."

Ruthless Chairman up again. Mr. DOOGAN down. Being seated thinks he will remain so; which he does. Gentlemen opposite, just beginning to develop thirst for information about Mr. PITT, left unsatisfied.

*Business done.*—Tea, Tobacco and Beer Clauses of Budget voted.

Tuesday. — Striking illustration furnished to-night of WILFRID LAWSON'S aloofness from his fellow-man. Don't allude to his views on the War. Constitutional habit with some men straightway to believe that on any subject their own country is in the wrong, and that any one with whom it may chance to be in controversy is in the right. On another and much smaller matter Sir WILFRID'S lack of sympathy with large majority of House was shewn. CUTHBERT QUILTER, delivering his Annual Address on Pure Beer, mentioned sad case of member whose name he considerably withheld. Spending an evening with some friends in Germany, he repaid their hospitality by contributing to the harmony of the evening a number of hymns and spiritual songs. When festivities closed he found



"The unresponsive countenance of Chr-stian Tr-t Bartl-y."



A Study in Liberal Leaders.  
(Sir W-ll-m H-rr-t and the Sir Edw-rd Gr-y of the future.)



to his amazement that he had put away twenty-two glasses of beer. Who kept count was not mentioned. The fact seems to have been undisputed.

Having, on the magisterial bench, brought under his notice various cases of the results of even a slight approach to such excess of refreshment, the hon. member contemplated with alarm the problem of getting home. He felt "all ri" where he was; had somewhere heard that on getting into open air the consequences under similar conditions are incommoding. Cautiously passing the door, he found no ill effects.

"Indeed, when he got home to his lodgings," Sir CUTHBERT says, "he was able to conduct to a successful conclusion two anatomical problems."

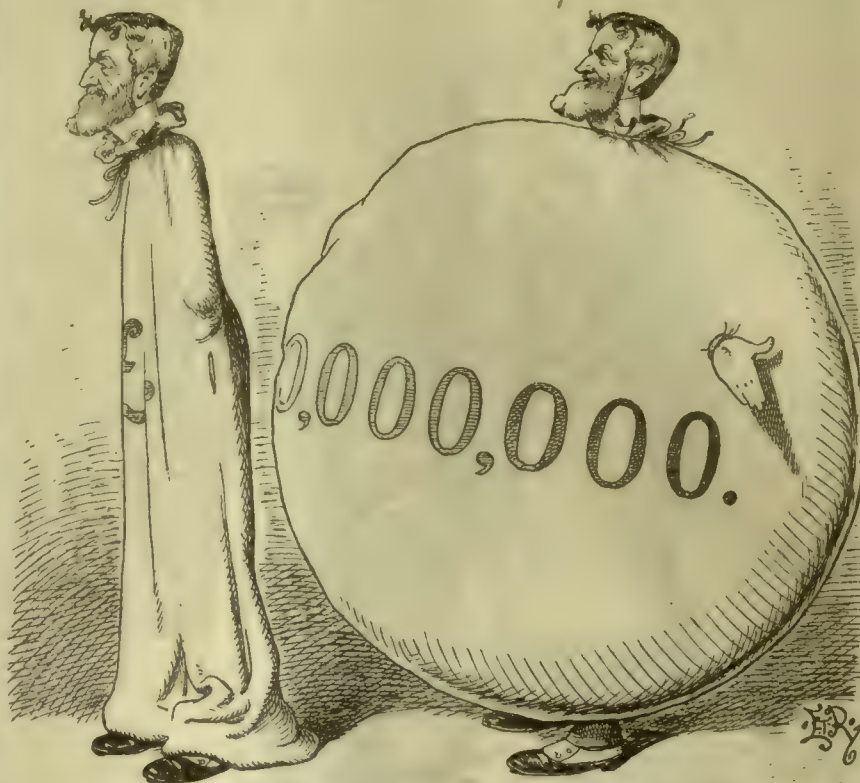
That is a way they have in Suffolk of describing the severance from body of fowl of a leg and wing with intent to sup.

There was scarcely a dry eye in House as QUILTER, catching his breath in effort not to break down, told this story of ineffective endeavour. Twenty-two glasses of beer and no forrader! Only WILFRID LAWSON chuckled with delight.

"Serve him right," he said; "wish all liquor was like that. Best teetotal story I've heard for long time."

*Business done.*—CUTHBERT QUILTER, like another Fat Boy, makes your flesh creep with weird story from the Rhine.

*Thursday.*—Sleepy House suddenly stirred to-night by tragic incident. Budget Bill in Committee. Irish members, having talked themselves dry, took refuge in final stage of obstruction. Whenever amendment submitted, or proposal made



BEFORE AND AFTER THE SUBSCRIPTION OF THE WAR LOAN;

Or, "Money o' Michael makes a muckle."

to add clause to Bill, they insisted on taking division. That means waste of from ten minutes to a quarter-of-an-hour. No trouble beyond health-giving walk round lobbies.

On one such occasion the four tellers as usual went forth to tell; two for the Irish members, two for the Ministry.

*Only three came back.*

When the last member in either division lobby had passed the wicket, the tellers ranged themselves in line before Table ready to march up and proclaim result of division. JOHN ELLIS in Chair, rubbed his eyes, and counted again. Certainly, there were only three. Scouts rushed through lobbies in search of possible fragments. Nothing found—not a boot, not a thumb, not a lock of hair.

It was one of the Irish tellers who thus vanished. Had he been in the same lobby as his compatriot, tragic disappearance easily accounted for. A sudden breach in the union of hearts; a blow; a scuffle; a swift dismemberment; an open window; and below the dumb, darkly flowing tide of the Thames.

But in a division, the tellers begin by dividing. The missing Irish member was last seen in company with Ministerial Whip. ANSTRUTHER might, an' he liked, tell a tragic tale. He opened his mouth only to say he knew nothing. Members looked askance at him, hoping it was all right.

Meanwhile, nothing to be done but take another division, leaving unfathomed the dark mystery of the vanished teller.

*Business done.*—A teller teetotally disappeared.

*Friday.*—Curious thing can't make out about Budget. Financial year doesn't close till March 31. Budget introduced more than a month ahead; straight-way at daybreak on following morning new customs and excise duties take effect. New Income Tax doesn't date from morning after Budget, nor from morning of new financial year, but from April 6. Must ask SQUIRE OF MALWOOD to explain the puzzle.

"You can't see the SQUIRE to-day," said the Member for Sark.

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, blushing, "he's not going out just now; daily expecting to become a grandfather."

*Business done.*—JOSEPH WALTON, bursting with information, his coat-tail pockets bulging with papers, his tongue fluent with musical Chinese, flusters St. JOHN BRODRICK about the fearsome Far East.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—Our troops in South Africa are complaining of the lack of malt liquor. Courage, my friends, since you have De Beers within hail.



A Fiscal Anachronism.  
(Mr. J. L. W.-r.)





I WASN'T ven thinking of the fool. It is enough to be in the same market on 'Change with NORTON BELLAMY, and

outside my office or the House I like to forget him.

But long ago he joined the City of London Club, to my regret, and now, in the smoking-room after lunch, during my cup of coffee, cigar, and game of dominoes, he will too often hurl himself uninvited into a conversation that he is neither asked to join nor desired to enlighten.

Upon a day in January last, my friend, ARTHUR MATHERS, had a chill on the liver and was suffering under sustained professional ill-fortune. From his standpoint, therefore, in the Kaffir Market, he looked out at the world and agreed with CARLYLE's unreasonable estimate of mankind. As a jobber in a large way he came to this conclusion; while I, who am a broker and a member of the Committee, could by no means agree with him.

"The spirit of common-sense must be reckoned with," I explained to MATHERS. "This nation stands where it does by right of that virtue. Take the giving and receiving of advice. You may draw a line through that. There is a rare—a notable genius for giving advice in this country. The war illustrates my point. You will find every journal full of advice given by civilians to soldiers, by soldiers to civilians, by the man in the street to the man in the Cabinet, and by the man in the Cabinet to the man in the street. We think for ourselves—develop abnormal common-sense, and, as a consequence, I maintain that much more good advice is given than bad."

But MATHERS, what with his chilled liver and business depression, was unreasonable. He derided my contention. He flouted it. He raised his voice in hard, simulated laughter, and attracted other men from their coffee and cigars. When he had won their attention, he tried to crush me publicly. He said:

"My dear chap, out of your own mouth I will confute you. If more good advice is given than bad, every man will get more good than harm by following advice. That's logical; but

you won't pretend to maintain such a ridiculous position, surely?"

I like a war of words after luncheon. It sharpens the wits and assists digestion. So, without being particularly in earnest, I supported my contention.

"Assuredly," I said. "We don't take enough advice, in my opinion—just as we don't take enough exercise, or wholesome food." It is too much the fashion to ask advice and not take it. But if we modelled our lives on the disinterested opinion of other people, and availed ourselves of the combined judgment of our fellows, the world would be both happier and wiser in many directions. And if men knew, when they were invited to express an opinion, that it was no mere conventional piece of civility or empty compliment which prompted us to ask their criticism, consider how they would put their best powers forward! Yes, one who consistently followed the advice of his fellow-creatures would be paying a compliment to humanity and——"

"Qualifying himself for a lunatic asylum!"

Here burst in the blatant BELLAMY from his seat by the fire. He put down a financial journal; and then turned to me. "If there's more good advice flying about than bad, old man, why don't you take some?" he said. "I could give you plenty of excellent advice at this moment, HONEYBUN. For instance, I could tell you to play the fool only in your own house; but you wouldn't thank me. You'd say it was uncalled-for and impertinent—you know you would."

BELLAMY is the only man who has any power to annoy me after my lunch. And knowing it, he exercises that power. He can shake me at a word, can reach my nerve-centres quicker than a tin-tack. Yet, seen superficially, he appears to be the mere common stockbroker; but his voice it is that makes him so hated—his voice, and his manners, and his sense of humour. I turned upon him and did a foolish thing—as one often does foolish things when suddenly maddened into them by some bigger fool than oneself. I answered:

"There's bad advice—idiotic advice—given as well as good. When I've exhausted creation and want *your* opinion, my dear BELLAMY, I'll trouble you for it. And as to playing the fool, why, *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*—not even NORTON BELLAMY. You'll admit that!"

BELLAMY has no education, and nothing irritates him quicker



than a quotation in a foreign language, though any other quotation he's more than a match for. He scowled and meant mischief from the moment the laugh went with me. He ignored the Latin, but stuck to the English of my remark.

"Bad as well as good," he answered. "Just what I say. Only you assert 'more good than bad,' and I declare 'more bad than good,' which means that the more advice I refuse the better for me in the long run."

"You judge human nature from an intimate knowledge of your own lack of judgment, my dear fellow," I said, in a bantering voice.

"Well, I'll back my judgment all the same," he answered, hotly, "which is a good deal more than you will. You talk of common-sense, and lay down vague, not to say inane rules for other people to follow, and pose as a sort of Book of Wisdom thrown open to the public every afternoon in this smoking-room; but anybody can talk. Now, I'll bet you a thousand pounds that you'll not take the advice of your fellow-man for twelve consecutive hours. And, what is more, I'll bet you another thousand that I'll do the other thing and go distinctly contrary to every request, suggestion, or scrap of advice offered me in the same space of time. And then we'll see about your knowledge of human nature, and who looks the biggest fool at the end of the day."

I repeat it was after luncheon, and no man unfamiliar with NORTON BELLAMY can have any idea of the studied insolence, the offence, the diabolic sneer with which he accompanied this preposterous suggestion. I was, however, silent for the space of three seconds; then he made another remark to MATHERS, and that settled it.

"Some of us are like the chap who took his dying oath the cat was grey. Then they asked him to bet a halfpenny that it was, and he wouldn't. So bang goes another wind-bag!"

He was marching out with all the honours when I lost my temper and took the brute at his word.

"Done!" I said.

Think of it! A man of five-and-fifty, with some reputation for general mental stability, and a member of the Committee of the Stock Exchange!

"You'll take me?" he asked, and there was an evil light in the man's hard blue eyes, while his red whiskers actually bristled as he spoke. "You'll back yourself to follow every scrap of advice given you throughout one whole day for a thousand pounds?"

In my madness I answered, only intent upon arranging miseries for him.

"Yes, if you'll back yourself to act in an exactly contrary manner."

"Most certainly. It's my ordinary rule of life," he replied. "I never do take advice. I'm not a congenital idiot. Let us say to-morrow."

Now upon the Stock Exchange we have a universal system by which honour stands for security. In our peculiar business relations this principle is absolutely necessary. And it seldom fails. There is a simple, pathetic trust amongst us unknown in other walks of life. It can only be compared to that universal spirit said to have existed in King ALFRED'S days, when we are invited to believe that people left their jewellery about on the hedges with impunity, and crime practically ceased out of the land. So when BELLAMY and I made this fatuous bet, we trusted each the other. I knew that, with all his faults, the man was absolutely straightforward and honest; and I felt that, having once taken his wager, I should either win it—at personal inconvenience impossible to estimate before the event—or lose and frankly pay.

"To-morrow," said BELLAMY. "Let us say to-morrow. You don't want a thing like this hanging over you. We'll meet here and lunch and compare notes—if you're free to do so, which is doubtful, for I see a holy chaos opening out before you."

"To-morrow!" I said. "And, be that as it may, I would not change my position for yours!"

I went home that night under a gathering weight of care. To my wife and daughters I said nothing, though they noticed and commented upon my unusual taciturnity. In truth, the more I thought of the programme in store for me, the less I liked it; while BELLAMY, on the contrary, so far as I could see, despite my big words at parting from him, had only to be slightly more brutal and aggressive than usual to come well out of his ordeal. I slept ill and woke depressed. The weather was ominous in itself. I looked out of my dressing-room window and quoted from the classics:

"She is not rosy-fingered, but swoll'n black;  
Her face is like a water turned to blood,  
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,  
As if she threatened night ere noon of day!"

which shows, by the bye, that BEN JONSON knew a London fog when he saw it, though chemists pretend that the vile phenomenon wasn't familiar to the Elizabethans.

My breakfast proved a farce, and having wished my dear ones a dreary "Good morning," I crept out into a bilious, fuliginous atmosphere, through which black smuts fell in legions upon the numbed desolation of South Kensington. Only the urban cat stalked here and there, rejoicing, as it seemed, in prolonged night. My chronic cough began at the first gulp of this atrocious atmosphere, and, changing my mind about walking to the District Railway Station, I turned, sought my cab-whistle, and summoned a hansom. It came presently, clinking and tinkling out of nothingness—a chariot with watery eyes of flame—a goblin coach to carry me away through the mask of the fog, from home, from wife and children, into the vast unknown of man's advice.

The cabman began it—a surly, grasping brute who, upon taking my shilling, commented and added something about the weather.

"Your fare, and you know it very well," I answered; whereupon he replied:

"Oh, all right. Wish I could give you the cab an' the 'oss in. Don't you chuck away your money—that's all. You're a blimed sight too big-earted—that's what's the matter with you."

I felt cheered. Here was practical advice given by a mere toiler from the ranks. I promised the man that I would not waste my money; I reciprocated his caution, beamed upon him, ignored his satire, and went downstairs to the trains. A newspaper boy offered me *Punch*. I bought it, and with rising spirits, lighted a cigar and got into a city train. It happened to come from Ealing, and contained, amongst other people, my dear old friend, TRACY MAINWARING—cheeriest, brightest, and best of men. The fog deepened, and somewhere about the Temple a violent fit of coughing caused me to fling away my cigar and double up in considerable physical discomfort. MAINWARING, with his universal sympathy, was instantly much concerned for me.

"My dear HONEYBUN, you'll kill yourself—you will indeed. It's suicide for you to come to town on days like this. How often have I expostulated! And nobody will pity you, because you need not do it. Why don't you go to the south of France? You ought to go for all our sakes."

"MAINWARING," I said, "you're right. You always are. Here's the Temple. I'll return home at once and start as soon as I conveniently can—to-morrow at latest."

The amazement which burst forth upon the face of every man in that carriage was a striking commentary on my original assertion that advice is not taken habitually in this country.

As for MAINWARING himself, I could perceive that he was seriously alarmed. He followed me out of the train and his face was white, his voice much shaken as he took my arm.

"Old chap," he said, "I've annoyed you; I've bored you



with my irresponsible chatter. You're trying to escape from me. You mustn't let a friend influence you against your better judgment. Of course, I only thought of your good, but——"

"My dear fellow," I answered, "nobody ever gave me better advice, and unless circumstances conspire against it, I mean to do as you suggest."

"Yes, yes—capital," he said, with the voice we assume when trying to soothe an intoxicated acquaintance or a lunatic.

"You shall go, dear old fellow; and I'll see you home."

Now here is the effect of taking advice upon the man who gives it! MAINWARING is a genial, uncalculating, kindly soul who is always tendering counsel and exhortation to everybody, from his shoeblack upwards, yet here, in a moment, I had him reduced to a mere bundle of vibrating nerves, simply because I had undertaken to follow one of his suggestions. Of course I knew the thought in his mind; he believed that I had gone out of mine. So I said:

"Yes, old fellow, I see what you think; but, consider; if I was a lunatic to take your advice, what must you be to have given it?"

This conundrum, if possible, increased his uneasiness. He fussed anxiously around me and begged to be allowed to see me home; whereupon, being weary of his cowardice, I waved MAINWARING off, left the station to be free of him, and hastily ascended Arundel Street.

My object was now an omnibus which should convey me almost to my own door; and my heart grew fairly light again, for if by the terms of the wager, I could legitimately get back under my own roof, the worst might be well over. I pictured myself packing quietly all day for the Continent. Then, when morning should come, I had merely to change my mind again and the matter would terminate. Any natural disappointment of my wife and the girls when they heard of my intention to stop in London after all might be relieved with judicious gifts purchased out of NORTON BELLAMY'S thousand pounds.

At a corner in the Strand I waited, and others with me, while the fog increased—noisome veil upon veil—and the lurid street seemed full of dim ghosts wandering in a sulphur hell. My omnibus was long in coming, and, just as it did so, I pressed forward with the rest, and had the misfortune to tread upon the foot of a threadbare and foul-mouthed person who had been waiting beside me. Standing there the sorry creature had used the vilest language for fifteen minutes, had scattered his complicated imprecations on the ears of all; but especially, I think, for the benefit of his wretched wife. She—a lank and hungry creature—had flashed back looks at him once or twice, but no more. Occasionally, as his coarse words lashed her, she had shivered and glanced at the faces about her, to see whether any champion of women stood there waiting for the South Kensington omnibus. Apparently none did, though, for my part, at another time, I had certainly taken it upon me to reprove the wretch, or even call a constable. But upon this day, and moving as it were for that occasion only under a curse, I held silence the better course and maintained the same while much pitying this down-trodden woman. Now, however, Fate chose me for a sort of Nemesis against my will, and leaping forward to the omnibus, I descended with all my fourteen stone upon the foot of the bully. He hopped in agony, lifted up his voice, and added a darkness to the fog. His profanity intensified the ambient gloom, and out of it, I saw the white face of his wife, and her teeth gleamed in a savage smile as he hopped in the gutter, like some evil fowl. People laughed at his discomfort, and a vocabulary naturally rich was lifted above itself into absolute opulence. He loosed upon me a chaos of sacred and profane expletives, uttered in the accent of south-west London. His words tumbled about my ears like a nest of angered hornets. The man refused to listen to any apology, and, from natural regret, my mood changed to active annoyance, because he insisted upon hopping between me and the omnibus, and a crowd began to collect.

Then his bitter-hearted wife spoke up and bid me take action, little dreaming of the position in which I stood with respect to all advice.

"Don't let the swine cheek you like that," she cried. "He's all gas—that's what he is—a carwardly 'ound as only bullies women and children. You're bigger than him! Hit him over the jaw with your rumberella. Hit him hard—then you'll see."

It will not, I trust, be necessary for me to say that never before that moment did I strike a fellow-creature—either in the heat of anger or with calculated intention. Indeed, even a thousand pounds would seem a small price to expend, if for that outlay one might escape such a crime; yet now, dazed by the noise, by the fog, by emotions beyond analysis, by the grinning teeth and eyes of the crowd, shining wolfish out of the gloom around me, by the woman's weird, tigerish face almost thrust into mine, and by the fact that the man had asked me why the blank, blank I didn't let my blank self out at so much a blank hour for a blank steam-roller, I let go.

If BELLAMY could have seen me then! My umbrella whistled through the fog and appeared to strike the man almost exactly where his wife had suggested. He was gone like a flower, and everybody seemed pleased. There were yells and cat-calls and wild London sounds in my ears; somebody rose out of the pandemonium and patted me on the back, and told me to hook it before the bloke got up again; somebody else whispered earnestly in my ear that I had done the community a good turn; the omnibus proceeded without me, for I was now separated from it by a crowd; the fog thickened, lurid lights flashed in it; my head whirled; the man who had whispered congratulations in my ear endeavoured to take my watch; and I was just going to cry for the police, when my recumbent victim, assisted, to my amazement, by the tigerish woman, arose, clothed in fury and mud as with a garment, and advanced upon me.

There are times and seasons when argument and even frank apology is useless; there are very rare occasions when coin of the realm itself is vain to heal a misunderstanding or soothe a wounded spirit. I felt that the man now drawn up in battle array before me was reduced for the moment to a mere pre-Adamite person or cave-dweller—first cousin to, and but slightly removed from, the unreasoning and ferocious dinosaur or vindictive megatherium. This poor, bruised, muddy Londoner, now dancing with clenched fists and uttering a sort of language which rendered him almost incandescent, obviously thirsted to do me physical hurt. No mere wounding of my tenderest feelings, no shaming of me, no touching of my pride or my pocket would suffice for him. Indeed, he explained openly that he was going to break every bone in my body and stamp my remains into London mud, even if it spoilt his boots. Hearing which prophecy, one of those inspirations that repay a studious man for his study came in the nick of time, and I remembered a happy saying of the judicious HOOKER, how that many perils can best be conquered by flying from them. I had not run for thirty years, but I ran then, and dashing past a church, a cheap book shop and the Globe Theatre, darted into the friendly shelter of a populous neighbourhood that extends beyond. So sudden was my action and so dense the fog that I escaped without loss and, within three minutes from that moment, all sorrow past, sat in a hansom, had the window lowered, and drove off with joy and thankfulness for my home.

So far I had done or set about doing everything my fellow-man or woman deemed well for me; as it was now past eleven o'clock, I felt that the day would soon slip away and all might yet be well.

Then the Father of Fog, who is one with the Prince of this world, took arms against me; there was a crash, a smash, loud words, a breath of cold air, a tinkle of broken glass, a stinging lash across my face, an alteration abrupt and painful.



in my position. My horse had collided with another and come down heavily; the window was broken; and my face had a nasty cut across the cheekbone within a fractional distance of my right eye.

The driver was one of that chicken-hearted sort of cabmen rare in London, but common in provincial towns. He had fallen from his box-seat, it is true, and had undoubtedly hurt himself here and there on the outside, yet I doubt if any serious injury had overtaken him; but now he stood at the horse's head, and pulled at its muzzle or some such apparatus, and gasped and gurgled and explained how a railway van had run into him, knocked over his horse and then darted off into the fog. I told the man not to cry, and people began collecting as usual like evil gnomes out of the gloom. The air soon hummed with advice, and personally, knowing myself to be worse than useless where a horse in difficulties is concerned, I acted upon the earliest suggestion that called for departure from the scene. Ignoring directions about harness, cutting of straps, backing the vehicle and sitting on the horse's head, I fell in with one thoughtful individual who gave it, as his opinion that the beast was dying, and hurried away at my best speed to seek a veterinary surgeon. My face was much injured, my nerves were shaken and I had a violent stitch in my side and a buzzing in the head; but I did my duty, and finding a small corner hostelry that threw beams of red and yellow light across the fog, I entered, gave myself a few moments to recover breath, then asked the young woman behind the bar whether she knew where I might most quickly find a horse doctor.

"There has been an accident," I explained, "and a man on the spot gives it as his opinion that the horse is seriously unwell and should be seen to at once. Personally, I suspect it could get up if it liked, but I am not an expert and may be mistaken."

"'Fraid you've hurted yourself too, Sir," answered the girl. "I am sorry. Sit down and have something to drink, Sir. I'm sure you want it."

I sat down, sighed, wiped my face and ordered a little brandy. This she prepared with kindly solicitude, then advised a second glass, and I, feeling the opinion practical enough, obeyed her gladly.

She knew nothing of a veterinary surgeon, but there chanced to be a person in the bar who said that he did. He evidently felt tempted to proclaim himself such a man, for I could see the idea in his shifty eyes; but he thought better of this, and admitted that he was only a dog-fancier himself, though he knew a colleague in the next street who had wide experience of horses.

Now my idea of a dog-fancier is one who habitually fancies somebody else's dog. I told the man this while I finished my brandy-and-water, and he admitted that it was a general weakness in the profession, but explained that he had, so far, fought successfully against it. Then we started to find the veterinary surgeon and soon passed into a region that I suspected to be Seven Dials.

"'Ullo, JAGGERS! Who's your friend?" said a man in a doorway.

"Gent wants a vet," answered my companion.

"Gent wants a new fice, more like!"

I asked the meaning of this phrase, suspecting that some fragment of homely and perhaps valuable advice lay beneath it, but JAGGERS thought not.

"Only BARNY BOSHER'S sauce," he said. "He's a fightin' man—pick of the basket at nine stone five—so he thinks he can say what he likes; but he's got a good 'cart."

We pushed on until a small shop appeared, framed in bird-cages. Spiritless tropical fowls of different sorts and colours sat and drooped in them—parrots, cockatoos, and other foreigners of a sort unfamiliar to me.

"Come in," said JAGGERS. "This is MUGGRIDGE'S shop.

And what he don't know about 'osses, an' all livin' things for that matter, ain't worth knowin'."

Mr. MUGGRIDGE was at his counter busy with a large wooden crate bored with many holes. From these proceeded strange squeaks and grunts.

"'Alf a mo," he said. "It's a consignment of prize guinea-pigs, and they wants attention partickler urgent, for they've been on the What-you-may-call-it Railway in a luggage train pretty near since last Christmas by all accounts, and a luggage train on that line gives you a fair general idea of Eternity, I'm told."

Mr. MUGGRIDGE was a little, bright, cheerful person who appeared to frame his life on the philosophy of his own canaries. The shop was warm, even stuffy perhaps—still warm. So I said one or two kind things about the beasts and birds, then took a chair and looked at my watch.

"I can wait," I told him.

"Can the 'oss? That's the question," asked JAGGERS; and he began to murmur something about being kept away from his work and hard times; so I gave him a shilling, and he thanked me, though not warmly, and instantly vanished into the fog—to go on dog-fancying no doubt.

Mr. MUGGRIDGE complimented me on my love for animals. He then began to pull strange rough bundles of white and black and yellow fur from his wooden crate. The things looked like a sort of animated blend between a penwiper and a Japanese chrysanthemum. Indeed, I told him so, and he retorted by strongly advising me to take a couple home for my family.

With a sigh, I agreed to do so, and Mr. MUGGRIDGE, evidently surprised at my ready acquiescence, grew excited, and suggested two more.

"You try a pair o' them Hangoras, and a pair o' them tortoiseshells," he said, "an' before you can look round you'll be breedin' guinea-pigs as'll take prizes all over Europe. Pedigree pigs—pigs with a European reputation!"

"Very well, two pairs," I answered, "since you wish it."

And then I observed that MUGGRIDGE was thinking very hard. I fancy he realised that the opportunity of a lifetime lay before him.

"Yes," he said suddenly, answering his own reflections, "to a gen'lman like you, I will part with it, though it's dead against the grain. But you ought to have it—my last mongoose—a lady's pet—a little hangel in the 'ouse! Five guineas."

"There's a large brown horse fallen down in the next street. That's what I'm here for," I cried aloud, ignoring the mongoose.

"Ah, they will go down; and I've got a lion-monkey, and while you are buying animals, I strongly advise you to have it. Not another in England to my knowledge. Peaceful as a lamb. I wish I could send them, but I'm run off my legs just now. Never remember such a rush or such competition. So if you'll let me suggest, I'd take your little lot right away with you. My cages are specially commended at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, and I have a few left by me still. I suppose you couldn't do with a water-snake or two? Yes? Here, SAM! Come down here. A large horder!"

He shouted to a boy, who appeared, and began putting strange beasts and reptiles into cages with lightning rapidity; while I stood and watched, as a man gripped, tranced, turned to stone by the deadly incubus of a dream. All the time Mr. MUGGRIDGE chattered, like the lid of a kettle on the boil, put up canaries and parrots in cages, fastened a string to a poodle, and incarcerated various other specimens of obscure and unattractive fauna that he wanted to be rid of. Then he made out an account, pressed it into my hand, rushed to the door and whistled for a four-wheeler.

(Continued in our next.)



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron is able to congratulate Mr. JOHN LANE "of London and New York," on the production of the latest volume of that series *de luxe*, the *Anglo-Saxon Review*. By way of frontispiece, we have an engraving, rather hard in outline, from the original life-like portrait by JOHN SARGENT, R.A. of Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, editress of this "Quarterly Miscellany." There is also a charming reproduction of Sir JOSHUA'S "Perdita," from his painting of Mrs. ROBINSON, in the collection of the Baroness MATHILDE DE ROTHSCHILD. No wonder the susceptible FLORIZEL was captivated, and still less wonder is it that, being too susceptible, our "Fat Friend" FLORIZEL soon found other metal more attractive than even his PERDITA, to whom he had vowed himself "unalterable through life." PERDITA had forgotten the warning as to "putting trust in Princes," as she had forgotten much other good advice. There is more to be read in this number than comes within the Baron's present limit of "a short sitting" to tackle, but he hopes to be able to pay a visit to "A Famous French Château," by V. HUSSEY-WALSH, and to ascertain from Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER "What Can be Done for the Drama." The Baron notices the craftiness of this title. Mr. ARCHER does not say what "ought to be done," as though he would give up the subject for ever should his advice not be taken; nor does he let it be inferred that what "can be done" he himself will undertake to do. The Baron hopes to find an early opportunity for returning to this volume.

Reading *The Dean of Darrendale* (HUTCHINSON), my Baronite longs for a stout blue pencil held in relentless right hand. It is probable there would be stricken out most of the passages over which the soul of the author lingers lovingly. That does not imply that the process of condensation would not be invigorating. WYNTON EVERSLEY is embarrassed with a multiplicity of aims. As he progresses with his work, he is not quite sure whether it shall be a leaflet on socialism, a religious tract, or merely a novel. The consequence is that the novel goes to the wall. This is a pity, since there are some living characters in it, notably the Dean, who is introduced to the reader coatless, with unfastened shirt-sleeves, a waistcoat open in front, much befouled as by frequent contact with tar and victuals, a long clay pipe gripped hard beneath a heavy moustache. He is, at the moment, leaning out of the window of "The Anchor," the village inn he bought and transformed into the Vicarage, preferring it to the more canonical abode. He keeps the sign swinging, one room with a sanded floor where wayfarers may drink wholesome drink, and smoke whole-



Olga (who has overheard a conversation in the Drawing-room). "AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU WEREN'T BORN A LADY, COOK?"

Cook. "WHY SHOULD I BE GLAD, MISS OLGA?"

Olga. "WELL, SEE WHAT A LOT OF TROUBLE YOU'D HAVE WITH THE SERVANTS!"

some smoke, the biggest bedroom being reserved for belated tramps. How Parson Salter, as his neighbours call him, how Jimmy, as he styles himself, cares for everybody, and carries the sunshine round with him, is worth reading. By-and-bye WYNTON EVERSLEY will learn not to overload his pages with characters who are simply names, and will spare the reader whole pages of the prattle of a child phonetically rendered. "Oh, if 'ou p'ease, I 'ant to do to Muffle," may be music to the ear of the young mother. But we are not all mothers, and after the tenth page that sort of thing begins to pall.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## PRO BOERO PUBLICO.

MR. WRONGRIGHT SHRIEKER was the guest of the evening at a dinner given by "The Enemy-is-always-in-the-right" Society. Sir TEPID WATERSON was in the chair. The toast of "England's Enemy" was replied to by Mr. SHRIEKER, who began by saying that when the nation was "more sober and reasonable," it would change its present opinion about the war—stultifying itself, presumably to please Mr. WRONGRIGHT SHRIEKER. He wound up by the astounding statement that the Dutch gave a contribution of £30,000 to the British Navy! The Kettle, jewelled in every hole, is awarded to Mr. SHRIEKER.



# "CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!"

How an important character does not put in an appearance at the St. James's Theatre, and the consequence thereof.

OF Mr. ALEXANDER as *The Man of Foriy*, that is, as this particular man of forty, Mr. Frederic Lee Fanshawe, M.P., nothing



Roger and Lewis Dunster.  
"Two single gentlemen rolled into one."  
H. B. Irving.

can be said except what is laudatory. Why he should have accepted this piece will ever remain a managerial mystery, unless the explanation be that it was written to order, and that the terms of the contract were strictly fulfilled. As far as "make-up" goes Mr. ALEXANDER artistically forty-fies himself every night for the part which he plays as a sprightly man of forty and millionaire to boot probably would. He is a *piano-forty* man in his amatory moods: and he is *fortissimo*, when casting light comedy to the winds he becomes terribly in earnest. Every part is well represented. Mr. H. B. IRVING as the Double Dunster, i.e., the good and the bad Dunster, is excellent. Mr. AUBREY SMITH, as *Algie Portman*, the victim of matrimony, is a capital sketch of character, and his reconciliation with his fast wife, well played by Miss GRANVILLE, is one of the best comedy scenes in the piece. Miss ESMÉ BERINGER's burlesque actress, *Claire De Spenser*, is purposely objectionable, but she cleverly contrives to enlist the sympathy of the audience for her before she disappears from the scene. Mr. BONNIN, as *Raymond Barker*, M.P., is capital in himself, but somehow, author and stage-manager between them have contrived to turn what ought to have been a comedy episode into mere burlesque.

Miss JULIE OFF as Mrs. Egerton, the bad Dunster's wife, has a thankless part with which she does the best that probably can be done in the circumstances. Mr. EADIE, as *Captain Dennis Garner*, is unobtrusively good as the lover of the eccentric

young lady, *Elsie Fanshawe* (charmingly played by Miss FAY DAVIS, the most unconventional of our *ingénues*), who is so certain that there are "visions about."

The third act is far and away the best, and its termination so satisfactory, in leaving uninteresting problems unsolved, that, not having sufficiently studied the programme, we were leaving the theatre, complimenting the author on the clever finish with which he had redeemed his somewhat commonplace use of familiar materials, when we were politely informed that another act was yet to come! Then, for the first time, it occurred to us that we had missed a great point, perhaps the point of the piece!! What was it? Why, *Roger Dunster*, i.e., the Good Young Dunster, who gets £400 a year as permanent secretary to Lee Fanshawe, M.P., had informed his employer that, on this sum, he was about to marry, that he was engaged, and that his marriage synchronised with that of his generous friend's. But though this fact had been, in the course of the three acts, frequently alluded to, and, indeed, had been emphasized on more than one occasion, the Good Young *Roger Dunster*, even in his most confidential moods when closeted with Lee Fanshawe, M.P., had never once mentioned the name of the lady to whom he was engaged! Lee Fanshawe had never even asked for it; and we, alas, had been as uninterested in the matter as Mr. Lee Fanshawe had shown himself.

Ah! Now, here was something that the author, the crafty Mr. WALTER FRITH, had kept up his sleeve. He might use up old materials; he got 'em cheap, and they served his purpose: but the novelty in the design—there was the point! A lady kept in the background, and to be brought out as a startling revelation in the fourth act! So we returned to our seat expecting great things. Alas! "*Cherchez la femme!*" She never came: the expected didn't happen. The Good Young Dunster's future bride did not turn out to be Miss



"TRENTÉ ET QUARANTE."  
Mrs. Egerton Opp and Geo. Fanshawe, M.P.  
Alexander.

*Claire De Spenser* (we never thought she would), and there was only one girl left in the cast for him to marry, and that was Miss Vachell, a lady-journalist, played by Mrs. MAESMORE MORRIS, whom he had met (as it suddenly recurred to us) in the first act, and with whom he had had a long and not uninteresting scene;



Miss Elsie—"the Ingénue"—  
Fay Davis.

"Oh, papa, what a funny man you are!"

after which they had parted on such terms as really were quite enough to suggest a "union of hearts" at some later period of the evening. No; Mr. FRITH has provided the Good Young Man of the name of *Roger Dunster* with an invisible wife; and with her non-appearance, all interest in the virtuous Dunster collapsed, and that good young party himself soon disappeared from our gaze, probably to meet the mysterious lady. Not even the excellent acting at the St. James's can make the fourth act anything but *de trop*. In the third act is the one great chance of success for the piece.

## WAR HAPPILY AVERTED.

FRESH INSULT TO ENGLAND,  
GREAT EXCITEMENT.

PUNCH EXPELLED FROM PARIS.

THE above was the heading of a contents-bill, which the Fighting Editor was preparing on the reception of a despatch from our Paris correspondent, stating that "*Punch* had been ordered out of Paris." Later intelligence, however, revealed the fact that the *Punch* referred to was not the Sage of Fleet Street, but our old friend M. GUIGNOL, who has, after many long years of joyous sojourn in the Elysian Fields, been summarily banished to the Sahara of the suburbs. We condole with M. GUIGNOL, we sympathise with the Parisians, and we invite the exile, if the authorities will permit, to take up his quarters on the Thames Embankment. He is far more entertaining than the County Council Band, and quite as virtuous.





### AMONG THE IRREGULARS.

*Regular Officer.* "WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE ME, SIR! YOU MUST SEE I AM AN OFFICER!"

*Imperial Yeoman.* "AYE, YE MAY BE. BUT YE DUNNA BELONG TO OUR GANG, YE SEE!"

### FOOT-NOTES TO HISTORY.

Being extracts from the work of Dr. Boreham, published 3000 A.D., and designed to elucidate certain obscure passages in Prof. Dryasdust's "A Zent Britain."

*Majuba Hill.*—At one time, apparently, a place of some importance. In a fragmentary print, dated 1900 A.D., I find the words, "To-day, Majuba Hill has been wiped off the slate," from which I infer that the place disappeared suddenly, owing to some catastrophe. Its former site has not yet been fixed by antiquarians.

*Select Committee of Enquiry.*—In the 19th century, it was the privilege of rich prisoners of State to select their own judges. The punishment appears to have been graduated according to their wealth, millionaires escaping scot-free, while others served longer or shorter periods in inverse ratio to their bank accounts.

*Leader of the Opposition.*—An obscure office which fell into disrepute at the end of the 19th Century. The function of the leader was to follow his party, and when this proved impossible, to take to bed.

*Equal Rights for all White Men.*—The cause for which both sides fought in the war of 1900. By the phrase the Britons implied annexation of the two republics; the Boers, Dutch suzerainty in South Africa.

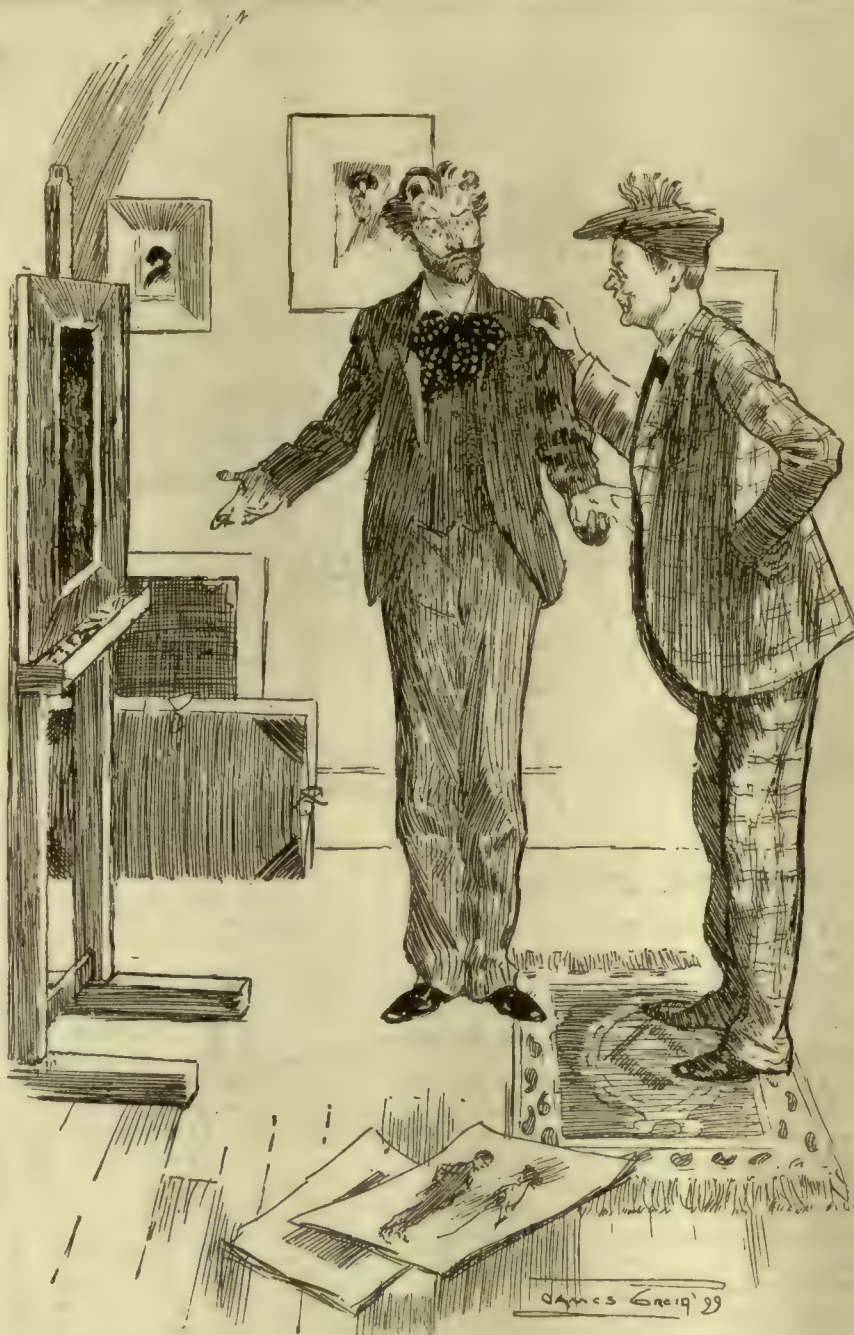
*Joseph Chamberlain.*—Recent research has proved, beyond question, that there were two persons of this name. One was a Radical of the most advanced type; the other was a Tory minister. One was a Little Englander (cf. the fragment *Against Lord Salisbury*, circa 1880.—"I am prouder of having

warred against disease and crime and ignorance in Birmingham than if I had instigated the invasion of Afghanistan"); the other was a Jingo (cf. the *Highbury Speech*, et passim). JOE CHAMBERLAIN, the Radical, was a bitter opponent of Lord SALISBURY, under whom the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN held office as Colonial Secretary, and he denounced in the strongest language the very war of which the latter took all the glory. (Cf. the fragment *For the Boers*, circa 1883:—"If the Orange Free State joined with the Transvaal, no doubt Lord SALISBURY would declare war on it too. If the whole Dutch population of the Cape rose, Lord SALISBURY, with a light heart, would lead this country into a war more disastrous in its consequences, more certain to be fruitless of any good results than any war in which we have been engaged since we tried to compel the allegiance of the American colonies.") In short, whatever JOE CHAMBERLAIN was, the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN was not; and to imagine them to be the same person is to conceive a far greater anomaly than the proverbially strange case of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

*Mr. Punch.* From the frequency with which Prof. DRYASDUST quotes this writer, it is evident that he regards him as our most reliable authority for this period. He is the only author whose works have come down to us in their entirety, doubtless on the sound principle of the survival of the fittest.

ADVERTISEMENT BY THE L.C.C.—Great opportunity for a "Society Clown"! Employment for him during the day in various parts of London, where he can produce all his newest and oldest songs, jokes and witticisms, with a view to "diverting the traffic."





### QUOI ?

*First Artist (six months in Paris). "YES, THIS IS THE BEST THING I'VE DONE."*

*Second Artist (just arrived). "MON, DINNA LET THAT DISCOURAGE YE !"*

### BANK HOLIDAY GRUMBLES—IN ADVANCE.

(By Our Prophetic Pessimist.)

It is certain to rain all day long.  
Everything in the shape of an excursion  
sure to be overcrowded.

If early rising is needed, as a matter of  
course no one will be called in time.

Breakfast not ready, and boots neglected  
to be cleaned.

Not a cab to be seen, and all the omni-  
buses full inside and out.

Destination—if ever reached—will be  
distinctly disappointing.

Spot visited will have shops closed  
and "places of interest" inaccessible.

Good hotels expensive and indifferent  
hostelries messy.

Promised enjoyment a failure if the day  
spent away from London.

In town, city and West End like the  
place on a Sunday, with churches closed  
and public-houses open.

Free exhibitions rather duller than

usual, and halls and theatres blocked  
with sightseers.

Only possible finale, early to bed, with  
a splitting headache.

Farewell problem—according to common  
form—"is the Bank Holiday worth the  
scandal?"

### A LITTLE LEARNING.

[In the *Methodist Times*, Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES depicts the emotions he felt the other day when he looked down upon the harbour of Syracuse and read "the immortal words in which HERODOTUS sums up" the story of the great Athenian defeat. "Let HERODOTUS," he exclaims. "describe the terrible scene in his own pregnant and burning words."]

BELOW me, through the live-long day,  
The dancing wavelets plash and play  
Along the margin of thy bay,

O sunny Syracuse,  
And as I stand, remote, alone,  
I take HERODOTUS—I own,  
Not in the flesh but in the Bohn  
(Quoth Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES).

With what a fire his story glows!  
How dignified and stately flows  
The cadence of his Attic prose!

How vividly one views  
The shattered ship, the ribboned sail,  
The sea-fight, as one reads the tale  
Here in this ancient classic Dale!  
(Quoth Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES).

But what a thing is man! How blind  
And ignorant his little mind!  
Not one Sicilian I find

To whom it is not news  
That this sad tale was told by thee,  
HERODOTUS! Apparently  
Thy work is known to none but me  
(Quoth Mr. HUGH PRICE HUGHES).

### ON THE LATEST MISHAP.

*First Civil and Military Critic.* What!  
Ten thousand Boers hiding in ambush and  
not discovered by any scouts! Impossible!  
My dear fellow, ten thousand Boers want  
some hiding!

*Second C. and M. C.* They do! and let's  
hope it won't be long before they get it;  
and a jolly good "hiding" too.

### THE VERY PLACE FOR HIM.

*Out-of-work Acting Manager (to Comedian, "resting").* The fact is, I don't know  
where to look for a shop.

*Comedian (ever true to the trade).* Why  
not go to the front, old man? You'll be  
in your right position there!

[Acting Manager squirms, but doesn't see it.]

PAX AFRICANDA.—A certain authoress  
belongs to the "Stop-the-War" party, but  
she cannot assuredly be called with any  
justice Mrs. OLIVE-BRANCH SCHREINER.





*Sirley Sanderson. April 11, 1900.*

*The Marquis of Salisbury (to himself). "I THINK THAT WILL STOP HIS MOUTH."*

[Lord LONDONBERRY has been appointed Postmaster-General since the Duke of NORFOLK resigned.]





"NURSE, CAN I HAVE BABY'S EYES WHEN IT BREAKS!"

#### REGENT STREET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I do not suppose that there is a more dangerous place for crossing the roadway in the whole of Europe than Piccadilly Circus, and the charming way in which carriages, cabs, omnibuses and vans are permitted to endeavour to exterminate the pedestrian gives me the greatest delight as I stand under the Shaftesbury Fountain, noting the general discomfiture.

But Piccadilly Circus is nothing to Regent Street itself, where from Oxford Circus downwards any would-be suicide can easily be accommodated. It is a quaint, and, from my point of view, laudable scheme on the part of the police to stop the traffic on one side and land the "gutter-skippers" on a "refuge." When once there the poor creatures have no means of completing their transit, for the constable on the O. P. (or Opposite Policeman) side has not the least desire to further their movements. Then the fun begins. The refugees, tired of being made prisoners, endeavour to escape. Most of them do, after several attempts, but it is delicious, again from my point of view, to observe the near shaves which most of them get, and now and again an accident, possibly fatal, occurs. Long life to the system, which means short death. Try it yourself, Sir, and oblige

Yours, with professional card,

"MR. MOULD."

References to MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT & CO. kindly permitted.

TO ANTAGONISTIC FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA.  
—FRENCH leave and Dutch courage.

#### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

##### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### To the Office of Tobacco.

##### Au Bureau de Tabac.

One card postal for the stranger and three stamps—post of twenty-five, if he you please, Mrs.

How, this halfpenny is english?

Ah, pardon! See there one franc.

It is italian? I come of him to receive of one boy of the english tobacco?

I not have but two pieces of hundred halfpennys. And the one of shes is mexican, by blue! Are they all thieves the boys of coffee! Happily the other is good. Her see here.

Should have you by hazard of the english tobacco?

Ah no! Of the corporal only.

He there has yet something that he me must, one box of matchs-candles. But of the

Une carte postale pour l'étranger et trois timbres—poste de vingt-cinq, s'il vous plaît, madame.

Comment, ce sou est anglais?

Ah, pardon! Voilà un franc.

C'est italien? Je viens de le recevoir d'un garçon de café.

Je n'ai que deux pièces de cent sous. Et l'une d'elles est mexicaine, parbleu! Sont-ils tous voleurs les garçons de café! Heureusement l'autre est bonne. La voilà.

Auriez-vous par hasard du tabac anglais?

Ah non! Du caporal seulement.

Il y a encore quelque chose qu'il me faut, une boîte d'allumettes-bougies. Mais des

matchs that one can to match, allumettes qu'on peut allumer, well heard.

Ah, you not of them have but of the french.

All to fact unuseful. Good day, Mrs.

Ah, vous n'en avez que des françaises.

Tout à fait inutiles. Bon jour, madame. H. D. B.

#### DISCUSSION BEFORE "JOINING THE LADIES."

*First Convivial Party.* I rec'leckpietcherin Punsh where chap d'eided whether he wash sherew'd or no if he could pronounsh wordsh "Bri'sh Conshtoo'sh'un."

*His friend (quite half a bottle ahead of his companion).* Yesh—but I know better teshtan that—if you can pronounsh plainly "I'm a Fish'ry-Commish"—no, I mean "Fish Commish"—no—(very distinctly)—"Fish-er-ree Com-mish'ner." (Triumphantly.) There!—then—(collapsing)—you're all ri'.

[But on second thoughts they don't "join the ladies."]

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—Here is a Unionist suggestion, which, though it is more judicious to put in the form of a question, must not be considered as coming "in so questionable a shape" as not to command universal assent; viz., why not in future let Dublin be the capital instead of London, say for seven years at a spell, turn and turn about? Surely no one, whether English, Irish or Scotch, could possibly object to doublin' his capital, even if only for seven years, eh?



## A SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

(To "Long Tom.")

How do I pass thee? Let me count the ways.

I pass thee to whatever length or height  
Thy case may reach, so thou art out of sight—

Showing a neutral's most ideal grace.

I pass thee through from Delagoa Bay's  
Convenient port, by day as well as night,

I pass thee freely—almost, if not quite—

I pass thee surely, and earn KRÜGER'S  
praise.

I pass thee as machinery meant for use  
In distant gold mines, with a child-like faith.

I pass thee as pianos, if they choose,  
Or other bulky things, without a breath  
Of least suspicion! Nor shall I refuse  
To pass thee with a wink until my death.

## MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

VIII.—CRANFORD.

(Revised by M-d-me S-r-h Gr-nd.)

THE serenity of Cranford had been pleasantly ruffled. A large poster outside the Assembly Rooms announced an important lecture upon "The Marriage Problem," by Mrs. IDEALA BETH. Tickets of admission were eagerly sought for, and Signor BRUNONI (the world-renowned conjurer), who had secured the rooms for the preceding night, had to be content with an audience consisting chiefly of a few children from the National school.

The eventful evening arrived, and the rooms were crowded. Even Miss BETSY BARKER left her favourite Alderney cow for this occasion (horrible looking thing a cow!), whilst Miss JENKYNs, Captain BROWN and his daughters—in fact, all the local lights put in an appearance. "All the 'beth' people are here," observed Captain BROWN (it was the first joke he had ever made in Cranford), for which weary witticism he was cut by his neighbours for the next few weeks. Then the lecture started. Mrs. IDEALA BETH was a wonderful woman: handsome, accomplished; a clear thinker, a finished speaker, in short, a kind of Girtton Venus with a dash of Hypatia thrown in. And then how telling, how true, and how penetrating her remarks! Marriage, she said, was often a failure. It might be tolerable, were it not for the men. (Captain BROWN began to wish he hadn't come.) Good-looking men were especially unreliable—(applause from some elderly spinsters)—more particularly when they had white teeth set too far apart—(Captain BROWN, who had lost most of his teeth, now felt easier)—or when their eyes were of a gray-green colour. At this point the rural postman suddenly beat a retreat, followed by indignant scowls from the ladies, who mentally



## A GOOD IDEA TOO.

She. "ISN'T IT SAD TO THINK THIS IS OUR LAST DAY!"

He. "OH, I DON'T MIND SO MUCH. YOU SEE, I'M GOING TO TAKE MY GEES OVER TO SOUTH AFRICA. THE SEASON IS HARDLY OVER THERE, I BELIEVE."

resolved to give up postcards as a means of correspondence. Altogether, the lecture was a great success. Some of the men spoke rudely about it; but then men, as a rule, are such dull-witted, ill-tempered brutes. As a result of the lecture, Miss JENKYNs inaugurated a series of physiological teas, at which delicate questions relating to sex were cheerfully discussed over muffins. Miss JESSIE BROWN had quite a tiff with the Rector because he would not publish her essay on "The Deterioration of Man" in the parish magazine. Birthday books with quotations from HUXLEY and CARPENTER became the fashion. Of course a few foolish, conventional people objected to all these changes, and at a debate, where it was carried by a large majority

"that the novel be turned into a medical tract," Miss BETSY BARKER voted with the minority, but what else could be expected from a person who had a favourite cow!

A. R.

## LONG LIFE TO THE PRINCE!

WELL might H.R.H. the Prince of WALES have said, quoting SHAKESPEARE,

"This attempt  
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with  
A Prince's courage."

Mr. Punch, with all loyal British subjects, and for that matter with every one everywhere, most heartily congratulates H.R.H. on his providential escape from the pistol of the would-be assassin. Ad multos annos!





"COULD YOU EAT ONE OF THOSE CAKES, LITTLE BOY?"  
 "ONE O' THEM LITTLE JAM THINGS? WHY, I'D HEAT SIX ON 'EM!"

## ARMA VIRUMQUE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—I venture to hope that you will allow me sufficient space in your influential columns to make known the inconvenience which attends the wearing of the khaki. I am proud to describe myself, and with truth, an Imperial Yeoman. Is it right, Sir, I ask, that my uniform should be a cause of mockery and insult to the man in the street? All went well with me, I was dined, treated, and worshipped in my native suburb, until the local authorities took it into their suburban heads to organise a torchlight procession for the benefit of my fellow heroes in South Africa. In the said procession were many cars, illustrative of the war, while on each car stood a group of khaki-clad heroes, who were really more or less peaceable civilians. Myself, I went in uniform to watch the procession from the street, and was continually jeered at by passers-by, and asked why I had left my car, how much money we had made, where the procession was going, and whether I was not adjectively glad that I was not a real Yeoman. Maddened and infuriated, I was at length compelled to rush home and change into mufti, since in that garb only were peace and civility to be found. I trust, Sir, that you will give publicity to the woes of, Yours, etc.,

TR. 05, I. Y. 500.

## RATHER ROUGH ON HIM.

*Garrulous Stranger (in smoking-room of Riviera Hotel).* Yes, Sir, I remember the Duke well; when I was up at Oxford we met nearly every day for a chat.

*Quiet Man (in corner).* May I ask at what college you were?

*Garrulous Stranger.* None, Sir. I was a non-collegiate member of the University.

*Quiet Man (with a smile).* Quite true, you were non-collegiate, for, now I come to think of it, you were a clerk at OLD-CRUST, the wine-merchant's.

[G.S. glances at Q.M. and then bolts.]

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

V.—THE SPRING SECTION.

(For April.)

APRIL 1ST.—"There is nothing," said Lady WOLVERMINSTER, "so tediously obvious as the unexpected. That is why it is so exhausting to be made an April fool."

"For myself," remarked ETHELWULFA, with her cynic smile, "it is in Spring that I always feel most autumnal."

"Or a March hare, for that matter," continued Lady WOLVERMINSTER.

*Ell-n Th-rn-cr-ft E-wl-r.*

2ND TO 5TH.—White-frothed as the wind-kissed foam when the Day and the Night to a pæan of passionate pomp lie each in the other one's lap,

At the call of the Mother of Months through the marrow of Spring uprises the symbol of Youth that is yeasty, the surge that is sap;

And the anguish of EROS is on me, the bitter-sweet bloom that is blasted and blown to a pulp with the Seasons that eat as a flame,

Dim-felt through the vail of a vista resembling the length of this line from its birth to its bier, from the dawn to the death of the same.

*A. C. Sw-nb-rne.*

6TH TO 8TH.—REBECCA GINS walked down the lane putting her feet forward alternately. There were hedges on both sides; one on the left, one on the right. The young leaves were a pale green. Overhead ran the telegraph-wires. The poles were about thirty-five yards apart. A robin sat on a spray of blackthorn, which moved under its weight, now down, now up. The reddish colour of its breast, and the grey-brown of its plumage, contrasted with the white of its perch. Rain had fallen and the ground was wet, especially in the ruts. The second-hand feather in REBECCA'S hat drooped a little over her left ear; and the third button of her off boot was wanting. Smoke went up from the chimneys, taking the direction of the wind, West with a touch of South. Between the fleecy clouds the sky suggested a tone of blue. All these phenomena (including the feather,





*Irish Driver.* "YES, YER 'ONNER, IT'S A NASTY BIT O' ROAD, IT IS, AN' IT'S LIKELY YE ARE TO 'AVE A FALL OUT, IF YE AREN'T DRIVIN' CAREFUL!"

which was out of sight) escaped REBECCA's notice. She was not gifted with that grasp of essential detail, which is the sign of an artistic nature, nurtured in the best School of Realism.

*George M-re.*

9TH to 12TH.—As the blossoms of Spring is thy laughter, my Persian Delight,

When the Moon of Fecundity handleth the coursers of Night.

As the blush of the Peach of the Garden ere waxes begin,  
Even such is the Pink of Condition my Bloomer is in.

Heart-searcher! The cherries of Sa'di are pale to thy lips,  
And thy cheeks are a posy of pomegranates minus the pips.

At the voice of my DDD the mock of the turtle is dumb,  
And the humming-bird, swooning for sweetness, omitteth to hum.

*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

18TH to 18TH.—It is a commonplace of your anthropologist that the symptoms of atavism are more marked in early Spring. In the case of young BAMBOROUGH, a strain of the old Jacobite stock of Northumberland which stood for the "King" at Preston always announced itself with a certain exigency about the close of Lent. It was apparent not so much in an attitude of direct opposition to the House of Hanover as in a general restlessness under authority, a penchant for rising to occasions. Had Oxford known him in the '15, when ORMOND failed to rouse Devon, he would probably have risked his head in the North with MAR and DERWENTWATER and the boy RADCLIFFE. As it was, he was merely gated by his Dean for cutting chapel.

As he sat in his tapestried chambers after College Mess, his oak was suddenly unsported, and in burst the Hon. BOBBIE LACKLAND in a gold and purple dressing-gown. "Just had a

wire from Mortlake, old boy," he cried, slapping BAMBOROUGH on the chest. "No. 1 in the boat has wrung his withers, and they want you to stroke Oxford in the race to-morrow."

"When do they start?" asked BAMBOROUGH wearily.

"Eleven sharp, against the ebb," replied LACKLAND.

"As you please, then," said BAMBOROUGH, with a yawn. "I have a wine here to-night; but I can run up to town in the tandem about daybreak, instead of turning in. Suppose a tenner would see the porter? Have a cigar or two."

The reader will draw his own conclusions from the data here submitted. I, for one, shall not be hurt if he traces in the methods of these young gentlemen an inherent lack of probability.

*Andrew Lang, in collaboration with Onda.*

(To be continued.)

O. S.

#### CROSS-PURPOSES.

*Ethel (reading from paper).* Oh! Mamma, here are people wanting us to give up Hot Cross Buns.

*Mamma.* It's that KENSIT again, I suppose. He'll be wanting to do away with Union Jack next and alter the names of King's Cross, Charing Cross and New Cross. A regular Crossing Sweeper, that's what I call him.

[Is not reassured by explanation.]

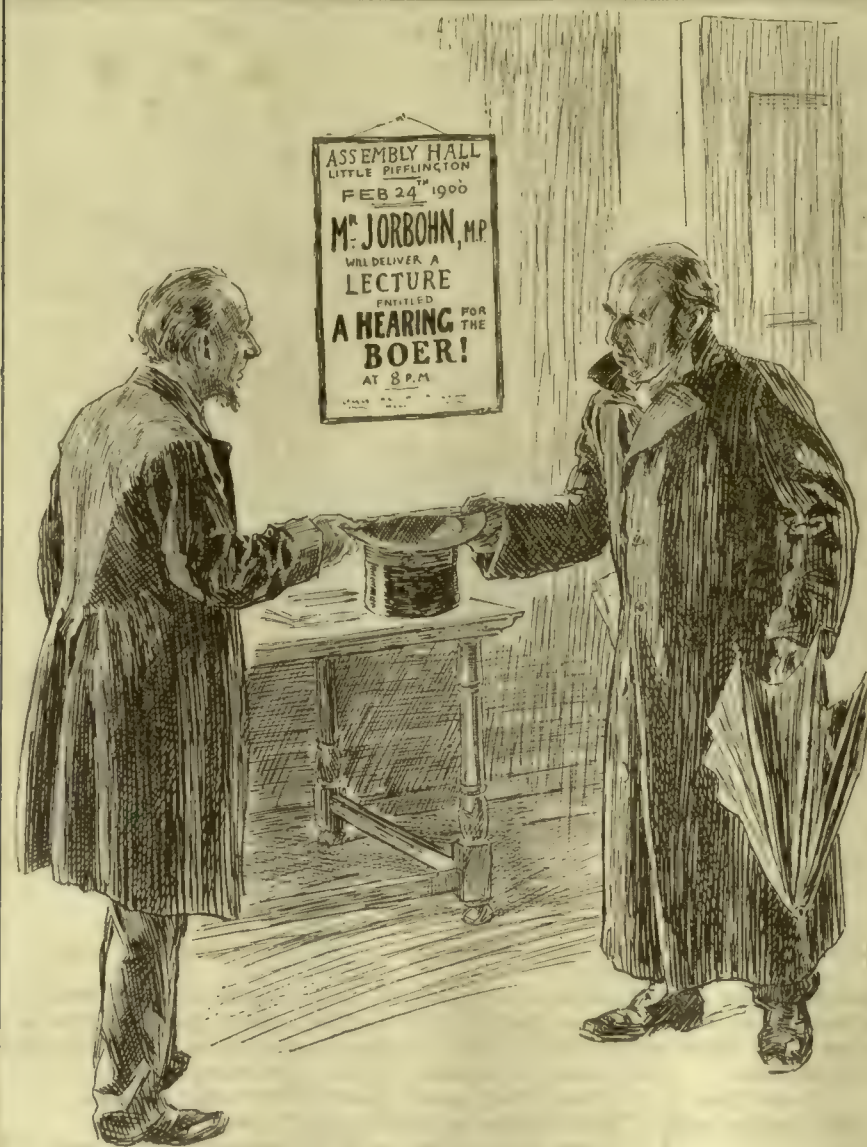
SHAKSPEARIAN QUOTATION (for Butcher's boy leaving supply with kitchen-maid)—

"These my joints,

Which if they have as I will leave 'em them."

—Henry the Fifth, Act IV., Sc. 3.





*James Patridge fecit.*

*Lecturer.* "GOOD EVENING, SIMPSON. GET ME OUT OF THESE THINGS QUICKLY, I'M WET THROUGH!"

*Attendant (pleasantly).* "NEVER MIND, SIR, YOU'LL BE DRY ENOUGH ON THE PLATFORM!"

#### SOMETHING LIKE AN OBJECT LESSON.

(An up-to-date School Board Chronicle.)

THE Elderly Class, under the supervision of the Government Instructor, assembled in the wood outside the little village of Mudcomb on the Slooze. The body was composed of Old Boys and Elderly Spinsters. There were half a dozen of each sex, and the aggregate age total reached six hundred.

"Now, my dear pupils," said the G. I., "I hope you will pay attention to what I have to say. You are aware that the Board of Education have recently issued a circular. Now, Master PARR, I must really request you to put away your snuff-box."

The Old Boy, thus brought into prominent

notice, hurriedly concealed the article specified.

"I must absolutely insist upon attention," continued the G. I. "How can you expect to teach others if you cannot yourselves be taught? To resume, the circular insists that School-masters and Mistresses who happen to be of urban upbringing, are 'to seize every opportunity of gaining closer insight into the special conditions and problems of rural life.' A most excellent suggestion, in my opinion. So to carry out the proposal of the Board, I will ask Master PARR to be so good as to climb that tree and bring down the bird's nest which he will find on one of its loftier branches."

"I am afraid I am scarcely equal to the task," said the unfortunate Old Boy. "I

have done nothing of the sort for nearly half a century."

"Let me attempt it," put in a School-master of forty-eight. "I have brought with me a folding ladder, which I fancy may be useful."

"I am not certain that that would be quite fair, 'BABY,'" returned the G. I., with a smile, giving his junior pupil a favourite nickname.

But "BABY," with the impulsiveness of comparative youth, had already commenced the ascent, and within three-quarters of an hour, had returned with the object of his quest.

"It was toughish work," he panted out upon reaching the ground, "and as you saw, my descent was more speedy than dignified."

"I hope you have not hurt yourself," returned the G. I., kindly. "I am quite sure the Board had no intention, when framing their instructions, that you should run into needless danger. The Board, using me as an instrument, have enabled you to 'gain full knowledge of the main principles and phenomena of rural life and activities.' Once more I quote from the circular."

By this time the sun was setting, and the G. I. thought it was time to dismiss the class with a few parting words.

"My good friends," he observed, "when next we meet it will be my duty to introduce you to the domestic economy of the beehive. I will ask one of you to deal with a swarm of honey-manufacturers. Then I think some of you might calm the ruffled temper of a furious bull. And so forth and so forth."

"I am afraid, Sir," put in Master PARR, "that I shall have to seriously reconsider the obligations attaching to my position before our next meeting."

"Do not be discouraged," replied the G. I., seeing that his backward pupil was voicing the intention of many of his colleagues. "I can assure you that had you lived in the country these little tasks would have been familiar to you. You will soon acquire the knack of their achievement."

"May I ask a question?" timidly murmured an Elderly Spinster.

"Certainly," was the response.

"I would ask, then, why do you think, Sir, that the Board of Education has selected us for this course of instruction?"

The G. I. was silent for several minutes while he considered the matter.

"Well," said he at last, "I would suggest that the Board of Education must have come to the conclusion that you have reached that advanced age known technically as second childhood."

And thoroughly satisfied with this solution to the problem that had puzzled them, the Old Boys and the Elderly Spinsters hurried back to Mudcomb on the Slooze to send in their resignations.





GOOD WISHES!

(Opening of the Paris Exhibition is announced for Saturday, April 11.)







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.—A night wi' BURNS, or, to be more precise, wi' CALDWELL. Has for some time been comparatively mute; war in South Africa and Budget Bill, chief topics of recent weeks, not exactly out of his line. Nothing is that affords opportunity for speech-making. But there are varying points of attraction. These two are instinct wth public and private interest. What JAMES likes is something dour.

Last Session—or was it the year before?—Lord Advocate brought in a Bill amending the Scotch Local Government Acts.



"Sitting under" C.-ldw.-ll.

An excellent preparation for the holidays.

Something like a Bill, that was. None of your leaflets, things of one clause, that satisfy a weak-kneed, slim-backed Southerner. The Scotch Bill was about as long as the Crinan Canal; nearly as thick as Arthur's Seat is high. If you had taken it out leaf by leaf, it would have made a girdle lightly claspng Edinburgh town.

What a day JAMES did have with it, to be sure! Nay, what weeks of relentless delight. When the Bill, now an Act of Parliament, is casually mentioned, you shall see a sudden softening of his expressive countenance, a lingering look in his eye, a watering about the lips suggestive of reminiscence of banquets that are no more.

"O ships of mine whose swift keels cleft  
The enchanted sea on which they sailed;  
Are these poor fragments only left  
Of vain desires, and hopes that failed?"

Thus JAMES, turning time after time to



"A little bit of Georgie Hamilton."

the Orders of the Day and finding nothing promising among the list of Bills. To-night the cloud lifted. Fortune came to him with glowing hands both filled. To begin with, there was the Ecclesiastical Assessments (Scotland) Bill. For three-quarters of an hour JAMES dallied with its enticing details. Next came the Lunacy Board (Scotland) Bill. In a speech of nearly an hour's length he moved its rejection. Item—the Army Annual Bill, fourth Order of Day; JAMES thoroughly thrashed it out in Committee, coming up smiling with a few observations offered on the third reading. The Palatine Court of Durham Bill suggested a fifth speech.

Midnight now approached, meanly envious of JAMES's predominance. JOKIM, encouraged by the circumstance that JAMES had talked the House into a state of coma in which it didn't care what happened, tried to run through the Naval Reserve Mobilization Bill. JAMES up like a shot. If he only talked till stroke of midnight, Bill must necessarily stand over. Could "do it on his 'ed," as the gentleman in



Running over the Points of the Railway Accidents Prevention Bill.

(The Right Hon. C. T. R-tch-e.)

the dock says, when sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. His task accomplished, he sat down blushing in response to hearty burst of cheering that acknowledged his prowess.

"Don't mention it, Lord Advocate," said JAMES, when privately congratulated. "No trouble at all, I assure you. Indeed, I've had quite a pleasant evening."

Business done.—Mr. CALDWELL makes six speeches on five Bills.

Tuesday.—For a man of Scotch birth, and plain manner, one who has translated the old puppet play, *Dr. Faustus*, has contributed to classic literature a *Hand-book on Food and Drugs*, HEDDERWICK a little flustered to-night. Has on



Hon. Alfr-d Lytt-lt-n has an innings.

the paper a resolution affirming desirability of direct representation of the Colonies in House of Commons; prepared luminous speech in support of his thesis. Question is, will House be sitting when his turn comes? Precedence taken by WEDDERBURN, who has a motion raising question of famine in India. SAM SMITH to second it. House, after all, a delicate organisation. Can stand only a certain amount of mental excitement. By the time SAM SMITH, following WEDDERBURN, makes an end of speaking, a little bit of GEORGIE HAMILTON will go a long way: thereafter will be disposition to get out of the whirl of things.

To put the case in another way, there was every prospect of early count-out. HEDDERWICK confirmed in this susp'cion by brief conversation with the SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. Button-holing him, he said, "Now, what line do you mean to take on my motion?"

"Well," said the SAGE in softest ac-



cent, with blandest smile, "as soon as you get up I will make a straight line for the door."

That not encouraging. Supposing others in a not very full muster follow same course there would be no quorum. But, like the gentleman in the song, in the House of Commons you never know where you are. True, as soon as HEDDERWICK rose and, taking an apposite text from his immortal work on Food and Drugs, skilfully turned it to the uses of argument in favour of direct Colonial Parliamentary representation, some one called SPEAKER's attention to undeniable fact that there weren't forty members present. Bell rang; at least a score trooped in; HEDDERWICK

*Quelles alouettes!* Friskiness not most prominent quality with Lord High Chancellor. This afternoon humour irresistibly mastered him. As SPEAKER of House of Lords his duty to call over Orders of the Day; see that various bills and motions set down thereon are duly dealt with. List this afternoon extended beyond first page; two bills all to themselves on second page.

Fancy the MARKISS must have been in the little plot. Just before it burst upon appalled House he crossed over, seated himself on Woolsack, and whispered something in Lord Chancellor's wig. SARK says he saw HALSBURY wink in return. That probably freak of disordered imagina-

after Colony was invaded. Went on to Rhodesia and so back to Westminster.

His talk worth hearing and his book worth reading by British and Irish friends of the gentle Boer. No question of his sincerity or impartiality. His plain unvarnished tale shows in clear light the cupidity and tyranny of Boer government, the patience, perseverance and foresight with which Mr. KRÜGER secretly prepared for war when he found it necessary, sooner or later, either to fight or to grant good government.

A pathetic chapter in the little book is that which describes the peace, plenty and contentment of the Free Staters before the Spider of Pretoria dragged



"RUNNING DOWN" FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

(The Ministerial Marionettes refuse to work any longer.)

was safe, and his speech may be read in *Hansard*.

*Business done.*—Private members had a turn.

*Wednesday.*—Many Happy Returns of her Birthday to Mrs. ANN HORNIMAN, of Coombecliffe, Croydon, mother of the member for Penrhyn, grandmother of that sturdy young man's eight month old daughter. Mrs. HORNIMAN has just scored 101 and not out.

Some people with healthy minds and sound bodies are very hard to bowl. Member for Sark says it's all due to a diet of Pure Tea obtainable in Packets only.

*Business done.*—Irish Bill on, which brought up Irish Attorney-General with one of his delightful speeches. Pity they should be confined to Wednesday afternoons when audience is scanty and dull. ATKINSON is the best speaker, the wittiest man, Irish Bar has contributed to Westminster since days of DOWSE. PRINCE ARTHUR should find him more fitting opportunity than has hitherto fallen to his hand.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—Such larks!

tion, concurrent with conception of the MARKISS and Lord High Chancellor getting up little surprise for House. However it be, as soon as MARKISS returned to Ministerial Bench Lord Chancellor, looking down first page of Orders, seeing it was completed, on nod from MARKISS, declared the adjournment, unmindful of the two bills over leaf.

In vain noble Lords in charge of them pleaded their right. When on board a well-regulated ship, report is made to Captain that it is twelve o'clock, he responds, "Make it so." Lord Chancellor had said House was adjourned. Nothing to be done but to make it so.

*Business done.*—Railway Accidents Bill read second time in Commons.

*House of Commons, Friday.*—EVELYN CECIL back from South Africa full of what he heard and saw "On the Eve of the War." MURRAY publishes his impressions in a little volume adorned by some charming sketches made by Mrs. CECIL, and photographs snapped on the spot by the member for East Herts. CECIL was at Ladysmith on the day of the declaration of war; remained in Natal three weeks

into his web the fine fat fly of Bloemfontein.

*Business done.*—Lord High Chancellor assures House of Lords that story about his fixing up a joke with the MARKISS yesterday "an absurd statement." Never made a joke in his life.

#### TO DELAGOA.

(A Berne-ing Question.)

AH, railway HELEN! promised ground  
 Filched from our husbandry of freight!  
 Abduction has an ugly sound,  
 Better their plan who arbitrate.  
 Why art thou wasted? Hast thou found  
 Avoirdupois gone out of date?  
 And if twelve ounces make a pound  
 After ten years, is this Troy weight?

#### A DEFINITION OF PAYMENT.

*Janet.* What's the meaning of paying in kind, TOM?

*Tom.* Well, supposing that I owed you half a sovereign and gave you a kiss instead, that would be paying in kind.

*Janet.* I'd rather have the half sovereign. [But she didn't get it.]





(Continued from p. 252.)

“**Y**OU’RE a ready-money gentleman, like me. Seen it in your eye

the minute you come into my shop,” said Mr. MUGGRIDGE.

“Twenty guineas and my book, on the *Insect Pests of Household Pets*, thrown in.”

I rallied myself here; in the last ditch, so to speak, I made my effort, and while the horrible boy was converting a four-wheeler into a menagerie of screaming, snapping curiosities, I explained to MUGGRIDGE that I only had five pounds upon me. He put out his hand and said something about a cheque for the balance, but, seeing my advantage, I declared that I had ordered nothing beyond the four guinea-pigs, needed nothing else, and should pay for nothing else.

Then he asserted that I might have the lot for ten pounds, as it was a pity to take them out of the cab again.

Still I refused, and he tried to get sentiment into the argument.

He said:

“It’s a reg’lar ‘appy fam’ly. I should most call it cruelty to animals to separate them things again.”

Still I was firm, and he became desperate. He said:

“Gimme the fiver then and clear out. It’s robbery—that’s what it is, an’ I’m sure the beasts won’t do you no good. But gimme the money an’ I’ll fling in a tortoise, to show there’s no ill-feeling, if you’ll go at once.”

I said:

“Listen to me. I do not want your tortoise. I’m a married man with two grown-up daughters. We all detest animals of every sort—especially tortoises. I shall send your guinea-pigs to a children’s hospital, where they may or may not be welcomed. For the rest of these creatures, I have no earthly use, and I refuse to take them.”

“That’s not good enough for me,” declared Mr. MUGGRIDGE. “I’ve wasted a whole morning upon you,”—I’d been in the shop a bare quarter of an hour—“and time is money, if birds and animals ain’t. Besides, you hordered ‘em.”

He advanced threateningly, and I stepped forward with no less indignation; but as I did so, my arm knocked over a cage containing two long, black, red-beaked birds, which turned out to be Cornish choughs. These now uttered wild, west-country exclamations, flapped and fluttered and screamed, knocked over other cages in their downfall, and angered a badger or some kindred beast that dwelt in a box covered with corrugated iron wire.

Then, while I gathered myself from the ruins, ill-luck cast me against a bowl of gold-fish, a sea-water aquarium, the guinea-pigs, and a consignment of large green lizards that suddenly appeared without visible reason in the full possession of their liberty. These things fell in an avalancho, and MUGGRIDGE’s shop instantly resembled the dark scene that preludes a pantomime. It is not strange, therefore, when you consider what I had already been through, that I was among the first of the intelligent animals present to lose my nerve and my temper.

Frankly, I aimed a blow at MUGGRIDGE in an un-Christian spirit; but missed him and fetched down a green parrot.

Suspecting the emporium to be on fire, chance passers-by—always ready to thrust themselves into the misfortunes of other people—now rushed amongst us. A policeman entered also, and Mr. MUGGRIDGE, evidently disappointed to find his plans thus shattered and his scheme foiled, endeavoured to give me in charge. I explained the true position, however, or attempted to do so; but my self-respect deserted me; I raised my voice as MUGGRIDGE raised his; I even used language that will always be a sorrow to me in moments of retrospection. We raved each at the other and danced round the policeman, while gold-fish flapped about our feet and green lizards tried to ascend our trouser-legs. The constable himself turned round and round, licking a pencil and trying to make notes in a little book. Presently I think he began to grow giddy and faint-hearted. At any rate he realised the futility of working up an effective case. He shut his book, showed anger, and took certain definite measures.

First he swept a few promiscuous spectators out of the shop; then he thrust the infuriated MUGGRIDGE back behind his counter and finally turned to me.

“I’ll have no more of this Tommy-rot, or the pair of you’ll have to come along to the station,” he said. “As for you,



MUGGRIDGE, it's your old game, plantin' your rubbishy, stinkin' varmint on unoffendin' characters before they can open their mouths—I'm up to your hanky-panky; and you"—now he addressed me—"if you're not old enough to know better than come buyin' these 'ere mangy hanimals, an' loadin' a cab with 'em, just because this man asks you to, you ought to be shut up. If you take my tip, you 'll go and 'ang yourself—that's about the best thing you can do. Anyway, you must clear out of this 'ere."

I was deeply agitated, hysterical, not master of my words or actions; I had reached a physical and mental condition upon which the policeman's words fell as a fitting climax.

"Thank you!" I said; "I've had some unequal advice to-day—good, bad, indifferent. But there's no doubt that yours is the best, the soundest, the most suited to my case that I'm likely to get anywhere. I will go and hang myself. Nothing shall become my life like the leaving of it. Shake hands, constable; you, at least, have counselled well."

I pressed his palm and was gone. I forgot wife, children, business, honour, and heaven in that awful moment. I, a member of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, passed through the streets of London like a mere escaped lunatic. My shattered, lacerated nerve-centres cried for peace and oblivion; I longed to be dead and out of it all. My self-respect was already dead, and what is life without that? I thought of the future after this nightmare-day, and felt that there could be no future for me. So I vanished into the fog—a palpitating pariah with one frantic, overmastering resolution—to hang myself, and that at once.

## II.

BUT a man cannot forget the training of his youth, the practice of his adult years, and the support of his middle age, in one demonian hour. As I passed wildly through dim, bilious abysses of filth-laden atmosphere, though my body was soon lost, and hopelessly lost, in the fog, my mind became a trifle clearer, and steadfast principles of a lifetime reasserted themselves. I determined to go on with my shattered existence; indeed, I felt tolerably sure that my fellow-man, who had kept me thus busily employed, would presently prevent me from carrying my purpose to its bitter end. I grew a little calmer, recollected the terms of my wager, and so proceeded with the directions delivered by the police constable, doubting nothing but that my next meeting with a human being would divert the catastrophe, and once more set me forward upon a new road.

Presently a little shop loomed alongside me, and I perceived that here might be procured an essential in the matter of destruction by hanging. A mean and humble establishment it was, lighted by one paraffin lamp. The stock-in-trade apparently consisted of ropes and door-pegs—in fact, the complete equipment proper to my undertaking. Time and place agreed; it was, indeed, just such a gloomy, lonesome, and sequestered hole as a suicide might select to make his final purchases. From a door behind the counter there came to me a bald and mournful little man with weak eyes, a subdued manner, and the facial inanity of the rabbit. Hints of a fish dinner followed him from his dwelling-room, and through the door I could catch a glimpse of his family, four in number, partaking of that meal.

"What might you want?" he asked, but in a despondent tone, implying, to my ear, that it was rarely his good fortune to have anything in stock a would-be customer desired to purchase.

"I want a rope to hang a man," I answered, and waited with some interest to see the result.

The small shopkeeper's eyes grew round, a mixture of admiration and creeping fear lighted them.

"My gracious! You're him, then! To think as ever I should——"

Here he broke off, and, in a frenzy of excitement, opened the door behind him and spoke to his wife. I overheard, though not intended to do so, but he could not subdue his voice. I think he felt confronted by the supreme event of his life.

"JANE, JANE! Creep in the shop quiet and look at this here man! By 'Eaven! it's the public executioner! To think as ever I should sell a rope to him! Hush!"

He turned and while he addressed me with dreadful humility, the woman, JANE, crept into the shop and stared morbidly upon my harrowed countenance.

Then she whispered to her husband:

"That's not him, for I seed his picture in the *Police News* last week. It's a new one, or else his assistant!"

Meantime I was being served, and it seemed that the little man suddenly awakened to the dignity of his calling before my sensational order. He began handling a wilderness of rope ends and discoursing upon them with the air of an expert as he rose to this great occasion.

"A nice twisted cordage you'll be wanting, and if you'll leave the choice to me, nobody shall be none the worse. I've been in rope since I was seventeen. Now Manila hemp won't do—too stiff and woody, too lacking in suppleness. That's what you want: suppleness. The sisal hems, from South America, are very pretty things, and the New Zealand hemp is hard to beat; but there's another still more beautiful cordage. Only it's very rarely used because it comes rather expensive. Still, when a fellow-creature's life's at stake, I suppose you won't count the cost. Besides, the Government pays, don't it? That's a Jubbulpore hemp—best of all—or bowstring hemp, as I'm told they use in the harems of the East, though what for I couldn't say. I've got a very nice piece—ten foot long and supple as silk. Just try it; and any strain up to two hundred pound. Hand-spun, of course—a lovely thing, though I say so. But it's a terrible thought. Jute's cheaper, only I won't guarantee it; I won't, indeed. You want a reliable article, if only for your own reputation, and one more thing: I suppose there's no objection to my using this as an advertisement? People in these parts is all so fond of horrors; and as it's Government I ought to be allowed the lion and unicorn perhaps?"

I bought the Jubbulpore hemp as the man advised. It cost thirty shillings, and the vendor wrestled between pleasure at the success of his extortion and horror at the future. But I told him he must neither advertise the circumstance, nor dare to assume the lion and unicorn on the strength of it. This discouraged him, and he lost heart and took a gloomy view of the matter.

"A awful tride, if I may say so without offence," he ventured. "Would it be the Peckham Rye murderer as you're buying this rope for, or that poor soul who lost his temper with his wife's mother down Forest Hill wye?"

"Neither," I answered. "It is a man called HONEYBUN."

"HONEYBUN! Ah! A ugly, crool nime! What's he done?"

"Made a fool of himself."

"Lord! If we was hung for that, there wouldn't be much more talk of over-population—eh? Well, well, I s'pose he'll be as 'appy with you and that bit of Jubbulpore as we can hope for him. A iron nerve it must want. Yet Mr. KETCH was quite the Christian at 'ome, I b'lieve. Not your first case, of course?"

I picked up the rope and prepared to depart.

"My very first experience," I said.

"Pore soul!" exclaimed the feeling tradesman, but he referred to the criminal, not to me.

"For Gord's sake don't bungle it!" were the last husky words I heard from him; and then I set forth to hang ARTHUR HONEYBUN, who deserved hanging if ever a man did. I told myself this, and made a quotation which I forget.

And now arose one of the most sinister concatenations easily to be conceived in the life of a respectable citizen. Here was I



on the brink of self-destruction; I only waited for some fellow-creature to restrain me. *But nobody attempted to do so!* My folly in disguising the truth from the little rope-merchant now appeared. Had he known, he had doubtless shown me my dreadful error in time; now it was too late, for the world pursued its own business wholly regardless of me and my black secret and my hidden rope. Apparently there was really nothing for me to do but to lose my wager or hang myself—an alternative which I well knew would represent for my family a total pecuniary loss considerably greater than the sum involved.

I wandered down a lonely court and found an archway at the bottom. One sickly gas lamp gleamed above this spot, and the silence of death reigned within it. Had I been in sober earnest, no nook hidden away under the huge pall of the fog could have suited me better. Some evil fiend had apparently taken charge of my volition and designed to see the matter through, for I pursued this business of hanging with a callous deliberation that amazed me. I even smiled as I climbed up the arch and made the rope fast upon the lamp above it. Not a soul came to interrupt. The lamp blinked lazily; the fog crowded closer to see the sight; the fiend busied himself with my Jubbulpore rope, and arranged all preliminaries, while I sat and grinned over the sooty desolation. I felt my pulse calmly, critically; I indulged in mental analysis; endeavoured to estimate my frame of mind; and wondered if I could throw the experience into literary form for a scientific journal. I remember being particularly surprised that the attitude of my intellect towards this performance was untintured by any religious feeling whatsoever.

Then came a psychological moment when the fiend had done everything that he possibly could for me. My task was merely to tie the loose end of the Jubbulpore masterpiece round my neck and cast forth into the void. How strange a thing is memory! For some extraordinary reason Dr. JOHNSON'S definition of fishing flashed into my mind. I could not recall it exactly at that terrible moment, but I remembered how it had to do with a fool at one end of a piece of string.

Still not a footstep—only the rumble and roar of all selfish London some twenty yards off—never a hand to save me from a coward's doom. I grew much annoyed with London; I reminded London of the chief incidents in my own career; I asked myself if this was justice; I also asked myself why I had been weak enough to turn into a blind alley—evidently an unpopular, undesirable spot, habitually ignored. And then I grew melancholy, even maudlin. I saw my faults staring at me—my negligences and ignorances; and chiefly my crass idiocy in not undertaking this matter at Piccadilly Circus, or some main junction of our metropolitan system where such enterprises are not tolerated. It is, of course, a free country, and the rights of the subject are fairly sacred, speaking generally; but we draw the line here and there, and I knew that any attempt to annihilate myself upon some lamp-post amid the busy hum of men must have resulted as I desired. Interference would have prevented complete suspension there; but here the seclusion was absolute, and simply invited crime. The fog had now reached its crowning triumph, and threatened to deprive my trusty Jubbulpore hemp of its prey, for I was suffocating, and asphyxia threatened to overwhelm me at any moment.

"Where the deuce are the police?" I asked myself at this eleventh hour. It was a policeman who had placed me in my present pitiable fix, and—blessed inspiration! why should not another of the tribe extricate me from it? When in danger or imminent peril it is our custom to shout for the help of the law, and surely if ever a poor, overwrought soul stood in personal need of the State's assistance, it was ARTHUR HONEYBUN at that moment. So, with nerves strung to concert pitch, I lifted up my voice, and called for a policeman. In these cases, however, one does not specify or limit, so my summons was couched generally to the force at large.

There followed no immediate response; then three boys assembled under my arch, and they formed a nucleus or focus about which a small crowd of the roughest possible persons, male and female, collected. Last of all a policeman came also.

"Now then!" he said, "what's all this, then?"

The miserable boys took entire credit to themselves for discovering me perched aloft. They pointed me out and called attention to the Jubbulpore rope dangling from the lamp, and elaborated their own theories.

Very properly the constable paid no attention to them, but addressed all his remarks to me.

"You up there," he asked, "what d'you think you're plying at?"

There was no sympathy in his voice. He appeared to be a tall, harsh officer—a mere machine, with none of the milk of human kindness in him. Or perhaps a beat in Seven Dials had long since turned it sour. Moreover, he felt that the crowd was on his side—a circumstance that always renders a constable over-confident and aggressive.

I felt unstrung, as I say—distracted, and more or less hysterical, or I should have approached the situation differently; but I was not my own master; I sat there, a mere parcel of throbbing nerves escaped from a hideous death. So, instead of being lucid, which is a vital necessity in all communion with the police, I uttered obscure sayings, went out of my way to be cryptical and even spoke in spasmodic parables, but of course there exists no member of the body politic upon whom a parable is wasted more utterly than your constable.

"You are surprised, and naturally so, to see me here," I said.

"There are, however, more things in heaven and earth, policeman, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. I am the creature of circumstances—in fact, of a series of circumstances probably unparalleled. A colleague of your own—it may be a personal friend—is responsible for my position on this arch. Yonder wretched boy has not erred; I had seriously thought to destroy myself. I was driven to the very threshold of that rash act. *A fronte precipitium, a tergo lupi*, policeman. I am here perched between the devil and the deep sea—a precipice in front, a pack of wolves in the immediate rear. Now, be frank with me. I place myself entirely in your hands. I desire your honest and dispassionate advice."

But this is not the way to talk to a policeman; perhaps it is not the way to talk to anybody.

The deplorable boy had another theory.

He said:

"The blighter's off his onion!"

Then somebody else, dimly conscious that I had used a foreign language, suspected that I might be an anarchist. The policeman merely told me to come down, and I obeyed without hesitation, and gave myself up to him. I felt that situated thus, at least I was safe enough, if he would only do his duty; but he appeared to believe in the opinion that I was a foreigner.

"Where d'you come from?" he asked; "if you're not English, it's a case for your bloomin' Consul."

"I come from South Kensington," I answered, "and I am English to the backbone, and it's your duty to convey me to the police-station, which I'll thank you to do."

Here again I made a mistake. No man likes being told his duty—whether owing to a natural aversion from thinking of it or doing it, or for other reasons connected with pride I know not; but the constable, upon this speech of mine, displayed annoyance, and even some idea of leaving me to my own devices. Seeing that he showed an inclination to let me escape into the fog without a word of advice, and desiring no such thing, I spurred him to his office. I said:

"If you do not arrest me, I shall persuade some other member of the force to do so, and, as I have already made a note of your number, it will be the worse for you."

Upon this he started as if a serpent had stung him; the crowd



cheered me, and my object was attained. He felt his popularity was slipping away and so set about regaining it.

"All right, all right, my bold 'ero!" he said. Then he blew a whistle and summoned two colleagues.

"Dangerous lunatic—wants to be took up," he explained.

"Clean off his chump. Tryin' to 'ang 'imself."

Then he turned to me, and adopted a conciliatory tone.

"Now, then, uncle, come along quiet," he said.

I suggested a cab, and offered to pay for it, but the constable held such a thing unnecessary extravagance.

"Won't hurt you to walk," he said. "And we'll go quicker than a four-wheeler in this fog."

So, with a large accompaniment of those who win entertainment from the misfortunes of their betters, I started to some sheltering haven where it was my hope that the remainder of the day might be spent in security and seclusion, behind bolts and bars. In this desire lurked no taste of shame or humiliation. I was far past anything of that kind. My sole desire, my unuttered prayer, was to be saved from all further human counsel whatsoever. If an angel from heaven had fluttered down beside me and uttered celestial opinions to brighten that dark hour, I should have rejected his advice—very likely with rudeness.

I thought of the cynical sagacity of NORTON BELLAMY. How wise he had been! And what a fool was I. I pictured his face when my story came to be told. I heard his horrid laughter, and my self-respect oozed away, and I almost wished I was back with the Jubbulpore hemp upon the arch.

Then in the moment of my self-abasement, at the supreme climax of my downfall, I looked out through a yellow rift in the accursed fog, and saw NORTON BELLAMY himself!

At first indeed I did not credit this. The fog had lifted somewhat; livid patches and streaks of daylight relieved the gloom, and a dingy metropolis peeped and blinked through it, fungus-coloured and foul; but suddenly, painted upon the murky air, there took shape and substance a moving concourse of figures—of heads under helmets—and I, remembering the spectre of the Brocken, for a moment suspected that what I saw was but the shadow of myself, my policemen and my crowd projected over against us upon the dusky atmosphere.

Yet as that other company approached, the splendid truth burst upon me. Vagrants, policemen and rioting boys mainly composed it, but in the place of chief dishonour walked NORTON BELLAMY! He too, it would seem, had violated the laws of this country; he too, by devious and probably painful ways, had drifted into Seven Dials and there lost his freedom; an even-handed Nemesis, whose operations yet remained hidden from me, had clearly punished BELLAMY for rejecting the advice of his fellowman, even as she had chastened me for accepting it. And from cursory appearances it looked as though BELLAMY had endured even more varied torments than my own. One might have thought that attempts had been made to clean the highway with him. He was dripping with mud; he lacked a hat; his white waistcoat awoke even a passing pity in my heart. And yet the large placidity, the awful calm of a fallen spirit sat on BELLAMY. He had doubtless exploded, detonated, boiled over, fumed, foamed, fretted and thundered to his utmost limit. His bolt was shot; his venom was gone; he stood before me reduced to the potency of a mere empty cartridge case.

We met each other's glance simultaneously, and a sort of savage and foggy beam of joy flitted across his muddy face; while for my part I doubt not that some passing expression of pleasure, which tact and humanity instantly extinguished, also illuminated my features. Our retinues mingled and for a moment we had speech together.

Needless to say the discovery that we were friends proved a source of much gratification to the crowd.

"Great Scott! You!" gasped out BELLAMY. "What have you done?"

"Practically nothing," I answered; "but what I have suffered no tongue can tell and no human being will ever know. It is sufficient to say that I am here because I was deliberately advised by a fellow-creature to go and hang myself."

"They told you to do that?" he asked with keen but suppressed excitement.

"They did."

He was silent for an instant, pondering this thing, while joy and sorrow mingled on his muddy countenance. Then he answered me.

"I'll write your cheque the first moment I get back to the office. You were right. There is more good advice given than bad. I've proved it too. If I'd done half what I was told to-day, I—"

Here our respective guardians separated us, and we marched to our destination in silence; but about five or six minutes later we sat side by side in a police-station and were permitted to renew our conversation.

"You've had a stirring day, no doubt," BELLAMY began, while he scraped mud off himself. "Tell me your yarn, then I'll tell you mine. But how is it, if somebody advised you to go and hang yourself, that you are here now? You'll have to explain that first as a matter of honour."

I explained, and it must be confessed that my words sounded weak. It is certain, at any rate, that they did not convince BELLAMY.

"I withdraw the promise to write a cheque," he said shortly. "On your own showing you dallied and dawdled and fooled about upon the top of that arch. You temporized. If you had followed that advice with promptitude and like a man, you wouldn't be here now. This is paltry and dishonest. I certainly sha'n't pay you a farthing."

I told him that I felt no desire to take his money, and he was going into the question of how far he might be said to have won mine, when we were summoned before the Magistrate. Here Fate at last befriended me, for the Justice proved to be Master of my Lodge of Freemasons and an old personal friend. Finding that no high crime was laid at the door of BELLAMY, and, very properly, refusing to believe that I had been arrested in an attempt on my own life, he rebuked my policeman and restored to us our liberty. Whereupon we departed in a hansom cab, after putting two guineas apiece into the poor-box. This I need hardly say was my idea.

Then, as we drove to a hatter's at the wish of NORTON BELLAMY, he threw some light on the sort of morning he himself had spent. The man was reserved and laconic to a ridiculous degree under the circumstances, therefore I shall never know all that he endured; but I gathered enough to guess at the rest and feel more resigned in the contemplation of my own experiences. He hated to utter his confession, yet the experiences of that day rankled so deep within him that he had not the heart to make light of them.

"A foretaste of the hereafter," began BELLAMY; "that's what my day has been; and if such a fiendish morning isn't enough to drive a man to good works and a better way of life, I'd like to see what is. You say your trouble began in the railway carriage coming to town. So did mine. But whereas your part was passive, and, by the mere putty-like and plastic virtue of ready obedience to everybody you finally found yourself face to face with death, I reached the same position through a more active and terrible sort of way."

"Nevertheless," said I, "taking into consideration the difference between my character and yours—remembering that by nature you are aggressive, I retiring—nothing you can say will make me believe that you have suffered more than I. Physically perhaps, but not mentally."

(Continued in our next.)





### TROUT STREAM MEMS.

*By a Member.*

"GOT FLIES HOPELESSLY FAST IN TREE BRANCH. DEAR, DEAR! HOW EASILY I CLIMBED THE VERY SAME AFTER A BIRD'S NEST BUT A FEW SHORT YEARS A—CONFOUND! DO BELIEVE THAT BULL'S OUT AGAIN!" [*Happily the Bull was only a harmless Owl this time.*]

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IF the late HARRISON AINSWORTH, author of *Dick Turpin* (it wasn't so called, but this "Mr. Dick" was its hero) and Jack Sheppard, BULWER LYTTON, author of *Paul Clifford*, GEORGE BORROW, who knew all about the "Romany," Miss BRADDON, in her most sensational efforts, and ANTHONY TROLLOPE, unequalled in his description of the higher and lower clergy, and their wives, had combined their talents in order to produce a novel, the result might presumably have been a work which, in style and plot, would not be very dissimilar from *The Bishop's Secret*, written by FERGUS HUME, and published by JOHN LONG. *The Bishop's Secret* is near akin to *Lady Audley's Secret*. *Lady Audley's* first husband turns up when she has married again, and she promptly makes him disappear, by popping him into a well and covering him up, all snug and comfortable, with the lid. In this story of Mr. HUME's the husband of the Bishop's wife turns up again. What happens afterwards is *The Baron's Secret*, which he cannot "let out at any price." It would be doing Mr. FERGUS HUME, author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, an injustice were the Baron even to drop a hint as to the undeniably clever manner in which he has given a quite original turn to what is merely ordinary commonplace stock-in-trade material of the melodramatic novelist.

Mr. KINLOCK COOKE's *Memoir of H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide*,

*Duchess of Teck* (JOHN MURRAY), will be found generally interesting and instructive. Princess MARY was popular with all classes, having gained the affection of the people by her royally good-humoured bearing, which was, as it were, a practical and evident corroboration of the stories about her unaffected geniality and warm-hearted kindness to all with whom Her Royal Highness was brought into contact. That the public rightly gauged Princess MARY as one who took very little pleasure in Court life and etiquette, this little extract from her diary, taken at haphazard, fairly indicates :—

"Behind the FIFES' fishing cottage we saw a fire kindled and preparations making for Her Majesty's tea; she was riding up the glen, so for discretion we hurried on to our carriage, and, wrapping ourselves up to our very noses, the wind being piercingly keen, drove on towards home. . . . Home by 6.30; had tea to warm myself."

So Princess MARY bolted away from the prospect of tea with the QUEEN, and hurried off to enjoy the "cup that cheers," in her own room, with, it may be, "FRANCIS" and "HELENA." The *Memoir*, which offers many of these pleasant glimpses to our view, has already achieved a popularity worthy of its subject.

ALLEN RAINE in her latest novel, *Garthowen* (HUTCHINSON), wisely sticks to Wales. As far as novel writing is concerned, this is a hitherto undiscovered country. As my Baronite remarked of one of her earlier novels, ALLEN RAINE is beginning to do for Wales what a score of novelists, following more or less closely in the footsteps of WALTER SCOTT, have done for Scotland. Her latest story has all the tenderness, the humanity, the sympathy with beauty in Nature and goodness in man and woman, that made *Torn Sails*, *A Welsh Singer*, and *By Berrien Banks*, delectable. It is avowedly the story of a Welsh homestead, and by simple art the reader is made to live with the inmates. MORVA, the heroine, is worthy of her musical name. One of the most attractive and best drawn characters in the book is the old woman SARU, who has a local reputation as a soothsayer. Her adventurous journey from her mountain home into bustling Cardiff is a delightful narrative. THE BARON DE B.-W.

### PERIPATETICS.

["We have got some way in advance from the three 'R's,' when a Government department actually perceives the importance of training children to observe the phenomena of Nature, and of stimulating their interest in natural history and other branches of science, not by dry lectures in a stuffy school-room, but by taking them into the woods and lanes, where they can see for themselves."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young lambs,  
And pick up a wrinkle for School Board exams.,  
And erudite essays to write;  
Or robbing the nests in the hedgerows beyond,  
Or fishing for bleak with bent pins in the pond—  
How much you can learn from the sight.

The impact of marbles dynamics will show,  
The flight in the air of the stones that you throw  
The laws of momentum involve;  
The sparrows you catch in the traps that you set,  
The moths and "red admirals" caught in your net  
Give problems in plenty to solve.

So pastimes and sports, that were once your delight,  
Dear children (now Time with its progress and flight  
Has shown the more excellent way)  
Henceforth to your eyes object lessons may yield;  
While teachers will haunt you in playground and field,  
And thus make a toll of your play.

THE "WAR-GAME."—Day by day we read of the arrival at the Cape of ships with "drafts." Evidently the game we are playing with KRÜGER as our opponent is "The Game of Drafts." It is to be hoped our adversary will remember that every move must be "on the square."



## HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

(April.)

IN this month the text-books instruct you to sow Hardy Annuals. The follow-



ing is the best way to do this. Buy at the nearest greengrocer's a few dozen penny packets of seeds, each of which has a brilliantly coloured illustration on the outside. Take a number of short sticks and attach to each one of the packets, and, taking care that the picture on it faces the house, dot these about your flower-beds. By this simple method your garden will present a cheerful blaze of colour, and you can easily fasten on new packets when the colours of the first lot begin to look washed-out. Some gardeners sow the contents of the packets around the sticks, but to me this seems a waste of time. If you happen to have a canary he will appreciate them quite as much as the sparrows would, and, if you think it cruel not to provide food for the latter, by sowing a row or two of the most expensive sweet peas you will afford them ample enjoyment. If they have not found this meal within a few hours, you can place two or three bird-scarers by the row. Next day not a single pea will remain.

Nothing can excel the Dandelion as a decorative flower, while its roots can be turned into a refreshing and medicinal beverage. The Dandelion will thrive well in most soils, but few amateurs seem to succeed in raising it to perfection. Much harm is often done to it by injudicious weeding. The best means of avoiding this is to hire a professional gardener at an exorbitant price. Having followed this plan myself, I now have a magnificent show of Dandelion plants on my lawn and in almost every bed in my garden. In fact, I am now able to spare a few roots to my less fortunate readers. In return for a cheque for one guinea I will forward, carriage paid, my Collection A, consist-

ing of twelve strong Dandelion plants, to any address in the United Kingdom.

"As the sun's heat increases," say the text-books, "constant care must be taken to ensure ample ventilation for frames and greenhouses." If you happen to have a boy at home for the Easter holidays, present him with a catapult. By the time that he departs, the "ample ventilation of the frames and greenhouses" will have been more than sufficiently ensured. It is not unlikely that you will hear from your neighbours of his having performed the same service for them.

"PUZZLED" writes to ask me to explain the cause of his failure in tomato-growing. Perhaps he did not prune the bushes sufficiently, or sowed the seed too thickly, or didn't paint the trees with lime. Or, if they grow like potatoes, he may have dug them too soon. With the successful management of a large garden on my mind, I can't remember petty details about tomatoes. But I may casually mention to "PUZZLED" that, as I happen to know from my own experience, they sell 'em very good and cheap in tins. A. C. D.

## "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

THE amount of Mr. Punch's Fund for the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street now amounts to—

	£	s.	d.
Donations ... ..	11,154	14	10
New Annual Subscriptions...	506	3	6
Endowment Fund ... ..	2,810	0	0
Total ... ..	£14,470	18	4

And yet Mr. Punch has still the effrontery to hold out his cap and "ask for more." The Unconscionable Beggar! But of course there is more, not only "where that came from," as not a few of our friends are "hardy annuals" (subscribing by the year), but plenty more where the above-mentioned sum *didn't* come from, namely, the pockets, purses, and wherever the money is kept belonging to those who have as yet not responded to the call. Mr. Punch will have the pleasure of



"calling again." He will come as "the Pied Piper," and, gaily playing the same tune, will lead crowds of "yellow boys" jingling to the coffers of the Hospital.

A Performance in aid of this Charity

will take place at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, under the direction of Mr. CHARLES MORTON. On that occasion, namely, the afternoon of Thursday, May 3, will appear, and be on sale in the Theatre, "Mr. Punch's Souvenir Book," which, though for quality and quantity combined it will be absolutely priceless, will be sold for a comparatively small consideration in coin.

Applications for seats can be made at the Box Office of the Palace Theatre, and at all librarians. First come first served.

N.B.—All subscriptions and donations marked outside, "Children's Hospital Fund," will be always most thankfully received by

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd.,  
10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

## SPORTIVE SONGS.

WHITHER? AT EASTER.

A Cockney Holiday-maker declares that  
There's no Place like Home.



"WHERE shall I wander this Easter time?"  
(I said to LOUISE, one day)

"To cleanse me anew from the City grime,  
No longer in town can I stay.

To get me away from the desolate Park  
And the dankness and damp of the Row,  
By motor or train by cycle or bark,  
Where, my LOUISE, shall I go?

"To the country house shall I hurry me  
down,

O'er the furrows and pastures roam,  
Or drive out ten miles to the country  
town,

Or plod through the clinging loam?  
To dine at the Vicarage or at the Hall  
With the yokels I would not know,  
To be doomed to the gloom of a County  
ball?

Not I! Then where shall I go?

"Shall I hie me away to the chill seaside  
'Neath the leaden and sullen sky,  
Where the hostelry wet with the paint  
undried,

Sighs in vain for the sun to dry.  
Where the chambermaid never will answer  
a bell,

While the lunatic waiter is slow,



And the fumes of the kitchen the joints  
foretell?

Not I! Then where shall I go?

"Shall I traverse the Channel and bravely  
dare

The unspeakable woes of the sea,  
To look on an *Exposition* bare?"

(Says LOO, "You don't go without me!")

"To be called a '*Fashoda-rosbif*' with  
grimace,

About old Oom PAUL to be chid."

"I'll go where you like," says my wife.

"In that case

I'll stop, dear, in town." And we did.

#### THE IMPERIAL BABE.

["It is reported that the Duke and Duchess of  
York intend to christen the infant Prince with a  
series of names representative of the various  
colonial groups."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

##### Britain.

MY daughters all, we do proclaim,  
We wish to give our Prince a name  
That shall most pleasantly recall  
Associations of you all.

##### South Africa.

My patron saint is ÜMSLOPÓ-  
-GAS. Please to name your infant so.

##### Canada.

And if the choice now lies with me,  
I'll add the title CHIWOKEE.

##### Hong Kong.

If I'm to be remembered, why,  
The baby Prince shall be HO KAI.

##### Australia.

I'll call the infant, if he's strong  
Enough, KERÓAJÍNGALÓNG.

##### New Zealand.

And let the darling be, say I,  
TÍONIWHÁIORÓNGOMÁI.

##### Chorus of Colonies.

The name is fixed, our task is o'er;  
The appellation is  
Most admirably suited for  
His Royal Highness, viz.—  
Prince ALBERT VICTOR ÜMSLOPÓ-  
-GAS CHIWOKEE HO KAI  
KERÓAJÍNGALÓNG TÍO-  
-NIWHÁIORÓNGOMÁI.

#### CONFESSIONS OF A TRIPPER.

(After Easter.)

OH, yes, I have had a magnificent time.  
Got over any amount of ground. Been  
here, there, and everywhere. Any num-  
ber of places on my itinerary.

Went to Paris? Certainly. Very  
crowded, but hadn't time to stay long.  
Yes, must have been through the Boule-  
vards. Only regret not able to see the  
Exhibition. No time; take it on some  
other occasion.

In the railway? Unquestionably. Why,  
I spent three-fourths of my time in the



#### THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

"IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, O!"

"COME ALONG, MAJOR! READY FOR BREAKFAST!" "DO I LOOK AS IF I WAS!"

railway. Lots of railways, and cuttings,  
and tunnels, and night-travelling.

Did I pass through Switzerland? Quite  
sure I did. Can't remember exactly what  
town I visited. Fancy I was at Geneva  
and Interlaken, and I am almost certain  
Lucerne. But places are so confusing  
when you are only able to give about ten  
minutes to each.

Certainly Italy. Yes, lots of Italy.  
Venice? Why, of course! Remember  
some water suggestive of the Regent's  
Canal. At Rome? Why, again, of course.  
Must have seen St. Peter's. Rather like St.  
Paul's. But we arrived at Rome at night  
and left early the next morning. But of  
course I have been in Rome, and thoroughly  
enjoyed it. And Germany? Berlin? Yes,

I think so. And the Rhine? Yes, we  
went by the railway along the banks.  
At night. That's why I don't remember  
much about the castles. There was no  
moon—a misfortune.

No, I don't think we went to Norway—  
but I am not sure. And we missed out  
Russia because we had no time. But in  
spite of these omissions we must have  
travelled for hundreds, perhaps thousands  
of miles.

And what do I think of it all? Very  
beautiful! Can I describe anything?  
Well, not much. Stay, there was a very  
good English chemist at Florence!

And what is my general impression?  
Well, that I am tired to death, and only  
too glad to get back to work again!





Lady. "LITTLE BOY, TELL ME, USED'N'T THAT LANE TO GO UP TO MANOR FARM?"  
Small Native. "MAY BE A' DID, BUT A' AIN'T MOVED SIN' I KNAW'D IT."

### POLITICS IN NURSERY-LAND.

(From Our Special Baby Correspondent.)

**Latest Nursery Intelligence.**—It has transpired that three blind mice, who recently pursued the wife of a farmer, have had their tails cut off. The lady in question executed the deed with the assistance of a carving-knife. The future treatment of the mice now demands attention.

#### EXTRACTS FROM COMMENTS OF THE NURSERY PRESS.

**The Infant Prodigy Mail.**—Without claiming omnipotence and superhuman penetration we would like to point out that the action of the mice was long ago foreseen by us, and that every detail of the incident was transparent to our most cherubic printer's boy. We feel, how-

ever, that the inadequacy of the punishment shows clearly that the farmer's wife is too old to pursue a thoroughly drastic policy, and we would suggest that the farmer's daughter in the future should take her place. In this way younger blood will be brought in. There is nothing like young blood.

**The Morning Feeder.**—The brutal militarism of the farmer's wife is to be greatly deplored. Her action with the carving-knife shows that the great forces of steel-trade Capitalism are rampant. We do not understand how any one can object to be pursued by mice. The entire episode is a melancholy illustration of sharp dealing.

**The Baby Times.**—It is with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction that we gather from this morning's intelligence that the

rodents, who recently pursued the agricultural spouse, should have been punished for their impertinence. To those who appear to favour a Pro-mouse policy, we would point out that for long mice have been closely associated with villainy, as witness the historical intimacy existing between the white mice of the notorious Count Fosco and their master, as related in *Collins' Reports*. Our only regret is that the punishment was limited to the removal of the caudal appendage. This ill-timed leniency, this policy of "cut and run," will, if we mistake not, be subsequently regretted.

**The Dollminster Gazette.**—We are glad to find ourselves in agreement, both with the action of the farmer's wife and with the action of the mice. In following the farmer's wife, they surely followed a natural instinct, whilst on the other hand some kind of reprisal was quite legitimate. Whether a dessert-knife instead of a carving-knife would have been more in accordance with humane treatment is arguable. We cannot quite agree with the *Lex talionis* policy, and at the same time we are unable to endorse the forward policy of the mice.

### GLOSSARY OF WAR TERMS.

(Recent Additions.)

**Ambuscade.**—A carefully-laid trap into which a light-hearted force is brilliantly led to display magnificent gallantry.

**Contract.**—Document explaining the reasons for bad boots, faulty forage and putrid provisions.

**Defeat.**—An obsolete word that once meant "orderly retirement."

**Map.**—A chart upon which names are sprinkled without any special significance as to exact locality.

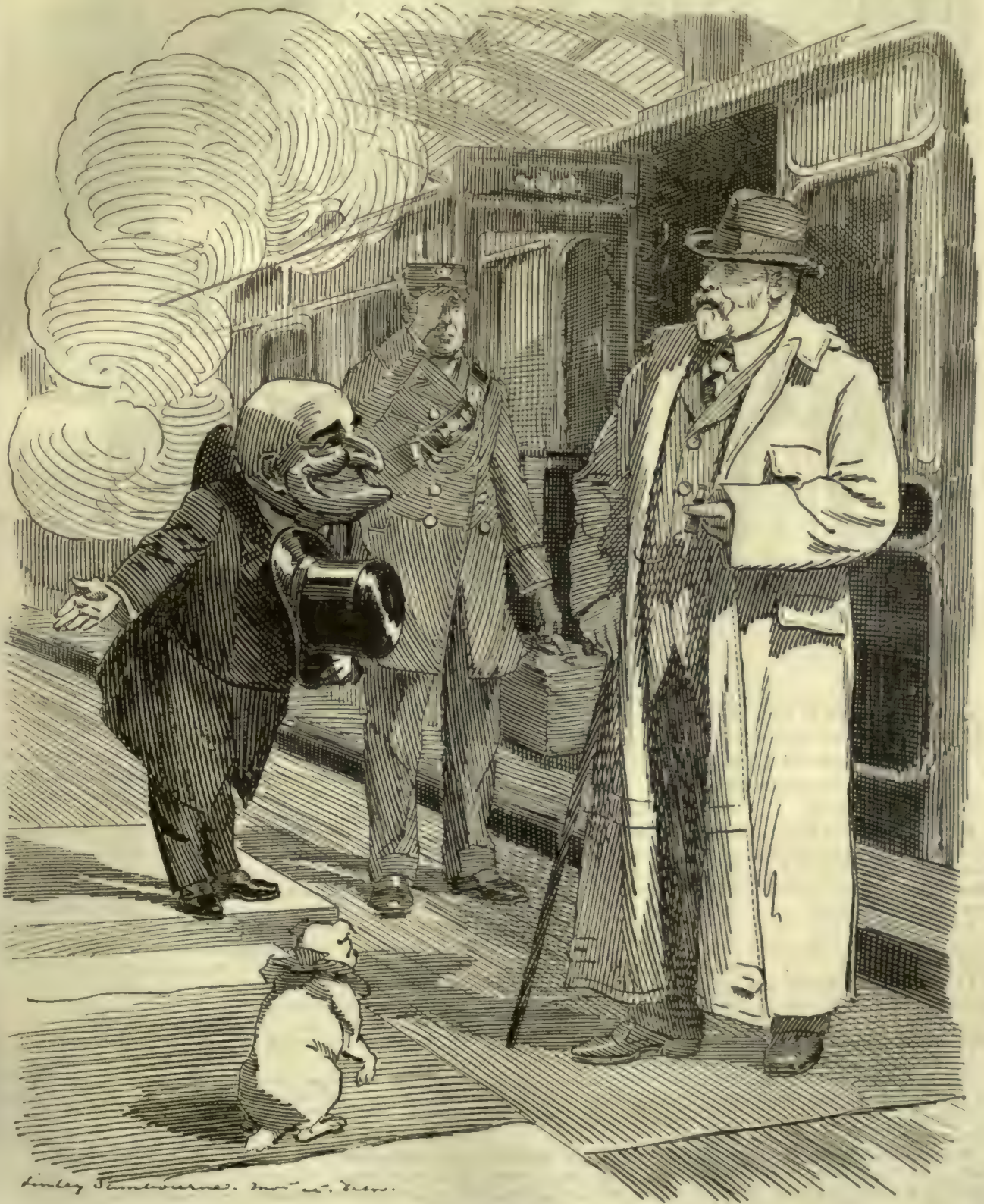
**Outpost Duty.**—The practice of passing the enemy without observing his presence and inability to understand "how he came to think of such a clever thing." See also "Ambuscade."

**Peace.**—A word that is not likely to be required for the next six months.



**Victory.**—The result of avoiding mistakes and discovering coming events from a longer range than the length of one's nose. For extended definition see ROBERTS and KITCHENER.





**"GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES!"**

*Mr. Punch (to H.R.H.). "GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, SIR, SAFE AND SOUND!"*





### TATTERSALL'S OF THE FUTURE.

*Auctioneer (quoting from Catalogue). "Lot FIFTEEN. A PERFECT HACK. BEEN CARRYING LADY PEDAL AT BATTERSEA DURING THE SEASON. SOUND IN WIND AND SPOKES. OWNER GONE ABROAD. NOW, MAY I SAY THIRTY!"*

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### *The Five Ocklock.*

BUT see! I am back-breaked. I not have nothing eated since two hours and half, and we have doed of the unbridled courses, always to foot.

What hour is he? Four hours. Hold, it is the hour of the five ocklock!

I not can more. Search one restoring, one coffee, one pastry, not import what, the first comed, I die of hunger.

See there one pastry.

One five ocklock complete, to the female english, assoon that possible, if he you please, miss.

Of the grilled bread, of the butter, of the mufins, of the buns, of the spongy cakes, of the sandwitchs, of the eggs on the plate, of the tea, and of the rum.

How, you not have nothing to

##### *Le Five Ocklock.*

Mais voyons! Je suis éreinté. Je n'ai rien mangé depuis deux heures et demie, et nous avons fait des courses effrénées, toujours à pied.

Quelle heure est-il? Quatre heures. Tenez, c'est l'heure du five ocklock!

Je ne peux plus. Cherchons un restaurant, un café, une pâtisserie, n'importe quoi, le premier venu, je meurs de faim.

Voilà une pâtisserie.

Un five ocklock complet, à l'anglaise, aussitôt que possible, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle.

Du pain grillé, du beurre, des mufins, des buns, des spongy cakes, des sandwitchs, des œufs sur le plat, du thé et du rhum.

Comment, vous n'avez rien à

eat, save of little cakes to manger, sauf de petits gateaux the chocolate, of the tarts of au chocolat, des tartes de cherrys, and of the glazed cerises, et des marrons glacés? chestnuts?

It is fearful! But I am to end of forces.

Bring therefore one dozen of cakes, of the tea, of the rum, and two glasses of Oporto.

Tell therefore, see there one jolly daughter to the blue eyes and to the chestnut hairs.

There, to side of the old un.

She is charming. One should tell one female English.

Ah, for sure! She drink of the tea.

What delicious little woman, the dye so fresh, the cheek so rose!

Ah no, she speak french. It is one female French.

Not great thing! It is not my type. This dye so charming, she him buy at the head-dresser, well sure, as all the female French. It is idiot, not true?

C'est affreux! Mais je suis à bout de forces.

Apportez donc une douzaine de gateaux, du thé, du rhum, et deux verres d'Oporto.

Dites donc, voilà une jolie fille aux yeux bleus et aux cheveux châtains.

Là, à coté du vieillard.

Elle est charmante. On dirait une Anglaise.

Ah, pour sûr! Elle boit du thé.

Quelle délicieuse petite femme, le teint si frais, la joue si rose!

Ah non, elle parle français. C'est une Française.

Pas grand' chose! Ce n'est pas mon type. Ce teint si charmant, elle l'achète chez le coiffeur, bien sûr, comme toutes les Françaises. C'est idiot, pas vrai?

H. D. B.



## THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS.

By A. A. S.

[A Bond Street mystic was fined a few days ago for fortune-telling.]

'Tis 1900—so declare

The calendars' veracious pages;  
The plain man else would surely swear  
We're still within the Middle Ages,  
When credulous folk were none too rare.

Look at the tribe of rogues that thrive

On modern superstitious ninnies!  
Bond Street each afternoon 's alive  
With eager dupes who spend their  
guineas

Within Imposture's busy hive.

Flamboyant "seers" of either sex,

And ev'ry kind of hocus-pocus,  
The West End nowadays annex;  
The gipsy-van was once their locus,  
But Mayfair-wards they've all made treks.

They "give one furiously to think,"

The palmist and the sage who gazes  
On crystal or clairvoyant ink,

The scribe of horoscopic mazes,  
Winking the ancient augur's wink!

The law is strict with MARY JANE

And her itin'rant fortune-monger,  
When, crossing palms, the maid is fain  
To mitigate her soul's heart-hunger  
With facts about her future swain.

So may police-courts keep a hold

On bigger hawks whose fees are fatter,  
Whose "clients" swarm in tale untold;  
A few pounds' fine 's a trivial matter,  
As long as fools provide the gold!

OFFICER, GENTLEMAN, AND  
SCHOLAR.

(A protest from S. A.)

It seems very hard. It does indeed.

Pray observe that, to obtain a commission, the British officer had to acquire all sorts of knowledge.

Think of the years spent at the military tutor's, popularly known as "The Crammer."

As I have not kept up any "subjects" much since leaving the coach, I forget all I did learn. But I know it was a great deal.

And then the courses at Woolwich or Sandhurst! Morning, noon, and night, learn, learn, learn.

Take the literary examination of the Militia. Think how much the subs had to scramble through in passing that.

So different, so very different from the good old purchase days.

When money ceased to be the gate into the barrack square—save in way of kindness to the Crammer—how learned all the youngsters became!

Why, the preparation for soldiering was as hard as qualification for medicine, and a good deal harder than reading for the Bar.

It was admitted everywhere—by the Press and among the public—that the



Fond Mother (reading letter from only Son at the Front). "CHARLIE SAYS OUR GENERALS ARE PERFECT IDIOTS!"

officer of modern days was an ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, and now—because a few of us—not only officers and gentlemen, but gentlemen and scholars—happen to neglect the simpler rules of strategy, we are called "Absent-Minded!"

Because—no doubt thinking of all the very useful knowledge we acquired in our pre-regimental days—we make a mistake or two, we are called sharply to account and told "we have no brains!"

Too bad! Really too bad! Enough to make fellows give up soldiering in disgust and get back to the paths of useful knowledge—for civilians.

## THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The above is the title of a book written by a gentleman signing himself "X"—an unknown quantity. I have not yet cut the pages and consequently know nothing of its contents. But I can guess the subject. Who have the best right to bear arms? That is the question. Of course, the persons who have best right to bare arms are those who are shapely, both above and below the elbows.

Yours heraldically,

BRACELET QUEEN-AT-ARMS.





### MOST CONSIDERATE.

Mrs. Snobington. "WE HAD MEANT TO CALL LONG BEFORE THIS, REALLY, BUT WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS, SOMEHOW, WE ALWAYS KEPT PUTTING OFF THE EVIL DAY."

### BREAKING THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO.

(A Note from One who has all but done it.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that so many of my countrymen (the word includes both sexes) patronise Monte Carlo, it is well that they should be provided with an infallible system. Some people think that a lucky pig charm or a piece of Newgate rope produces luck. But this impression is caused by a feeling of superstition—neither more nor less. What one wants in front of the table is a really scientific mathematical system. This I am prepared to give.

Take a Napoleon as a unit, making up your mind to lose up to a certain sum, and do not exceed that sum. Now back the colour twenty consecutive times. Don't double, but simply keep to the unit. When you have lost to the full extent of your limit, double your stake. Keep to this sum for another twenty turns. By this time it is a mathematical certainty that you must either have won—or lost. Of course, if you have won you will be pleased. If you have lost, keep up your heart and double your stakes again. This time you will be backing the colour with a stake four times as large as your original fancy. Again go for twenty turns, and see what comes of it.

Of course, if you still lose it will be unfortunate, but you cannot have everything. And with this truism, I sign myself,

ONE WHO WISHES TO BENEFIT MANKIND.

### THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

(For April, continued.)

19TH TO 24TH.

THE HOME-COMING OF THE COLOSSUS.

Heavy with pride of DE BEERS, and elate with the last financial statement,

That more than matched his military fame,  
Sighing for lands where the names are the names of Imperial epoch-makers,

Homeward the conquering Colossus came.

Coldly his memory dwelt on a certain independent Colonel  
With non-civilian views about the fray;

Dwelt on a heliogram—"If C. J. R. continues restive,  
Clap him in quod. Yours truly, K. of K."

O for the time when the Raid was a thing of the future dimly purposed,

Ere yet the apple-cart was upside down;

O for the hour when his arm was the column that propped the Privy Council,

His name a talisman to charm the Town.

There lay the Solent ahead, with the railway journey up to London,

And scarce a satellite to kiss his feet;

Never a cheer, and the eyes of the City devoid of speculation,  
And all approaches dammed in Downing Street!

H-nry N-wb-lt.

25TH.—Vive l'Exposition Universelle qui vient de commencer! Vivent tous les invités, à l'exception des Anglais, dont j'ai été, moi qui vous parle, le protégé en exil! Conspuez l'Albion, qui venait autrefois au secours de nos blessés! Perfide! Ingrate!

R-ch-f-rt.

26TH TO 30TH.

Villanelle.

ROSE is out with driver and cleek,  
Dainty of limb as a daffodil-bell:  
Where is the middle of yester-week?

Now is the season for love to speak  
Couched in a bunker of asphode!  
ROSE is out with driver and cleek!

HELEN's nose was a pure antique,  
ROSE'S is rather more *spirituel*:  
Where is the middle of yester-week?

Airs of Boreas, rude and bleak,  
Cease to play on the lambkin's pelt:  
ROSE is out with driver and cleek!

Keen is the bird's maternal beak:  
Seldom an early worm can tell  
Where is the middle of yester-week.

O but the sense is far to seek!  
This is the way of the villanelle.  
ROSE is out with driver and cleek!  
Where is the middle of yester-week?—A-st-n D-os-n.  
O. S.

AN AXIOM BY ONE WHO LOOKS FOR APPRECIATION TO A COMING GENERATION.—The Sham-rock is generally the emblem of real grit.



## APEY THOUGHTS.

[The *Academy* tells a story of a monkey which was discovered tearing the article on DARWIN'S *Origin of Species* out of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.]

DESCENDED from us? These degenerate creatures,

With their hideous, human, expressionless features?

Great heavens! this DARWIN a monkey would be,

But, please you, the devil a monkey is he!

Man may copy our ways; he may chatter and fuss

In Parliament, after the manner of us;

He may give himself airs, like a lord or a flunkey,

But it isn't the habit that maketh the monkey.

Can he swing by the tail from the top of a tree?

Not the trace of a caudal appendage has he,  
And so long as he 's none, he will certainly fail

To make mo believe in his dubious tale.

## MR. PUNCH'S EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.

[“In one respect at least the present war in the Transvaal is unique—it has produced more poets than any similar crisis in English history. Since the commencement of hostilities the papers have refused war poems by the thousand.”

*Daily Paper.*]

BEHOLD a Wonder! Seven, at most,  
The world had once, it now can boast

Eight wonders known to men—

The eighth, a mortal like yourselves,

Who in the Field of Letters delves

With his precarious pen!

A man who's not ashamed to own  
He has not on the bugle blown

One military note;

Who has not wrought the Boers bane,  
Nor, metaphorically, ta'en

Old KRÜGER by the throat—

Who has not wailed about defeat,  
Nor stray successes tried to greet

With vapourings inept;

Who has not verse in torrents shed,  
Which editors refuse unread,

Or, even worse, accept.

A rhyming hand who has not lent  
Against War Office, Government,  
Committee of Defence;

Nor cudgelled with poetic fists

Our absent-minded strategists

In case of “accidents.”

A man, in fine, who 's nobly left  
His rhyming-dictionary's deft  
Assistance on the shelf—

And he whom I would indicate,

Whose self-restraint has been so great,

Is—obviously—Myself!

My simply overwhelming claim  
To everlasting future fame



*Squires (engaging Coachman). "ARE YOU MARRIED?"*  
*Coachman. "No, SIR. THESE 'ERE SCRATCHES CAME FROM A CAT."*

Will rest on this—that I'm  
In Mr. Punch's army corps  
A volunteer, who's shed no gore,  
Nor ink—in warlike rhyme!

## THE TOURIST AND THE FLAG.

[Messrs. COOK AND SON announce a tour to the South African battlefields.]

O FLAG! whose benefits so fair  
We would with others freely share—  
Aye, forcing on reluctant nations,  
At bayonet point, their own salvations,  
And bidding them accept our mission  
On pain of instant demolition—  
O flag! howe'er they disagree,  
The sages that have studied thee,  
Alleging, those, that trade must grow  
Beneath thy folds; while those say, "No,  
That is a most mistaken view:  
There 's no connection 'twixt the two."  
O flag! however this may be,  
And whether trade doth follow thee,  
I know not, I; but this is true,  
Beyond all question tourists do.

No matter where thou art unfurled,  
In whatso region of the world,  
They swarm, they flock, and Messrs. COOK  
Interminable tourists book  
To Eland's Laagte, Bloemfontein,  
(Where passengers may stop to dine  
Before proceeding on their way  
To further north Pretoria).  
In innumerable behold they come,  
And almost ere the guns are dumb,  
The picknickers' champagne will pop  
Upon the plains of Spion Kop.  
O flag! O tourist! Powers twain  
That all the world resists in vain,  
When 'neath the one the other picks  
The wings and legs of festive chicks,  
And strews the battlefield with bones,  
Newspapers, orange peel, plum stones—  
Then is the reign of darkness done,  
And Freedom's fight is fought and won.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—  
Q. Who was the forebear of *Cyrano de Bergerac*? A. P. Of-hideous Naso.





### THE TERRORS OF SOCIAL LIFE.

*At a Charity Ball.*

*Stout Lady.* "EXCUSE ME, LADY GODOLPHIN, BUT I SHOULD SO LIKE TO MAKE SOME NOTES OF YOUR CHARMING COSTUME—MAY I?"

*Lady Godolphin.* "PARDON ME, BUT REALLY I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF—"

*Stout Lady.* "OH, I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND: I'M 'GIRLIE,' YOU KNOW—I DO THE FASHION ARTICLE FOR CLASSY BITS!"

### THE RECENT CAPTURE OF LONDON.

[Mr. KRÜGER has lately encouraged his Burghers with the news that London has been captured by the Russians. As the circumstances attending the capture have been dishonestly kept out of the London Papers, we hasten to give the facts.]

THE news of the landing of the Russian forces and their advance upon London produced the effect which modern wars have never failed to produce in England. A Public Meeting was called in St. James's Hall. The chair was taken by Dr. CL-RK.

Dr. CL-RK, in opening the meeting, said that a "Stop-the-War" Party had been formed as soon as the news of the approach of the invaders had been re-

ceived. It now only remained for us to stop it. This could easily be done by acknowledging ourselves to be in the wrong. He had been in the employ of the South African Republic for some years, and could assure them that the Briton was much blacker than he was painted.

Mr. L-B-CH-RE pointed out that the Russian invasion was obviously a Stock Exchange manoeuvre, with a view to influencing the price of Consols. In proof of this he pointed out that Consols had fallen. He promised a list of the names of all persons who had sold them since 1885. He suggested that the cost of the invasion should be got out of Mr. R-R-D-S.

Mr. C-RTN-Y said that the invasion was wholly due to the mistaken policy of his Party. He was starting a "Conciliation Committee," with himself as chairman, to put matters right.

Sir EDW-RD CL-RKE took the same view as Mr. C-RTN-Y.

Mr. CONTRITE SCHR-N-R said that everything was the result of the wickedness and greed of England. He advocated a policy of non-resistance. We must turn the other cheek. We had only to give in and of course the war would stop. How could it do otherwise? (The speaker was here interrupted by expressions of dissent.) He claimed the right of Freedom of Speech. The English were wrong in this war as in all their wars. If they resisted the righteous attack on London by Russia, they would repent it. Should London, however, be so unfortunate—and, he would add, so criminal—as to repel the attack, he trusted there would be no idiotic jubilation on the subject. (Uproar.) He claimed the right of Freedom of Speech.

At this stage a rush was made at the platform. Mr. SCHR-N-R was swept off his feet, and the Hall was wrecked.

On the following morning a letter appeared in the *Times* from Professor D-C-Y, who, while not agreeing with the objects of the meeting, &c., pointed out that, unless anybody might say anything anywhere in England, without fear of assault, the country would go to the Dogs.

### INCIRCUMSCRIPTIBLENESS.

(A word included in the new Oxford Dictionary, and explained as the quality of being incapable of limitation.)

SEE the modern Dinosaurus,  
Oxford-reared,  
Drag his clumsy length before us  
Truly weird.  
See his ugly head a-dangle  
All crack-jawed,  
Near to Balliol quadrangle  
In the Broad.  
Watch his fearful front and forehead  
Roman born,  
And his body sprawling horrid  
Through the Corn.  
Then his tail, ah! will he ever  
Get it by,  
Writhing in the vain endeavour  
Down the High,  
Twisting like "a school" of porpoise  
Round a ship,  
Flicking Oriol and Corpus  
With the tip.  
Monster! Tho' 'tis hard to credit  
Thee with sense,  
Yet thy use to those who edit  
Is immense;  
Thou canst teach a gaping nation  
Through the eyes,  
Negating limitation  
By sheer size.





## A DELEGATE MATTER.

SERVANT (to EUROPA). "SOME GENTLEMEN, MADAM, FROM THE TRANSVAAL, TO SEE YOU VERY PARTICULAR!"  
EUROPA. "UM—ER—WELL—SAY—'NOT AT HOME'!"







## READY MADE COATS-(OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE WHITE, G.C.B., G.C.I.E., V.C., 1ST VISCOUNT LIMPETT (BARON LARDER) OF LADYSMITH.

*Arms—Quarterly:* 1st, Under a grand chief, bearing the word "Ladysmith," in letters of gold, an archibald hunter, daring in sortie, vigilant, masterly in resource, upholding to the end an historic shield of defence, studded proper in detail, and semée of torture-shell *Creusônées* Bulwanées on week-days; 2nd, On a cup of maintenance chevril or mules, doled out inadequate daly, coupé up chagrinois in famine, an heroic band *tommée* atquiniois, *gonbonée* with hardship, issuant gaily, tattered, frayed, and war-stained from sangars, jubilant in relief; 3rd, Hemmed in by a cordon proper dopper psalmly of investment, seiant squatty slouchy vrowsy on the kops, wily in ambush, a colonial township, newly historic, showing a town-orle capped with a cupola pounded, pommelled, and partly demolished in brickwork; 4th, Before a tanned and dogged army of deliverance, reversy cheeky tardy in arrival, but heroically persistent in pressure, a flight of sangliers or heraldic boers passant among the hilla, making use freely of the spurs, urgent *squedadulée* through the Natal coal-fields on the scuttle. *Crest:* 1st, A lion-hearted bayard, guardant sanguine, of valour and self-sacrifice, emergent in triumph from a siege, bearing in steadfast hand the banner of England nailed proper to the mast, encircled with laurels, and wavy in despite; 2nd, An antique colonial lady (Smith), netted and enmeshed *reticulée* in ringlets, hemmed in proper with bombazine, cut skimpy in materiel, but hooped round steely *crénélinée* in the outskirts for defence. *Supporters:* Dexter, in a land-battery exposed and beset proper, a redoubtable British sailor at gaze, arrayed khaki and turned up timely tarry rompy on the nail, trainant and dirigeant unerrant deadly in aim a 4-7 naval gun, charged *choc-a-bloc* with lyddite; Sinister, a typical British soldier of the garrison similarly arrayed in garb khaki, and wreathed round the brows with laurels richly earned. *Second Motto:* "General BULLER, I presume?" *Additional Motto:* (Curiously enough the same as Mr. KRIGER'S) "Dontje uischje maget het!" *Mr. Punch* cordially wishes "Equal Whites for all Right Men!"

routes, he has made his way to the top of his mountain, he never presumes to find his way back by the shortest route, leading visitors miles astray in search of a non-existent, certainly an undiscoverable, short cut.

Up to-night on Second Reading of Agricultural Holdings Bill. The same characteristic of modesty strongly marked. "If, Mr. SPEAKER," he said—(cough)—"I am confused in my speech—(cough)—I hope I may be excused."

Members looked up in pained astonishment. Had the Chieftain been lunching out, and too liberally sampling the dew off his own mountain or another's? No; it was all right; had only been spending a few hours in endeavour to master details of WALTER LONG'S Bill. Effect worse than mixing his liquor. Other members joined in his testimony to the obscurity of its drafting; agreeing that it was difficult to understand as a Bill, resolved to pass it as an Act of Parliament, and see what the farmers would make of it.

*Business done.*—Agricultural Holdings Bill read second time. House adjourned till 26th for Easter Holidays.

## THE ART OF PARODY.

Hints to Beginners.

ALFR-D A-ST-N.

*Ingredients.*—1 British Lion, 1 England's Darling, 3 oz. patriotism, 3 oz. loyal sentimentality, 1 lb. commonplace, classical idioms *ad nauseam*.

Take the British Lion, stretch his legs, well stiffen his tail and crisp his mane; stuff him with commonplace, patriotism, loyal sentimentality and classical idioms; decorate with England's Darling, and serve on a dish of Britannia metal.

Unseasonable at any time.

R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

*Ingredients.*—1 TOMMY ATKINS, 1 volley of oaths, ditto slang, vulgarity to taste.

Take the TOMMY ATKINS, being careful not to clean him. Stir the ingredients well together till they circulate freely. It should be done briskly before a sharp fire, and served with patriotic toast after dinner.

Or—

*Ingredients.*—1 crank, 1 screw, 1 piston-rod, 1 cylinder and any technical terms; nonsense *ad lib*.

Make a hash of the technical terms, and stuff the whole with sage nonsense.

CH-RL-S ALG-RN-N SW-NB-RNE.

*Ingredients.*—Some nice melodious adjectives. String together metrically and flavour with agnosticism.

G-RGE M-R-D-TH.

Take any sentences from his own works, and transcribe *verbatim*.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 9.*—Dr. FARQUHARSON, in addition to being one of the best, and therefore, one of the most popular men in the House, is also one of the most modest. Rising to address it, he sounds, and through his remarks repeats, a deprecatory cough expressive of the hope that he does not intrude. On a memorable occasion, in debate on BRYCE'S Access to Mountains Bill, it was necessary for the purport of his argument that he should mention certain pro-

prietary rights in a mountain. Many a man in such a position would instinctively, perhaps unconsciously, have swelled in proportion at least to Arthur's Seat. FARQUHARSON, on the contrary, visibly shrank when he casually observed, "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I—(here came the deprecatory cough)—own a mountain in Scotland." Just as another would say, "I have in my pocket a crooked sixpence," or, "I possess an umbrella with an ivory handle."

According to visitors at hospitable Finzean, the Chieftain carries his modesty in this matter so far that when, by devious



## QUITE OUT OF THE COMMON.

(Continued from p. 270.)

"Don't interrupt; I've heard you; now listen to me," said BELLAMY. "It began, as I say, in the train. An infernal inspector desired to see my season-ticket. Of course he was within his right, and I had a whole carriage load of fools down on me because I refused to show it. This day has taught me one thing: there's not a man, woman or child in the country who minds their own business for choice if a chance offers of poking their vile noses into any other body's. The people who have interested themselves in me this morning! Well, that railway chap was nasty, of course, and took my address; but nothing more worth mentioning happened, except a row with a shoeblack, until I got to my office. There the real trouble began. You know GIDEON? Who doesn't, for that matter? I had the luck to do him a turn a week ago, and he came in this morning with a tip—actually went out of his way to cross Lombard Street and get out of his cab and look in.

"He said, 'Good morning. Buy Diamond Jubilees—all you can get.' And I didn't look up from my letters, but thought it was JONES, who's always dropping in to play the fool, and remembered our loathsome bet. So I merely said, 'Sha'n't! Clear out!' Then I lifted my head just in time to see GIDEON departing—about as angry as a big man can be with a little one—and my clerks all looking as though they'd suddenly heard the last trump.

"I tore after him, but too late; of course he'd gone. Then I dashed to his place of business, but he'd got an appointment somewhere else and didn't turn up till after twelve, by which time the tip was useless. And he showed me pretty plainly that I may regard myself as nothing to him henceforward. After that I was too sick to work, so went West to see a man and get some new clothes. Like a fool I never remembered that with this bet on me I couldn't lie too low. It was all right at the hairdresser's, as you may imagine; but I'm accustomed to let my tailor advise me a good deal, and you can see the holy fix I was in after he'd measured me. I got out of that by saying that I'd drop in again and see his stuffs and his pictures by daylight; then I had a glass of port at LONG'S, and, remembering my youngsters, went to find a shop where I could get masks and wigs and nonsense for them, because they are proposing to do some charades or something to wind up their holidays before they go back to school. Then, in the fog, I got muddled up and lost myself about a quarter of a mile from where we met. First I had a row with a brute from Covent Garden Market, who ran into me with a barrow of Brussel-sprouts. We exchanged sentiments for a while and then the coster said, 'I don't ask of you to pick 'em up, do I?'

"Well, of course, as he didn't ask me to pick them up, I immediately began to do it. And the man was so astonished that he stopped swearing and called several of his friends to make an audience. So that was all right as far as it went; but just then a bobby appeared out of the din and clatter of the street, and ordered me to move on. Of course I wouldn't, and while I was arguing with him, and asking for his reason, a fire-engine dashed out of the bowels of the fog and knocked me down in a heap before I knew who'd hit me.

"Everybody thought I was jolly well killed, and I could just see the air thick with blackguard faces, getting their first bit of real fun for the day, when I suppose I must have become unconscious from shock for the time being. Anyway, on regaining my senses, I found myself in a bed of mud and rotten oranges, with three policemen and about fifty busybodies, all arguing cheerfully over me, as if I was a lost child. Most of them hoped I was dead, and showed their disappointment openly when I recovered again. Two doctors—so they said they were—had also turned up from somewhere, and taken a general survey of me while I was in no condition to prevent them. After that I need hardly tell you I've lost my watch.

"The question appeared to be my destination, and now the policeman who had told me to move on explained, at great length, that depended entirely on whether I was physically shattered or still intact. If I was all right save for the loss of my hat and the gain of an extra coat or two of mud, the man had arranged to take me to a police-station for interfering with a fire-engine in the execution of its duty, or some rot of that sort; but if, on the other hand, I was broken up and perhaps mortally injured, then it struck him as a case for a stretcher and a hospital.

"They were still arguing about this when I came to. Upon which the constable invited my opinion, and explained the two courses open to him. He seemed indifferent and practically left it to me; so, as I felt the police-station would probably represent the simplest and shortest ordeal; and as, moreover, so far as I could judge at the time, I was little the worse in body for the downfall, I decided in that direction. I told him I was all right and had mercifully escaped. Whereupon he congratulated me in a friendly spirit and took me to the police-station."

Thus BELLAMY; and when the man had finished we spoke further for the space of about two minutes and a half, then parted, by mutual understanding, to meet no more.

"I'm sorry for you," I said. "We were both wrong and both right. The truth is that there's a golden mean in the matter of advice, as in most things. Probably the proportions of good and bad are about equal, though I am not prepared to allow that our experiments can be regarded as in any sense conclusive."

"And as to the bet, I suppose we may say it's off?" asked NORTON BELLAMY. "I imagine you've had enough of this unique tomfoolery, and I know I have. I'm a mass of bruises and may be smashed internally for all I know, not to mention my watch."

"Yes," I replied, "the wager must be regarded as no longer existing. We have both suffered sufficiently, and if we proceeded with it, *quod avertat Deus*, some enduring tribulation would probably overtake one or both of us. And a final word, BELLAMY. As you know, we have never been friends; our natures and idiosyncrasies always prevented any mutual regard; and this tragedy of to-day must be said to banish even mutual respect."

"It has," said NORTON BELLAMY. "I won't disguise it. I feel an all-round contempt for you, HONEYBUN, that is barely equalled by the contempt I feel for myself. I can't possibly put it more strongly than that."

"Exactly my own case," I answered. "Therefore in future it will be better that we cease even to be acquaintances."

"My own idea," said BELLAMY, "only I felt a delicacy about advancing it, which you evidently didn't. But I am quite of your opinion all the same. And, of course, this day's awful work is buried in our own breasts. Consider if it got upon the Stock Exchange! We should be ruined men. Absolute silence must be maintained."

"So be it," I replied. "Henceforth we only meet on the neutral ground of Brighton A's. Indeed, even there, it is not necessary, I think, that we should have any personal intercourse. And one final word: if you will take my advice—"

He had now alighted, but turned upon this utterance and gave me a look of such concentrated bitterness, malice, and detestation that I felt the whole horror of the day was reflected in his eyes. "YOUR advice! Holy angels and Hanwell!"

Those were the last words of NORTON BELLAMY. He felt this to be the final straw; he turned his back upon me; he tottered away into his hatfer's; and, with a characteristic financial pettiness, raised no question about paying for his share of our cab.

*Sam Phillips.*





(The very latest Norwegian Drama, condensed and re-arranged for the purposes of "Punch.")

#### ACT I.

**SCENE**—Outside the Bath Hotel, Norway.

Professor BLUBEEK, the famous but elderly sculptor,

and his wife, Mrs. MAIA BLUBEEK, are discovered sitting at a table on the lawn. As it is just after breakfast, they are drinking champagne. (N.B. Not the "Little Eyolf" brand.) He is in a black velvet jacket and his lightest Summer trousers. She is young and vivacious, with teasing, rather tired eyes, and an elegant new travelling costume. Each is reading the day before yesterday's newspaper.

Maia (sits as though waiting for the Professor to say something—which he doesn't—then lets the paper drop with a yawn). Oh, dear, dear me! how overpoweringly dull all this is!

Professor Blubeeke (smiling indulgently). Well, perhaps you are right, mein Kind. But you must remember that we are Norwegians, and have been married at least four years. Also that you have been living in altogether more spacious and distinguished surroundings than you were accustomed to at home.

Maia (yawns). I have. And yet somehow I feel as bored as if I was on a night journey, and stopping at every little roadside station where nobody ever wanted to get in or out!

Blub. (gloomily). And always two persons on the platform walking up and down, talking in a low voice about nothing. That is so like life in the Norwegian drama—always two people who will talk about things that happened years ago—and didn't really matter much even then.

Maia (with a searching glance at him). There is something wrong with you too.

Blub. (starts). Dear me, have you noticed it? (Changing to a flatter tone.) Perhaps this Norwegian champagne—and so early in the morning, too! But then I have got my great big masterpiece really finished and out of hand—which is what so few Ibsenian characters ever succeed in thoroughly managing.

Maia (nods thoughtfully). Your large marble group of "Figures

of Speech becoming Matters of Fact"? You finished that years ago. And you have never done anything since—except now and then a portrait-bust.

Blub. Only those: yes. But has it ever struck you that, while they are all striking likenesses, they have also a cryptic resemblance (which I throw in gratis) to pompous, opinionated donkeys, dull dogs, sentimental swine, and neurotic geese?

Maia. I think I have heard the fact commented on. But are such portrait-busts ever really popular?

Blub. Extremely—with the sitters' friends. (Empties his champagne glass, and laughs.) Oh, I haven't done so badly over them. I lead a very jolly sort of life—in a way.

Maia (looks suspiciously at him). If it wasn't that you were getting so tired of me?

Blub. (gallantly). Not particularly tired. At least, no more tired than any well-regulated Norwegian husband ought to be of his wife.

Maia (trying to control herself). When you married me, you promised to take me up to a high mountain, and show me all sorts of things. We've never been really up anything but molehills, and there was no view worth mentioning from them!

Blub. That was only my fun—a mere figure of speech. I can't climb. I haven't the head for it—or the wind.

Maia (with a touch of sarcasm). Not even the wind? I did not expect you would ever run short of that!

Blub. Of that, too, Frau Professor. (Enter the Bath Inspector in gloves, who takes his hat off politely.) Good morning, Mr. Inspector. Tell me, now—are any of your patients in the habit of taking baths at night?

Inspector (considering). No, none of them is so ill as to require nocturnal tabbing. Why?

Blub. Only because last night I saw a white figure in a bathing costume flitting among the trees, closely followed by another in black.

Insp. Oh, those parties? Why, look, here they come. Keep perfectly quiet, please, and whatever you see, pass no remarks.



[*They stand back, as a slender lady in cream-coloured cashmere crosses towards a pavilion on the left with a measured stride. She has a stiff face, eyes that see nothing, and hay-coloured hair, with a few straws carelessly thrust into it. Following her, comes a Female Confidante in cream-coloured cotton, with brown, piercing eyes and a "thinking part," who also moves with a measured stride. Waiters come obsequiously forward with napkins, but are waved back by the strangers, who enter the pavilion.*

Blub. (*stands staring, as if ragnetised*). Do you happen to know who that lady is?

Insp. She has registered herself as "Madame VON BALM-KRÖMPET, of Schloss Kohnihatsch, with Companion."

Blub. BALMKRÖMPET? Schloss Kohnihatsch? H'm!

Maia. Do you know any person answering that description, eh, BLUEBEK?

Blub. (*shaking his head*). No. She cannot be a Norwegian—they are all quite—

Insp. Excuse me, but I fancy she must be perfectly Norwegian—from the way she goes on.

Blub. (*half to himself*). That too!

Maia (*teasingly*). One of your innumerable models?

Blub. No, little Frau MAIA, that she cannot be—because, you see, I have never in reality had more than a single one. (*Looking off*.) But who is that lank, sinewy sportsman there, with the matted beard and hair, and the loud voice?

Enter Squire ULFHEIM in a felt hat with a feather and high boots, followed by a servant with a couple of dachshunds in a leash.

Ulf. What the devil—confound it all! (*Pounces on the Inspector and bonnets him; the Inspector retires. To BLUEBEK more quietly and politely.*) Blast it, aren't you the famous sculptor BLUEBEK I used to know? (*With his arms akimbo.*) I'm a dirty bear-hunting tyke, I am, and proud of it. Ugh!

Maia (*regarding him fixedly*). There seems to me something about you that is more attractive than BLUEBEK.

Ulf. Spoken like a woman of spirit! After all, a sculptor and a bear-hunter are in much the same line of business.

Blub. Are they really? I don't quite see—

Ulf. Why, devil take 'em, don't they each try to dig something out of the rock that comes out very differently from what they expected?

Blub. (*deep in thought*). There is some truth in that.

Maia (*with eyes on ULFHEIM*). But you don't really shoot the bears when they come out of the rock?

Ulf. Don't I, though? Unless, of course, I shoot one of my trusty, absolutely loyal comrades instead by mistake. I mean my dogs. Come and see them gulp down great thumping meat bones. That is a treat, I can tell you!

Maia. Oh, wouldn't it be thrilling to see them do that!

Ulf. Ah, and afterwards you might come up a high mountain with me. Wouldn't that be tip-top? You and the Professor, of course, blast him!

Maia. I shall be delighted. But BLUEBEK is not a climber.

[*She goes out with ULFHEIM and the dogs. Almost at the same time the Strange Lady comes out of the pavilion, holding a basin of bread and milk, across which she looks at BLUEBEK with vacant, expressionless eyes.*

Blub. (*jumps in his chair, then rises and says in a low voice*). The same old game, IRENE! The same meeting of former comrades!

Irene (*in a toneless voice, putting away the bread and milk*). We had to have it, ARNOLD. But perhaps I ought to mention that I am dead. Who was that lady with you just now?

Blub. Oh, her? Nobody. Only my wife.

Irene. Oh, is that all? And do you still go on chipping out statuary? How is the masterpiece getting on?

Blub. It has got on really wonderfully—gone all over the

world, and been exhibited, in coloured lights, with an orchestra playing at the turnstiles! Quite a dazzling success! And I owe it all to you—my model! Why did you disappear so utterly?

Irene. I had an important engagement to pose as a Living Picture at the Variety Halls. In Paris, I too had a dazzling success. In London—well, they are not so thoroughly advanced. After that, I dabbled a little in matrimony.

Blub. Really? And—er—where is your husband?

Irene. Oh, in some cemetery or other, with a bullet rattling in his skull. I drove him mad. I had such fun with him!

Blub. (*shakes his head reproachfully*). You always had such an absolutely keen sense of humour. Did Herr VON BALMKRÖMPET shoot himself?

Irene (*not understanding*). Herr VON—? Oh, I see—you mean my second husband! No, he didn't.

Blub. Your second—? Just so. Er—how is he?

Irene (*shrugging her shoulders*). Oh, he's all right. I killed him myself with a fine sharp dagger I always take to bed with me.

Blub. (*lost in admiration*). You positively think of everything, IRENE! Er—were there any children?

Irene (*trying to remember*). Nine, I think—or was it eleven? I forget exactly. Anyway, I murdered them all pitilessly, one after the other.

Blub. (*holding up his forefinger*). Oh, come now. I'm sure you're exaggerating, IRENE. Not the whole lot of them!

Irene. Every one. One must find some work to do in the world.

Blub. And such a priceless treasure as this I wilfully cast away! IRENE, we are sitting together, you and I, just as in the dear old days!

Irene. Just. A little distance away. You always did sit a little way off. You were so unutterably shy.

Blub. (*moving nearer*). I had to be then, IRENE, but now that I am a married man—

Irene (*smiles almost imperceptibly*). It makes all the difference. Still, you did treat me very badly. You never once kissed me! Not once!

Blub. (*looks impressively at her*). I was an artist, IRENE.

Irene (*nods with a touch of scorn*). That's just it. If you had ever offered to kiss me, I should have stabbed you with the pin I always kept ready in my hair for the purpose. Still, a woman does expect some little attention of that sort. How do you get on with your wife?

Blub. (*slack and weary*). Oh, don't ask me! I've got to take her on a tedious coasting trip presently to the Polar Sea.

Irene. Why not trip upon the high mountains instead—like an Ibsen character?

Blub. Are you at all likely to be going up yourself?

Irene (*with sidelong eyes*). Perhaps. If you've the independence and manly courage to meet me there.

Blub. I get so giddy whenever I climb. But if I could—if only I could!

Irene. Can we not do what we will? If Master Builder Solness could clamber up a steeple for the sake of that Miss Hilda Wangel, surely you can potter up a peak to please me?

Maia (*enters, glowing with pleasure, and catches sight of IRENE*). Oh, I'm sure I hope I don't interrupt. The situation seems familiar, somehow.

Blub. and Irene (*gloomily*). It is. We've simply got to do it in the Norwegian drama.

Maia. I know. I merely wanted to tell you, BLUEBEK, that I've arranged to go up to the high mountains bear-killing with that charmingly hideous and repulsive Mr. ULFHEIM. (*Insinuatingly.*) You don't mind?

Blub. Not I! In fact, I—I may be taking a stroll myself in that direction.

Maia (*hastily*). Oh, but you mustn't trouble to do so on my account.



Blub. I will not, little Frau MAIA. But I've taken quite a sudden fancy for mountaineering. I won't be more in your way than I can help.

Maia. How dear and good you are to-day, BLUEBECK!

[She goes off. The Female Confidante appears at the Pavilion door, still thinking hard.]

Blub. Then, IRENE, you really will take me up a high mountain?

Irene. Rather! (as she goes towards Pavilion, the Confidante making way for her politely). "JACK and JILL will go up the hill"—eh? Ha-ha-ha! "To fetch a pail of water!" He-he-he!

[Exit.]

Blub. (looks after her and whispers). "And JACK fell down and cracked his—" Will she insist on—? Or are both our crowns already—?

[He feels his head meditatively.]

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE—At a High Mountain Hydropathic, with a distant view of a lake and peaks, with blue-white snow and crevices and things. In the foreground, a hillock with a stone bench on the top, on which Professor BLUEBECK is sitting with a plaid round his champagne-bottle shoulders. A brook gurgles somewhere, and children in town-made clothes are dancing and singing in the background. Time: Summer, towards sunset.

Enter MAIA in the costume of Hilda Wangel.

Maia (calls to BLUB.). Hullo, BLUEBECK, is that you? (Panting.) I've been looking for you everywhere. (Throws herself down on the heather.)

Blub. (nods indifferently). How odd. I've been hunting all over the place for you. You weren't at table d'hôte, were you?

Maia (drowsily). No, I had dinner in the open air with that disgusting bear-killer. And, please, I want to go out all night bear-hunting with him—if you've no objection.

Blub. (with superiority). I? None in the world. You're a married woman, so you can go anywhere.

Maia. Yes, and there'll be the dogs to chaperone us, so nobody could say anything. I like that bear-slayer ever so much better than you. He's not an artist, and besides, he's so repulsively ugly, too!

Blub. (almost pleadingly). But I am repulsively ugly myself, little Frau MAIA!

Maia (a little oppressed). I know. I've often remarked it. But somehow there's not the same attraction about your repulsiveness. I can't think why—(looks innocently at him)—unless it's because you're my husband and he isn't. All really nice-minded women feel like that—at least, they seem to—in Norway.

Blub. (writhing on his seat). Yes, we can't help our nerves—especially if we never try. I myself—

Maia (observing him closely). You yourself are beginning to philander after that pale lady who is a little wrong in her upper story, and used to be a model of yours. (With a flash of insight.) I tell you what, BLUEBECK, it's my belief you have grown tired of being so constantly with me!

Blub. (bursts out). Tired? I will tell you the honest, manly truth, MAIA. You bore me blue! There, now you know it! (In a friendly but earnest tone.) Forgive my candour, but I too have undergone the customary marital inward revolution. I find myself thinking so constantly of that pale lady with the beautiful bewildering bee in her bonnet. She may be mad, but she does so thoroughly understand me!

Maia (trying to repress a subtle smile). To do that she would certainly have to be. But it's really very simple. If you like her best, attach yourself to her. I sha'n't mind. In our fine large house there must surely, with a little goodwill, be room enough for three.

Blub. (uncertainly). That arrangement has been so frequently

tried in Ibsen dramas. But do you think it has ever really worked in the long run?

Maia (in a fit of suppressed laughter). I didn't know that any Ibsen drama had ever had a long run. Still, if it doesn't work, we can try another Ibsenian method. We will part entirely, and I will find something new and free and easy for myself here and there in the world. So you needn't worry about me. (Suddenly points off.) But here comes your lady-lunatic striding along the plain, like some cracked statue escaped from the stonemason's yard.

[Rises.]

Blub. (gazing with his hand over his eyes). Doesn't she look like a Figure of Speech incarnate? (To himself.) And her I could remodel and shift into the background! Her!!

IRENE enters, and smiles at the children in town-made clothes with a gibbering gentleness; they run away uneasily.

Maia (looks significantly at him). Well, BLUEBECK, I'd better leave you to talk things cosily over with her. (Untroubled.) I have my own plans to settle. (Calls to IRENE.) I say, Madam, will you go to my husband? He says you are the only person who really understands him.

[Goes towards her.]

Irene. If he is an allegory or a symbol, I must try to understand him.

Maia. You must, indeed, Madam. As for me, I have married an elderly conundrum, and have decided to give it up.

[Goes down the path to Hydropathic.]

Irene (rolls her eyes stonily at BLUEBECK). I couldn't come before. I've been dreaming. I'm not awake yet.

Blub. (picks his way down the hillock). Don't believe it, IRENE. You are wide awake. And you will wake me up presently. (After a short silence.) You haven't your—your talkative friend with you to-day, I see.

Irene (glances furtively around). She's not far off. She's a witch. Some fine day, when she isn't looking, I shall kill her. Fancy, she has disguised herself as my shadow, when she knows perfectly well that I am only a sort of symbolical shadow myself. Look me in the face and tell me if you consider that ladylike behaviour on her part!

Blub. I—I daren't look you in the face. You have a shadow that tortures me, and I have the crushing weight of my own conscience.

Irene (with a glad cry of deliverance). And the Gardener's Aunt has the penwiper which was eaten by the lion. At last! Now we are talking!

Blub. Just as in the old beautiful days. You have come back to me, home from the uttermost regions!

Irene. Home to my lord and master all the way from Kohl-nitsch! Weren't you expecting me?

Blub. I might have known that— But why did you disappear so utterly?

Irene. I can explain everything. I did it for your sake. After standing to you as a model till your great big statue was really finished out of hand, I laid one more sacrifice at your feet. I effaced myself, so as to lay your life waste, and prevent you from ever creating anything again. I hated you with an A, because you were an artist; with a B, because you were bashful; and with a C, because you were so intolerably self-controlled.

Blub. (looks doubtfully at her). I don't remember that I was ever so self-controlled as all that. Still, I now thoroughly comprehend your motives for going. Only I don't quite understand why you have come back.

Irene. I came back to see what your marble masterpiece, "Figures of Speech becoming Matters of Fact," looks like now it has got itself finally knocked off.

Blub. (uneasy and alarmed). But it isn't here. I don't take it about with me. It is installed in some great important museum, far away down in the basement. You would have considerable difficulty in finding it, even with a catalogue. I wouldn't



attempt it if I were you. You—you mightn't care about it. There were certain alterations I had to make at the last moment.

*Irene (half unsheathing a sharp knife).* Alterations? Without consulting your model? What alterations?

*Blub.* Pray be calm. Simply a few slight modifications in the—a—costume.

*Irene.* How could you modify what did not exist? Did you not represent me as a Figure of Speech in the altogether?

*Blub.* I learned worldly wisdom in the years that followed, IRENE. My conception became in my mind's eye something more complex. There wasn't room on your little round pedestal for all the topsy-turvy imagery I wanted to add.

*Irene (gropes for her knife, but desists).* What imagery? Not Italian?

*Blub.* No, pure Norwegian. I—I imaged what I saw going on around me in the world. I simply couldn't help it. I enlarged the pedestal into a platform. And on it I placed swarms of neurotic men and women, with trolls inside them, just as I knew them in real life.

*Irene (with breathless suspense).* But I still stand there in the middle, a radiantly new young woman transfigured with the joy of life—in the altogether?

*Blub.* H'm. I was obliged to add a knickerbocker-suit, a stick-up collar, and a billycock hat. *(With assumed cheerfulness.)* For the sake of being more true to the facts of life, you understand.

*Irene (with an evil gleam of hatred in her eyes).* I understand that instead of a Figure of Speech you have made me a Figure of Fun! Still—*(mastering herself)*—so long as I am in the chair on your platform, right in the middle of the foreground, presiding over the proceedings—!

*Blub. (evasively).* Er—I shouldn't describe it as quite in the middle—or exactly in the foreground. For I had to shift you to a back seat, or something of that sort.

*Irene (suddenly springing up).* Now you have done it. I really must knife you after that! *[On the point of striking.]*

*Blub. (eagerly taking off his hat and mopping his brow).* No, don't. Wait till I tell you where I've put myself. I'm in front of the group, IRENE, weighed down by remorse at a small wash-hand stand, washing my hands of the whole complicated business.

*Irene.* I always knew you were a poet! *(Strokes his hair softly with a lurking evil smile.)* You great silly, elderly baby!

*Blub. (annoyed).* I'm not a poet, or a baby either. I'm an artist—a Norwegian artist.

*Irene (with a soft expression).* Do you remember the little speech you made when your wonderful large work was really done? You pressed my hands and said: "Many thanks for a beautiful, priceless episode!"

*Blub.* Did I really say that? *(Lost in recollection.)* So it was—a very beautiful, priceless episode.

*Irene.* It was certainly priceless enough. You never even asked me to stay to lunch. So I went, for ever.

*Blub.* You take these little things so wonderfully to heart, IRENE!

*Irene.* Do I? Perhaps I do. Let us go and play at ducks and drakes in the brook, as we used to in the dear old days.

*Blub.* Let's. *(They go to the brook; and BLUBEEK picks up a stone and jerks it.)* Wasn't that a lovely duck, eh?

*[Absorbed in the game.]*

*Irene.* Why, it didn't hop far. It was more like a Wild Duck—or an Ugly Duckling. *[She throws.]*

*Blub.* Then it will turn into a Swan, and draw you about in a boat.

*Irene (completing his thought).* No, for that it would be always too much of a goose.

*Blub.* It might be a goose with yellow legs—yes. *(Throwing more stones into the brook.)* Do you remember when we used to play this game on the lake of Taunitz?

*Irene (with a smile of gentle recollection).* And you hit a boatman in the eye. That was only an episode though, ARNOLD—*(with malignant eyes)*—a priceless episode.

*Blub. (shakes his head).* Not priceless—it cost me a rix-dollar. What fun we used to have! By the way, I've bought that little hut on the Taunitz. I got it cheap because it was so insanitary. We—*(stops and corrects himself)*—I live there usually in the Summer.

*Irene.* With the second Mrs. BLUBEEK?

*Blub.* With her, too. When we are not on some circular tour. Look here—how would you like to come and live with us, and open all that is locked up in me? Think it over—you might do worse!

*Irene (looking far before her).* Now that you are a married man, isn't the invitation just a trifle late?

*Enter ULFHEIM and MAIA, in hunting costume, followed by servant with dogs.*

*Maia (calls out).* Oh, there you are, Professor! I'm off on an adventure. I'm going to put life in the place of all the rest.

*Blub. (calls out).* And a very pretty way of putting it, too, little MAIA!

*Maia.* Isn't it? And I've made up a verse about it, too. All out of my own silly little head. It goes like this:—

*(Sings triumphantly)*

I am free! On the spree! As a lark  
Slipping out of its cage in the dark!  
I am free as a lark! What a lark!

*Blub.* It almost seems so. You remind me of that Mrs. Helmer in the Doll's House. Only she came back. Good evening to you.

*Maia (tossing her head).* Good evening, Professor.

*[ULFHEIM roars with laughter as they go out together.]*

*Blub.* I—I shouldn't wonder if a Summer night on the mountains was rather agreeable.

*Irene (softly, urgently).* Shall we try it too—just you and I?

*Blub. (uncertainly).* Oh, really, I don't quite—isn't it rather too late?

*Irene.* It would be only an episode.

*Blub.* Only that. And we needn't go too far either. I—I don't mind taking just a little turn.

*Irene (with a wild expression in her eyes).* No more do I. . . . Ssh! . . . Don't look round. *(The Confidante's head, still thinking hard, is visible among the bushes.)* She's in there. . . . No, Professor, do you hear, you must not go on the mountains with me. I couldn't think of allowing it. It would be most improper. We must part, ARNOLD, yes, part—for ever! *(Bends over him and whispers.)* On the upland! To-night. Ten sharp. *(To the Confidante.)* I'll come quite quietly, Nurse, quite quietly.

*[She goes out; the Confidante gets out of the bushes and follows her.]*

*Blub. (to himself).* I'm afraid the night air on these mountains—at my time of life—!

*Maia (is heard singing triumphantly up above).* I am free as a lark! Such a lark!

*Blub. (more hopefully).* After all, it is never too late for larks! *[Remains sitting motionless.]*

CURTAIN.

*(Continued in our next.)*





*Man Cleaning the Horse.* "NAA THEN LAZY, W'Y DON'T YER DO SOME WORK!"

*New Hand (loafing).* "I'M AGOIN' TO."

*M. C. H.* "WOT ARE YER GOIN' TER DO?"

*N. H.* "ELP YOU."

*M. C. H.* "COME ALONG THEN."

*N. H.* "ALL RITE. YOU GO ORN, I'M AGOIN' TER DO THE 'ISSING."

#### A WHIP OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

(Fragment from a Matter-of-fact Romance.)

THE Wifebeater, etc., stood surrounded by his weeping family. He had been before a Police Magistrate and had been bound over to keep the peace.

"Ah," sobbed his wife, "if Mr. WHARTON'S bill had passed there might have been a chance for me—and, 'ENERY, for you."

"Say not so," said 'ENERY earnestly. "Believe me, if I had been flogged I would have lost the dignity of my manhood. It has been beautifully observed there may be in me 'sparks of self-respect and a sense of human dignity which, if carefully watched and tended might, in the course of time, burn into a purifying glow, but which would be in great danger of extinction by such measures as the bill proposed!" And now to the drink!"

"Oh, 'ENERY, 'ENERY, don't touch the drink!"

With a curse and a kick 'ENERY rendered NANCY senseless.

"It was ever so," he murmured as he poured out half a tumbler of ardent spirits.

"Ah, it's well that I cannot be flogged. I preserve my self-respect!"

He took a drink and pondered. Then he added in an undertone, "Besides, flogging 'urts!"

#### AN OBJECT LESSON.

(A Dramatic Sketch that has had an original.)

SCENE—A lecture-hall. Large audience, composed chiefly of country labourers, in the dark. Clerical Lecturer discovered in his rostrum.

Clerical Lecturer. We have now seen the troops depart with the assistance of a map of the Isle of Wight. Our next view will be Alexandria. (Scene changes on the disc.) Yes, that is Alexandria. You will see the bathing-machines on the sands of the desert, and yonder is the old lighthouse that attracted the attention of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. [Applause.]

Voice from the Dark. Please, Sir, I don't think it's Alexandria. It's Ramsgate.

[Confirmatory applause.]

Clerical Lecturer. Well, be that as it

may. We now show a map of the Transvaal. And now you will be able to trace for yourselves the advance of our troops.

[Scene changes on the disc.]

Voice from the Dark. Please, Sir, it ain't a map of the Transvaal, it's a District Railway chart of London.

Clerical Lecturer (annoyed). I cannot see how the mistake can have occurred. But let it pass, and now we shall see the young Khedive. (Touches bell and picture on disc discovers a picture of a farm-yard.) There is, I fear, something wrong. (Laughter.) I really am very much annoyed. (To assistant, aside.) Why are we having all these mistakes?

Assistant. Please, Sir, I think I have brought down the wrong slides.

Clerical Lecturer. You know I ordered "With the British Army in the Transvaal." You know that?

Assistant. Yes, Sir, and I am sorry to say that through some misunderstanding, I have brought down the slides for "A Week's Holiday in a Sussex Farm-house."

[The audience begin to get out of hand, and the curtain falls upon what promises to be a melancholy fiasco.]





*Fond Wife.* "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BERTIE'S NEW HAT, DEAR?"

*Her Candid Sister.* "WELL, DEAR, I THINK IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEBODY HAD BEGUN EXCAVATING TO FIND HIS BRAINS, AND HAD GIVEN IT UP IN DESPAIR."

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### *The Walk in Carriage.*

WHAT charming after-noon! If we go to the Wood, it should be one walk very agreeable.

You are of my advice, Mister X.? Eh well, take one carriage.

He value better to descend to the entry of the Wood and to march one little. Nothing of more assuming than one cab to the hour to the Wood.

Of him see there one who not is bad. Hay, coacher! To the Dauphiness Door.

What animation all the long of the Boullivahde (*pronunciation anglaise*), but one self walk softly. It is the paradise of the strollers. To London, to the contrary, one traverse the streets to step of course. It is as that that we others English we gain of the silver. "Times is money."

We follow the Boullivahde of the Nasturtiums, and the Boul-

##### *La Promenade en Voiture.*

Quelle charmante après-midi! Si nous allons au Bois, ce serait une promenade très agréable.

Vous êtes de mon avis, Monsieur X.? Eh bien, prenons une voiture.

Il vaut mieux descendre à l'entrée du Bois et marcher un peu. Rien de plus assumant qu'un fiacre à l'heure au Bois.

En voilà un qui n'est pas mal. Hé, cocher! A la Porte Dauphine.

Quelle animation tout le long du Boulevard, mais on se promène doucement. C'est le paradis des flâneurs. A Londres, au contraire, on traverse les rues à pas de course. C'est comme ça que nous autres Anglais nous gagnons de l'argent. "Times is money."

Nous suivons le Boulevard des Capucines, et le Boulevard

livahde of the Magdalen. See here the Royal Street, and at the end the Place of the Concord.

See you to the corner this triangular ark, and the droll of woman to the summit, this Parishes-Parisian in middle aged costume? It is the entry of the Exhibition.

Maintaining we follow the Elysian Fields. Not is it that it is one avenue superb?

Truly to London he we fail one street as that. The Pickadilly Street and the Widehall Street not are also large.

See there to left the Great Palace and the Little Palace, all the two all beating news, and the new Avenue. What ravishing perspective until to the Invalids!

We traverse the Round Point of the Elysian Fields. See there the Ark of the Star to the end. We take to left. It is the Avenue of the Wood.

See there the Dauphiness Door. Go to foot until to the Inferior Lake.

That of world, to horse, to foot, in carriage, in automobile! He do very good here.

This lake is more proper that the one of the Hyd Parc. But naturally to London all is improper.

If we go to we to repose one instant to the Flag?

He must to command of the consummations. Boy, one glass of gin and one lemon squashed.

By a such time each Flag of the Wood is roof.

de la Madeleine. Voici la Rue Royale, et au bout la Place de la Concorde.

Voyez-vous au coin cet arc triangulaire, et la drôle de femme au sommet, cette "Parisienne" en costume moyen âge? C'est l'entrée de l'Exposition.

Maintenant nous suivons les Champs Elysées. N'est-ce pas que c'est une avenue superbe?

Vraiment à Londres il nous manque une rue comme ça. La Rue Pickadilly et la Rue Widehall ne sont pas aussi larges.

Voilà à gauche le Grand Palais et le Petit Palais, tous les deux tout battant neufs, et la nouvelle Avenue. Quelle ravissante perspective jusqu'aux Invalides!

Nous traversons le Rond Point des Champs Elysées. Voilà l'Arc de l'Étoile au bout. Nous prenons à gauche. C'est l'Avenue du Bois.

Voilà la Porte Dauphine. Allons à pied jusqu'au Lac Inférieur.

Que de monde à cheval, à pied, en voiture, en automobile! Il fait très bon ici.

Ce lac est plus propre que celui du Hyd Parc. Mais naturellement à Londres tout est malpropre.

Si nous allons nous reposer un instant au Pavillon?

Il faut commander des consommations. Garçon, un verre de gin et un citron pressé.

Par un pareil temps chaque Pavillon du Bois est comble.

H. D. B.

#### A STAGGERER.

THE President Preacher,  
And Biblical Teacher,  
Exclaimed, "I will stagger humanity!"  
He opened the Book;  
At the very first look  
He met with the text, "All is vanity!"

CONGRATULATIONS!—Had "Pretty, pretty POLLY PERKINS, of Paddington Green" only lived to welcome JOHN AIRD, M.P., as "First Mayor of Paddington," how delighted that young lady would have been to present a splendid bouquet to the chief representative of authority in Paddington, i.e., to JOHN AIRD (of AIRD & SONS), the man with the iron will, the future Baron CAIRO, or Baron ASSOUAN-ASSIOUT, the great friend and Banker of the venerable Father Nile. The new Mayor of Paddington does not, we believe, come into office until November, but, *en attendant*—

"Here 's to you, JOHN AIRD,  
Here 's to you with all our heart,"

as, raising our glass, we salute Jovial JOHN AIRD with all our "heart and voice." Viva!



# A COALEIDOSCOPE; OR, FACES IN THE FLAMES.

(A Recluse has a Reverie over a Sea-coal Fire.)

SEE! there 's JENKINS with the long æsthetic hair,

With Roman nose and broad Byronic brow,  
What splendid velvet coats he used to wear.

A poet? No! he kept the *Old Dun Cow*.  
Beside him note a heavy sullen face,

The ugly lump that's like a piece of wood,

That's JUBBER, who wrote *Gentleness and Grace*,

And BROWNING's mystic meaning understood.

That little skimpy cinder just alight,

Is MIRABELLE, who, as a tragic queen,  
Made women faint by dozens ev'ry night,

The very best *Medea* ever seen,  
Could freeze the inmost marrow of one's bones,

And make Youth's cheek lose all its healthy bloom,  
But no one knew her real name was JONES,

Until she left the stage to marry—  
whom?

That slender bit of Wallsend on the right  
Was once in truth my one and only flame,

Our troth we plighted and my hopes were bright,

Until she bolted from me—what's her name?

That rather bloated-looking ember there,  
The one that's crumbling whitely into ash,

I also deemed my fairest of the fair,  
Until she—no, her father—went to smash.

There's a visage full of humour and of joy,  
The rosy lips seem ripe for repartee;

You're wrong, it is a semi-idiot boy.  
A nobleman who went to school with me.

Beyond him is a jolly, smiling phiz,  
No doubt a king 'mid other jolly souls.

I know him, yet can't name him—Yes!  
he is

The merchant who has sued me for these coals!

## FAREWELL, OUR WERRY UNTRIM-BUILT!

ACCORDING to the newspapers of April 20, it has been decided that London shall be pennyboatless this Summer. The thirty-five Common—very common—Objects of the Thames will no longer ply between bridges, to the confusion of the citizen and the derision of the stranger from the banks of the Seine and the Hudson. Their Chippendale funnels and early nineteenth-century fittings are to vanish into some marine museum along the Surrey shore, if they have not already rotted at their moorings and anticipated the ship-breaker's attentions. Why were



"OH! I SAY! 'E 'AS GOT EYES AFTER ALL!"

they not sent over to the Paris Exhibition as a pendant to the Old English manor-house, and an object lesson on the way that Britannia rules the Thames? Why were they not sent long ago to join the Turkish fleet in the Bosphorus? Why were they not despatched to Delagoa Bay as guardships, or to Potsdam as playthings? When KRÜGER wished for a fleet, here was one ready-made.

And now that they are gone, it is hoped, to join the *Flying Dutchman*, it may be asked what is to take their place? Shall we revive the waterman's wherry or the Margate hoy? They would be in keeping with our present rapid rate of development. Have we any use for the Thames at all? How many Londoners know of its existence, except as a stretch

of dirty brown water between Putney and Mortlake? Why not cover it carefully over, like the Fleet Ditch, or the stream that runs under the Junior Constitutional and the Green Park? What do we want with a brackish river for thoroughfare, when we have nice cosy underground railways, and luxurious, romantic 'buses that fairly block the streets in eager competition for our custom? As the old lady said, we are installed in an island because it was never meant that we should cross the sea. Let us similarly cease to cheat ourselves with any unwarranted illusions as to our adaptability to fluvial transit. A nation is worthy of the government that it has—we have hitherto been thoroughly worthy of the Thames Penny Steamboat.





*Dr. Prim.* "Miss Lucy!! Smoking!"  
*Miss Lucy* (an advanced young lady with classical knowledge). "It's classical and correct. 'Ex Lucy dare fumum.'"

#### A COUPLE OF CRITICISMS.

##### No. 1. From the "Bookcutter."

MR. BROWN has certainly surpassed himself. Never has better work come from his study than *Heartstrings*. He seems to have probed humanity to its utmost depths. How excellent is his sketch of the Dean, how graphic the narrative of the murder at the cross roads! The last absolutely bristles with interest. The reader, once with the book in his hands, devours every page until *finis* is reached. *Heartstrings* is, in a word, magnificent.

##### No. 2. From the "Paper Basket."

MR. BROWN in *Heartstrings*—what a title!—is absolutely at his worst. And this is a strong assertion when the feebleness of the author is recognised. MR. BROWN has about as much knowledge of human life as the white bear nearest the North Pole. Characters and incidents are alike ridiculous. The Dean is impossible—away from the afterpart of a Christmas Pantomime. No insaner encounter than the murder at the cross roads has been "thought out" without the gates of Colney Hatch or Hanwell. Who will ever read it? Only the reviewer, and even he—unless he possess cast-iron determination—will never get beyond the Preface. *Heartstrings* is, in a word—rot!

#### KEY TO THE ABOVE.

*First Critic.* Just been reviewing *Heartstrings*. I know BROWN, the author—he's a good chap.

*Second Critic.* So have I been reviewing *Heartstrings*. I don't know BROWN, but somebody has told me that he's a stupid ass!

#### A 'BUS BALLAD.

OH, come with me to the Circus, love,  
 And there let us take our stand  
 Amid the gathering throng who shove  
 So rudely on ev'ry hand;  
 Our destination is nought to us  
 As long as we're side by side,  
 We'll make our choice of an omnibus  
 And go for a penny ride.

How fast these vehicles onward come,  
 They're all very nice, no doubt,  
 But then you'll notice, my dear, that  
 some

Are full both inside and out;  
 They come from north and from south and  
 east,

They come from the golden west,  
 And really I don't mind in the least,  
 So choose which you think the best.

See, here's a chariot rosy red,  
 Oh, does it appeal to you?  
 Or shall we patronize one instead  
 That's painted a vivid blue?  
 The people struggle and pant and push,  
 So make up your mind, my queen.  
 Suppose we venture to Shepherd's Bush  
 On top of an emerald green?

But as we linger, come more and more,  
 And who shall their charms describe,  
 For some bear Union Jacks before,  
 (Now these are the Road Car tribe;)  
 A pirate 'bus you should always shun,  
 And if you're advised by me,  
 You'll do your best to embark on one  
 That's branded L. G. O. C.

Ah joy! the one you have fixed upon,  
 In spite of its heavy load,  
 Will welcome eagerly, later on,  
 A race up the Edgware Road;  
 Then hold on tight to the garden seat  
 When once we have started, pet,  
 For competition is always sweet  
 So long as you're not upset.



Coming off with Flying Colours.



#### AN IDEA FOR OUR SCULPTORS.

The Greeks had their "Discobolus." Why should not the English have their "Bowler"? It would be the most popular statue of all at Burlington House, and would be considered by the great British Public a thousand times more graceful and life-like than all the "antiques" put together.

#### THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE CAVALRY.

SCENE—Smoking-Room of the Parthenon Club. Two Youths discovered.

*First Youth.* Pity you are not one of ours.

*Second Youth.* What have you to do to become one?

*First Youth.* Oh, simple matter enough. Plank down the money.

*Second Youth.* As how?

*First Youth.* Oh, in keeping up the credit of the regiment. We go in for a coach.

*Second Youth.* Rather expensive amusement, isn't it?

*First Youth.* Well, we don't think about that. We must keep up our prestige. Then we do a lot of entertaining. That mounts up to a pretty sum.

*Second Youth.* I am not surprised. Anything further?

*First Youth.* Well, we patronise golf, and, when we can get some, hunting.

*Second Youth.* More expense, eh?

*First Youth.* Only necessary outlay. Then, of course, we have a few games of cards, and keep the ball rolling generally. You ought to join. You would like it.

*Second Youth.* Not impossibly; but I'm afraid it wouldn't suit my Pater's pass-book.

*First Youth.* Think so! Why, with your pay, you can do it well on six hundred a year.

*Second Youth.* Haven't got it.

*First Youth.* But my father has—he's a self-made millionaire. Did well in soap.

*Second Youth.* Ah, my father's only a poor country gentleman. Did badly in land!  
 [Mutual regrets and curtain.





RETURN OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA FROM IRELAND.

*Hibernia. "COME BACK TO ERIN!"*





*Mabel (à propos of new Evening Dress, which has just arrived from the Dressmaker). "Oh, MOTHER, HOW LOVELY! DO WEAR IT TO-NIGHT!"*

*Mother. "No, DEAR, NOT TO-NIGHT. THIS IS FOR WHEN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN COME TO DINNER."*

*Mabel. "MOTHER, DEAR, DO LET'S PRETEND, JUST FOR ONCE, THAT FATHER'S A GENTLEMAN!"*

#### IN THE NAME OF THE LAW—SAUCE! (A Minor Consideration, at the Service of Geese.)

THE Inspector put in his head and requested the doctor to depart.

"I cannot," said the physician; "my patient is in the most critical stage of his malady."

"Can't help that. Look at the clock. Well, if you refuse—you know the penalty."

Then the Inspector appeared in a cottage and touched the arm of a parson.

"No more of this," he said, "you must come away."

"Impossible," returned the divine, "my duties——"

"None of that," interrupted the man in authority; "I know what you would say. But look at the clock."

But the parson refused to consent, and his name was duly entered in the Inspector's book.

A little later the official called upon a man of science, a soldier, a sailor, a tinker, a tailor, in fact upon representatives of almost every class. His interference was the same in every case. At length he came to a journalist.

"How long have you been at work, Sir?"

"Half round the clock."

"And how much longer shall you be at it before your day's labour will be over?"

"When I complete the other half," was the prompt reply.

"I never heard of anything so disgraceful! I must really arrest you."

"Why?" asked the astonished pressman.

"Because I am an Inspector under the Eight Hours Act."

"Oh!" exclaimed the journalist, "that statute does not apply to me, it is only intended for the relief of the working man."

And the journalist continued his movement round the clock.

#### DARBY JONES ON THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

HONOURED SIR,—After Mr. MUSKER'S speedy three year old, with the Lavish Odds of 3 to 1 on him, had been disqualified for the Wood Ditton Stakes at Newmarket, many a Bereaved Backer re-named him *Down 'Em*, but keep your Eyeball on J. MUSKER, Esquire, and his Muskerteers. Enfeebled as I am, bitten to the Quick of my thumb-nail by the Ingratitude of my Too Prosperous Nephew ASCOTT HEATH, I nevertheless venture to wrench my muse for Your Esteemed Benefit from the Slumber of Oblivion in connection with the grand old City and Suburban Contest. Here let her warble!

The *Tinderbox nag* has a very big chance,

But the *Cup* I don't fancy at all.

Attraction might lead them a spirited dance,

And the *Unknowning One* have a call.

But the *Feathery Pork* should be well to the fore

With *Reynard the Cute* by his side:

So I'll take the *F. P.*, to add one to his score,

If the *Leading Man* loses his stride.

Plovers' Eggs and Early Asparagus are now in season. Trusting to taste of these Luxuries of the Spring on your always Well-Appointed Equipage by the Rails, I am, Honoured Sir, Your Ever Faithful but Slighted Henchman,

DARBY JONES.

#### THE QUEST OF THE REMOTE.

["The Uganda railway telegraph line reached the Nile at Ripon Falls a few days since, thus establishing telegraphic communication between London and the sources of the Nile."—*Reuter's telegram.*]

WHY so eager, curious man,  
Earth's remotest parts to scan,  
Railing, wiring, blasting, boring,  
North, South, East and West exploring,  
Till her hidden places lie  
Open to your peering eye?

Lo! upon his ruthless trips,  
Earth's mysterious robe he strips:  
Hurries to South Kensington  
With the beard of PRESTER JOHN;  
Rocs and unicorns pursues,  
Traps and brings them to our Zoos.

Ophir he will penetrate,  
With a mining syndicate;  
Avalon his motors see,  
He will bike in Arcady;  
While Laputa's situation  
Forms a first-class coaling station.

Oh! to some far spot to fly  
Where no vulgar crowd can pry;  
In whose grateful solitude,  
Free from all disturbance rude,  
We might spend an hour at ease.  
"Pullman car, Utopia, please."

EN SUISSE.—Brigands are still found  
on the mountains—managing hotels.



### "DECLINED WITH THANKS."

I've attempted a frontal attack  
On the trench where the editor lies,  
I have tried to get in by the back,  
But I've never converted my tries.  
My manuscripts always return,  
Be they poems or studies in Manx,  
With contumely editors spurn,  
And politely decline them with thanks.

One accepted (the joy that I felt!)  
An article trenchant and keen,  
With political aspects it dealt  
In a spirit of Radical spleen.  
When the cheque, that was proffered as  
pay,  
I tendered at various banks,  
My visions of wealth slid away,  
They politely declined it with thanks.

When my heart was embittered and sore,  
Declensions infesting my head,  
My broker—I sadly deplore  
That I didn't believe what he said—  
Implored me to take his advice  
About patents in bicycle cranks—  
The shares more than trebled their price,  
And I had declined them with thanks!

A curse on the negative phrase  
That has frequently served me so ill!  
I expect to the end of my days  
It will haunt me seductively still.  
For now the affair of my life  
With the rest of my miseries ranks,  
Since the lady I sought as my wife  
Has politely declined me with thanks.

### THE PLAY PRODUCER'S VADE MECUM.

*Question.* I believe, as a theatrical manager, you consider yourself somewhat of a public benefactor?

*Answer.* That is the attitude generally assumed in the profession to which I have the honour to belong.

*Q.* At public dinners, and on other occasions when the drama is mentioned, you usually refer to your calling as Art?

*A.* Quite so. Using a capital letter to emphasise the word.

*Q.* And yet, I suppose, you do not pretend to pay greater respect to the drama than a barrister to the law?

*A.* In my heart, no; for I feel with the counsel, that the labourer is worthy of his reward.

*Q.* I believe that you look upon the British public as the guardian of your interests, and your judge?

*A.* I do; but then I am not prepared to accept some of the occupants of the gallery on the first night of a new piece as the British public.

*Q.* Give a reason for that refusal.

*A.* It is common knowledge that a number of persons attend the initial performance of a theatrical novelty influenced by the same passions that cause some men to become habitués of the feats of lion-tamers.



*Non-Sporting Lady (to Mr. Slips, who has been expatiating on the merits of his best Greyhound). "IS HE ANY GOOD AT RATS?"*

*Q.* Do you mean that they wish to be present at a fiasco, ending with a ruined play or a mangled acrobat?

*A.* Yes, that is my impression, which has been shared by generations of theatrical managers.

*Q.* Do you consider this mania for cruelty peculiar to the nineteenth century?

*A.* Certainly not; as the ladies attending the Roman sports had a penchant for holding their thumbs at an inclination fatal to the wounded gladiators.

*Q.* Then what would you recommend to reverse a first night's condemnation?

*A.* An appeal to the people and confidence in the play for at least a month.

*Q.* What do you believe would be effected by this confidence?

*A.* The influence of the wreckers would be destroyed, and the British public would have a chance of judging for themselves.

*Q.* And has this plan ever been beneficial?

*A.* Very frequently.

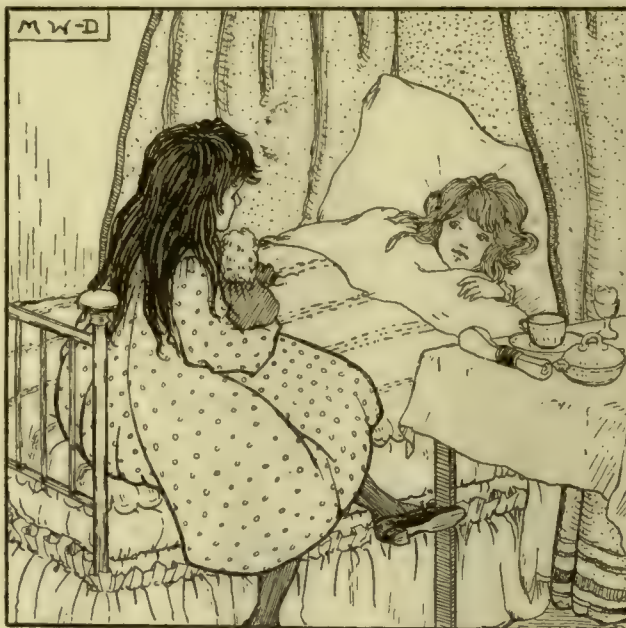
*Q.* So you presume that what has succeeded in the past will succeed in the future?

*A.* Exactly.

APPROPRIATE THOROUGHFARE FOR A LIGHTING EXHIBITION.—Berners Street.

A TRUE SON OF ALBION.—SIR GEORGE WHITE.





### TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

*Edith.* "NURSE SAYS, THERE IS NO PLEASURE WITHOUT ITS PAIN."  
*Nelly.* "YES, I KNOW THAT'S TRUE. EVEN BREAKFAST IN BED HAS ITS CRUMBS!"

### SOME ONE HAD BLUNDERED.

*Sir Redvers Buller.*

My Lord, I concocted a neat little plan  
 Which I left in the hands of this excellent man,  
 But, without telling me, he decided to change it,  
 And left it to General COKE to arrange it,  
 Who should, I believe, have been THORNEYCROFT who  
 Had had my instructions what he was to do.  
 When therefore my tactics miscarried, I wondered,  
 And I gathered that possibly some one had blundered.

*Sir Charles Warren.*

My Lord, I was ordered to act on a plan  
 Which would never occur to a rational man;  
 I altered the plan, and the chief came to see,  
 When I begged he would take the command over me.  
 At first, like a woman, he would, then he wouldn't,  
 And he couldn't decide if he should or he shouldn't.  
 And that's why in vain our artillery thundered.  
 I think it's self-evident some one has blundered.

*Lord Roberts.*

If a girl, I should say that your conduct was meekness,  
 But, Sir REDVERS, in soldiers we call it mere weakness;  
 While you, Sir CHARLES, fussed like a governess who  
 Is taking her class for an airing to Kew.  
 What? Organisation? There's none in the camps!  
 You hadn't got oil for the signalling lamps!  
 It's a wonder you were not all murdered and plundered.  
 A pair of you! Certainly, some one has blundered.

*Public Opinion.*

Sir REDVERS devised an impossible plan  
 Which he trusted to WARREN, an obstinate man;  
 Lord ROBERTS sent home some despatches, and there  
 He freely expressed what he thought of the pair.  
 The War Office published these documents plain,  
 To the joy of their foes, and the grief of the sane;  
 And while they were reading them, all the world wondered,  
 And promptly concluded that every one blundered.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Arden Massiter*, by Dr. WILLIAM BARRY, author of *The New Antigone*, *The Two Standards*, etc. (T. FISHER UNWIN). Dr. BARRY'S new novel, or rather romance, is of "imagination all compact." Now, imagination, the Baron holds to be the language of genius. And genius, in his humble judgment, means discerning that which is dark to ordinary vision. Dr. BARRY, who knows Italian life as few Englishmen know it, has eyes to see beneath its external phenomena the workings of great elemental forces. And in these fascinating pages he has put before us what he sees, with the pen of the consummate literary artist. The Baron has no intention of unveiling the thrilling plot of *Arden Massiter*. But he must say that some of the descriptions have seldom been surpassed in picturesque vividness. A few touches from Dr. BARRY'S masterhand suffice to transport the reader to the scene depicted. The Baron will quote a few lines by way of example, from a page at which the book chances to lie open:

"The hill descended by broad lapses of pasture, fringed with chestnuts, into the ravines and valleys that went rolling forward till the plain of the Sacco divided them from other hills and woods. So balmy an air touched one's forehead, that May itself seemed to be roaming through the land; a screen of light silvery clouds hid the sun, curiously veined in places with sapphire and burnished gold."

Every word tells: and the reader sees what the writer saw. It is the unmistakable note of a proper and spontaneous form: of inspiration at once profound and simple, as that of Nature herself.

Out of an old oak chest, long lying unnoticed in the University library at Upsala, a Swedish Professor, of all persons in the world, came upon a heap of manuscript containing a story of passionate love. They were the letters that passed between SOPHIE DOROTHEA, wife of our good King GEORGE I., and PHILIP KÖNIGSMARCK. At their date the first of our Hanoverian Kings ranked as son of the Elector of Hanover. In early youth he married SOPHIE, the daughter of Duke GEORGE of Celle. She was a beautiful girl in her sixteenth year. Moreover, she had 100,000 thalers a year, "and that," as GEORGE'S mother frankly wrote, "tempted him, as they would have tempted any one else. My son GEORGE LOUIS," adds the fond mother, "is the most pig-headed, stubborn boy who ever lived." From the first he neglected his child-wife, and shortly after the marriage openly entered into close relations with a lady-in-waiting at the Court, one ERMENGARDA MELUSINA VON SCHULENBURG, later known in English history as the Duchess of KENDAL, whose tall, lean figure gained for her in common parlance the name of THE MAYPOLE. On the scene thus prepared stepped the gay cavalier KÖNIGSMARCK, who deliberately laid siege to the heart of the hapless Princess. When she capitulated she surrendered entirely. Her share of this frantic letter-writing testified to her absorbing love. Retribution came, not from the hand of the outraged husband, engrossed with his VON SCHULENBURG, but from that of the elderly mistress of Prince GEORGE'S father, who wanted KÖNIGSMARCK for herself. In the peace following a Sabbath day, on the night of July 1, 1694, the Countess PLATEN tracked the cavalier to the lady's chamber. She placed four halberdiers in the passage, bidding them fall upon him when he came forth. When he lay down to death, she came out with a candle, and looked upon her work. He cursed her with his dying breath, which she stopped by stamping on his mouth. Ah! the good old times. As for the Princess—mother not only of our kings-to-be, but ancestress in equally direct line of the German Emperor—she was haled to prison. In her twenty-eighth year, in the prime of life, the bloom of beauty, the doors of the Castle at Ahlden closed upon her, and there she dwelt for thirty-three years. *The Love of an Uncrowned Queen*, Mr. WILKINS calls his story, which HUTCHINSON publishes in two handsome volumes. It is the most human, therefore the



most attractive, romance my Baronite has read for many a day.

A handbook, or pocket-book, most useful for "this present distress" is *A History of South Africa*, by W. BASIL WORSFOLD, appearing as, if the Baron reckons aright, the 7th volume of the Temple Encyclopædic Primers, published at 29, Bedford Street. The only fault the Baron finds with this book is that, full as it is of information, it is just a little too full of "matter." At least a quarter of it might have been omitted, whereby its readability would have been considerably improved. Also, there should have been side-headings, let in, or marginal references, so that a reader in search of some particular event, or date, would at once find it. The index at the end serves its own particular purpose, but, of course, does not give dates. In all books of this sort intended for handy reference, the marginal general and particular reference, with date, is indispensable to its perfection. This apart, the little book "as she is wrote," will be found, as the Baron has already indicated, very useful.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

#### LYDDITIS.

(Some more or less distinguished sufferers under its far-reaching influence.)

["Lyddite has the effect of temporarily obscuring the reasoning faculties, even when the sufferer has escaped without a scratch."—*The "Times" War Correspondent.*]

THE Irish Nationalist leaders when they imagined, some weeks ago, that their respective parties were going thenceforward to dwell together in peace and unity.

The perfervid authoress who maintains that the Boers are simple, straightforward, law-abiding, stay-at-home peasants.

The free Hibernian press in its assertion that the Cork Militiamen were "drugged and driven like dumb cattle to the war."

The amiable enthusiasts who, while recommending Great Britain to sue for peace, with the prospect of a South Africa under the suzerainty of Oom PAUL, think that we shall thereby bring about the millennium.

The Boer leaders who, having played the white flag dodge for four months, flattered themselves they were going to get an armistice out of ROBERTS at Paardeberg.

The European pretenders and anarchists who accuse England of being the home of every kind of injustice and tyranny, and are the first to seek shelter within her boundaries when they get into hot water in their own countries.

The journalists of Paris and Berlin who, having presumably studied arithmetic in their youth, never give less than 3,500 British killed and 17 guns captured when they refer to battles in Natal.



Pen May 1890

"SURE, TERENCE, IF YEE GO TO THE FRONT, KAPE AT THE BACK, OR YE'LL BE KILT, OI KNOW UT!" "FAITH, AN' ISN'T THAT THE WAY OI GET MY LIVIN'!"

#### A BALLADE OF THE EPHEMERAL.

["In the course of a century only six and a half books a year would be left out of 500,000."—*Mark Twain before the Committee of the House of Lords on Copyright.*]

AH! cynic, spare your idle threat  
To books whose aim and mood is light,  
Consigning them without regret  
To dread oblivion, dark as night;  
Your solemn warnings why indite?  
Why press your point with jibes and sneers,  
On all who venture aught to write  
That will not last a hundred years?

The afterglow when sun has set,  
The butterfly with fitful flight,  
The perfume of the violet,  
The lily's frock of dainty white;  
The hour when youth and maiden plight

Their troth with smiles and blissful tears—

Ah me! there's many a delight  
That will not last a hundred years!

Then why not twist the alphabet  
To passing forms and verses slight,  
Fit phrase and fleeting epithet—  
Less lasting haply, but more bright?  
Descend from that forbidding height  
Whence you dispense your flouts and sneers;

Must everything your scorn excite  
That will not last a hundred years?

Envoy.

Nay, scribbler, let the cynic smite,  
What though your work soon disappears?  
And be not downcast at his spite—  
That will not last a hundred years.





### THE VERNACULAR.

"YER KNOW THAT YOUNG GERMIN FELLER AS COME TER STY IN OUR 'OUSE SIX MONTHS AGOW! WELL, W'EN FUST 'E COME, I GIVE YEE MY WORD 'E DIDN' KNOW NO THINK BUT 'IS OWN LENGWIDGE; BUT WE BIN LEARNIN' 'IM ENGLISH, AN' NOW 'E CAN SPEAK IT PUFFICK—JES' THE SINE AS WOT YOU AN' ME CAN."

#### THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS FOR THOSE WHO LIKE THEM.

It is not khaki that makes "the gentleman going south." It may take him into the Music Hall.

Patriotism often begins with the press and ends with pressure.

Pessimism is the admission of failure of the pessimist.

War is the recreation of kings and the business of the newspaper contents-bill.

To the Boer captive the voyage to St. Helena may end at Earl's Court.

The Parisians are always making exhibitions—of themselves. This may not be new—it is historical.

To concoct an aphorism one must have

pen, ink, and paper, and an idea. The first may be your own, but the last is sure to be somebody else's.

The public are seldom bought without being sold.

When a man fancies himself he seldom has other admirers.

It is old fashioned to consider two and two as four—to the economical the product is three, and to the extravagant five-and-twenty.

She who writes—wrongs.

In law a man must support his mother, but not his mother-in-law.

If a man's wife is his better half, what a precious bad lot must be the remainder.

Speech may be used to conceal thoughts, or the want of them.

To be smart others must suffer, either in pocket or reputation.

The elder son takes a prominent part in the County and the younger in the County Court.

A thought comes from brain, and an aphorism from machinery.

### THE PASSING OF SILOMO.

*Bloemfontein.*

"There are only two important items of news . . . We have had a terrific rain-storm lasting for two days . . . Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT has left." *Our Special Correspondent.*

FIERCE broke the thunder o'er the stricken veldt;

The forked levin leaped along the lands;  
A plaguery darkness such as may be felt  
Impeded all the military bands;

The tents were like a phantom fleet at sea;

For two delirious days the rain went on;  
At length the storm was hushed—but where was he?

Where was the knightly ELLIS? He was gone!

As when on sable coursers fringed with fire

Rapt Genii disappear amid the blast;  
As when from earth the truant gods retire  
Toward the inane in thunder—so he passed!

Vainly they tracked him round the sodden scene;

Vainly they probed each eligible spot;  
Some said, in Latin, "Fuit!" (He has been);

And others, from the Hebrew, "He is not!"

Who knows? Perchance in yonder Ewigkeit

He is ordained to shine, a shooting star!  
Perchance on Swaziland to swoop by night  
Apparelled like an awful Avatar!

There are who hold he sallied by the train

In human guise, armed with a god-like gamp,

And is expected to appear again  
Elsewhere at need to coach another gamp.

Whether his winged feet consent to perch  
On high Olympus or some local kop,—

Here where SILOMO left us in the lurch  
Our courage falters, yea, our spirits flop.

Keen warrior-nose to scent the battle's whiff,

His brain an Album full of martial scraps—

With him away it almost looks as if  
The very seat of war might well collapse!

O. S.

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Ten minutes saved in a railway run is not worth twenty lives lost in a railway accident.





## ADVANCED AUSTRALIA!

AUSTRALIA. "IF YOU PLEASE, MOTHER, I WANTED A LITTLE MORE FREEDOM. SO I'VE HAD THIS LATCH-KEY MADE. YOU DON'T MIND?"

BRITANNIA. "I'M SURE, MY DEAR, IF ANYBODY CAN BE TRUSTED WITH IT, YOU CAN."

[Clause 74, "Australasian Federation Bill," abolishes appeal to Privy Council.]









### "WE FELL OUT, MY WIFE AND I."

He. "THAT'S ABSURD! DO YOU THINK I'M AS BIG A FOOL AS I LOOK?"

She. "I THINK THAT IF YOU AREN'T, YOU HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO BE THANKFUL FOR!"

### "NO BOTTLES."

"No Bottles"—in the window set,  
This legend, which the fly-blow mottles,  
Warns dealers that they here will get  
No bottles.

Not two Spoonerian tits or jottles  
I personally care—and yet  
There's sadness in the words "No  
Bottles."

Of that old port which used to wet  
My friends' appreciative throttles  
I now have left—to their regret—  
No bottles!

### PUBLISHERS, PLEASE NOTE.

PEOPLE all tell me it is so difficult to write a book. Not at all. Have just written one myself—a real good one, too—at least, my Aunt, who has read the MS., says so, and she ought to know. I took the manuscript to a publisher, and was shown into a room smelling of mutton chops and tobacco smoke, and there left to wait for half an hour. When I was ushered into the presence of the bald-headed miscreant, I nodded pleasantly, and began:

"You may like to secure this book,

which I have just written. I should be inclined to take a couple of hundred down, and a royalty of—" But here I broke off suddenly, as he advanced towards me, and, with a genial smile, grasped me firmly by the slack of my trousers and the back of my neck, and conducted me to the door. He was a Number One sized man, so I thought it hardly worth while to argue with him. I went on down the street to another publisher. This gentleman told me I might leave the MS. and it would be "considered."

I called several times within the next two months, but in vain, as far as an answer was concerned. At length I obtained my coveted interview with Mr.—, well, I won't mention his name. I have no wish to ruin the fellow, and am writing this more in sorrow than in anger. He eyed me curiously as I entered the room. I wondered whether he was thinking, "Is this the coming DICKENS, or perchance a second THACKERAY?" But he wasn't: that was made evident by his first few words.

"I have read this—this story—you call it a story, I presume? and I am certainly rather surprised—"

### HAND IN HAND.

SCENE—A Sanctum. Palmist and Customer discovered.

Palmist (examining hand). You are decidedly hopeful. You have firmness largely developed.

Customer. Wonderful! My character exactly.

Palmist. You will be successful in your present undertaking.

Customer. Marvellous! I am sure I shall.

Palmist. You have a most generous disposition.

Customer. There, I am afraid, you are a trifle out.

Palmist. And that finishes our *séance*. Half a guinea, please.

Customer. Afraid I can't do that. It would be breaking the law.

Palmist. Breaking the law! Why, what have you to do with the law?

Customer. A good deal—as a policeman!

[Makes an arrest.]

### AGE AND HONESTY.

SIR,—I am no wine-drinker; nor am I any-sort-of-wine-drinker. Just betwixt and between. Occasionally I examine menus to see what brands are popular at the tables of the best dinner-givers. Suddenly, after *Choët et Mandon*, *Gommery* and *Preno*, *Fuinart Rils & Cie.*, etc., etc., I find, as announced to be served with the *Sorbets à l'Italienne*, "Still Sillery, 1846." But can it still be Sillery at that time of its life? Wouldn't it be a trifle off, just a wee bit Silly Sillery, if not "gone" altogether? Wine-merchants may answer my query. Would a "Sillery," fifty-four years old, be worth a swillery in 1900? Surely it would not be merely "still," but absolutely "dead."

Yours,

KORSHUS DRYNER.

A FAVOURABLE EXAMPLE OF "THE HAPPY DISPATCH" will be the one we hope to receive from Lord ROBERTS announcing the taking of Pretoria, or, at any time, the capture of KRÜGER.

BY A HAYMARKET GARDENER. — Apparently, *Tess* at the Comedy Theatre is a dramatic plant that is not very likely to thrive, because there is so little that is Hardy about it.

"Ah, hah!" I exclaimed, "I thought it would astonish you."

"It does indeed," he said mournfully. Then in abrupt tones, he added, "Have you never learnt a trade?"

I was mystified. It sounded rude: you never know how to take this sort of person.

"Er—no," I answered.

"Ah, that's a pity!" he said. "Now, why not try carpentering? You see, my firm has a certain reputation for sanity to keep up, and even if you paid all the expenses of publication, we should, in self-defence, be obliged to decline the production of this thing. It has all the grossness of ZOLA, without one spark of his genius; all the aggregated faults, flabbiness, and folly of English writers, minus a single one of their virtues; and, in short, its publication would at once stamp the partners in this firm as weak-kneed criminals, or raving lunatics. Shall I proceed?"

I said "No, that that was as much as I should require to go on with, just at present," and then I left.

I still say it is quite easy to write a book. It's these confounded publishers who stand in one's light.





## A FOOTBALL MATCH.

(Drawn by Harry's Son.)

## THE NEW FRANCHISE.

(An anticipation, suggested by Mr. Yerrburgh's letter in the "Times," advocating a "rifle, drill and gymnastic franchise.")

SCENE—Mugleton Parva. Mr. STUMPER, the Conservative candidate, is discovered conducting a house-to-house canvass down the village street. He knocks at a cottage-door, and Mr. HODGE, a middle-aged rustic, appears.

Mr. S. Ah, good evening, Mr.—er—(hurriedly consulting list)—HODGE. I trust that, as an enlightened supporter of the constitutional cause, we may reckon on your support at the election?

Mr. H. Like enough, if so be as I'm allowed a voät, Sur. But, dear heart alive, it be cruel hard along o' them new-faängled rules. Twice a week this vive months they've been a-drilling I, an' ma shoulder be main sore with the dratted shuttin'. But 'tis the gymnastics which bates me fair. Pretty sport, I rackon, fur a man o' my time o' life, to twisty-tangle his legs over ropes and poles afore he can voat! But I does it, Sur—Saturday nights I does it reg'lar—though it do fetch the langwidge out of I, surelie!

Mr. S. (warmly). Bravo! That's the right spirit! What, after all, is a little trouble of this kind when it brings you the priceless possession of a Parliamentary vote?

[Proceeds to next cottage. Its owner, Mr. GILES, appears to have returned but recently from the "Red Lion."]

Mr. G. Nunno, I bain't goin' to voat for yer, Mister—so you can just go away

—go ri' away. (Seizes Mr. STUMPER'S coat, and speaks in an undertone.) Fact is, ole pal, they won't pass me for my shuttin'. Tried? Blessyereartansole, yes! Shutted two of Farmer JINKS' cows an' Squire's greenhouse—but there's summat wrong wi' ma rifle, 'twon't hit the target no-how. Stop till I shows yer. (Disappears within, and returns with rifle held uncertainly in Mr. S.'s direction.) See, I holds her so, and I puts ma finger to trigger so, an'—

[Mr. S. runs for his life, and collides with Vicar, going his rounds.]

The Vicar (in reply to the usual question). Most unfortunately, Mr. STUMPER, I am debarred from giving you my vote by the sufficient reason that I have no vote to give. I attended the instruction in drill—despite the—the somewhat florid language of the Sergeant-Major. But—(pathetically)—do I look fitted, at my age, to go through a course of gymnastics—with my chronic liver attacks, too? No, you had better apply to JIM NOKES, my under-gardener. JIM can neither read nor write, he pays no rates or taxes, and he knows as much of politics as the village pump. But he has managed to pass in shooting, drill, and gymnastics, and, therefore, has received the franchise which the Squire and myself are denied. Good evening!

[Mr. S. is meditating postponing the rest of his canvass, when he is abruptly accosted by a pale and excited youth.]

The Youth. 'Ere, I wants a word with you, Sir. If so be as you gets a majority, me an' my friends'll 'ave you hunseated for bribery and corruption—so I tells you

fair! This afternoon I 'ad a few words with Sergeant STUBBINS, our gymnasium inspector, over the 'Ouse o' Lords. Being a Radical myself, an' 'e benighted Tory, we got a bit warm-like. And what 'appears? Goes an' reports me, 'e does, as "incompetent in the Parallel Bar exercise," so I loses my vote! If you'll step round with me to the gymnasium, I'll show yer if I'm a good gymnast—and if I can use the gloves, too!

[Mr. STUMPER endeavours to decline the invitation as scene closes.]

A. C. D.

## COUNSELS OF PERFECTION.

["I hold the office of dramatic critic as sacred as the exalted functions of Her Majesty's judges."—Mr. J. T. Grein in "Dramatic Criticism."]

You who are privileged to play  
A critic's lofty function, why  
Of weariness complain?  
Four acts of drivel wherefore shirk,  
Finding your arduous duties irk  
And go against the Grein.

You dogmatise on plot and cast,  
With rules and maxims hard and fast,  
In phrases cut and dried;  
Adelphi's virtues you commend,  
And still old Drury's shows commend  
And IBSEN still deride.

Alas! to higher regions rise;  
Before a wondering public's eyes  
A loftier standard raise;  
Nor longer plays to sham success  
With puffs of unfelt censure bless,  
Nor damn them with feigned praise.

## WHEN WE "FIGURES OF SPEECH" PHILANDER.

(Continued from page 288.)

## ACT III.

SCENE—A wild riven mountain-side, with sheer precipices and all the usual appurtenances. Conveniently situated on the slope of a stone-scrée is a ruined hut. Dawn is breaking, but the sun is not yet up. Enter MAIA, flushed and irritated, followed by ULFHEIM, holding her fast by the skirt.

Maia (indignantly). A kiss, indeed! What do you take me for? This is the last time I come out bear-hunting with you of

a night! You're a nice person, I don't think! Behave, can't you! (Smacks him over the cheek.) Where's that castle you talked so much about? (Gaily.) Out with my castle, Mr. ULFHEIM! The castle on the table! No, that's a bit out of The Master Builder. One does get so mixed.

Ulf. Devil take it—there's the castle, blast it!

[Points to the hut with a flourish.]

Maia (dusts her skirt). What? that pig-sty! Isch! Isch!

Ulf. What precisely do you mean by "Isch! Isch"?

Maia. It is an expression that any lady may use when she is upset. And I did expect at least a roof and a green front door



with a brass knocker. I shall go back to the hydro. I shall get there in time for *table d'hôte* breakfast, and nobody will be unkind enough to make any remarks.

Ulf. No, look here—dash it all! (*Soothingly.*) Why shouldn't we two tack our poor shreds of life together, eh? and make something really human out of the tatters?

[*Laughs in his beard.*]

Maia. People always try that in Ibsen dramas; but it never really comes to anything. Even tatters wear out—in time.

Ulf. (*with a large gesture.*) Then we can stand free and serene, as the man and woman we really are.

Maia. I really don't think that would be quite—no, I'd better go back to the hydro, though it is so full of half-dead flies.

Ulf. But I can offer you a castle—a real genuine one: semi-detached, with quite a large back garden, and gas and water laid on all over the premises.

Maia (*suspiciously*). Are there any works of Art in it?

Ulf. (*reluctantly*). Well, no—unless you count the two spotted china dogs on the mantel-shelf, and a group of wax fruit in the window. An apple and two of the plums are smashed, but the wool mat is still almost as good as new.

Maia (*relieved*). That's all right. So long as there are none of the Professor's portrait busts! (*Resolutely.*) I'll come. Carry me down the precipice to your castle at once.

Ulf. That will be no easy job—but I'll have a try at it. (*Goes to edge of precipice and looks down.*) Hullo! I say, here's your loving husband coming up with the lunatic lady!

Maia. How very awkward! Can we not get down by some back way?

Ulf. Only on our heads.

Maia. It's exactly like a situation in some Palais Royal farce, with all the fun left out. (*Nerving herself.*) But I suppose we must face it out.

Ulf. Spoken like a true bear-killer, comrade! (*The heads of Professor BLUEBECK and IRENE appear over edge of precipice.*) Chilly morning, isn't it? You out after bears, too?

Blub. Not precisely after bears, no. (*Coldly, to MAIA.*) I presume you, too, have been out on the high mountains all night—like this lady and myself?

Maia. You said I might, you know. (*Indicating the abyss.*) Did you come up from below there?

Blub. (*still only half visible above edge of precipice.*) How else do you suppose I came?

Maia. And did the other lady come that way, too?

Blub. (*savagely*). No. She came up in a hansom cab. But we don't intend to part in future. (*More politely.*) I think it only fair to mention it.

[*He and IRENE reach the top.*]

Ulf. Well, the question is: now you are up, how in the world you are going to get down again. Because the storm-blasts will be on us soon, and you'll be caught unless you're precious careful.

Irene (*with a shudder*). I know, and there is going to be a snowslide. For this play has simply got to end up badly.

Ulf. I should advise you to shelter in this hut while I get this other lady down. I'm used to blasts and snowslides and all that, and I can send a party up with ropes to fetch you away. Now, MAIA, come along with me, dash it all.

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

Maia. By-by, BLUEBECK, this disgustingly uncouth creature will look after me. Take care of yourself, keep that plaid round your neck, and don't catch cold, whatever you do.

[*Goes down with ULFHEIM.*]

Irene (*in growing terror*). Did you hear? A party coming up! With ropes! To fetch us away! To the asylum!

Blub. (*trying to soothe her*). Not to fetch us away, IRENE. Only you.

Irene. I'm sure you're every bit as mad as I am. You know you are!

Blub. Me? No, no. I'm sane enough. There's nothing in the least peculiar about me, IRENE. Besides, I am a symbol.

Irene (*looks sadly at him*). As if a cymbal cannot get cracked with overwork sometimes. But we will not be taken alive! Not while I have the knife that I always take to bed with me. I find it such an unspeakable comfort. Once I wanted to stab you in the back with it—but I didn't.

Blub. (*astonished*). Didn't you, IRENE? Why in the world?

Irene (*darkly*). Because it suddenly struck me that as you are not really a live man, it would be rather a waste of time to kill you.

Blub. You don't understand me. I don't think I'm dead. At all events my love for you is not. You are still the woman I have dreamed of all my life!

Irene (*passionately*). What? I! A woman who has appeared in Living Pictures at the Variety Halls!

Blub. On a turntable, and then in such splendidly-coloured limelights! Not by a hairbreadth can you be lowered in my eyes after that, IRENE!

Irene (*with head erect*). Nor in my own. I was but living my own life. On sixty pounds a week!

Blub. Let us both live our own lives, together. It is not too late, IRENE!

Irene. Yes, ARNOLD, it is too late. We are both too old now ever to really draw as living pictures.

Blub. How utterly you are astray! There is life seething and throbbing in the old dog yet!

[*Throws his arms violently around her.*]

Irene (*with a shriek*). ARNOLD! (*Carried away by professional enthusiasm.*) Do you really mean it? Then let us go and practise posing on a peak, in the limelight and the glittering glory. What do I care? The whole audience may freely look on us, ARNOLD!

Blub. All those who remain and have kept awake—yes. (*Seizes her hand.*) Will you follow me, oh, my grace-given bride?

Irene (*as though transfigured*). Will I? Just won't I, my lord and master!

Blub. (*drawing her along with him*). We must first clamber over these canvas rocks, IRENE, and then—

Irene. Yes, over the canvas rocks, through all the gauzes, right up to the summit of the property peak that shines in the limelight—and then, if only the limelight man has not taken too much punch to drink—

[*Professor BLUEBECK and IRENE, hand in hand, climb up the canvas snowfield, and soon disappear among the lower gauzes. Keen storm gusts hurtle and whistle from the prompt side. The Female Confidante appears upon the stone-screes, still busily thinking. She stops and looks around, silently and searchingly.*]

MAIA can be heard singing triumphantly somewhere under the stage.

Maia. I am off on the wings of a lark,  
With my boorish and bear-fighting spark!  
Oh, Liberty is such a lark!

[*Suddenly a sound like stage thunder is heard from the flies, and a practicable avalanche glides and whirls downwards with rushing speed. The legs of Professor BLUEBECK and IRENE can be dimly discerned waving wildly in the masses of snow by which they are carried rapidly along.*]

The Female Confidante (*stands silent a moment; then sees her way to a line at last and says*). Last time I saw that done was at Droory Lane in 'Arts are Trumps'!

MAIA's triumphant song sounds from lower down still.

What a lark! What a lark! What a lark!

CURTAIN.

*F. Anstey.*





## I.

VER since Lady HABART had been able to look in a mirror, and she was

a precocious child, she had been a warm admirer of her personal appearance; and long before mastering the multiplication table she had become convinced of her own abnormal cleverness. She was indeed excessively clever; she was one of those persons who can multiply by thirteen as easily as the common herd by two; but a gift for mathematics is fatal to a woman, her skill in the manipulation of figures and her jugglery with accounts invariably land her in the Bankruptcy Court. Lady HABART was no exception to the rule, and of late her thoughts had often wandered to future interviews with the Official Receiver; she had considered the explanations she would offer to that most pertinacious of enquirers. This was the first occasion in her life upon which she had shunned publicity, and she came to the conclusion that it was scandalous to allow the newspapers to publish details about the private affairs of widowed gentlewomen. Her mind was also disturbed by the vague prospect of dreadful penalties if she contracted debts for more than twenty pounds; it seemed so vulgar not to get one's discharge.

The most casual observer would have noticed how distressed was Lady HABART, for she had overpowdered her nose; and she was too true a gentlewoman ever to commit such an enormity, except when suffering from the very greatest perturbation of spirit. . . . Lady HABART had realised early in life that woman is essentially artificial, and consequently that artifice can always heighten the charms of even the most beautiful; so she lent a delightful wave to the straightness of her hair, and altered the cold brown with which Nature had endowed her to a delicate reddish gold that exactly suited her great blue eyes and her rose-like mouth. She had never seen a mouth she preferred to her own. She was a consummate artist, and few men noticed that the lady's pencilled eyebrows and long black lashes owed half their beauty to her exquisite taste; and if they did they cared not. They saw

that Lady HABART was charming and did not mind how she came by her advantages; when pressed by their womankind, they acknowledged that she was made-up; but so were many other people, and she certainly made up uncommonly well. Lady HABART's enemies said her clothes were outrageous, but that was solely her misfortune, for she was the type of woman who would have looked over-dressed apparelled in nothing more elaborate than fig-leaves. She was exactly the woman whom one would suspect of wearing artificial jewellery, and her bosom friends whispered that the suspicion had grounds—but this was generally disbelieved. It is best to keep to solid fact, and it was as plain as a pikestaff that Lady HABART was very delightful when she liked, that she was beautiful and under thirty.

Lady HABART was in her boudoir reading Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD's latest novel. Being a widow, she thought it the proper thing to do. She was also dining that very evening with some literary people—there are literary folk who give dinner-parties to which quite nice persons go—and her inner consciousness told her that this particular work would undoubtedly be discussed. Now, one can never feign such ignorance of a book as when one has read it, and she understood that the men who talked would be much annoyed if she knew all about it. . . . But it was impossible for her to fix her attention, her heart beat uncomfortably, and at every sound she started. She put her book down, and taking out her handkerchief, withdrew from it a little flat powder-puff and passed it over her face. . . . At last the door opened and a young man entered, tall, good-looking, fair, and resembling Lady HABART. He was her brother. He was one of those men whom one sees everywhere, and who always have ample ready money, although no one can imagine where the deuce they get it. GUY CHERRITON was the son of a general on half pay who had left a very small fortune, and GUY appeared every year to spend at least half his capital. He was always well-dressed, well-groomed, and well-behaved. People supposed he would eventually marry an heiress and settle down.

"Well?" said Lady HABART eagerly.

"He won't hear of it," answered her brother.

"Oh!" she cried. "You are so hopelessly stupid!"

As I have hinted, Lady HABART was up to her eyes in debt; her brother, GUY, had been to a money-lender, trying to get time for the payment of old debts, and if possible to contract a new one. But money-lenders have lost their faith in Countesses.



"Did you tell him that I simply couldn't pay?" she asked distractedly.

"He said you'd have to. If you don't fork out within a week he'll make you bankrupt."

"What a loathsome brute he is! I wish I'd never had anything to do with him. I wish I'd gone to a Jew instead of to a Christian. Christians always swindle one more."

She walked up and down the room, and in her agitation put more powder on her face. She stopped suddenly in front of her brother.

"Why d'you stand there like an owl? Why on earth don't you do something?"

"What the dickens can I do!" he said crossly. "I haven't got any damned money."

"Oh, it's no good beginning to swear—that won't help me. And besides, it's bad form."

"How about your diamonds?"

"Oh, really, GUY, you are really too idiotic. You must know that I've been wearing paste for the last two years. . . . What's to be done! Nobody will trust me now. I can't get any clothes unless I pay ready money—tradesmen nowadays are so disgustingly independent. . . . Did you tell SMITHSON that I'd sign anything?"

SMITHSON was the Christian money-lender.

"Oh, I said we'd both sign anything, and he told me it was no good wasting clean paper on such a pair as us."

"Why didn't you knock him down?"

Brother GUY shrugged his shoulders, while Lady HABART stood in front of a looking-glass, frowning.

"I do look frightful," she said. She arranged the curls of her fringe; then her features relaxed and she slowly smiled at herself. Her teeth were perfect. She assumed a languorous expression, and her blue eyes became very caressing.

"I think," she said softly, "I'll go and see him myself."

"Oh, you won't be able to bamboozle him," said her brother, immediately divining.

She assumed an air of great dignity. "I shall merely state the facts, and I have no doubt that he'll be reasonable. He's a very gentlemanly man really."

Her brother shrugged his shoulders again. Lady HABART was not a woman with whom one could argue; reason is always the undoing of her sex, and she was too clever to listen to it.

She rang the bell to order the carriage, and going to her room began to dress. She discussed within herself whether she should go in the simplest costume possible to show the disordered state of her mind, or whether she should clothe herself magnificently to prove her great importance. It was a very difficult question, but eventually she decided on the latter, thinking to impress the money-lender. She dressed as carefully as if she were about to visit her dearest enemy, and finally surveyed herself in the glass. But then she changed her mind.

"He's sure to have lots of actresses who go to him frightfully dressed up. It'll be far nicer to be quite simple."

She was very pleased with the idea and smiled contentedly as she caused her maid to robe her in a gown, the simplicity of which was only equalled by its costliness. And it was gray, than which no colour suited her better. In her carriage she looked at herself in a little mirror.

"I really don't look more than three-and-twenty," she murmured.

## II.

LADY HABART was shown into a gorgeous waiting-room.

"Captain SMITHSON will see you in two minutes," said an attendant, who looked like a butler in a family that came over with the Conqueror.

Once upon a time money-lenders were unwashed Hebrews in shabby clothes, malodorous, speaking English with an abominable accent; and the newspapers tell us that even now there flourishes a worthy Pole who answers more or less to this

description. But Captain SMITHSON—of the Militia—was a gentleman to the tips of his fingers. He had been to a public school and afterwards to Oxford, where he had distinguished himself by his classical attainments. He always had a box at the Opera for the season, and every morning could be seen in the Park riding a horse which had obviously cost a fortune. He once thought of taking over the Exshire hounds, for he was as sportsmanlike as he was gentlemanly. He was the sort of man of whom one might swear that he would invariably do the right thing at the right moment. Captain SMITHSON did not use a poky and ill-smelling office in the city, but received his clients in a palatial suite of chambers not three minutes' walk from Piccadilly.

After a very short time Lady HABART was invited to step into Captain SMITHSON's private room. It was decorated with priceless china, with mezzotints and Chippendale furniture; nothing could be more chastely elegant. He came to the door to meet her—a handsome man of thirty with an excessively military appearance; his fine moustache was carefully waxed, he wore an eyeglass, and his clothes fitted perfectly. He was dressed with the absolute irreproachableness of a tailor in Savile Row and an haberdasher in Bond Street. He was justly proud of his figure.

"I'm so sorry I kept you waiting," he said with a slight drawl, shaking Lady HABART's hand. "So good of you to take the trouble to come and see me."

"Oh," she replied, with her most gracious smile, "I'm always pleased to come here, you have such lovely things; I simply adore china."

"Yes, I know you do," he replied enthusiastically. "Now just look at these two plates that I got at CHRISTIE'S yesterday—look at the drawing of those figures and the colour."

"Perfectly exquisite," replied Lady HABART, whom nothing bored so much as porcelain. "How clever of you to have picked them up."

"But do sit down."

"You're very kind."

Captain SMITHSON stroked his moustache, waiting for the lady to speak.

"I expected to find my brother with you," she said, with her usual air of veracity. "We arranged to meet here, you know."

"I'm sorry, he left an hour ago."

"Did he really," cried Lady HABART, with the utmost surprise, rising from her seat. "How very annoying!"

"Oh, don't go, Lady HABART. Do sit down."

Lady HABART seated herself immediately. "Did he talk to you about—about that loan of mine?" she asked.

"Let me see," said the money-lender, as if he were thinking.

"I think he did. I daresay you remember that the money is due on Monday next."

"Oh, well, Captain SMITHSON," said Lady HABART, with a sweetly innocent laugh, "I can't pay it."

Captain SMITHSON smiled, but his smile was merely a clever facial contortion; his eyes were quite grim, no one could have seen in them the least trace of amusement.

"I'm afraid you'll have to, dear Lady HABART," he said.

"Come now," she said, putting her pretty hand on his arm. "You're not an ordinary business man, you're one of us, aren't you?"

"I must have the money next Monday," he replied shortly. He was becoming grave.

Lady HABART began to think him singularly ill-bred.

"I think you're very unkind," she murmured, and looked at him languishingly. "You know I'm absolutely in your power. . . . I think you might treat me as a friend."

There was a sofa in the room, and Lady HABART wished they were sitting on it side by side. It is impossible for a woman to be really nice to a man who is ensconced in a writing-chair two feet away from her. A writing-chair is a very chilling thing. She drew her seat a little closer to his. Captain



SMITHSON watched her with amusement. She could not guess that fair ladies went through the same pantomime seven times a day.

"I wish you'd come and see me and talk about it comfortably over a cup of tea," she said. She smiled bewitchingly. "There are many men who'd give their heads to get such an invitation out of me."

Captain SMITHSON looked at his nails, thinking he must go to the manicurist when he had dismissed his visitor.

"I don't think that would be any use," he remarked gently. "I must have the money on Monday."

"Beast!" said Lady HABART under her breath, and aloud: "But my dear Mr. SMITHSON, I haven't got three thousand pounds in the world!" Her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears.

"A woman in your position can always get money."

"You are cruel!" she cried, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "I feel so faint," she sobbed.

Captain SMITHSON smiled.

"If you put your head down—between your legs—the faintness will pass off immediately. It's merely a question of driving the blood back to the brain."

Then Lady HABART lost her temper. She had been as seductive as she knew how, and the vulgar creature had declined to be seduced. She was about to put her handkerchief away, and tell the wretch in sarcastic language what she thought of him; but she restrained herself. It was no good making an enemy. She lowered her veil and in faltering accents bade him farewell.

"When are you going to file the petition?" she asked.

"Oh, you'll find the money," he said.

### III.

LADY HABART'S carriage was waiting half-a-dozen doors lower down at a very smart dressmaker's. People recognising it would naturally suppose the owner within, trying on expensive costumes. Lady HABART stepped in and ordered the coachman to drive her home. She was furious. She was clever enough to see that the money-lender had been laughing at her, and she saw now that she had made herself ridiculous. She felt no particular humiliation, but she could not make up her mind whether Captain SMITHSON was a brute or a fool.

"I should have thought any man would see that I'm not exactly hideous. Perhaps he's got some odious wife hidden away somewhere. I daresay Jews are better after all."

The remarks that Lady HABART made to herself often sounded inconsequential, but in her own mind the meaning was always clear. . . . She drove along in a storm of indignation, railing against the fate which had caused her invariably to come across in this world persons of egregious stupidity. If her husband had not been a drivelling fool he would never have broken his silly neck in the hunting-field. Thousands of men rode to hounds every winter, and it was so unnecessary for a man who practically could not leave his wife a penny to go and kill himself. She got on so well with her spouse that it was most irritating of him to come to a premature end: for a month the defunct Earl had adored his Countess, for six months he had loathed her, and for the remainder of their two years of married life had been completely indifferent, which is the most comfortable situation for married couples. She had looked upon him as a rather disagreeable acquaintance, but except when she was not feeling very well had always treated him politely.

Her only consolation in the fact that Lord HABART had been unable to will away a penny of his property was that at all events he had not enjoyed the spiteful pleasure of leaving it to a charity, and cutting her off with his blessing. She knew that such a form of humour would have thoroughly appealed to his limited intelligence.

But her carriage was blocked in Piccadilly, and quite close

was a man in a hansom, looking at her. She seemed to know the face, but for the moment could not recollect who the creature was; she had not decided whether she should bow when her horses moved on. Then she remembered.

"Good Heavens, how lucky I was not to recognise him—he might have cut me!"

She looked at herself hurriedly in the mirror and was pleased to see that, notwithstanding her past emotions, she did not appear at all discomposed. On getting home she telephoned at once for her brother.

"It's no good," she cried. "I can't get anything out of SMITHSON. It was absurd of you to make me go to him. He's simply a vulgar beast."

"I told you it was no good going."

"You always say, 'I told you so;' you can never help bringing that in. . . . I want to know how I'm going to live?"

It is rather a bore when you have preyed all your life on society, that society should eventually turn upon you. In the five years of her widowhood Lady HABART had mortgaged her annuity, and for the last eighteen months had lived entirely on usurers and confiding tradesmen. She loathed them for wanting their money.

"It's some comfort that they'll only get about sixpence in the pound," she said. "I shall be even with them there."

It never occurred to her that they had any legitimate cause for complaint against her. . . . She looked at her brother reading a paper.

"I wish you wouldn't read that odious sporting rag," she remarked. "You never get the least good out of it—all the horses that you tell me to back come in nowhere, or break their legs or do anything but win."

She smelt her salts, then the bottle in which they were reminded her of the giver.

"Oh, GUY, d'you know whom I saw to-day? FREDDY RAMSDEN."

"He's been in town some time."

"Why on earth didn't you tell me?"

GUY shrugged his shoulders. The fact was that FREDDY RAMSDEN had been engaged to Lady HABART when she was nothing more than pretty DOLLY CHERRITON, and she had jilted him as soon as the late lamented HABART hove in sight. One does not by preference talk to women either of the lovers they have jilted or the husbands they have divorced.

"Oh, of course I jilted him. He was only the younger son of a country squire with twopence halfpenny a year, and HABART had twenty thousand. I didn't know it was all tied up in that ridiculous fashion."

"You'd have been better off if you had married FREDDY," said GUY.

"Don't be odiously moral, GUY, for Heaven's sake! How could I know his eldest brother was going to die and leave him the estate; you do irritate me. . . . I've been frightfully unfortunate; it's always the people I wanted to live who died, and those who might do me some good by dying simply live on for ever. . . . I rather wish I hadn't cut him. I really didn't recognise him at first, he's frightfully altered."

"You'd better marry him now," said her brother.

"Don't be brutal, GUY; I can never forget poor HABART."

GUY lit a cigarette with a smile.

"What are you sniggering for in that idiotic manner," asked Lady HABART sharply. "One would think you had good teeth."

"My boots are so pointed," he replied, "they rather amused me."

"You needn't tell lies. I hate people who are not frank. You know quite well that I was awfully cut up when they brought poor HABART home on a stretcher. It was on the very day of the St. Olphert's ball."

(Continued in our next.)





## UNRECORDED HISTORY.

(On the "Stoop," Bloemfontein.)

"CHARMING SPOT THIS, KITCHENER. DON'T HALF LIKE LEAVING IT! WISH WE COULD HAVE SETTLED DOWN ALTOGETHER, LIKE THE RESERVISTS! AWFULLY OVER-RATED PLACE, PRETORIA, I EXPECT!"

## THE MODERN SOCRATES.

"We need a modern SOCRATES to convince 'the man in the street' that his confident opinions on these matters are absolutely without value."—*From a Leading Article in a Morning Paper, April 25.*

**SCENE**—*The Strand at mid-day. The Modern SOCRATES, attired in the philosopher's robe, is discovered at work. He has just buttonholed an Elderly Gentleman, who is struggling vainly to escape.*

**The Mod. S.** Nay, Sir, the excuse will not serve. Rather does it make clearer your ignorance of the meaning of words. You say that you have "no time." Perhaps then you will answer this question: What is time? Is it a necessary condition of human thought? Has it an absolute existence? For these are matters of which the importance is truly great.

**The E. G.** (wrathfully). Look here, Sir, if you don't let go of my coat, I shall call a policeman. I've got to meet a friend at Charing Cross, I tell you!

**The Mod. S.** Once again, oh most addle-headed of mankind, you employ words, not rightly discerning their meaning, but altogether otherwise. For what is a

friend? Most clearly he is one whose affection is not lightly shaken. Nor, if he be worthy the name of friend, will absence or presence alter his regard. Therefore of two things, one. Either the man to whom you speed with so unseemly a haste is no true friend, in which case it were well to banish him from your mind, or, being a true friend, he will not hold you in less regard because he does not see you face-to-face. Thus, oh most dense of brain, having deprived you of all excuse for flight, I will proceed further to expose your ignorance to the bystanders who, I perceive, are beginning to collect around us. And first, you will please define to us Freedom, Sanitation, Oligarchy and Environment!

(Elderly Gentleman goes for the Modern SOCRATES with his umbrella, and a policeman hastily appears as scene closes.)

(Cutting from "The Chemists' and Druggists' News.")

... "but the great feature of the week, beyond all question, is the extraordinary demand for hemlock. The best quality, imported from Athens, is being quoted at fabulous prices."

A. C. D.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME.

["Wanted, a Distressed Lady, to mind and attend Elderly Lady, and make herself generally useful about house; salary £7 to £8 a year to suitable person."—*Advertisement in Irish Times*]

Yus, they've called me, as yer know,  
By a score o' nimes or so—  
"Slivey," "Gin'ral," "Ere!" "Ullol!"  
Or "You, untidy!"

Which I hanswers one an' hall  
When I 'ears them lodgers bawl,  
But I've never 'eard 'em call  
Me yet a lidy.

'Ere's a hoppertunity  
For the likes o' sich as me!  
Wot although the wiges be  
A bit low—tidy?  
For ter be a little short  
Is in course as simply nort  
When compared with being thort  
A bloomin' lidy.

Then ain't it a delight,  
When the folks is so perlite,  
To be slivin' dye and night  
Just like man Friday?  
An' for food, 'oo cares a fig  
If the joints ain't over-big?  
'Tain't correct to be a pig  
When one's a lidy.





Visitor. "WHAT! YOU WANT TO GO TOO? BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE NOT BIG ENOUGH. YOU KNOW THE BOERS ARE GREAT, BIG, STRONG MEN."

Bobbie. "WELL, BUT I S'POSE THERE'S BOER CHILDREN, AREN'T THERE?"

#### MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

##### IX.—WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

(Revised by Ell-n Th-rn-ycr-ft F-wl-r.)

I RANG the bell for Mrs. DEAN. No self-respecting person should be beyond the reach of smart dialogue. Its therapeutic value is tremendous, for it stimulates the circulation beyond the dreams of advertisement. When Mrs. DEAN entered I regarded her hopefully; there was a self-conscious smile upon her face that augured well for her carefully thought-out specimens of—unconscious humour which would illuminate succeeding chapters.

"Mrs. DEAN," I said, "if your scandal telling is as good as your cookery, I shall have an agreeable time of it. Tell me about my neighbours at Wuthering Heights!"

"That I will, Sir," responded Mrs. DEAN, "though don't forget the hot whiskey for your cold. Ah! if poor dear DEAN had paid the same attention to things spiritual as he paid to things spirituous, what a saint he would have made." As my good housekeeper seemed lost in a train of thought, I blew my nose as a kind of danger signal, and the train came to a standstill. "They're a strange lot at Wuthering Heights," commented Mrs.

DEAN. "I was there for many years, a kind of nurse and cook, though Mr. HEATHCLIFF, he often said that old JOSEPH beat me at cooking, judging by the way he cooked the domestic accounts. Deary me! Mr. HEATHCLIFF was a one, to be sure . . . but he would talk epigram all day long, and as I did a bit on my own account, and Miss CATHY was brilliant also, it was a depressing place, was Wuthering Heights! Soon no one came near us; we talked our neighbours out of their senses. My husband was a bit nasty about it. 'Epigrams,' he said, 'are like women; you smile like anything when you first see 'em, but after a while you get mortal sick o' them!'"

"True, Mrs. DEAN," I put in. "Besides, a verbal spendthrift comes sooner or later to a logical bankruptcy."

"That's right, Sir, but I pulled up in time. Mr. HEATHCLIFF hailed down so many witticisms as to stun me. Then he rallied me upon my gloom, but I paid him out for it. 'I may be sad,' said I, 'but there's a methodism in my sadness.' This quieted him, for he is one of the free and careless kind."

"Then I must tell you about Miss CATHY, who married EDGAR LINTON. Oh! she did talk clever! As HEATHCLIFF said,

'When that girl marries, it'll be Catherine weal or woe.' I always wonder she married that poor soft, delicate EDGAR LINTON, and at heart so fond of HEATHCLIFF too. He was a strong Britisher, if you like."

"Perhaps she liked her British weakly," I hazarded.

"You're a bit feverish, I'm afeard, Sir," said Mrs. DEAN. "Besides, we must rest a bit now, for we've ever so many more chapters to talk through."

"Quite so, Mrs. DEAN, 'the rest is silence.'" Then lighting my bed-room candle with an epigram, I went to bed.

#### PIG v. MAN.

["Since the introduction of pigs in the New Hebrides, fewer missionaries have fallen a prey to the cannibalism of the natives."—*Daily Paper*.]

##### Chorus of Cannibals.

OLD customs get displaced,  
And changing fashion varies;  
Time was we had a taste  
For you, sweet missionaries;  
Upon your breasts we fell,  
Your many parts we tested,  
Your systems studied well  
And inwardly digested.

But missionaries may  
Be heavy, dull, and dry too,  
And sometimes they've a way  
Of being rather high, too;  
And that's the reason we've  
Theology forsaken,  
Intending, with your leave,  
To stick instead to bacon.

#### UNCONVENTIONALITIES.

[Monsieur BORDET, of the Pasteur Institute, who has been at Pretoria for some time past, "speaks in very sympathetic terms of Mr. KRÜGER . . . who has the utmost contempt for European civilization: 'When I was introduced to him . . . he affected to spit on the floor, etc., etc.'"—*Daily Press*.]

If contempt for European civilization is to be accounted unto statesmen for righteousness and as proof of their worth, we may shortly expect to hear that:—

Lord SALISBURY was observed to be greatly enjoying himself at a whelk stall in the Boro' Road last Easter Monday.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in a rollicking speech at the Codgers' Hall, observed that he was blown if old Oompy PAUL wasn't a real daisy.

Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, after "winking the other eye" at the Home Secretary, suggested that they should go out and have two of Scotch together. To this proposition the Home Secretary cordially assented.

On his rising in the House last night, to move the suspension of the Twelve o'clock rule, Mr. BALFOUR, with a genial disregard for convention, greeted hon. members with a hearty "What 'O, Cookies!"





*First Miserable Sub (left at the Depot).* "I CAN'T THINK, FOR THE LIFE OF ME, WHAT EXCUSE FOR TWO DAYS' LEAVE I'M TO GIVE THE C. O. I'VE ALREADY WEIGHED IN WITH EVERY ONE I CAN THINK OF."  
*Second M. S.* "EASY ENOUGH, OLD CHAP. KILL YOUR GRANDMOTHER."  
*First M. S.* "CAN'T, DEAR BOY. I'M KEEPING HER FOR THE DERBY!"

#### AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

*English Tourist (surveying the Transvaal Pavilion).* Well, there doesn't seem to be much worth seeing here.

*Anglophobe Frenchman.* Wait, Sir, till the Exhibit is completed by the addition of several Anglo-Saxon generals.

*English Tourist.* Ah! then I suppose it will be included in the British Annex.

#### DIPLOMACY À LA WAR OFFICE.

["The publication of Lord ROBERTS' 'covering letter' with the Spion Kop despatches, provokes an appetite for similar documents on political as well as military events."—Correspondent in *Westminster Gazette*.]

General J. Ch-mb-rl-n to Field-Marshal Lord S-l-sb-ry.

Colonial Office, Oct. 12, 1899.

MY LORD,—I have great pleasure in announcing to your Lordship the complete success of my recent manoeuvres in drawing the enemy into a declaration of war. For many years, as your Lordship is aware, my tactics have been directed entirely to this end, and during the last few months

I have redoubled my efforts. I have harassed the enemy at every point, and have spared no pains to exhaust his patience and compel him to abandon the position which he had taken up. At last, when it seemed as if his cunctator-like caution might baffle my designs, I decided to act more vigorously, and hastening to Highbury, I there made a demonstration against him in such force that the enemy could no longer ignore my attack, and on the 10th inst. he delivered his ultimatum, thereby crowning my efforts with complete success. I have, etc.,

J. CH-MB-RL-N.

From Field-Marshal Lord S-l-sb-ry to the Electors of Great Britain and Ireland.

Hatfield, Oct. 15, 1899.

GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to lay before you a despatch from General J. CH-MB-RL-N, giving a report of his recent engagements.

The General has no doubt executed a very clever manoeuvre in compelling the enemy to unmask his position, but he might with advantage have delayed his operations until the War Office was in a

state of less inefficiency than it unfortunately is. Nor can I pass without criticism his offensive attitude at Highbury: had he substituted tact for tactics, much evil might have been averted.

I have, etc., S-L-SB-RY.

#### "SPRING, SPRING, BOOTIFUL SPRING."

*Mrs. Manifold.* The children will all want new boots this Spring.

*Mr. Manifold.* New boots! They're always having new boots! I'll be hanged if I don't think that I'm the father of centipedes!

[But the old biped had to fork out all the same.]

ARIES AMONG THE WOLVES.—We have frequently read of the bell-wether, but until we saw that Mr. A-BEL RAM, Q.C., had been appointed Recorder of Wolverhampton, we had no idea that the Bar and the fold were so closely united. The RAM, of course, owes his promotion to the sympathies of the Woolsack. Long may he prove himself to be first-chop.





Farmer. "THERE'S A FINE FAT PIG FOR SALE HERE. CAN I SEE IT?"  
Boy (calling out). "FA-A-THER! SOME UN WANTS TO SEE YER!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MISS FOWLER comes well out of the trying ordeal of writing a third novel, two earlier efforts having taken the town by storm. The worst enemy of a successful artist, whether with quill-pen or brush, is himself. *The Farringtons* (HUTCHINSON) is, in the matter of workmanship, an improvement on its predecessors. The dialogue is not less brilliant when Miss FOWLER lets herself go. But she is, wisely, more chary of her gifts in that respect. The cry of the critical, hitherto, has been that she gives us too little of flesh and blood, too much of epigram in conversation. This last is a complaint with which writers are not overburdened. If it could be arranged, my Baronite would gladly share the burden with the accused. Miss FOWLER sets her story in the framework of the Black Country of which, with its pillar of cloud by day and its pillar of fire by night, there are many moving pictures. This brings her into the homely Methodist circle with which she has evidently life-long sympathy, a mood not permitted to dull the edge of flashing humour. She makes us acquainted with a delightful person in *Mrs. Hankey*, some of whose sayings are worthy of a place beside *Mrs. Poyser's* table-talk. "It seems to me," *Mrs. Hankey* takes occasion to observe, "that husbands are like new boots, you can't tell where they're going to pinch you till it's too late to change 'em." *Mrs. Hankey* is great on the estate of marriage. Asked how her niece, *Susan*, is getting on, she replies, "As well as you can expect, Miss, with eight children on earth and one in heaven, and a husband as plays the trombone of an evening." That last is a hint at domestic felicity, terrible in its completeness. It is difficult to understand how a girl of the character of *Elizabeth Farrington* could have tolerated either of the men she almost married. But, as *Mrs. Bateson*, a crony of *Mrs.*

*Hankey's*, says, "it's wonderful what a difference the asking makes. Women think a sight more of the sparrow in the hand than of a covey of partridges in the bush." In the end *Elizabeth* marries the right man, a flawless person who, his hand seized by her just as he is about to pass the gates of death, sits up in his bed and talks to his beloved with surprising volubility and epigrammatic point. THE B. DE B.-W.

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### First Visit.

##### Première Visite.

SEE here the Monumental Door. Enough ugly, not is it? One her call the "Salamander," species of stove. See you these two statues of gigantic womans to the corners, to the skin colour of mustard? Are shes frightfuls!

Truly this Door not is dignified nor of the french art nor of the Exhibition.

Have you one ticket? It is one english word. One him pronounce *ti-quai*. Me I have buyed one Good of the Exhibition and I of him have changed the heel against twenty tickets.

See there the new bridge. Go there.

It is magnificent. It is more large than the bridge of Westminster. And the new palaces are superb. What blow of eye towards the Invalids!

But see therefore. He not must we to arrest for to admire these French edifices. Seek all of continuation the Pavilion of the England, the chief of work of the country. Roll Britannia!

Well yes, I have the plan. The Street of the Nations is in face. Hold, one her see of the bridge. The vast Pavilion of the Italy is to the corner.

See there the Turkey, the Bosnie, the Hungry, Monaco even, but where therefore self find the England?

It is strong curious. He must to go to seek on the quay. One me has telled that our Pavilion has one certain seal.

We shall go all the long of the quay. This red barrack in wood come of the Norway.

Great Scotchman! That is this that this is that that? One gigantic alembic? Some machine of distillery?

Ah, no! That, it is the swedish chief of work. One should say one toy of infant in card, not is it?

See there in fine the Greece. Eh well, where is therefore the english Pavilion? (To follow.)

Voici la Porte Monumentale. Assez laide, n'est-ce pas? On l'appelle le "Salamandre," espèce de poêle. Voyez-vous ces deux statues de femmes gigantesques aux coins, à la peau couleur de moutarde? Sont-elles affreuses!

Vraiment cette Porte n'est digne ni de l'art français ni de l'Exposition.

Avez-vous un "ticket"? C'est un mot anglais. On le prononce *ti-quai*. Moi j'ai acheté un Bon de l'Exposition, et j'en ai changé le talon contre vingt tickets.

Voilà le nouveau pont. Allons-y.

C'est magnifique. C'est plus large que le pont de Westminster. Et les nouveaux palais sont superbes. Quel coup d'œil vers les Invalides!

Mais voyons donc! Il ne faut pas nous arrêter pour admirer ces édifices français. Cherchons tout de suite le Pavillon de l'Angleterre, le chef-d'œuvre de la patrie. Roule Britannia!

Bien oui, j'ai le plan. La Rue des Nations est en face. Tenez, on la voit du pont. Le vaste Pavillon de l'Italie est au coin.

Voilà la Turquie, la Bosnie, la Hongrie, Monaco même, mais où donc se trouve l'Angleterre?

C'est fort curieux. Il faut aller chercher sur le quai. On m'a dit que notre Pavillon a un certain cachet.

Nous irons tout le long du quai. Cette baraque rouge en bois vient de la Norvège.

Sapristi! Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça? Un alambic gigantesque? Quelque machine de distillerie?

Ah, non! Ça, c'est le chef-d'œuvre suédois. On dirait un jouet d'enfant en carton, n'est-ce pas?

Voilà enfin la Grèce. Eh bien, où est donc le Pavillon anglais? (A suivre.)





WAR AND FAMINE.  
THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF EMPIRE.



## A PIECE WITH ONE GREAT FEATURE.

"Is there money in the play?"

"Ya-t-il de la monnaie dans mon nez?"

C. de B.

THERE is one great feature in this play of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and that is the Nose. Having said this, *tout est dit*. But lavishly as it is put on the stage, the question is, will it "pay—through the nose?" Had *Cyrano de Bergerac*, just as it is, been an original work by Messrs. OGILVIE and PARKER (its present translators and adapters), and had it been offered to Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, or to any other manager-actor of equally established reputation, the odds would have been quite a hundred to one against its being accepted. But as at the Porte Saint-Martin in 1897, M. COQUELIN achieved a success in the eccentric part of *Cyrano*, he and his wonderful nose, illustrating M. EDMOND ROSTAND's dramatic poem, became the talk of Paris, and therefore of a considerable portion of that "corner" in London society which plumes itself on representing "the theatrical world." Hearing the praises of poet, piece, actor and nose, all made in France, it was not to be wondered at that Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM should have been provoked into emulating the daring deed of his foreign rival in the comedian's art. "What COQUELIN dare I dare," quoth Mr. WYNDHAM, who, "in his mind's eye," saw himself, as he hoped and expected that others would see him from the front, in a prodigious nose, false as the inspiration to assume it, swaggering, nose and all, with a swashbuckling



air, more of a D'Artagnan than a *Don César de Bazan*, and, except for some quiet moments, just the opposite of the light comedy "CHARLES our friend," so popular with all London theatre-goers.

CHARLES didn't want to be recognised: it was a great chance for CHARLES. And he has succeeded in making himself quite unrecognisable, until he speaks and acts. Then, once again we have found our CHARLES; and, in spite of his nose, our



"Poète est Nez."  
"Par-fait!"

old favourite is with us, the same *débonnaire touch-an-go* CHARLES as ever! The Nose did it; but for the trumpeting of COQUELIN's nose CHARLES WYNDHAM would never have been inspired by his tricky genius to play the part of *Cyrano*, and to attempt placing a Porte Saint-Martin crowd on the small stage of his new theatre. Following not his own nose, but COQUELIN's, he has been led to renounce for awhile modern light comedy to become an "Invidious Naso," content apparently with being the double of Monsieur COQUELIN.

I have seen COQUELIN, and WYNDHAM, as *Cyrano*, and I say deliberately that, on the whole, I prefer WYNDHAM; but I liked neither. The character might have interested me had the play been good; but, though a brilliant dramatic poem, it is a poor play, a ragged piece of dramatic patchwork. The author's idea seems to have been that hustle and bustle and jerkily-effected combinations are essential to effective dramatic action. The result is a confusion well nigh destructive of any interest in the story.

The composite character of *Cyrano*, as drawn by ROSTAND, suggests a reminiscence

of the gay and gallant *Mercutio*, poet and swordsman, and of *Touchstone*, fool and philosopher. But *Cyrano's* farcical nonsense about his having fallen from the moon, is a long way behind *Mercutio's* charming flight of fancy in the immortal "Queen Mab" speech; while *Touchstone*, giving his somewhat wearisome lecture on the virtue of an "if," has a very decided advantage over *Cyrano's* monologue of fifty-four lines on the various modes of speaking slightly of his nose.

Miss MARY MOORE as *Roxane* is as sweet and bright as the part permits; but being, intentionally, a singularly weak and uninteresting character, it is of value, in the poem, as intensifying our pity for *Cyrano*, but is wholly unsympathetic in drama.

I should doubt if Mr. GIDDENS has ever been quite so utterly thrown away as in this part of the poetic-cook *Ragueneau*. As for the other sixty-nine characters, whether with something to say or a lot to think, my compliments to them all individually and collectively.

The adaptation, which is, however, less of an adaptation than a prose translation of the poem, having been presumably done to order, is passable, but I imagine the translators could have written a better drama themselves on the same subject. How any translating dramatist or actor could have retained the childish scene where *Cyrano* pretends to have dropped from the moon passes my comprehension. How it escaped the man in the gallery on the first night is a marvel! I know that M. ROSTAND is historically justified in introducing the silly scene, and I am not detracting from M. ROSTAND's imaginative



work. I hold that it ought to have remained a dramatic poem, and never, in its present form, to have been acted on any stage, French or English. The last act is most pathetic; but it is one to be read, not seen. THE MAN AT THE FRONT.

## TO MY WAITER.

(Who doubtless at the recent Congress supported the declaration that tips were "undignified, immoral, and degrading.")

FORGIVE me, FRITZ! I did not gauge  
The depth the iron enters in  
A soul abhorrent of this wage  
Of sin.

I watched your feet, erstwhile of lead,  
Grow swift when bills and coffee came,

But knew not this was nervous dread  
Of shame.

When from my change divorced, forlorn,

You laid one shilling by itself,  
My dull brain missed the hinted scorn  
Of pelf.

Did later comers vainly call  
The while you loitered at my side,  
I marked, but saw not it was all  
Your pride.

Ah well! I love morality,  
I would not willingly degrade,  
And so to-night I leave your fee  
Unpaid.

MENTAL EGGSAMINATION (by Our Own Irrepressible One, roused from his slumber by the yells of an enthusiastic hen). Why should fowls be so cocky at having laid an egg? Table-cloths, carpets, odds are laid, and by Jove! sometimes women are laides! [Goes to sleep again.]





*Holiday Driver (returning from a Pic-nic). "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE 'ARNESS OF THIS 'ERE 'ORSE?"*

#### A CONTRADICTION.

THE "Sunday Times Special," of April 22, under the heading "A Fleet Street Landmark," recounts how Mr. Punch invited "a select circle" to see the Princess of WALES pass along Fleet Street in 1863, and mentions as among the notables present, "LEECH, MILLAIS, FRITH, LYTON, DICKENS, CRUIKSHANK, and TENNYSON,"—a goodly show and worthy of the occasion. Only—not one of them happened to be present, not even LEECH. The "Sunday Times Special" then goes on to tell a story about SOTHERN, who had been invited, but found himself prevented by the crowd in Fleet Street from crossing the road, and so asked a policeman to handcuff him and take him across to the Punch Office. A good story, and one that Lord Dundreary's intimate friends would characterise as "so like SOTHERN." So it is; and what a pity it is not true! SOTHERN was at the Punch Office on that occasion,—is not Lord Dundreary mentioned in "Punch at the Procession"? "for which overhaul" the number for March 21, 1863, "and when found make a note of"—but unfortunately his lordship was so unwell that he had neither spirit nor inclination for any practical joking. He entered by the same door as every one else; he had no handcuffs; and feeling very unwell he passed the greater part of the time in a room

at the back, where he was carefully attended to by Mr. FREDERICK EVANS, to whom I am indebted for these details, as, personally, this deponent, then the junior member of the Staff, was among the guests seated outside in front, from which coign of vantage he would most certainly have witnessed the handcuffing, and the bringing in of Lord Dundreary as a prisoner, had these two striking episodes ever occurred. Alas! another illusion gone. F. C. B.

#### A ROUNDEL OF UNSEASONABLE SPORT.

"PLEASANT month of May!"—we fain  
Scan the calendar, and say—  
"Lo! we greet you once again,  
Pleasant month of May!"

Then your azure skies turn grey;  
Stinging hail and drenching rain  
Come to mar your sunny sway.

Justly then may we complain  
When your ill-timed jests you play;  
From such pleasantries refrain—  
Pleasant month of May.

RECENTLY HEARD IN CHURCH.—Clergyman. "The prayers of the congregation are desired for So-and-so and So-and-so, also for a family now crossing the Atlantic, and other sick persons."

#### AT THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION CLUB.

SCENE—The Smoking-room. TIME—Within measurable distance of the dining hour.

Brown. Splendid piece of work that last conundrum of SMITH'S.

Jones. All his riddles are good. But what was this one about?

Brown. Why, surely you must have seen it! It was quoted at length in the Log Roller.

Jones. I have been away, so haven't seen much of the L. R. for weeks—you can't get it abroad.

Brown. Well, the L. R. said it was quite one of the most original ideas of the expiring century. Quaint, crisp, and breezy.

Jones. Ah, ROBINSON must have written that. I trace his style. But what was this conundrum of SMITH'S?

Brown. Well, it's rather giving him away to repeat it. But it turns upon the resemblance he has discovered between an open door and a jar.

Jones. I see! Excellent! Quite first-rate! He ought to protect the copyright, or they will be translating it into foreign languages and publishing it abroad.

Brown. I always say "Go to SMITH for stuff—and you get it."

Jones. Ah! You do indeed!

[Scene closes in upon the writing of letters of congratulation.]





### VERY MUDDY.

"SHELL OI KERRY YER ERCROSS, LIDY?"

### LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TO THE AUSTRALIAN DELEGATES IN ENGLAND.

GENTLEMEN,—It seems that one crisis is hardly sufficient for the satisfaction of those who rule over us. If the signs and rumours are to be trusted we are to have another. To South Africa is to be added Australia. The Colonies, whose sons have rallied to the call to arms of the mother-country, are to have their reward, not in the free and generous grant of what they most desire, but in a niggling, pedantic and pettifogging inquisition into their demand for Federation, resulting, it may be, in the destruction of the edifice on which thought and time and labour will have been spent in vain.

You, Gentlemen, have come to this country to ask that the Bill on which your Colonies have agreed may pass without amendment. Are you to be insulted by being told that you have amongst your peoples so little wisdom, so little common sense, so small a sense of loyalty that the Supreme Court which is contemplated in your scheme of Federation cannot be trusted to decide justly even in disputes arising out of the interpretation of your own constitution, but must be subject in these and in all other matters either to the dingy and undignified Privy Council as it now exists, or to some other Court not yet constituted?

Really it would seem that there are men in this country so foolish as to believe that loyalty and brotherly feeling are only valuable if they can be defined and expressed in the clause of a

statute in a manner that may satisfy a special pleader. Lord HALSBURY, no doubt, is an admirable man; so are all the other law-lords and the members of the Privy Council—but think of the state of mind of Lord HALSBURY and the rest of them if a constitutional appeal from Federated Australia comes before them. They have no special knowledge of these matters; their life and their practice have been pursued in other fields. I can see them with the eye of imagination laboriously and honestly "mugging up" the Australian Federation Act in order to arrive at a decision on some disputed point, and finally reserving their valuable judgments through a period of months on some point which Australian judges sitting in Australia would have decided at infinitely less cost in the same number of days.

Well, Gentlemen, I wish you well in this controversy as in all others. I believe that the great body of public opinion in this country is sound in these matters. You ask in effect for your charter of nation-hood, and the men of the old country, proud of your achievements, heartily desirous of your great and increasing prosperity, and firm, as I hope and believe they are firm, in the belief that brotherhood and alliance depend not on wretched forms and irritating technicalities, but on a free and generous accord of feeling, on unity both of interests and aspirations—they will see to it that what you wish is granted. If your peoples wished to part company from us we know we could not hold you back. But it is your wish to abide with us, unfettered members of one vast realm, free to control your own affairs while sharing our destiny. And that wish of yours, so nobly expressed, is at this moment our chief glory.

Farewell, Gentlemen: you have dined and spoken considerably in this country, and have still much dining and speaking to endure. May your fortitude be adequately rewarded!

Yours with all possible good will,

THE VAGRANT.

### NOT FOR PATRICK!

["It has been proposed that the kilt should be the uniform of the new Irish Guards."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHAT! take away the trousers off our pathriotic knees, As if we were a rigment of disorderly M.P.'s?

Och! sorerer take the wicked thought, for hiththory it teaches, An Oirishman is happiest when foightin' in the breaches.

What! Wear thim bits oo pitticoats that blow about and twirl Around your blushin' knees? No, faith! Oi'm not a bally girl! No! Oi'm an Oirish souldier, an' me blood Oi've often spilt it, But though Oi'm willin' to be kilt, Oi'll die before Oi'm kilted.

### LE MARÉCHAL CHAMBERLAIN.

NOUVELLE TENTATIVE DU MINISTRE ANGLAIS.

ON nous mande de Londres que JOË CHAMBERLAIN est devenu maréchal. Ah, misérables insulaires! Vous n'avez plus de militaires, il faut chercher vos maréchaux parmi les ignobles pékins de Birmingham. Conspez JOË! Croyez-vous que cet homme, plus détestable que l'infâme LOUBET, que l'abominable WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, puisse conduire vos mercenaires, bourrés de rosbif, de plombpouding, de rhum, et de gin, mieux que ROBERTS, qui est au moins militaire?

JOË CHAMBERLAIN, maréchal! Encore un pas vers le pouvoir suprême. Plus tard, dictateur, consul, président, roi. L'empereur JOË 1<sup>er</sup>. Quel rêve!

Il y a encore une chose à faire. C'est de nommer Sir RHODES Archevêque de Londres. HENRI TROPFORT.

THEATRICAL QUERY (by one who has read the Gossip of the Green-room). Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER announces a forthcoming play called *The Wisdom of the Wise*. Will this be followed by *The Sagacity of the Whens*, *The Perspicacity of the Wherefores*, and, best of all, *The Fullness of the Hows*?





### VARNISHING DAY AMENITIES.

*Little Smudge.* "OF COURSE, I KNOW PERFECTLY WELL MY STYLE ISN'T QUITE DEVELOPED YET, BUT I FEEL I AM, IF I MIGHT SO EXPRESS IT, IN A TRANSITION STAGE, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

*Brother Brush* ("skied" this year). "AH! I SEE, GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE!"

#### "BAR' ONE."

MET Mr. Justice STUFFY in Temple. Was most gracious to me. Glad, as I intend to apply to him for vacant Revisorship at Summer circuit. Said his horse was to run for Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechase, if he could find rider. Suggested me. Felt flattered, though nervous, never having ridden steeplechase before. Surely he can't refuse Revisorship, if I ride for him? Balance risk to life and limb against probable professional advancement. Decide to accept invitation. Mr. Justice STUFFY shakes hands cordially, and we part.

Day of race. Felt disinclined for breakfast. Hands somewhat clammy. Hope I'm not going to be ill. Big whiskey and soda—better. Caught 'Special' for Sudbury. Arrived on course and found Mr. Justice STUFFY standing by his doughty steed. Doughty steed regards me with sinister and unfriendly eye. Feel dry in throat as I weigh out and get into saddle. Wish they wouldn't pin large number to my left arm. Makes one feel unduly conspicuous. Arrive at

post, and start with uncomfortable rush. Feel my horse is taking charge of me, and going much too fast. Over first fence go whole length of horse's neck, and then back again into saddle. Same at next three fences. Arrive at brook. Again travel up doughty steed's neck, but somehow fail, when trying to accomplish return journey. Over D. S.'s head, this time. Kindly hands assist me from the muddy waters. Horse goes 'on riderless and finishes first. I walk up 'straight run in,' in melancholy and bedraggled condition. Jeered at by *oi polloi*. Meet Mr. Justice STUFFY, who is most ungracious and forgets to thank me for my services. Overhear SILKY, Q.C., a little later, say to him, "Then it didn't 'come off,' my Lord?" Learned Judge replies with asperity, "No; but my jockey did, though!" So unfeeling of Learned Judge. Should like to appeal.

Day after race. Stiff and sore all over. Am paying the costs of yesterday. Go to church and hear "'Brief' life is here our portion." Hope so. Prefer it to steeplechase riding. Fear that Revisorship in Learned Judge's gift, lost to me for ever.

#### RURAL FELICITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—For some time I have been looking out for a quiet country retreat, and think the dwelling advertised in *The Lady* will suit me down to the ground-rent.

SUSSEX (five miles from Bognor, and three from Barnham Junction).—To be let, for a time, old-fashioned, semi-detached cottage (labourer's) of two rooms, and scullery, &c.; furnished; large garden, well of good water; inconvenient stairs, and shelving roof to part of bedroom; ten minutes from post and church; suit persons of small means; may be seen on appointment.

I can picture myself sitting in the scullery, and then staggering up the inconvenient stairs to bed, to run the risk of braining myself against the shelving roof. But where does the labourer sleep? Perhaps I shall be expected to play Cox to his Box, while *Serjeant Bouncer* bivouacs in the large garden. However, the great question is, what rent would be asked for this unique domicile? I really tremble to inquire. Perhaps you will, and oblige

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES CHANTICLEER.





Jones. "WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET THESE CIGARS, OLD MAN?"

Brown. "OH, THEY'RE SOME NEW ONES I GOT THE OTHER DAY—THEY'RE TENERIFFE."

Jones. "H'M! TENERIFFE? TEN A SHILLING!"

### BRITANNIA LIBERATRIX;

*Or, Lord Spencer's Faerie Queen.*

["He (Lord SPENCER) tenders the public impossible suggestions for the application of 'good, sound Liberal principles' to the gentlemen who are now in arms against the Queen. Lord SPENCER has had some experience of the application of these principles to these very people."—*Globe*.]

[The following lines are adapted from "*The Morning Dream*" of the late WILLIAM COWPER, with whose name the British Public has recently become familiar, owing to the occurrence of the centenary of his death.]

As asleep on my pillow of down  
Toward the finish of April I lay,  
With my turban attached to my crown  
In the mode I adopted by day,  
I dream'd in the course of the night  
Of the subsequent century's flux;  
They were keeping my memory bright  
In the village of Olney (in Bucks).

I imagined myself in a boat  
Going onward in front of a breeze;  
I may add that the thing was afloat  
On the breast of the billowy seas;  
I was throwing my fears to the wind  
As I laughed at the salt-smelling waves,

For Britons have ever declined,  
And properly so, to be slaves.

In the stern was a shape like a star!  
Into poetry swiftly I dropped,  
But I only proceeded as far  
As "Imperious Madam!"—and stopped;  
For I noticed a shield at her side,  
And a lance that was lashed to the boom;  
So I lifted my turban and cried,  
"BRITANNIA! 'Tis she, I presume!"

"Explain not your presence," I said,  
"Say not why you ride on the sea!  
Your intentions are easily read;  
You have sworn that the slave shall be free!"

Some tyrant is working offence  
On Africa's brutalised shore,  
And regardless of pain and expense  
You are going to bathe in his gore!

"When he marks your approach on the  
wave,

When he sees you arranging to land,  
Then the scourges that lather the slave  
Will fall from his paralysed hand;  
And the moment the monster receives  
The sharp end of your spear in his breast,

Then the joy of the in-gathered sheaves  
Will be waft to the Isles of the West!"

"You mistake me," BRITANNIA replied,  
And her voice was as soft as a flute,  
"These weapons are not to be dyed  
With the blood of a barbarous brute;  
A brother has erred from the right;  
I have gently rebuked him in vain;  
But I feel, if I give him a fright,  
That it never will happen again.

"'Tis a radical rule of my creed  
To forgive and forget a rebuff;  
This is bound in the end to succeed,  
If you only keep at it enough.  
So to prove that my faith is refined,  
And my heart has a Liberal bent,  
I shall smack him a little behind,  
And then leave him at large to repent!"

Awaking, I fell into rhyme,  
As I mused on the century's flux,  
And the changes at work since the time  
Of my sojourn at Olney (in Bucks);  
And I thought, with a spasm of doubt—  
If this is the way she behaves,  
How soon will BRITANNIA get out  
Of her habit of ruling the waves? O. S.





## A QUESTION OF THE DAY.

ENTERPRISING BRITISH ELECTION AGENT. "BEG PARDON, MR. KROOJER—BUT CAN'T YOU GIVE US ANY IDEA OF WHEN THE WAR WILL BE OVER? SO THAT WE CAN ARRANGE FOR OUR GENERAL ELECTION."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Thursday, April 26.—Boys back at Westminster after Easter Holidays. Nothing irresistibly eager about the 'crowd. Something like four hundred making further holiday to Monday. This left room and verge enough for CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES and Mr. CALDWELL. The scent of the brine in the grizzly looks of the CAP'EN. Been cruising up and down between Battersea Bridge and solitary Southend-on-Sea. Rocked by breezes, touched with tender light, fed by the dews, and 'sung to by the sea, TOMMY comes back full of beans.

As for Mr. CALDWELL, he is literally bursting with suppressed information. For more than a fortnight has had no opportunity for making speeches. To-night it comes to him with both hands outstretched. House in Committee of Supply. Possible topics of talk illimitable. As SPEAKER stepped forth from Chair and Chairman of Committees glided into his seat at the Table, strangers in distant gallery startled by curious noise as of some one smiting another on the cheek. It was JAMES, smacking his lips at the prospect before him.

It chanced that, legal votes being to the fore, ATTORNEY-GENERAL in charge on Treasury Bench. Close astern was moored the CAP'EN. Immediately before him sat JAMES, his face aglow with delighted anticipation. Between the two the life of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was not a happy one. When JAMES was 'not making frontal attacks the pom-pom of the CAP'EN persistently rattled in the rear. Happily Nature has bestowed upon DICK WEBSTER a countenance capable of long sustaining air of serene content. The CAP'EN put the thing in another way when, just now, he observed, "the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has an oleaginous manner of making offensive insinuations." That's the OLD SALT's way of resenting a bland suggestion offered by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that he should not bolster up his case with unfounded statements. "Whatever may be his instructions," added the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, looking round and casually scanning the bench as if in search of the CAP'EN's brief, "he should present his case fairly."

Nothing better calculated to rouse an old sea-dog than to describe him as connected with the law. On board ship few phrases more opprobrious than that of sea-lawyer. The CAP'EN straightway fired off the pom-pom oleaginous quoted.

Later again hit ATTORNEY-GENERAL between wind and water. Talk about excessive lighting of refreshment bars at the Law Courts, just as if they were gin-palaces. ATTORNEY-GENERAL answered that attention of LORD CHANCELLOR had been called to the matter "with result that



SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.  
A DRAMATIC "HAIR" CHAIR.

A converted writing-chair, at one time in use at the Lyceum and other theatres. Has been altered from French and Norwegian designs, but is now entirely original and 'up-to-date. Has been sat upon lately by a bishop, a Lord Chancellor, and an ex-Solicitor-General, but is none the worse.

illumination of the Law Courts had been considerably curtailed." CAP'EN's weather eye quickly saw an opening. "Ho, Ho!" he said in cuttingly sarcastic tones, "Here's a nice state of things. ATTORNEY-GENERAL making veiled attack on LORD CHANCELLOR. Good deal of obscurity about the law at best of times. ATTORNEY-GENERAL attempts to make out that natural consequence of interposition of his noble friend is to reduce the current standard of light."

Here CALDWELL struck in, and ATTORNEY-GENERAL began to wish that night or BLUCHER-FINLAY would come.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

Friday.—A deadly dull night with Post Office votes and the like. PRINCE ARTHUR remained on duty at pillar letter-box. Awfully bored, but gallantly genial. Canny CAVMELL-BANNERMAN stayed away.

Business done.—Fair catch of votes.

## NAUSICAA NOWHERE.

Reginald (to ROXANA). Thank goodness the cricket season has come round again. Now I shall be able to get a little exercise on Saturday afternoons.

Roxana (gushingly). Delightful, won't it be! Do you play Association or Rugby rules? Now please explain the game to poor little innocent me!

[But REGINALD isn't taking on "Vices."

## IN STATUE QUO.

MY GOOD PUNCH,—I see that it has been noticed that in more than one place a pedestal has been prepared for GORDON's statue without an appropriate effigy to take its proper position. Naturally some one urges despatch and begs for subscriptions.

I need scarcely say that I—and I speak for my colleagues—have the greatest possible respect for the great Administrator and General, and it is influenced by this sentiment of esteem that I counsel delay.

I would say to those living in London, look around. See, for instance, the statues surrounding the bronze GORDON in Trafalgar Square. What can be more ridiculous than the horseman in a wig and a toga at the South-east corner? What more inconvenient position could have possibly been discovered than that of the top-masted—or rather top-columned—sailor in the centre of the site? Look at the trousers of HAVELOCK, and the sheet of NAPIER? And the statues at Charing Cross are rather favourable specimens of what Londoners have done to keep the memory of their heroes green, or rather slate-coloured.

Before GORDON is given an effigy, either in stone or bronze, pause and beware.

Yours afireseoly,

A SHADE IN THE STREET.

## "CASTE."

"KIND hearts are more than coronets,"

I know this must of course be true;  
It is the same old sun that sets  
On high and low, that rises too.  
What matters it for whom you buy  
The ring of diamonds and pearls,  
A maid, whose birth is none too high,  
Or daughter of a hundred earls?

If you're content that she should be—  
Well—not exactly as you are,  
The trifling difference in degree  
May only very seldom jar.  
Intolerance we should suppress,  
An attribute of fools and churls,  
Yet I prefer, I must confess,  
The daughter of a hundred earls.

## FASHIONS FOR THE WEEK.

(Arranged by the Clerk of the Weather.)

Monday.—Fur-coat, goloshes, and so wester.

Tuesday.—Pyjamas.

Wednesday.—The Arctic suit as provided for Captain NANSEN.

Thursday.—Linen dittos as worn in New Borneo.

Friday.—Cloak of hurricane-proof cloth, with portable lightning conductor complete.

Saturday.—Until 2 P.M. Frieze suit, lined with hot-water pipes. After 2 P.M. Full-sized refrigerator.



## THE PRIVATE VIEW.



## THE PORTION OF PORTIA.

(The Bard judicially brought up-to-date.)

["In the opinion of Mr. Justice DARLING, the cutting of a pound of human flesh, mentioned in SHAKESPEARE'S *Merchant of Venice*, was 'against public policy,' and, consequently, the deed containing the condition was void and of no effect."]

Daily Paper.]

SCENE—The Council Chamber. The DOGE on the Bench. PORTIA pleading.

Portia (continuing her argument). Jew, though justice be thy plea, consider this—

Shylock. I appeal to the Court. I object to be addressed as Jew.

Doge (with a bow to counsel). Certainly, the expression is scarcely courteous.

Portia. As your lordship pleases—should consider this, that, in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation.

Doge (interrupting). I really cannot admit the suggestion. Justice is paramount. Counsel need not speak disrespectfully of justice.

Portia (annoyed, but submissive). I apologise to the Bench. I would add, we do pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy.

Doge (courteously). I do not wish to interrupt, but I do not follow counsel's argument.

Portia (losing her temper). I must really protest, my lord. If I cannot conduct my case in my own way, I must really retire.

Doge (with some severity). I do not think such a tone is a proper one to be adopted by counsel when addressing the Bench.

Portia (after a pause). As your lordship pleases. I have spoke this much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea,  
Which if thou follow this strict Court  
of Venice,

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the  
merchant there.

Doge (interposing). Stop, stop! That is a matter for the Bench to decide. You must really not waste the time of the

Court in this fashion. Be kind enough to confine your remarks to the point of law. Can you refer to any case?

Portia (stubbornly). There is no power in Venice can alter a decree established.

Doge. Again I must interpose. I need scarcely say, that you have the right of appeal to—

Portia (angrily interrupting). This is the third or fourth time that my argument has been disturbed. The Court is evidently personally against me, and in justice to the interests of my client, I beg to retire from the case.

[Sits down in a huff. Curtain.]

## THE SONG OF THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

WAR! may thine empire still increase  
Till journalism ceases,

For when the country falls to peace  
My fortune falls to pieces.

I was in grief: my little store  
Of funds was swiftly failing;  
But now I am in transports, for  
With TOMMY I am sailing.

My pen was idle: not for me  
Were par- or leader-writing;  
But lines and columns there will be  
Now TOMMY'S started fighting.  
Of BULLER, WHITE, and Co. I'll tell,  
And freely I'll advise them,  
And if I don't write leaders, well,  
At least I'll criticise them.

What if, when we campaigning go,  
We're sometimes short of victuals?  
Why, laagers we may look for, though  
Perhaps not beer and skittles.  
And if a correspondent's dwelt  
Where shells about him drop, he  
Will get good padding from the veldt  
And from the kopjes copy.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE FRONT.—Several Officers have been heard to declare that they would sooner be Court Martialed than Field-Marchalled.





MR. PUNCH. "WALK UP, WALK UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN!"





Edward Partridge for

(Continued from p. 306.)

**F**OR a moment Lady HABART gave herself up to the painfulness of her recollections, then passed the cunning powder-puff over her nose.

"I wore mourning for longer than any one I know," she murmured, "and black doesn't suit me a bit. . . . Is he still unmarried?"

"Who—FREDDY RAMSDEN?"

"D'you think I'm talking of the Emperor of CHINA?" replied the lady with asperity.

"I say, DOLLY, your temper to-day is angelic; no wonder HABART took to riding bolters."

"I wish you'd answer my questions, instead of trying to say silly smart things. Can't you see that I'm perfectly distracted? What am I to do? They'll make me bankrupt, and I shall have to go and live in poky lodgings in the country on two hundred a year; and I sha'n't see any one except a lot of disgusting country people. Fancy me drinking a dish of tea with the wife of the local doctor and having to go to church every Sunday." She smelt her salts. "Why don't you tell me if FREDDY's married?"

"No, of course he isn't." He looked at his sister a little and said quietly: "Your only chance is to get married again. If you were engaged SMITHSON would let the matter stand over."

"It wasn't my fault that I got into debt," she said plaintively. "Decent people have to keep up appearances, and it's simply impossible to do that without going bankrupt, unless you're a soap-boiler, or something equally horrible."

"My dear girl, I'm not reproaching you."

To reproach her was the last thing her brother would think of doing—but Lady HABART was in a quarrelsome mood.

"Oh, no, you're not reproaching me in so many words," she said, "but you look as if you thought I was to blame. I'd much sooner you said it outright than keep hinting at it, and looking at me like a dissenting minister. You look perfectly

awful to-day; you're as yellow as a Chinaman; you look as if you took too much to drink last night."

She began to cry, for she felt miserable, and the world was treating her very harshly.

"You're awfully unkind," she said to her brother. Then, after a pause: "But it's no good making myself look frightful. Haven't you got anything to say?"

She had an idea in her mind, but she had no wish to utter it, and waited for GUY to do so. The idea was FREDDY RAMSDEN. But her brother appeared to have entirely forgotten her old lover, and again she inveighed against the stupidity of man.

"I believe FREDDY will come and call," she said at last, driven for once into frankness; "I don't think he could keep away."

GUY sprang up. "If you can get engaged to him before next Monday, you're saved."

A flush came over Lady HABART's face, and she clenched her pretty hand. "I can't make him call. I don't care if he hates me or loves me, if he'll only come and see me."

"I don't believe FREDDY RAMSDEN is the sort of man to get over anything of that sort."

"He always used to say he'd love me for ever," she murmured pensively, "but then—so used I."

"He was terribly cut up when you—er, chucked him over for HABART."

"I wish you wouldn't talk of it like that, you know I wasn't to blame. I was a wretchedly innocent girl and he'd only got twopence halfpenny a year. You all insisted on my giving him up. Papa wouldn't hear of it. . . . I was perfectly heart-broken."

GUY did not think his sister expressed the facts very exactly, but he was far too discreet to remind her of past events. She had a truly feminine way of putting on other people the blame of all her mistakes, of all her actions which seemed discreditable; and she invariably took to herself the whole credit of the good deeds with which she was at all connected. For much that she did was highly creditable to her sex and station; she was deeply interested in the reclaiming of bad characters, and her name was printed in large type on the prospectus of many charitable institutions. Now that certain ill-considered individuals are beginning to cast aspersions upon the Press,



suggesting (most unjustly, of course) that it is slanderous, narrow-minded and stupid, that it panders to all the worst instincts of the mob—it must be counted for righteousness in Lady HABART that she recognised its profound usefulness, and constantly sent to the papers details of her comings and goings, of the functions she gave, and the various deeds of mercy she performed.

"It shows what sort of a chap FREDDY is that he should have spent five years abroad," said GUY after a pause.

"It shows that, like all men, he's very unoriginal. How absurd it is for a man to go and shoot things in the Rockies just because his engagement's broken off. It's such bad taste."

"What would you have him do?" asked GUY.

"Announce it in the *Morning Post* and behave reasonably. They say women have no sense for comedy—men have only the sense for melodrama."

"I'm afraid I must go," said GUY. "I've got to dine with some people, and I must get home to dress."

"Oh, but it's not six yet!" replied Lady HABART.

"I have a long way to get, they live at Dulwich."

"Oh! I shouldn't have thought it was worth your while to know people who live in the suburbs. I thought in those parts they always dined in the middle of the day. Can't you wire that you're ill? You see that I'm not in a fit state to be left alone."

"Well, I hardly know the people."

"Oh, of course, I can't expect you to show the least indulgence to me. If you're going, go at once and let me have a little peace."

"If you really wish me to stay—"

"No, I don't! I shouldn't dine with you in any case, I'm far too ill to sit up. I shall go to bed and have dinner in my room. I only thought it might be convenient to have you in the house in case I wanted anything."

Lady HABART looked at herself in the glass when her brother had gone. She felt sure FREDDY RAMSDEN would come. . . . People said his father had fifteen thousand a year, and all that was his now; of course men's incomes were always exaggerated. She knew that by sad experience in the case of her lamented husband; he had not half the fortune attributed to him; but then the RAMSDENS were bankers and HABART had been merely a landowner.

"I wonder if he loves me still," she said. There was a look in his eyes when he gazed at her; that betokened something. But what was it? She did not care so long as he came, and she felt certain he would be unable to stay away. He had loved her too passionately to forget her; in those days she had been the mistress of his whole soul. He would have done anything for her sake, he adored her like a goddess. . . . She brushed a little fluff off the end of her nose.

"I hate new powder-puffs," she muttered, "they always come off on you."

She arranged a wisp of hair at the back of her head and passed a hand over her ear. She knew her ears were not good, and covered as much of them as possible with her hair.

"I wish I had really beautiful ears," she said, looking at them for a moment; they were too large, the lobe was not detached from the face. She gave a little shudder and hid them again. She took up her book and began to read—but still her mind wandered.

"If I can get engaged by Monday, I'm saved." The thought seized her that he might be no longer free. "He's the sort of man to fall in love with the typical creamy English girl. Thank God I was never that."

The butler opened the door, and even before his announcement, before she saw the incomer, she knew who it was.

"Mr. RAMSDEN."

He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, with grayish hair and a heavy moustache; he was deeply bronzed, and his swarthy was emphasized by the whiteness of his collar. He wore his

frock coat a little uneasily, as if he were used to freer things. Lady HABART noticed at once that he gave as little attention to his clothes as when she had known him years before. He had always the look of the countryman, and mentally she decided that such a man should never go to places where he could not wear knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket. He was the sort of man of whose gentility dowagers are not perfectly assured till they know he has a very handsome fortune; he was the sort of man whom everybody else would have called at once a thoroughly good sort.

RAMSDEN came forward, and Lady HABART rose from her chair.

"How nice of you to come and see me," she said, "I felt sure you would."

"How strange," he answered, "I felt sure you would not expect me."

His reply was a little disconcerting, but Lady HABART remembered that it was an old habit of his to say unnecessarily frank things, and ignored it.

"Do have some tea," she murmured. "Do you still take it without sugar?"

The tea had stood some time, but Lady HABART supposed FREDDY's agitation such that he would not notice the difference.

The very suddenness of RAMSDEN's arrival upon her thoughts had a little embarrassed the charming woman, but she was recovering herself; she assumed her armour of bewitching glances and sugary smiles; she asked herself why he came and what were his sentiments. She watched him like a cat, but there was nothing in her exterior to betray the excitement of her mind; she was playing admirably the part of the accomplished hostess. It could not fail to strike him after his long sojourn in foreign lands.

"Do you still take tea without sugar?" she repeated, as he watched her pour it out and did not reply.

"It is very polite of you to remember," he said dryly.

"After so long?" she gave a little silvery laugh and turned upon him the light of her blue eyes. She knew how caressing they were. Years ago, their glance would have made his heart beat strangely. . . . "You've been away shooting, haven't you?"

"I've been in Africa," he replied.

"Yes, so GUY told me." She mentally reviled her brother for telling her that RAMSDEN was in America: she might have made so awkward a slip. "That's why you're so brown," she added with another smile. "But you haven't changed a bit. You're just the same FREDDY RAMSDEN I used to know."

"Why did you cut me to-day?" he asked with what Lady HABART considered a rather disagreeable smile.

"I thought you didn't recognize me," she replied promptly.

"You looked at me in exactly the way people look when they're wondering who on earth you are. And I should have felt so ridiculous if I'd bowed and you'd taken no notice."

He paused, looking at her somewhat critically. Lady HABART was pleased to think her frock fitted so perfectly, and she was sitting with her back to the light, so the closest scrutiny was supportable.

"Are you very surprised that I should call on you, Lady HABART?" he asked.

The lady's heart gave a little beat; at last it was coming; she set all her nerves taut for the fray. The approaching battle exhilarated her; for all her delicate exterior, she was a fighting woman, and never felt herself living so intensely as when she had to martial the whole array of her wits against those of another.

"Oh, no; I'm not a bit surprised. I'm very pleased."

"I imagined that you would not greatly care to see me," he answered. "One naturally dislikes the person one has treated vilely."

"I really don't understand what you mean," she cried, with a pretty expression of injured innocence.



"If you remember that I take my tea without sugar, you can hardly have forgotten that—that once you were engaged to marry me."

She vaguely thought it was rather bad taste in FREDDY to put the matter so brusquely; but he was always rather abrupt. She looked down at the tips of her shoes as she had seen actresses look down on the stage when they were representing high-born damsels of three-and-twenty: that was her favourite age.

"Are you still angry?" she asked in a low and effective voice—it should, perhaps, have been a little more husky.

"Not in the slightest," he answered smiling.

Lady HABART looked at him quickly—he seemed amused.

"Why have you come here to-day if you don't care for me any more?"

"How do you know that I no longer care for you?"

"If you did, you would still be angry." She came to the conclusion that a semblance of perfect frankness would be most useful.

"One gets over things, you know," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I'm sorry I made you suffer." Her heart was beating, and she with difficulty repressed her delight; she knew she was acting the comedy perfectly—her voice and manner came to her without the smallest effort. Like every great actress, she almost felt the emotions she represented, and the pathos of her voice very nearly brought tears to her eyes. "I'm sorry I made you suffer."

"It was salutary," he said smiling, but she noticed that the smile was a little painful. "If you had not behaved as you did, I might have gone on loving you to the end of my life. And that, I feel, would have been the most intense degradation that I could suffer."

"You are hardly polite."

"Shall I go?"

"No!"

"Oh, I can't be polite," he cried, "I have suffered too much. D'you know that out in Africa in my solitude, for months I thought of you. I remembered every word you had ever said, every look of your eyes, and I saw that you were selfish, and cold-hearted, and cruel. At first I hated you with all the strength with which I'd loved you. But afterwards—afterwards, I saw how paltry and mean you were, and I only despised you. I longed to be face to face with you so that I might tell you how I loathed you."

"Is that why you came to-day?" she asked.

"Yes."

He rose to go, but she took no notice of his movement.

"You don't despise me one half so much as I despise myself."

He looked at her in silence, with a look of contempt upon his face.

"D'you think I was happy after I married?"

"You were a countess, and had twenty thousand a year. What more could you want?"

"He puts things in such an inexpressibly vulgar way," said Lady HABART mentally, while out loud she murmured: "You have a right to be hard upon me."

"You made me fall in love with you; and you know how passionately I adored you. You promised to marry me, and when you met HABART you threw me over without a thought but of yourself."

"I am very sorry," she said.

RAMSDEN gave a laugh. "What is the good of being sorry? Do you know what you made me suffer? Can you imagine my bitter agony while I tried to forget you? Oh, I hate you with all my heart."

Lady HABART gave a little cry, not of pain, or horror, but of exultation; for she knew suddenly that he still loved her; she had been right in all her suppositions. Her heart swelled with pride and pleasure, with keen appreciation of her own

cleverness. He was looking at her with flaming eyes, and he muttered again: "I hate you."

Then she tried a bold stroke. "But I—I love you all the same, FREDDY."

"You are excessively clever, Lady HABART." His passion was dissipated, and he spoke now with the calm appreciation of the *dilettante*. Lady HABART considered him neither clever nor polite.

"Oh, it is you who are heartless now," she cried, with a finely dramatic gesture. "I suffered also—I suffered too much for my fault." She put her hands to her head and her voice trembled; perhaps she forced the note a little. "I was mad. Of course I was wrong. I know I behaved vilely to you. When HABART came down to Blueriver he turned my head. I was so young then, I was only a child: I didn't love him. I confess I married him for—oh, it's too horrible to think of, it's too inexpressibly vulgar. But I loved you, FREDDY," she concluded, with a heartrending sigh, "I can't call you Mr. RAMSDEN; I've always thought of you as FREDDY."

"I'm glad you suffered."

If the note was forced, RAMSDEN had not perceived it.

"I used to be always thinking of you, FREDDY. And the more I was with him the more I loathed him, the more I regretted what I had lost. Don't you believe I love you, FREDDY?"

"No!" He looked at her angrily; she knew she was stirring in his heart all the old emotions, the passion of the old days was returning to him like an overwhelming flood.

"And then I knew you were unhappy, and I knew it was my fault. I repented bitterly."

"I should have thought your house in Park Lane and your castle in the country would have silenced the qualms of your conscience. It must be more obstinate than I suspected."

"If he only knew," she murmured to herself in the same distracted tones, "how out of repair the town-house was, and how old-fashioned the furniture . . . I had looked forward to it all so much," she cried; "and then when I had it—Oh, I longed to be back again in the country, in your arms, FREDDY; and I longed for your simple, frank old smile."

They paused, buried in contemplation. Lady HABART had forgotten that she was acting a part, and now believed every word she said. It would have been wonderful if her passionate accents had not affected RAMSDEN, for her they touched profoundly. She felt herself the most ill-used of distressed females, and she had not much ground to traverse before thinking FREDDY RAMSDEN vastly to blame for leaving her to the tender mercies of her late husband. Lady HABART turned towards her visitor the best side of her profile.

"Was HABART good to you?" asked RAMSDEN at last.

"He loved me very much," replied Lady HABART, heaving a sigh. But that was so, frank a misrepresentation of her husband's feelings that she almost smiled; she was a woman of humour. "Oh, FREDDY, my life was awful; sometimes I felt I couldn't go on with it. I was so unhappy. Often I was on the verge of running away and following you."

"You have lied to me so much."

Immediately she spoke her last words she knew that they did not ring true. He withdrew himself into his shell.

"Don't you believe what I say?" she sighed. "But why should you? I know you'll never believe in me again—I don't deserve that you should . . . Oh, but forgive me, FREDDY." She put out in supplication her bejewelled hands: as she had told her brother, the rings were mostly paste. "Forgive me before we part for ever."

"Would my forgiveness do you any good?"

"You're going to be married soon, aren't you? I do hope you'll be happy—I'd willingly give my life to know you completely happy."

"I shall never get married," he replied.

(Continued in our next.)



## PLACE AUX DAMES.

(A Vade Mecum for use in Earl's Court.)

**Question.** If there was not an Exhibition of some sort at West Kensington, would not all the world be disappointed?

**Answer.** That seems a sensible assumption, when the truth of all roads leading to Earl's Court is admitted.

**Q.** Have not the Exhibitions hitherto represented such ideas as Greater Britain, the Colonies, and the Victorian Era?

**A.** They have, with infinite success.

**Q.** What has been the principal cause of that success?

**A.** Excellent bands, artistic surroundings, good provisions, and fine weather.

**Q.** But has not the particular purpose of each Exhibition had its influence?

**A.** I think not to any great extent. The crowds who throng Earl's Court go there to be amused rather than instructed.

**Q.** Then you consider the slenderest bond binding the Exhibition to its title sufficient?

**A.** Quite so. For instance, the Spanish Exhibition would be sufficiently earmarked by a stick of liquorice, and the Industrial Exhibition by needle and thread.

**Q.** Would not the latter articles be particularly suggestive of women's work?

**A.** Scarcely. Nowadays, a latch-key would better symbolise the sex that is now the stronger.

**Q.** Then you think that the present Exhibition at Earl's Court would be just as popular had it had a masculine in lieu of a feminine title?

**A.** Certainly. As it is intended for the recreation of both the Sons of ADAM and the Daughters of EVE.

**Q.** Then the Directors of the Exhibition need not trouble themselves about titles for the future?

**A.** Certainly not. While they maintain

the management of their institutions up to the standard of the present, they are sure to repeat the successes of the past.

## "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH cannot refrain from making public this letter which has reached him from "Bloemfontein, South Africa," dated "April 6th":



DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I enclose cheque for £21 for your fund on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children from "A 7th Hussar and some 9th Lancers."

I fear it will reach you rather late, but your appeal reached us rather late, and we have had other matters to attend to out here.

It will show you, at any rate, that at this time when those at home are doing so much for the soldiers out here, we out here do not forget those at home.—Yours faithfully,

With the true modesty of brave and generous-hearted soldiers, the senders of the above strictly enjoin Mr. Punch not on any account to let any names whatever appear in acknowledging (as hereby Mr. Punch does) its receipt. And Mr. Punch, profoundly respecting their wishes, acts accordingly.

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, one and all, who, having so splendidly helped this truly charitable work have thus "encouraged the performance," please to take notice that, though the stream of your generosity may "flow on for ever," yet is Mr. Punch compelled to publish the *Seventh and Last List of Contributors to his Fund for the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street*, in the number to be dated

MAY 16.

After which date this Fund will be closed, but the Hospital will be open, and it is for that result we have all heartily co-operated.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. CHARLES MORTON and all those professional ladies and gentlemen who so generously gave their services at the Royal Palace Theatre Matinée on Thursday last, the Fund has received much benefit. The result will be published on the above-mentioned date.

One word more—just to those who are in possession of "collecting cards." Do not lose a second. Let the collecting cards collect. They must make their returns, fill them up, and send them in to Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., LD., 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

## THE PATRIOT AND THE KHAKI GENT.

(With apologies to Bret Harte.)

"I WAS with WHITE"—the soldier said.

Said the patriot, "Say no more, But here at the 'Crown' we will drain a glass."

And they passed through the open door.

"I WAS with WHITE"—the soldier said.

Said the patriot, "Nay, no more: Old Tom, no doubt, is your favourite drink, You shall have long Toms galore."

"Perhaps you have met my soldier boy, A marine—in the mounted corps?

I warrant he fought at Ladysmith Right gallantly 'gainst the Boer!"

"Don't know him, afraid," said the khaki gent,

"And, as I remarked before, I was with WHITE"—"Nay, nay, I know," Said the patriot, "Say no more."

"Enough that a man has been with WHITE, I will drink to all who bore

A part with my boy at Ladysmith, Whatever their rank or corps."

"Ere 's luck to him, then," said the khaki gent,

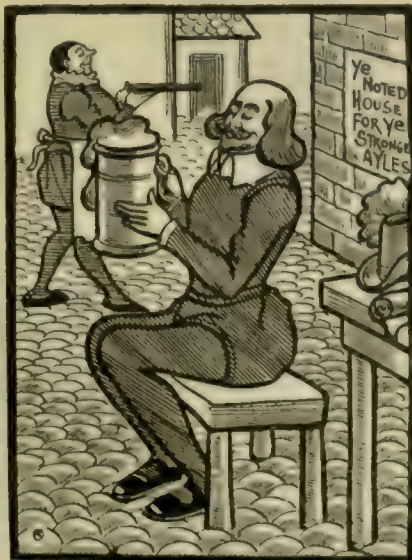
And he laughed and drank and swore, "But I was with WHITE—in India— About eighteen-ninety-four."

The patriot bolted without a word, And he left to pay the score That khaki gent who had been with WHITE Some five years before the war.

## A COMPLIMENT TO B.-P.

Jenkins. Hallo, THOMPSON, I see you've altered the name of your house to Mafeeking. What's the reason?

Thompson. Deuced good one. Haven't I been holding out against the Boer rates since last October, and haven't surrendered yet?



"Shakespeare and the first Quart O."



"Shakespeare and the last Quart O."





The Philanthropist of Pretoria—

"OUT OF MY LEAN AND LOW ABILITY  
I'LL LEND YOU SOMETHING."

*Twelfth Night, Act III., Scene 4.*

"Portugal is reported to be trying to float a loan both in Paris and Berlin for the payment of the Delagoa Bay Award, on the security of the Lorenzo Marquez Railway. President KRÜGER's offer has been declined."—*Daily Paper.*

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### VI.—THE MAETERLINCK SECTION.

#### I.—DRAMA.

MAY 1ST.—Hark! One would say there is a symbol coming down the corridor. Oh! Oh!

2ND, 3RD.—*Nineteenth Deaf Man.* I cannot hear anything; and my eye-sight is defective.

*Deafest Deaf Man.* I do not know what he is saying. I do not know what anybody is saying.

*Least Deaf Man.* I am glad that I am not blind. It must be very inconvenient to be blind.

4TH, 5TH.—Where is my pet lamb? I do not see it on the sofa as usual. Ah! ah! I smell mint-sauce. No, I will not take any luncheon to-day. I loved it so. It was not altogether like other lambs. It was more ominous. And now it is cold!

6TH.—Hush! Not so loud. Sister ANN may overhear you. She is a hundred and twenty-five yards away under a willow; but you never can tell how far her soul reaches. Perhaps it covers as much as three acres.

7TH.—Sister MIGRAINE, I have a headache. Have you a headache, Sister MIGRAINE? I think I am going to be very unhappy.

8TH.—I ought not to sit on the edge of a well and keep on throwing my wedding-ring into the sun. What shall I do if I drop it into the water? There! I have dropped it into the water! What shall I do?

9TH.—There is somebody the other side of the door. There is always somebody the other side of a door.

10TH.—My hair inundates my entire being. It is longer than two of me. Oh, see, it has come right down from the balcony. No, no, you must not try and climb up by it.

## COURTESY À LA SUISSE.

["The recent complaints of the rudeness shown to English travellers in Switzerland by the natives has been officially denied by the authorities of Lucerne."—*Daily Paper.*]

You are an idiot, a fool, and a rascal. (Official explanation.) Terms of endearment denoting feeling of the utmost friendship.

Why do you come here? Why don't you stay at home? (Official explanation.) Merely questions asked to stimulate pleasant conversation.

You are a rosbif, a boule dogue, and plum-pudding. (Official interpretation.) Fine names intended to express the greatest possible admiration for British institutions.

If you speak we will knock you down. (Official interpretation.) Merely a kindly expression of concern calculated to produce repose.

You are one brutal, ugly-faced foreigner. (Official interpretation.) A jocular salutation.

You sell your wife at Smithfield—Long live the Boers! (Official interpretation.) A polite attempt to commence a courteous conversation.

Are you English? (Official interpretation.) The highest praise imaginable.

11TH.—Did I wrench your arms too much? No? Yet I heard your bones sigh together like little mice in a wainscot. Do not look at me so aloofly, as if your soul were forever in the next room.

12TH.—My eyes will not close. Why will not my eyes close? I must very soon say something to somebody.

13TH.—Oh! Oh! I have a pain in my destiny. It is just here. It is not indigestion. On no! it is certainly not indigestion. [This makes a very good ending.]

#### II.—PHILOSOPHY.

14TH, 15TH.—Events happen; but sometimes they tarry and need encouragement from us. At the age of fourteen we may be aware that we are ordained to die at thirty; yet we may go to meet destiny half-way, by jumping off a precipice at two-and-twenty.

16TH.—One could always tell which of one's schoolfellows was going to die accidentally young. They used to walk apart under trees; generally willows.

17TH.—I have known people who began by being beside themselves, and gradually got quite a long distance away. And they never knew till somebody called their attention to it.

18TH, 19TH.—Each one of us has a star from which descends one woman only, however multifold her disguises. Superficially, one would say that Bluebeard had several wives. This is an error. He was actually monogamous.

20TH, 21ST.—It matters not on what subject the predestined talks. It may be that her speech is of a new bangle that she covets. None the less it is on the roof-tiles of the immeasurable that we float together.

22ND, 23RD.—Some people are less fortunate than others; some are more so. For these an event beckons behind every blasted willow. They cannot open a door at the end of the simplest subterranean passage, without running into a booby-trap, or a crouching allegory or something.

24TH.—Who can tell the effect of circumstances upon us? and



whether they are the same as we, or we are the same as they? Sometimes both are identical.

25TH, 26TH.—The persons of the Old Tragedy had no leisure left from the thousand and thousand claims of murder or suicide. Yet the real tragedy of life is found in the domestic bliss of the family circle.

27TH, 28TH.—The spectacle of a mere cow sitting alone with her destiny, chewing the cud, and altogether unconscious of the laws of the Equinox, has in it I know not what of tragic that moves me more than the crash of conflicting mastodons.

29TH TO 31ST.—The true force of the drama lies not in making your characters say the things that are indispensable to the situation; but in making them think the thoughts that do not occur to them. Sometimes these may be represented by a loud aside without parentheses. But silence is also good; for it is, I know not how, by the things we omit to say that the sources of the soul become intelligible. Still, it is all very difficult.

O. S.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Rev. Mr. SHERWOOD, himself a University oarsman of renown, has spent some years of loving labour in the preparation and completion of the history of boatracing at Oxford from the earliest times. *Oxford Rowing* (HENRY FROWDE) leaves nothing to be desired in the way of completeness. It begins, indeed, before the Oxford and Cambridge race became a national institution. But there was always boating on the Isis. 1826 is the first year in which record is found of two eights on the river. The boats were not quite the same build as all the world flocking to the Thames on Boat Race Day is accustomed to see starting from Putney. They served a double debt to pay. When racing wasn't on they were used for picnics and excursions. Amongst its equipment, one, the *Lady Margaret*, was the proud possessor of a "Panthermaticon" containing two kettles, nine cups and saucers, nine teaspoons, nine plates, four dishes, four basins, one salt-box, one mustard-pot, two graters, nine egg-holders, and as many egg-spoons. This ballast was temporarily landed when racing was on. From 1826, Mr. SHERWOOD follows the boats, with full records of every race, and many picturesque particulars. The volume is illustrated with some rare pictures reproduced from ancient engravings and paintings.

*Law without Lawyers*, an epitome of the Laws of England for practical use, by Two Barristers-at-Law (JOHN MURRAY). My Junior Assistant, a gentleman of the long robe, took up this book with a prepossession against it. "A man who has himself for his lawyer, has a fool for his



### WAR PRICES IN THE WEST END.

*Cabby.* "'ART A CROWN! BLESS 'ER 'EART! I THOUGHT THEY WAS ALL IN SOUTH AFRICA. BLOWED IF THIS AIN'T THE FUST I'VE SEEN SINCE THE HOFFICER GENTS WENT AWAY!"

client," quoth he. To which the Baron replied, "Better law without lawyers than lawyers without law, of whom I have known a good few in my time." On looking into the book, the Junior Reviewer's hostile prepossession disappeared. He reports that his two learned friends have done their work uncommonly well: that they have given a very comprehensive and clear view of the most important legal points relating to domestic and business affairs, and the rights and duties of citizenship: in short, as *Shylock* said to *Portia*, that their "exposition has been most sound," and will help the reader

without professional assistance to keep the windy side of the law.

*The Outsiders* (GRANT RICHARDS), by R. W. CHAMBERS, possesses a mysteriously attractive outside. This frontispiece on the cover is as suggestive of dark deeds within, as the pictorial series of blood-curdling tableaux exhibited over the entrance of a theatre entirely devoted to melodrama of the deepest dye. But the reader in search of excitement is doomed to disappointment. Here he will come across some simple human characters, good, bad and indifferent, the threads of whose lives can be traced by





### VACCINATION RE-NAMED.

*The New Doctor.* "WELL, MAC, HOW IS THE LITTLE GIRL'S ARM GOING ON?"

*Mac.* "WELL, SIR, MY GUDEWIFE SAYS IT'S LOOKING JUST FINE WHAU YE TATTOO'D IT."

a diligent reader through a puzzling patch-work of descriptive writing, relieved here and there by some shreds of epigram.

"I should be the last," says my Nautical Retainer, "to dare to make allowances for the sex of a writer. But when a woman enters a domain of literature which has been reserved by tradition for masculine experience and imagination, and there holds her own with the best, she must be prepared to forgive me if I mix astonishment with my admiration. If I had read Miss MARY JOHNSTON'S earlier tale of adventure, *The Old Dominion*—an omission which I presently mean to make good—I should still have been astonished at the *tour de force* which she has achieved in her new book, *By Order of the Company* (CONSTABLE). The story, laid in old Virginian times, opens with the arrival in Jamestown of a ship-load of marriageable maidens, sent out by 'The Company' for the benefit of such colonists as could raise enough tobacco for the purchase. A throw of Ambs-ace, or double-ace (surely nearer the *canis-throw* than the *Venus*), decides the bachelor-hero, against his better judgment, to secure a bride. She turns out, when irrevocably wedded, to be a lady of rank who has sailed from England under an assumed name, to escape the attentions of the King's favourite,

*Lord Carnal.* How an honourable respect is paid to her abhorrence of a marriage which has been accepted only in the last resort; how *Lord Carnal* attempts to recover her; how her husband encounters all conceivable perils in her defence, with a resource not always conceivable; how in the end he conquers her heart by never stooping to win it: all this is told with infinite charm and versatility. Into the main design is also woven much adventure with neighbouring Indians, revealing a very remarkable appreciation of local character and custom. The style, not too oppressively archaic, never loses its piquancy, and the author's fine sense of atmosphere and scenic colour gives to her work a distinction of which the reader is still conscious when most absorbed in the movement of events."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

### FATHER THAMES LOQUITUR.

["It is doubtful whether there will be any penny steamers running on the Thames this year."—*Daily Paper.*]

GOOD QUEEN BESS, in days of yore,  
Was the best of Britain's daughters;  
Gay the gilded barge that bore  
Good Queen BESS upon my waters;  
Well she loved in pomp to ride

On the bosom of my tide,  
Swiftly, smoothly would she glide—  
Good Queen BESS, good Queen BESS!  
BESS, the best of Britain's daughters,  
On the bosom of my waters.

Where is all this pageant gay,  
Once my pride and exultation?  
Out upon this dreary day!

Out upon this transformation!  
Laughter comes no more to me;  
Dead is mirth and revelry;  
Sadly flow I to the sea  
In my desolation.

Am I not the same sweet stream  
'SPENSER loved to watch a-flowing?  
Have my eddies ceased to gleam  
Golden, when the sun is glowing?  
Doth the Pool no longer please,  
Where are lying in the breeze  
All the ships of all the seas,  
Each her pennant showing?

Let me bear them, as of yore,  
Britain's sons and Britain's daughters,  
Blithe and joyous, as I bore  
Good Queen BESS, upon my waters!  
Let me see their faces fair,  
Let their laughter fill the air  
With their gladness, as I bear  
Girls and boys, girls and boys,  
Britain's sons and Britain's daughters  
On the bosom of my waters!





THE RIVAL RIVERS.

Paris (to London). "WHAT! NO STEAM-BOATS ON YOUR GREAT RIVER! THIS IS ONE OF THE THINGS WE MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE."



## "THE TEMPEST" IN A TEA-CUP.

No one can have seen the ballets in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Her Majesty's, and Miss JULIA NEILSON (with song) playing "Principal Boy" in that performance, without being struck by the possibilities suggested for future Shakspearian revivals. It is true that the acting parts of the play, though curtailed, are still rather long and heavy, but what of that? That mistake can easily be remedied in any future production on similar lines. The play which calls most obviously for like treatment is *The Tempest*. Probably Mr. TREE has had his eye on it already. The following abridged synopsis of the piece as it should be given will, in that case, be very useful to him.

The play might open with SHAKSPEARE'S Scene II. as follows, Mr. TREE playing *Prospero*, and Mrs. TREE *Miranda*.



*Miranda*. If by your art, dear PROSPERO, you have  
Made such a hash of this delightful play,  
I pray you do it not! Oh, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer! A brave drama  
Which had, no doubt, some acting possibilities  
Knocked all to pieces! Poor souls, they perished  
Cut out, I fear, entirely.

*Prospero*.

No more amazement; tell your piteous heart

There's no harm done.

*Miranda*. Oh, woe the day!

*Prospero*. No harm.

The public like it. I, its PROSPERO, My magic wand (a pencil blue) in hand May well be trusted with a masterpiece. [Sympathetically seeing MIRANDA yawn. But thou'rt inclined to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness, Most people feel it when I speak blank verse,



So give it way. [MIRANDA does so.

What! ARIEL, I say,

My massive ARIEL!

Enter Miss JULIA NEILSON hanging on a wire from the flies.

*Ariel*. Here master.

*Prospero*. Good.

Let's skip some pages and take up the thread

Where you enliven matters with a song.

### ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these crimson stalls  
From all "The Halls;"  
Courtied when we have and kiss'd,  
'Twill bring much grist  
To the Managerial mill,  
Fill the Managerial till,  
Hark, hark!

(Burthen, dispersedly from the stalls.)

Bravo, bravo!

*Ariel*. This is a lark!

The rest of this act is rather dull from the modern acting standpoint. It might, therefore, be



omitted, and a grand ballet of fairies hung with electric lights might be inserted instead.

Act II., should present no difficulties to the modern manager. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS might make a great hit as *Stephano*, while Mr. DAN LENO's *Caliban* would be a most interesting performance. The refrain of his song,

DAN, DAN, CA, CALIBAN,

Has a new master. LENO's the man!

would obtain rapturous applause. As the play will be given in three acts, the grand ballet *divertissement* in which *Ariel* appears in mid-air disguised as a

harpy, will occupy most of Act II. Should *Caliban*, representing the dramatic critics, and made-up to look like Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, resent these excisions, *Prospero* will defend them in the famous lines which follow:—

These our actors

As I have told you, are a bore at best.

The things the British Public really like

Are cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces

And solemn temples, triumphs of the art

Of that egregious wight, the scene painter.

Poor SHAKSPEARE'S unsubstantial puppets fade.

Only the scenes remain. Plays are such stuff!

The play-goer, his dinner half-digested, Yawns through the finest dialogue e'er written,

And every serious drama's little life Is rounded with a sleep!



For Act III., out of SHAKSPEARE'S meagre materials Mr. TREE will evolve a Grand Masque of the Gods. The play will end with *Prospero*'s great speech in Act V., slightly altered as follows:—

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,

Ye quite invaluable concomitants

Of SHAKSPEARE'S dramas, what a boon you are

To any management! . . . This rough magic [Waving the blue pencil.

Never will I abjure. That heavenly music

Which I have need of, and the dancers too

I will commission from the best purveyors.

I'll play *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *The Dane*

In such attractive guise you'll never know them;

And deeper than did ever plummet sound

I'll drown the "Book"!

The curtain will then fall upon the great Shakspearian success of the season.







**MR. PUNCH'S WAR CONUNDRUM.**

Q. "WHAT OPERAS DOES THE ABOVE SKETCH CALL TO MIND?"

A. "'CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA,' 'DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER.'"



## TENNIEL'S CARTOONS.

THE Picture Show at Burlington House is all very well in its way. But any one taking a walk down New Bond Street would do well to turn in at the Fine Art Society's Rooms and see what our JOHN TENNIEL has on view. Some one with leisure and a turn for figures has reckoned that of the more than 3,000 cartoons with which Mr. Punch has, through his distinguished career, marked the time of day, over 2,000 are drawn by the fine strong pencil of J. T. For the second time he falls in line with others of his craft, and offers to the public, for modest consideration, the pick and choice of his studio.

In date the collection does not go back beyond five years. It includes the last of the long series in which the grand face and stately presence of Mr. GLADSTONE were brought home to British households throughout the world. Mr. G., just home from his historic trip to the opening of the Kiel Canal, is pictured as the typical seaman of the *Black Eyed Saxon* school, warning off marauders from the steeple-batted female in distress representing the Welsh Church. This is the record of a political event that excited much attention at the time, Mr. GLADSTONE having withdrawn his long-established "pair" with Mr. VILLIERS, in order to keep an open mind on the Welsh Disestablishment question. Oom PAUL is a favourite and effective study with J. T. Following him through successive stages of negotiations that ended in war, we have a complete epitome of an epoch-making time.

These pictures, striking whilst the iron was hot, are familiar in the memory of mankind. Looking on the originals, it is interesting to see with what infinite care, what delicate touch, the broad effect of the printed cartoon is gained.

### BROWN POTTAGE.

FROM New York, as recently reported in *The Herald*, we learn that Mr. BROWN POTTER is going for a divorce from



the well-known actress, Mrs. B. P. So far the theatre-going section of the great "B. P." is interested. Mr. POTTER has retained a Mr. HONEY as his Counsel. "I want you, my Honey, yes I do!" will the husband and suitor sing, addressing himself, of course, to his Counsel.



May Term.

### ODE TO AN APPRECIATIVE COW.

[“An enterprising musician who combines the occupation of a wholesale milkman with that of a professional organist, used to sing to the cows, and never had a pail knocked over, whereas his assistants were frequently kicked by the animals.”—*Irish Chronicle*.]

THANKS, pretty cow!  
Who, grateful for the melodies I make,  
What time the teeming pail  
Foams with the lacteal stream of nutri-  
ment opaque,  
Standest with bland and ruminating  
smile,  
Listening the while,  
Now with a low approving—silent  
now—  
And flies assailing lashest with a lazy tail.

Not thine the whim  
Of her who, moved by the unwonted  
strain  
(Now sharp, now flat)  
Struck from the quivering strings  
Of the reverberating violin  
By the weird bowings of the storied  
cat.  
With discords grim,  
And swayed to madness soon,  
(Like Pegasus, or those to you akin,  
Which Nineveh pourtrays, strange bulls  
with wings.)  
With sudden impulse at a leap uprose  
Over the moon.

But placid, calm and staid,  
To generous nature by soft measures  
swayed  
Your unlicked bucket kindly still affords  
Large measures, that you give  
Fulfilled with bubbling milk and luscious  
cream:  
Not like your aged fabled relative  
Who by the evil potent music fired,  
(Like Io, trembling at the gadfly's  
scream.)  
With terror listened to the unvocal  
chords,  
And at the song expired.

“LITTLE quickness,” on a Continental railway, means the minimum speed of a British luggage train.

### A SUPPLEMENTARY CATALOGUE.

(Some Things We Have Missed at the R.A.)

THE picture by the Leeds policeman, whose canvas for the second time has been accepted—and not hung.

A portrait of Dr. L-Ds, who also remains unhung.

A colossal statue of President KR-G-R, complete with hollow crown to his top-hat for the London sparrow to bathe in (subscribed for by members of the British Empire League, as a testimonial to his very successful furtherance of their efforts).

A presentment of Mr. ST-N (bust—Mr. BROCK's benefit), or else lying full-length in lyddite green, executed by Mr. HACKER.

A representation of Mafeking in high relief.

A statuette of General SX-M-X, chased with gun-metal.

A picture of a Society Nurse at Capetown, by Mr. TR-V-S.

Pendant to the same, Mr. TR-V-S by a Society Nurse.

A miniature Englander, by a Loyalist of the Cape Colony.

A view of Pretoria by Lord R-B-BTS.

A survey of the occupants of the Government Bench after the next General Election, by a Leader of the House.

Some aspects of St. Helena by CR-XJÉ.

A panorama of the Transvaal painted red.

A bird's-eye view of London, also painted red “when the boys come home once more.” A. A. S.

### HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

(The Effect of the War.)

Anxious Mother (after vainly ringing bells to first-born passing window). Good heavens! RUPERT, what is this dreadful uproar?

Rupert. Awful larks, Mum! We're playing at Britons and Boers. ALFRED has Kitchenered the cook in the scullery, TEDDY is Frenching JENKINS in the pantry, HARRY has Bullered ADOLPHUS by the boothole, NORAH and EMMIE are Gatacreing JANE and SARAH on the landing. REGGIE is Baden-Powelled by the gardener



in the summer-house, MINNIE is Keke-wiched by ANNE in the conservatory, and I am off to Bobs that old Kruger of a coachman.

[Hurries on waving the Union Jack. Paterfamilias suddenly remembers that the extra days he had asked for have been refused and the holidays end—tomorrow!]



## "NERVE."

"WARS and rumours of wars," at the present moment, demand throughout the country that every able-bodied man should ascertain what condition his own nerve is in, as well as train himself both to ride and shoot. The following experiments have recently been made by way of testing the nerve:—

BOWLESEN boldly asked for his Pass-book at the Bank, and examined it without shuddering.

LITTLE TIMMONS undertook to ride in a steepchaise (and only got out of actually doing it by paying a professional, at the last moment).

THINMEANS faced his wife's last dress-maker's bill, with the calm courage of despair.

BOLDERSWIN went to hear an aspiring amateur recite "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and sat it out.

POTTER attended a Highland Golf Club dinner, ate haggis, and faced the music of the pipes afterwards.\*

RUMTUFF, in the middle of the Stock Exchange, mounted a chair and called "Long live KROGER! Down with the English Generals!!" . . . We regret to record that the unfortunate RUMTUFF got in too late with his explanation—that, in fact, before he could speak, there was no RUMTUFF left, and therefore no explanation. His next address will be Woking, S.W.

\* Thus, we wonder, rather everything the thing. Why strain the nerve to breaking point?—Ed.

## PRIVATE VIEWS OF THE R.A.

(Overheard at Piccadilly on May 3, 1900.)

First Artist. Well, of all the Exhibitions I have ever seen!

Second Artist. Surely you are not dissatisfied with the Burlington House show?

First A. My dear fellow, how could any one be satisfied? Why, it's feeble to a degree!

Second A. I don't agree with you. Seems to me that the standard reached is a very high one.

First A. You are right there, all the best things are skilful!

Second A. I am afraid your judgment is warped. As to skilful, I think the Hanging Committee have exercised the wisest discretion.

First A. Discrimination, indeed? Why, I sent in a picture and they rejected it! That is the reason why I can criticise absolutely without bias.

Second A. The same condition applies to me. I can criticise also, absolutely without bias. I sent in a picture and it was accepted.

First A. All I can say is, I wish the Hanging Committee would hang themselves!

Second A. I prefer them to hang me. And they have done it!

[The speakers are lost in the crowd.]



Two May 1900

Manxman. "WHEN YE COME TAE SCOTLAND I'LL GIE YE FLENTY FISHIN' AND SHOOTIN'."

Scot. "ARE YOU FOND OF FISHING AND SHOOTING?"

Manxman. "NA! NA! A CANNA FISH AND AN FALD TAE SHOOT!"

## INDOLENCE AND INSOLENCE.

(An up-to-date Suggestion.)

ALLOW me to protest.

I see on all sides efforts being made to raise funds for this, that and the other. People seem to think it their duty to succour the suffering and to relieve distress whenever they can find it. Now all this is most embarrassing to those who hold aloof. To give when others do not give, to act when others do not act casts a slur upon the others. I insist, Sir, it is

not right. I contend, Sir, that if it is not against the policy of trade, it is certainly against the policy of good manners. This feverish anxiety to be useful in some form or other, brings into prominence the apathy of those whose temperament is of a more placid character. Should this be?

I say emphatically "No." And when I say "No" I feel that I am voicing the view of those who, equally qualified with myself, have the right to use the signature.

ONE WHO DOES NOTHING.





*Old Gentleman (rigid totototter).* "I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WRITE TO MR. BROWN, AND TELL HIM I WAS LAID UP WITH RHEUMATISM!" *Factotum.* "YES, SIR."

*Old Gent.* "THEN WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY TELLING HIM I WAS LAID UP WITH GOUT?"

*Factotum.* "WELL, SIR, TO TELL THE TRUTH, SIR, IT WAS A MORE CONVENIENT WORD, SIR!"

### MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

#### EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

##### *Finded.*

##### *Trouvé.*

WE not have yet finded the english pavilion. He must to return road.

It is true, we not him have yet finded. He must to return road and seek yet.

See here the swedish alem-bic, the norwegian barrack, the belgian hotel of town.

That is this that this is that that all little house, enough coquette, who self hide between the Belgick and the Hungry?

That there? Ah bah, some little country. More little that Monaco. Saint Sailor can to be.

What little door of entry, who has about one meter of largeness! He should must to lower the head in entering.

One there shall be smashed. Even to the entry of the Pavilion of the Bosnie, three times more large, one is well shoved.

Nous n'avons pas encore trouvé le Pavillon anglais. Il faut rebrousser chemin.

C'est vrai, nous ne l'avons pas encore trouvé. Il faut rebrousser chemin, et chercher encore.

Voici l'alam-bic suédois, la baraque norvégienne, l'hôtel de ville belge.

Qu'est-ce que c'est que cette toute petite maison, assez coquette, qui se cache entre la Belgique et la Hongrie?

Celle-la? Ah bah, quelque petit pays. Plus petit que Monaco. Saint Marin peut-être.

Quelle petite porte d'entrée, qui a environ un mètre de largeur! Il faudra baisser la tête en entrant.

On y sera écrasé. Même à l'entrée du Pavillon de la Bosnie, trois fois plus large, on est bien bousculé.

Hold! Regard the plan. This little house is that one that we have seeked.

Name of one pipe! It is true! It is the Pavilion of the brittanic Empire, more little that the one of Monaco!

Eh well, find you the certain seal of who you have speaked?

Seal? More soon hided! Almost losed.

Tenez! Regardez le plan. Cette petite maison est celle que nous avons cherchée.

Nom d'une pipe! C'est vrai! C'est le Pavillon de l'Empire britannique, plus petit que celui de Monaco!

Eh bien, trouvez-vous le certain cachet dont vous avez parlé?

Cachet? Plutôt caché! Presque perdu. H. D. B.

#### NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

ADVERTISED to appear:—*The Cardinal's Snuff-box*, by H. HARLAND. This, of course, is the story of "A Friend at a Pinch," who proves himself "up to snuff." The ideas of the Cardinal himself will be lofty in tone as being "views from an Eminence."

*The Purple Robe*, by JOSEPH HOCKING. If it were a purple stocking, Then perhaps it might be shocking. Being purple we are led To believe it will be red.

#### HONOURS EASY.

"LOOK here!" says his friend, "here's a motto for General IAN HAMILTON, 'Nunquam Dormio.' See? He's always Eye-on."

"That's not bad," responded his companion, "only how about his *alter ego*, myself?" "How do you mean?" "How? Why, I can never speak of him without bringing in myself by saying, 'I an' HAMILTON?' Goodbye."





## THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

COLONEL BADEN-POWELL (to MAFERING). "ALL RIGHT! CHEER UP! 'BOBS' IS A MAN OF HIS WORD!"







## OUR OWN "PRIVATE VIEW," R.A.

ON entering the Quadrangle, the first work of Art, "all standin' in the open air," is the magnificent equestrian statue, by E. ONSLOW FORD, R.A., representing an oriental gentleman evidently very much annoyed, or more correctly speaking, "put out," at not being allowed to enter the building on horseback. In vain he protests that there are lots of others inside "beautifully mounted!" No, here he is, shut up "in Quad," and at the same time open to the sniping of the London gutter-snipes who, through "the gates ajar," will shout at the unfortunate horseman "G'are! Git inside, carn't yer?" To which chaff his only reply must be the veracious retort "'Get inside!' I can't! They won't admit me!" Poor Maharajah! *Post equitem sedet atra cura!* The statue of the Commendatore had the advantage over you! He could come down, and did too, heavily. But then the last that was ever seen of him at the end of any Operatic season was going down hill on a trap (without a horse, too! precursor of the automobile car), and we never heard that he remounted! Alas, poor ghost, but splendid statue.

The first picture that catches the eye in Gallery I. is the portrait of Lady Armstrong, by HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A. That this fine artist should have added a "Von" to his name is no wonder, since as a portrait-painter, he is "A Von." What matter titles? 'Tis all "Von" to him! Take our advice and look at Lady Armstrong from such a respectful distance as "lends enchantment to the view." All Professor VON HERKOMER'S portraits are fine works this year. He has separated Sir G. O. H. Armstrong, Bart., No. 537, by six galleries from Lady A., but let us hope there will be a union of Art after the show is over. His 668, Miss Elena Grace, is charming; as to whether the original be Grace before or after dinner, the catalogue is silent; and, though the portrait is a speaking one, it does not tell us this. Three cheers for Professor H. VON H. and a little Von in!

44. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A., gives a masterly portrait—or a young masterly portrait of the juvenile Earl of Dalhousie. He might be remembered as "The White Boy."

50. Lord Manners. By J. J. SHANNON, A. Good Manners.

62. Perfect little picture by SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A. A soldier writing a letter on a drum to his sweetheart. "Private" and confidential.

68. Mr. H. H. LA THANGUE, A., gives us a rather dingy-looking child, suggestive of "The Little Unwashed."

81. Andrew Carnegie, Esq. By W. W. OULESS, R.A. Capital: representing capital too; evidently a determined man who can't give much time to sitting still for a portrait.

87. Mr. JAMYN BROOKS has a good portrait of Lieut.-Col. Rawes. How frightened the artist must have been when this military lion first visited his studio, perhaps at feeding time, and as he came along the passage, the trembling artist "heard RAWES without!"



## GIVING THE SHOW (AND HIMSELF) AWAY.

First Artist (speaking of the R. A.). "IT'S A MOST WRETCHED SHOW!"

Second ditto. "THEY TURNED YOU OUT TOO, THEN?"

96. Mr. EDWIN ABBEY, R.A.'s "Trial of Queen Katherine." To the Red Robe of Cardinal WOLSEY all other things give place. Grand picture. Notable too is his 147, Shakspearian scene of the Duchess of GLOUCESTER's penance.

97. "West by North," i.e., delightful landscape of Summer in the English West, by JOHN W. NORTH, A.

107. "The Danaides," a Queer Storey, A. See also 526, "but that's another Storey."

110. "Rocked upon the Cradle of the Deep" ought to have been the quotation to this reposeful "Anchored to the Nets," by COLIN HUNTER, A.

116. "A Venetian Autolykus," and 153, "A Scene in Venice," both by HENRY WOODS, R.A. These pictures will dwell in the memory, not only for their intrinsic merit, but because they are

by a painter whose name occupies a position unique in the world of Art. We are all frequently hearing of the Canals of Venice, the Bridges, the Palaces, and of the Stones of Venice, but only once a year, and then in the Royal Academy, do we hear of the Woods of Venice, and what's more, see the excellent product of the Woods.

136. "A Wood Nymph." By V. M. HAMILTON. A Wooden Nymph, eh?

143. Mr. W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.'s scene in Windsor Castle will be highly popular.

160. Portrait of Mrs. Murray Guthrie, painted by Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.: a truly delicate work. Evidently the lady is a most charming, as well as a most transparent, character.

174. H.R.H. The Prince, as Commodore of Royal Yacht Squadron, is painted by Mr. OULESS, R.A., with a breeziness of tone that makes this likeness of the Prince the best in this year's Academy. Evidently H.R.H. is rejoicing in "a life on the ocean wave and a home on the rolling deep," and glad to get away from the trammels of a hot uniform or the stiff conventionality of a frock-coat. "Now we sail with

the gale!" Let go the painter!—and the painter has "let himself go," and done his work à merveille.

190. Mr. JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.'s Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, is one of the best, if not the best of all the portraits. Nothing of the "Common Sargent" about this. But not having had enough of my Lord Chief in this kit-cat size, he must needs paint him at full length at No. 630, which rather suggests the portrait of a near relation to Lord RUSSELL, with a strong family likeness, than the L. C. J. himself. No, the artist has done him chief justice in No. 190.

200. "The Gates of Dawn." By HERBERT J. DRAPER. A startling female figure with something on. May be described as, "Lady with very little Drapery."

334. Cool and refreshing scene. "The Drinking Place." By STANHOPE FORBES, A. A teetotal picture, as it is watering two horses, of which one is "not taking any."

467. Very pretty picture is this of the two sisters—not "Religious Sisters," or Sisters of Charity—but Sisters of



Beauty, painted by RALPH PEACOCK. Where are they? One is dozing over a book, and the younger and prettier is looking out for something or somebody. What is the story? What is this PEACOCK's tale?

589. O wise young artist, SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A. (as the royal name is repeated, why not simplify it by rolling the two single gentlemen into a plural unit and make it "SOLOMONS"?), here you are, SOLOMON, in all your glory, and B. L. Cohen, Esq., M.P., in all his! Since COLOUR-SARGENT, R.A. painted the Worshipful and Wealthy WERTHEIMER, there has not been such a *Jeu d'esprit* as this!

HUGH G. RIVIERE was in his very best form when he set to work on painting *Sir Squire Bancroft*, and subsequently placing him in a state of suspense before introducing him to "such a nice lot of new friends" as will look him up during the season. He "hangs out" at No. 568, Gallery No. VII., and can get a sweet breath of the country from the proximity of Miss ANNETTE ELLIAS' 567, "*Hayricks*," and from "*The Ploughboy*," 569, employed by Mr. LA THANGUE, A. Moreover, he is situated at no great distance from "*A Wood*" (570), and need never be at a loss for "*A Hot Midsummer's Day*" (571), with Mr. HARRY WATSON. What painted gentleman in this Academy is exhibited in more favourable conditions?

646. In "*London from the Tower Bridge*," Mr. COLIN HUNTER, A., shows us the Thames as it is, i.e., without steamers. And

the atmosphere is not very much clearer, if any, in consequence.

729. Again the COLOUR-SARGENT, R.A. An interior of Venice. Look at it closely and you'll see "how it's done;" step three yards away from it, keep it, of course, straight in front of you, and then you'll see "how it looks." A wonderful picture!

957. Hon. JOHN COLLIER has painted "*The Billiard Players*." Full-size table, full-size men; evening dress. "Very clever," Honourable JOHN, "but would it were impossible."

984. WALTER C. HORSLEY gives us *Thomas Wall Buckley, Esq.* Very striking. The artist missed a chance of quotation from *Midsummer Night's Dream* where "Wall" is a distinguished figure. Probably this painting is meant for mural decoration.

1018. *Miss De Chair*. But, Mr. CHARLES VIGOR, most successful in your Vigorous effort, *il n'y a pas de "chair."* The young lady is standing! Didn't she "sit" for her portrait? If not—but there's some mystery here.

1020. *Banks of the Arun, Sussex*. . . . JOSÉ WEISS. Delightful: but think what "*A Run on the Banks*" would have been!

And more we cannot do. Perhaps on some other occasion we may be able to direct public attention to many gems hitherto passed unnoticed. *Nous verrons*, and so will the public. *Vive L'Académie!* A FIRST-RATE SHOW!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, April 30.*—The ostrich which (as you may have heard) buries its head in the sand and thinks no one can see it, is an infantile humourist compared with our President of the Board of Trade. Last Session he brought in a measure designed to prevent depopulation of the ocean by prohibiting catch of small fish. Called it the Undersized Fish Bill. In inscrutable fashion it excited animosity of those pillars of the State, JEMMY LOWTHER and CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. What attraction subject had for the former, no man knoweth. Had it been a measure to prohibit circulation of undersized York hams, it would have been different. As it is, Bill not dealing with blocking motions, nor with Peers poaching on Parliamentary Election preserves, the thing is a mystery.

However it be, this combined opposition greatly hampered progress of Bill. Finally stopped it when TOMLINSON joined the opposition. He took quite new ground. Insisted on seeing personal affront in title of Bill.

"What does he mean by undersized fish?" TOMLINSON growled, looking up at RITCHIE's six feet four.

End of it was innocent-looking Bill, designed in best interests of obscure but deserving large families, was numbered with the legislative wrecks of the Session.

Brought in again this year. But RITCHIE, profiting by past experience, dressed it differently, did its hair another way, called it by new name. Figures on Orders of the Day as "*Sea Fisheries Bill*." TOMLINSON quite taken in. JEMMY LOWTHER out of town, engaged in missionary effort. The CAP'EN on deck alert as

usual. When RITCHIE enters, towing the innocent-looking craft with "*Sea Fisheries Bill*" boldly painted on its bows, up goes the CAP'EN's glass. Presently a smile flickers over his wrinkled face. A coat



Jupiter Tonans Chaplinus.

of paint, a shifting of the spars, a new cook's galley rigged amidships, doesn't deceive him.

"The Undersized Fish Bill, by Gum!" he says, shutting up his telescope with a bang. "RITCHIE may go out to Lourenço Marques and run through to Pretoria maxim guns labelled pianos, but it's no use him trying on that sort of little game here."

Nor was it. The CAP'EN having, as SAM SMITH observed, "blown the gaff," a dead set was made at RITCHIE's Bill. When midnight struck debate on second reading still going on. For the present the Bill shelved.

*Business done.*—Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs asks for another two millions to complete the Uganda Railway.

*Tuesday.*—If there is still room for a picture in the panels of the Central Hall, it would be flying in the face of Providence to neglect the opportunity provided to-night by HARRY CHAPLIN. His manner, attitude, and speech in replying to ruthless Radicals who want ground rents rated, were sublime. With General Election in the near distance question a ticklish one for Government. The big towns have declared in favour of readjustment of system of rating. ALBERT ROLLIT, who knows what's what, supported NUSSEY's resolution demanding reform.

Business of President of Local Government Board was to give every appearance of saying much on the matter and to say absolutely nothing. For such a task SARK will back CHAPLIN against the world. Through a full half-hour he, with the assistance of carefully scanned notes, discoursed round the subject. A stranger in the gallery, gifted with stone deafness, looking down on the massive figure at the Table, would come to the conclusion that he was delivering a message of life-and-death import. For those who could hear, H. C. strengthened the illusion by positively refusing to be interrupted. From time to time NUSSEY and LLOYD-GEORGE, who seconded motion, rose to point out that he was either misstating an argument or overlooking an important aspect of the question. In such circumstances, usual for Minister to temporarily



resume his seat, giving opportunity for member to explain. That well enough in ordinary circumstances. With President of Local Government Board discoursing on urban and rural rating, with divagations into the theory of ground rents, such interruption was positively indecent. With Jove-like frown, with threatening sweep of right arm, with voice thrilled with honest indignation, H. C. declined to give way.

LOYD-GEORGE, who has been in training with his constituents, had the hardihood to affect light laugh. Case different with NUSSEY. Rising a second time with suggestion that the right hon. gentleman was still remote from the point, his face was blanched, his knees audibly smote each other. H. C. fiercely fitting his eyeglass, turned upon him a look that literally withered him. At best of times NUSSEY's voice not his strong point. Now, in full view of Jove standing at the Table—Jove with an eyeglass and a cloud of truculent pocket-handkerchief streaming from his breast pocket—NUSSEY's voice gradually faded away until it reached a feeble squeak. Whereat he gratefully sat down, and H. C., bending his flaming eyes again upon his notes, proceeded to say nothing with increased rotundity of phrase.

*Business done.*—Motion for relief of Local Taxation in urban districts negatived by 140 votes to 98.

*Thursday.*—The sad case of ERNEST GRAY a warning to young members. Here's a man with every chance of making in House position of certain reputable, comfortable kind. An agreeable presence; a pleasant voice; usually knows what he's talking about, and can express himself clearly. Then comes in the fatal flaw of fluency. If he had in his neighbourhood below the gangway any near and dear friend who, at the end of twenty minutes, would pull him down—if need be violently—by the coat-tails, his Parliamentary fortune would be made. Left to himself, he never knows when to stop. Ideas being limited, even in North-West Ham, he goes on repeating himself till designed effect of his speech is spoiled by irritation created in mind of audience.

Pain of situation increased by sense borne in upon House that at the end of the first half hour GRAY is conscious that he has delivered his message and would like to make an end of speaking. Just as there are shy men who, having looked in to make an afternoon call, have not the courage to leave the room, so he goes weakly fumbling along, glibly saying nothing particular for the third time, wistfully looking for effective point at which the curtain may fall. Meanwhile House thoroughly bored.

*Business done.*—Prof. JEBB, sometime Lecturer at Trinity, reads a paper on Education. Others follow. Tea and other

light refreshments at eight o'clock. *Conversazione* resumed: concluded at midnight. A pleasant, instructive evening. Even JOHN O'GORST in quite subdued mood when his turn came to sum up the debate.

*Friday.*—In Committee of Supply; Vote for Salary of Secretary of State for War taken. Opportunity lets slip those dogs of war below gangway on Opposition side. They want to know everything, more especially why BOBS' despatches slating BULLER, WARREN, and THORNEYCROFT were published, and why nothing has been heard in the way of remark about METHUEN at Magersfontein.

The talk all about war. The Member for Sark sitting by me under shadow of gangway, turns it in another direc-



The Sw-ft M-c-N-II Windmill at work!

tion. Asks whether I have read letter from a *Daily News* special correspondent, dated from Springfontein, signed "A. G. HALES." Only a column in length, but within that narrow space is framed a picture of what war means unequalled for vividness. Not since FORBES, writing in the same journal, held the world breathless with pictures of the battlefields of the Franco-German War, has anything been done in journalism to equal this.

So SARK whispers to me, whilst SWIFT MACNEILL, with the action of a windmill in a storm, shouts at the top of his voice for the blood of Lord METHUEN. Must look up the paper.

*Business done.*—Ministers had a bad quarter of an hour about publication of Spion Kop Despatches.

#### MORE MESSAGES.

OUR contemporary, the *Daily Express*, has published messages from the GERMAN EMPEROR and the King of SWEDEN. Not to be outdone, we have also interviewed some personages, who are, we must admit, of less importance. But through us they speak to the British Empire and the world.

*The Sultan.* Bismillah! Our slave, this Pacha, translates for Us. O Giaour, what dost thou ask? Nay, the war concerns Us not. We love music. If thou wouldst hear some notes like unto those of the bul-bul, in fact, a little piece of Our own composition—Thou must hasten away? Ah, in Stamboul no one hastens. But so be it, thou comest from the frenzied West. At least, before thou goest, smoke one cigarette. And stay! Couldst thou lend Us twenty piastres? It is an odd thing, but We have mislaid Our purse.

*The Prince of Monaco.* Yes, I speak English. The war does not threaten my dominions, or my civil list. In fact, the burden of my life is trying to spend my salary from the gambling tables. I go deep sea fishing in my steam yacht. It is a harmless excitement. Can you think of any other extravagance? I wish you could. You see, I can't gamble at Monte Carlo, because inhabitants of the neighbourhood are not admitted. You suggest that I might lend a trifle to the Sultan to pay the Americans. I'll think about it.

*The Emperor of China.* Me speakee Inglis. Not know KLUGER and Tlansvaal. Are they Inglismen? You foleign man you go askee my Auntie. She topside galore. She getee lid of you chop chop, likee she getee lid of me. All light. Chin chin.

*Mr. McKinley.* Don't bother me. Ask BRYAN.

*Mr. Bryan.* Get out. Ask MCKINLEY.

*Ex-King Prempeh.* Nchwk nblq wggbg nbkag xtchmqmaggkzp. (This message is highly important, but unfortunately we have not yet discovered any one who can understand it.)

*Ex-King Milan.* Ah, mon cher, je vous en prie! Ne m'en parlez pas. Toutes ces choses sérieuses m'agacent. Pour moi, dîner ou souper dans un des meilleurs restaurants de Paris avec quelques petites femmes, ça, c'est la vie. H. D. B.

#### When all the World is Young.

*Mrs. Barkins.* I'm sorry to say, Mr. GIBLETS, that those plovers' eggs were most unsatisfactory. Indeed, to tell you the truth—(in a disgusted whisper)—some of them contained young birds.

*Mr. Giblets* (throwing up his hands in holy horror). Young birds, Ma'am! Why, they must 'ave got mixed up with the spring chickens from Brittany.





Bernard Partridge sc.

(Continued from p. 324.)

**L**ADY HABART looked up quickly. "Oh, but GUY told me you were engaged to a Miss—I forget the name. I thought you'd

only come from abroad to get married."

"I have only been engaged once."

"Oh, well, I'm glad. I don't want you to get married; I don't want you to forget me . . . . Oh, I don't know what I'm saying—I wish you didn't hate me!"

"Do you think I have no cause, Lady HABART?"

"You used to call me DOLLY—don't you remember?"

"I have no right to, now."

"It would make me a little happier, if you did." She had again lost herself in her part and she was living, not acting. She really felt very miserable and the strain upon her nerves began to tell on her. She could not restrain the real tears that came to her eyes, and she put her handkerchief up, sobbing quietly. It was tremendously effective, and she could not help perceiving it. "I'm so unhappy—I want some one so badly in whom I can trust."

"I will do anything I can to help you," he whispered; he could not trust himself to speak aloud. Few men can stand a woman's tears.

"What can you do! I'm so frightfully unhappy. You don't know what it is to be utterly alone in the world with nobody to stand by one—with nobody to love one."

"Ah, DOLLY, I would have loved you all my life if you had let me."

"It's too late now," she sighed, drying her tears. "I feel that my life is finished—I'm quite young and I feel so old." She remembered that in artificial light she did not look more than twenty-three. "Sometimes I think I should like to lie down and die . . . . I used to be beautiful when you knew me, FREDDY."

"To me you are always beautiful."

She smiled at him painfully, thinking the style of his remark more applicable to a woman of at least forty. Her eyes

wandering over FREDDY's head caught sight of one of the water-colours of her schooldays.

"Do you remember how we used to wander about the fields together at home, when we were boy and girl? And on Sunday evenings when we walked home from church you used to put your arm round my waist. And we used to sit under the big trees and smoke cigarettes."

"Ah, DOLLY," he cried, as the recollections crowded back upon him, "how could you treat me as you did!"

"And we used to play tennis together. D'you remember how frightfully cross you used to get when I beat you?"

He laughed in his old boyish manner, forgetting suddenly all that had gone between. "You only won when I didn't play up."

"Oh, what nonsense! You always used to say that just to aggravate me, but it wasn't true . . . . And afterwards you used to lie down on the grass and smoke, while I made you lemon-squashes."

"D'you remember how sick your first cigarette made you?"

"Oh, it was horrible!"

"You wouldn't speak to me for days afterwards, and you made me give you my knife to make it up."

"But you took it back again next day," she said, laughing.

"It seems to me that then there were no rainy days. Our whole life was warm and sunny and beautiful."

"And d'you remember that day I nearly fell in the lake? I was so frightened and you kissed me. You were always kissing me."

"You drive me perfectly mad," he said. "Oh, I know you loved me then, DOLLY. Why didn't you let that sweet life go on for ever!"

She put her hands to her eyes. Surely now he would spring forwards and clasp her in his arms, vowing he adored her; she would sink her beautiful head upon his bosom and burst into another flood of tears; she would offer her rose-like mouth to his kisses.

But he uttered a cry and it made Lady HABART start and look rapidly at him.

"What a fool I am!" he said. "You took me in like a child. You've been humbugging me all through."

"FREDDY," she cried, springing up. "What d'you mean? You're mad."



She could not understand the sudden change. What error had she committed? It was incomprehensible.

"You humbug!" he repeated.

"FREDDY!" A look of genuine horror came into her eyes. How had he seen?

He took up his hat and walked out of the room without another word. Lady HABART sank back into her chair, half-fainting. Had she lost him? But why, why? Oh, it was impossible.

"Oh no, he'll come back," she muttered. At the first moment she was overcome, but her confidence quickly returned. She knew he loved her passionately, he couldn't help himself; he was like a fish with the hook in its mouth, struggling to get free. Every toss and turn forced the steel deeper in, and she smiled at the thought of the bleeding gills. She looked at the time. She had intended to send a note to the people with whom she was dining to say she was seriously indisposed and could not possibly come; but the matter had gone out of her head and now it was, perhaps, a little late. She was restless and excited, inclined to go out, experiencing a need for speech and admiration. She was so sure of her triumph that she could afford to dismiss the subject from her thoughts. There was now really nothing to ruffle her temper, and already she began to feel herself looking more beautiful than an hour ago.

She went to her room in the highest of good humours, and chose to wear her most extravagant costume. Looking at herself in the glass, she thought she had never appeared more fascinating. For once she did not ask herself whether her hair should not be golden red rather than reddish gold—a momentous question which had given her many troubled moments. Her neck was adorable, her eyes flashed, and she felt sure of repeating in a different way her triumph of the afternoon. Finally she descended to her carriage; certainly she was overdressed, but then no one could have been more fashionable. She wondered whether after dinner FREDDY RAMSDEN would walk up and down beneath her windows; he was a sentimental creature, and she thought it very probable. Her absence, however, made such a performance distinctly ridiculous.

"Poor FREDDY," she murmured, "he's so naïf."

Next day Lady HABART was somewhat meditative. She sat in her boudoir awaiting FREDDY's inevitable visit; her old knowledge of him told her that he had been counting the hours which passed before he could decently present himself again. She had closed her door to every one but him, even to her brother; for she felt certain that RAMSDEN had prepared some speech or other with which to break in upon her, and the presence of a third party would possibly be disastrous. Poor FREDDY was so melodramatic; Lady HABART had a very low opinion of masculine good taste; judged by the standard of her own exquisite *savoir faire* all men were just a little vulgar.

A servant brought her coffee—it was after luncheon—and said that Captain SMITHSON had called.

"What on earth can he want?" she asked herself. The servant added that the money-lender had particularly asked to see her, and on being told she was out had inquired when she would be at home, and then said he would come again a couple of hours later. Lady HABART was still wondering why Captain SMITHSON should want so particularly to see her, when RAMSDEN was shown in. Lady HABART sprang up.

"FREDDY!" she cried with astonishment, "I expected never to see you again."

"I ought not to have come. I am not—I am not worthy to see you. I have come to beg your pardon."

Lady HABART looked at the pattern of her carpet. "It is not you who should do that—I beg your pardon, FREDDY, with all my heart for all I have done."

"I spoke to you like a cad yesterday; I had thought out long ago what I wanted to say to you. When I saw you I felt I couldn't, but—I forced myself."

"You said nothing that I did not deserve," she replied in a low voice, with a humble bend of the head.

"I've come to-day to ask you to forgive me. And," he hesitated, colouring, then with an obvious effort: "and I've come to ask you to marry me. Yesterday I accused you of being insincere, I thought you were humbugging me; but when I accused you—forgive me, I was mad—a look of horror came over your face that has been haunting me all the night. That look showed me that I wronged you." He came forward and took her hands, pleading. "Will you marry me, DOLLY?"

Then an inspiration came to her. She restrained the joyful "Yes" that was forcing itself from her lips against her will. If she accepted him, and he discovered her penniless condition, he would understand that she had been indeed playing the fool with him. She dared not risk it; he would surely make inquiries about her. It was safer to tell him first. She disengaged her hands.

"I can't," she whispered. "Oh! God help me! I can't. I thank you with all my heart for what you have said; but it's impossible, FREDDY. I'm so sorry; I think I could have made you happy."

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Yesterday you swore you loved me."

She passed her hand over her forehead. "Don't you know? I thought all the world knew. I'm hopelessly in debt, and I'm going to be made a bankrupt."

"What! But HABART—"

"He left me nothing. Everything was tied up. I had a little, but—oh, I don't know what happened. I got into the hands of the money-lenders. One of them has just been here clamouring for his money. Oh, God, I don't know what I shall do. Everything will be sold, and I shall be a beggar."

"Oh, DOLLY, I love you with all my heart."

He clasped her in his arms, but she pushed him away.

"Oh, no," she cried, "don't humiliate me. Don't you see that I can't marry you; it wouldn't be honourable. My name will be dragged through the dust. People will say that I married you for your money."

"What does it matter what people say!"

"Oh, I couldn't bear it. I love you too much."

"But if you're in trouble let me stand by you. Oh, now, you must marry me. You owe it to me, I have suffered and loved so much."

"I daren't. Don't tempt me. I should like to so much, but I'm afraid. Afterwards, when you thought of it, you'd believe also that I married you for your money. And if I saw that thought in your eyes I'd kill myself. If I don't marry you it means hopeless ruin and disgrace. You'd think I inveigled you into marriage. I've got to pay SMITHSON four thousand pounds next Monday, and I can't, I can't."

She finished by burying her head on his bosom, while he kissed her repeatedly.

"Say 'Yes,'" he said; "say 'Yes.'"

And at last she cried: "Oh, I can't help it, I love you too much. Take me and do what you will with me."

FREDDY RAMSDEN had not enjoyed such bliss for many years. He pressed her to marry him quickly, and she did not resist.

"And now I want you to do something for me," he said at last. "Will you promise—on your word of honour?"

"Yes," she replied, smiling through her tears.

"I want you to let me give you a cheque to pay that money-lender with. You promised," he added, as she started, and he saw she meant to tell him such a thing was impossible. "You promised."

"You are too good to me," she murmured. She thought herself very clever for having put an extra thousand on to the sum; it would be mightily useful for incidental expenses. She quickly ran up in her mind which bills she was bound to pay immediately. It seemed as if FREDDY could not tear himself away; but at last he left her, promising to return for



dinner, and then Lady HABART hurriedly slipped the cheque into an envelope and sent it to her bank. Four thousand pounds! She gave a little cry of delight. She telephoned for her brother.

The moment he appeared she burst into a torrent of explanation. Never in her whole life had she felt more pleased with herself; the triumph of HABART's proposal had been nothing to this, for he had been but a second and better string to her bow. RAMSDEN never knew that she had written him his letter of dismissal two hours after accepting the Earl . . . . Lady HABART had never felt herself so entirely spiritual as at this moment; never had she been more convinced of the superiority of mind over matter, of man over beast, of herself over everybody else. Though she was a pious woman and fervently thanked her Maker for her success, she thanked her own intelligence more.

"Oh, I was splendid," she cried to her brother. "If I weren't going to be married, I'd go on the stage. What a success I should be!"

She could not contain herself, and she repeated half a dozen times every detail of the two interviews with RAMSDEN. She could scarcely understand that her mind should be so remarkable—she wondered whence her talent came; certainly neither her father nor her mother had ever shown such diabolical cleverness. It flattered her to think herself Mephistophelian. Then in unwonted generosity she began telling GUY all she would do for him—his circumstances had been no better than hers, but his debts were infinitesimal, since no one had ever been so foolish as to trust him. She said she would find him a rich wife—that was self-help after the most approved pattern of the excellent SAMUEL SMILES; it would provide for him also without any expense to herself or dear FREDDY. Dear FREDDY's money she now looked upon as her own and meant to be careful with it. Of course, FREDDY would go into Parliament—it would give him something to do, and keep him out of the way, and he'd be quite at home among all those old fogies. She would write his speeches herself; she had always had an inclination for public life, and henceforward she would go in for problems, model dwelling-houses, old-age pensions, temperance, and all that sort of thing. GUY listened meekly to all she was going to do for him, for FREDDY, and for FREDDY's wife. In his heart of hearts he did not greatly believe in any one benefiting enormously by her efforts besides herself. He had for her a very great affection, but few illusions.

But the butler interrupted Lady HABART with the announcement that Captain SMITHSON was again below, insisting on seeing her ladyship.

"What a rude man he is," said Lady HABART. "Isn't it a shame that I should have to pay him the money!"

"I'd better go and see what he wants, hadn't I?" said GUY.

"Yes, do go; and be as rude to him as you possibly can. Treat him like the cad he is. If you get the ghost of a chance, kick him downstairs."

GUY laughed, and was proceeding to carry out the lady's gentle wish, when she stopped him.

"No, don't go; I want to be rude to him myself. He was simply insolent when I called on him."

"Well, I'll get out of the way," said GUY.

"No, stop here and read the paper. Take no notice either of him or me," she replied, touching the bell for the Captain to be sent up.

Lady HABART sat down at a writing-table, and began writing a note to a duchess of her acquaintance. The expression on her face was not amiable. The door was opened, and the butler announced the name. Captain SMITHSON stalked forward with his fashionable gesture, holding the shiniest of top-hats. He stopped as Lady HABART did not rise to take his outstretched hand, and for once was a little embarrassed. Lady HABART had been right in supposing GUY's presence would add to the humiliation. A man can sometimes bear a woman's

snub, but never if a second man is present. GUY went on reading his paper and Lady HABART continued her letter.

"Er—Lady HABART;" he thought that they possibly had not heard his entrance.

Lady HABART half turned her head. "Oh, is that you, SMITHSON," she said. "I'll attend to you in one minute."

Captain SMITHSON looked at her quickly and then glanced at GUY; he could not understand. They did not offer him a chair, but he sat down to show he was at his ease; but then sitting away from the others he felt himself ridiculous, and he marched up to GUY.

"Anything in the paper?" he asked in as natural a tone as he could assume.

"What?" said GUY, looking up.

Captain SMITHSON repeated his question.

"Absolutely nothing," answered GUY, and at once buried his head behind it again. Captain SMITHSON frowned; he was not a patient man and he was quite unused to such treatment.

"I would be obliged if you could give me your attention immediately, Lady HABART; I'm very busy."

"Really?" said Lady HABART, looking at him for one moment, contemptuously.

He could think of nothing further to say and he waited. He swore he would make her pay for her behaviour; of course, she had the money, otherwise she would never have altered her behaviour so markedly. Lady HABART finished the letter with great deliberation.

"Now, my good man, what can I do for you?" she said at last. She left him standing, as being more menial and humiliating. Captain SMITHSON was in rather an awkward position. He had come to her with a proposition to delay calling in his money for another three months, on terms extremely advantageous to himself. He knew that if the worst came to the worst the present holder of the title would pay the lady's debts and there was no need to press her too hard. But evidently she had the money and his errand had lost its object. Lady HABART impatiently tapped the ground with her foot.

"Please state your business at once."

"I came to see you about our conversation of yesterday afternoon."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Well, the fact is——"

"But really, I don't understand what right you have to come to my house and insist on being shown in. I look upon it as a piece of the grossest impertinence."

"You forget that you invited me to take tea with you, Lady HABART," he said, flushing.

"I?" said Lady HABART indignantly. "The man's mad. Did you ever hear such a thing, GUY!"

GUY raised his eyebrows and looked at the money-lender as if he were some wonderful beast.

"Your ladyship has a very bad memory," said the Captain sarcastically.

"You are very impertinent. Please ring the bell, GUY."

"You know what to expect if you don't pay me my money, Lady HABART."

"I am under the impression that it is not due till Monday. Oh, RUSSELL," she added to the butler, "you will show this man the door, and if he comes again you will call the police."

Captain SMITHSON was going to speak, but there were three pairs of eyes upon him; also GUY was obviously athletic and would love an opportunity to throw him downstairs. He walked out like a lamb. When the door was closed behind him, Lady HABART smiled and kissed her brother.

*W. Somerset Maugham*





"Know if I was jest to smother 'e in, I'd likely get twice c'nomber o' settins' from maister Clausen. 'E'd never be missed surely!"



OUR  
ART-FUL CRITIC  
AT THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY.

ALL ROUND THE TRUTH.—Income-tax Inquisitor. What is your profession? Victim. Well, I live by the spheres. Income-tax Inquisitor. A geographer, I presume? Victim. No, I depend

upon three balls. Income-tax Inquisitor. Ah! I understand. A pawnbroker! Victim. Wrong once again. I'm a billiard marker!





### WHEN STRONG LANGUAGE MAY BE EXCUSABLE.

"WELL, I'M —! DROPPED MY MATCHBOX INTO THE RIVER, LEFT MY FLASK AND CHICKEN SANDWICHES ON THE SIDEBOARD AT HOME, AND I'M A GOOD FIVE MILES FROM ANYWHERE!"

### SOLDIERING AT HOME.

(Page from a House-holder's Diary.)

**Monday.**—Much impressed with the Prime Minister's speech at the Primrose League gathering at the Albert Hall. Why not prepare yourself for war without leaving your own home? Become the complete soldier on your own premises. Will try the idea at once. Send for "The Soldiers' Pocket-Book," and other publications of a martial character. In the meanwhile warn my household to be on the alert.

**Tuesday.**—BINNS the butler wants to give notice! Says he is not accustomed to being called up at 3 a.m. "for nothing." Idiot! Why, in this manner I was training him for a night attack. The footman, too, kicks at doing his work with a magazine rifle slung across his shoulders. Absurd! How can he expect to prepare himself for home defence unless he adapts himself to an assumed time of war? Dragged up the pony trap to the brow of the hill, to accustom myself to pulling up heavy guns. Very tired.

**Wednesday.**—Armed with my reference works I insisted upon knocking up some entrenchments. The gardener complained that it interfered with his work. He didn't like "this messing about his

potato beds." Read him a chapter upon "how to besiege a fortress," but he said it was out of his line and he preferred to stick to cabbages. Very difficult to arouse a martial spirit amongst my retainers. The boy in buttons takes to "sentry go" rather, but I fancy it is with the object of raiding the position he is supposed to guard—the store cupboard.

**Thursday.**—Getting on famously. Have set all the female servants to work upon bandages, etc., for the use of the wounded. My wife says she can get none of the rooms done because the maids are engaged elsewhere. Explain that we are only preparing for war. That if we were really besieged we should have no time for the "doing of rooms." My wife replies that we are not really at war and the whole affair is nonsense.

**Friday.**—My two boys came home from school and entered into my project with enthusiasm. They, fortunately, have some pistols and blank ammunition. With the assistance of my military works of reference we carried out a miniature campaign. Attacked all the houses for miles round and ended at night with a splendid display of fireworks.

**Saturday.**—Half-a-dozen summonses and all the servants on the move. Cook says

she won't stay another hour "as everything's at sixes and sevens." My wife has written to her rector brother and threatens a separation. I have done my best to introduce the life military into the house civil. But really it seems to have caused complications. I am quite sure the Premier did not wish to put any of his supporters to personal inconvenience. So I will write for further information. In the meanwhile I close my diary until I receive his Lordship's reply.

### TO A WELSH LADY.

(Written at Clovelly.)

THE reason why I leave unsung  
You praises in the Cymric tongue  
You know, sweet NELLY;  
You recollect your poet's crime—  
How, when he tried to sing "the time,"  
He made "the place" and "loved one"  
rhyme,  
You and Dolgelly!

But now, although a shocking dunce,  
I've learnt, in part, the Welsh pronun-  
-iation deathly.

I dream of you in this sweet spot,  
And, for your sake, I call it what

Its own inhabitants do not—  
That is, "Clovelly"!

### STEYN AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL.

[Ex-President STEYN has been assuring his countrymen that thousands of foreign troops are on their way to help the Boers.]

COME, listen to me, Burghers, and raise your cheers on high,  
For the day of our redemption is drawing very nigh,  
When the rooineks shall be smitten and be cast into the sea,  
And the country down to Cape Town shall be Afrikaner-free!  
For the nations have arisen and are flocking to our aid,  
A sort of universal help-the-Boer 'gainst British raid.  
Full twenty thousand Laplanders are sailing from the north,  
And half a million Arabs to the south are marching forth;  
Five hundred Russian ironclads are now upon their way  
To join a million French marines in Delagoa Bay.  
Four Army Corps of Germans are now landing in Natal,  
We've even got ten regiments from that sneaking Portugal!  
From the wild west of America there come the Cherokees,  
And the Emperor in person is commanding the Chinese;  
In short, there's not a nation but is longing for the day  
When the Absent-minded Beggar shall be made our bill to pay!  
When you, my worthy Burghers, shall with loyalty and glee  
Proclaim that all your blessings were derived from PAUL and ME!

### THE BAR AND ITS GROANING.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—The compiler of the amusing column in the *Globe*, headed "Wig and Gown," complains that at the Annual Meeting of the Bar, only one end of the Long Vacation was discussed. It was suggested that the forensic holiday should commence on August 1. But, complains the *Globe*, nothing was said about the termination of the days of rest. I ask, why should anything have been uttered on such a subject?

Sir, I am convinced, and I have arrived at the conclusion after twenty years' experience in Court and Chambers, that the time of the ending of the Long Vacation does not affect my practice in the least. Yours, &c., A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.





"AND WHY DOES YOUR MASTER WANT TO SELL THE HORSE?"

"'E DOAN CARE FOR 'IM, SIR."

"BUT WHY DOESN'T HE CARE FOR HIM? YOU TELL YOUR MASTER THAT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM ABOUT IT."

"WELL, TO TELL YE THE TRUTH, SIR, 'E AIN'T COME OUT O' THE 'OSPITAL YIT, SIR!"

#### A LYRIST'S LAMENT.

[*"The War Literature has outrun the demand."*—*Daily Paper.*]

I HAVE left your praises, DAPHNE,  
All this while unsung,  
On my walls the pipe and tabor  
Silent idly hung;  
While to praise of Khaki bays  
I my lyre have strung.

For the fashion of the moment  
Warlike song required,  
So with bellicose emotions  
Promptly I was fired,  
Of warriors bold my numbers told,  
With battle's heat inspired.

Thus to crude, uncultured strains  
I trained my once trim verse;  
And a rugged style affected  
Kiplingesque and terse;  
Deeds strange to me, all crabbedly,  
I laboured to rehearse.

Now alas! the Khaki market  
Is, I understand,  
Overstocked, accumulated  
Stacks remain on hand;  
Verse while I in sheaves supply  
There's really no demand.

Ah! BELLONA, maid deceitful,  
By whose ill advice,  
I was fain my old allegiance  
Thus to sacrifice;  
When for a dole I sold my soul,  
You bilk me of the price.

#### "UP WENT THE PRICE OF——"

It had always been a costly product of the British Isles, ever since its discovery in the reign of the Old King who took his name therefrom; but at the close of the nineteenth century it became enormously appreciated in value.

From a variety of causes—the disinclination of operatives to work more than three hours a week, the eagerness of foreign governments to possess themselves of specimens, the formation of a De Beers-like combination among the proprietors in order to restrict the output, the infliction of even more stringent penalties than in the case of I. D. B. for the repression of illicit traffic in the commodity—its rareness increased to such an extent as to tax the cheque-book of a billionaire.

Only one peeress could afford to have a genuine pair of earrings embellished with

this precious substance. A few other highly-placed ladies exhibited imitation necklaces of the same. A variety actress had a complete *parure*, it is true, but then she was engaged to a couple of dukes, at least, so said the American papers.

A few small portions occasionally strayed into the market, and came under the hammer (metaphorically). They more than realised their weight in diamonds, great auk's eggs, Boer Generals' teeth, or whatever is most treasured on the face of the earth.

An especially choice fragment, weighing several hundred carats, was commandeered by Lord ROBERTS from President KRÜGER's private safe, at the end of the Transvaal War. This was, by Act of Parliament, conveyed to Her Majesty for the adornment of her new Imperial Crown, to be guarded in the Tower with the rest of the regalia for ever.

One other nugget was discovered by a private excavator in a suburban back-yard, and, for fear of the reporters and the law of treasure-trove, anonymously transferred to the British Museum, where it took the place of the Barberini Vase.

It was a piece of Best Wallsend Coal.



## PUNCH.

SOME TALK ABOUT HIM. BY TOBY, M.P.



*Eheu! fugaces luntur anni.* It is fifty-six years last January since I first mounted the volumes of *Punch*, to sit through all time at the feet of my revered Master. I remember the day well. It was cold, as indeed it often is in January. But there was, it seems to me looking back, a certain extra shrewdness in the biting air. It was due to the presence

of my Master, pleased as *Punch* with a little turn he had just given to his ever-loving, always-faithful, portrait of the British Lion.

Students of my old friend DICKY DOYLE'S immortal, yet ever fresh, frontispiece will observe that I am seated on ten tomes of the half-yearly volumes. It is generally supposed, in the loose way epoch-making events get obscured in the mist of ages, that *Punch* was born with his front page cover, as Thingummy leaped into life clad in armour. That's a mistake. *Mr. Punch* was thought of in the earliest inception of the design. But I did not step on to the scene till *Punch* was in his fourth year.

Strange as it will seem to a generation that was, so to speak, suckled on *Punch*, and has grown up into thinking nothing is possible but the wrapper of to-day, it had six predecessors. PHIZ did an early one; Sir JOHN GILBERT essayed a Gothic design; KENNY MEADOWS drew a pretty picture; then came DICKY DOYLE with a sort of study for the masterpiece which saw the light in Number 391 of *Punch*, published on January 6, 1849.

Looking back upon it, I find eloquent signs of the times in the books advertised. Here is *A Man Made of Money*, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, which no one reckons of to-day. Here's Part III. of *Pendennis*, by W. M. THACKERAY, with illustrations on Steel and Wood, by the Author; to-day a classic among English novels. Here's the *Comic History of England*, by G. A. ABECKETT; and here are *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*, by DOUGLAS JERROLD, "neatly bound in fcp. 8vo, and Illustrated by JOHN LEECH, price 2s. 6d."

What price to-day, gentle reader, for this modest half-crown volume, with its peerless pictures of the deathless couple?

Since, in the middle of the century, I was throned on ten volumes the pile has grown out of all bounds. I see in the papers alluring pictures of 25 quadruple volumes handsomely bound in royal red, neatly packed in a bookcase. These, I read, contain all that *Mr. Punch* said and thought, printed and pictured, in his first fifty years, lying between 1841 and 1891. To make even number there is thrown in a 26th volume, consisting of the *History of Punch*, by M. H. SPIELMANN, the BOSWELL of a greater even than Dr. JOHNSON.

My glittering eye rests upon the announcement, "Only One Guinea in Cash. Orders should be booked without delay." I should think so! Will trot off and order a set for myself. Would like to know, by way of change, what it feels like to sit on 25 quadruple volumes, not to mention the SPIELMANN tome. On further inspection, I find that the guinea down is a preliminary performance. On paying it you get your full library of books delivered, afterwards paying fourteen guinea instalments. Cash down, we—I mean they—can hand the lot over

for £15. Considering that the ordinary price has been a trifle over £28, it brings into fresh light the desirability of moving with the *Times*.

That the greatest daily and the most famous weekly in the world should thus work together to spread the light is singularly appropriate. Once upon a time, I made tracks round the world, following the westering sun and coming back, as the wise have ever done, from the East. I noted with interest how in whatever small town, howsoever remote from centres of population, wherever two or three English were gathered together in a club, there in the midst of them two papers were found. One was the *Times*; the other *Punch*. Further afield on remotest verges of civilization, the expenditure of three-pence a day, the lateness, possible irregularity, of delivery, barred the *Times*. But there on the table shone the welcoming face of *Punch* warming the heart with home-kindling thought.

In Yokohama a man, unannounced, approached my kennel at the hotel and laid a volume at its entrance. It was the *Japan Punch*, all written and drawn by his own hand, reproduced in sufficient numbers by some process of copying. He had heard that a humble retainer of *Mr. Punch* was on his way to pay his respects to the MIKADO, and brought his roughly-worked volume as a tribute.

When I send in my guinea to the *Times* Office and have straightway delivered the 25 quadruple volumes, I will lay on top of them this slim booklet from Japan, as a testimony of the universality of sympathy and affection that makes the wide world my old Master's home.

Some one has written—I think in the *Spectator*—that there is no other weekly paper that could stand the market test of the republication of fifty years' issue. That is true, and since the book buyer is a shrewd person, who insists on having value for his money, the enterprise and its remarkable success supply perhaps the highest proof of intrinsic merit. In a fine passage DON JOSÉ once said, with special reference to Mr. GLADSTONE, that great men are like great mountains. We do not appreciate their magnitude while we are still close to them. We must go afar off before we see which peak it is that towers above its fellows.

A humble retainer in a historic household, placed outside the intimate circle, I am, in some degree, able to realize the condition here laid down. I perceive that *Mr. Punch's* supremacy, established half a century ago by LEECH, DOYLE, DOUGLAS JERROLD, MARK LEMON, and GILBERT ABECKETT, maintained in later years by men whose names are household words, is based not wholly upon wit or humour flashed forth whether with pen or pencil. Behind these are a clear head, a kind heart, a lofty idea of gentlemanhood. A long and close study of the House of Commons has borne in upon me the conviction that, as a corporate body, it is wiser than its wisest members, juster than the most judicial-minded, more courteous in manner, higher in tone, than its most perfect gentleman. So it is with *Punch*. Also, like the House of Commons, *Punch* has its far-reaching traditions, its precious personal memories and associations, which those who to-day sit round the old mahogany tree are, above all things, jealous to maintain, so that they may hand them on untarnished to their successors.

How those traditions grew, and what are the personal associations, still cherished in Literature and Art, will appear in the pleasant process of sauntering through this richly-garnished store-house of fifty years.

The Kennel, Barks.







### THE ILLUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE.

*Master-Printer Punch (to His Imperial Majesty the German Emperor). "I HEAR, SIR, YOUR SON, THE CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, HAS A FANCY FOR PRINTING. WHY NOT BIND HIM OVER TO ME?"*

*[It is said that, like all members of the Royal House, the Crown Prince will learn a trade, and that his taste lies in the direction of typography.]*





*Vicar's Wife.* "I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT CHURCH FOR SOME TIME."  
*Rustic.* "NOA, I AIN'T BEEN LATELY. BUT I DON'T GO NOWHERES ELSE, I ASSURE YE!"

### THE NEW GALLERY AND SOME OLD PICTURES.

12. Mr. MOFFAT LINDNER here gives us a specimen of a peculiarly lumpy sea; evidently a sea that has been recently "ploughed."

25. A real good "pool" by the A.R.A. whose name is so suggestive of an ecclesiastical Pluralist, or several single clergymen rolled into one, yept PARSONS. Delightful.

27. Charming little Woodscape, by Miss ANNETTE ELLAS, which the fair artist entitles "*The Elder Bush*." But where is this reverend "Elder" BUSH? Is he hiding from the Younger BUSH? Neither is visible. But what matter? A good picture needs no BUSH.

34. A refreshing landscape, by JAMES ORROCK, which would be ever so much better could it be seen without reflection, that is without a glass over it. It is a glass too much.

N.B.—This remark applies to the majority of pictures in the New Gallery. Why under glass? Are the pictures being reared as if they were rare exotics?

45. C. E. HALLÉ shows us *Fatima* at a cupboard door, more suggestive of Jam than of the awful Blue Chamber, evidently trespassing on *Blue Beard's* "preserves." But *Fatima* herself is a sweet person with a rare taste in costume.

53. "*Our Little Bill*," by Mrs. KATE PERUGINI. Just when the little Bill was due for the holidays. Welcome Home!

56. "*A Common*," by CAMILLE VERNEDE. True to nature, and quite common.

103. "*A Shady Stream at Haslemere*," by CÉSARE FORMILI. Great CÉSARE, you have selected a lovely little sequestered spot "far from the madding crowd." This is where rests our CÉSARE FOUR-MILE-Y away from anywhere.

124. Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A.'s striking portrait of "*Major-General Ian Hamilton, C.B., D.S.O.*" A Major-General represented by a SARGENT.

132. "*Reconnoitering*," by J. T. NETTLESHIP.

Here is a lion reconnoitering,  
 Just to see who may be loitering.

NETTLESHIP was looking out for the Lion, and the Lion for NETTLESHIP. NETTLESHIP caught the Lion: fortunately the Lion didn't catch NETTLESHIP. Where was the artist? *Lion's Puzzle*—To find NETTLESHIP! *Lion's Motto*, "Grasp your NETTLESHIP." *Artist's Proverb*, "First catch your Lion." We heartily congratulate His NETTLESHIP.

134. "*A Richmond Gem*."

139. G. F. WATTS, R.A., a portrait of "*Wilfrid S. Blunt*," from which it appears that W. S. B. is gradually fading away. Hope he'll last out the Exhibition!

147. "*Ice Bears*." His NETTLESHIP shows a polar bear and cub on an iceberg.

148. "*A Meadow Stream*." Deliciously cool this, Mr. ERNEST PARTON. When the thermometer's up to 98 in the shade—then—"Who fears to speak of '98" in such a delightful nook?

174. "*Charles Harmsworth's*" portrait by EDWIN A. WARD. To EDWIN A. WARD a prize.

175. But why didn't CHARLEY (174) borrow HILDEBRAND HARMSWORTH's lounging coat with bright blue lining for Mr. WARD to paint him in? This is as spirited a portrait as a HILDEBRANDY's should be.

181. "*Betty*," by H. GLAZEBROOK. Just a little BET, but a winning one.

185. "*Mrs. Shannon*," presented by Mr. SHANNON, A.R.A. A three-quarter length as being the artist's better half. Most striking picture, so striking, indeed, that her charming *vis-à-vis*, at No. 244, "*Mrs. Temperley*" (another SHANNON), is evidently doubtful as to how she should regard her, whether as friend or foe; which accounts no doubt for her puzzled expression which is neither a smile nor frown, but which might at a second's impulse become either. Therefore it would be pardonable to remember this other painted lady of Mr. SHANNON'S as "*Mrs. UNCERTAIN-TEMPERLEY*."

197. Clever picture by Miss CONNELL of *Princess Badoura*, who is saying to the public, "See, I put silver threepennies all round my head, and a silver sixpence between my eyes, and yet I don't squint!"

219. "*Macleod of Macleod*," by Sir GEORGE REID, P.R.S.A. Fine picture; happy expression; no sign of My clouded brow.

After this we ought to see the gallery upstairs: "*but that's another storey*."

To the Grafton Galleries. To call upon fascinating "*Emma, Lady Hamilton*," in all sorts of costumes, as immortalised by GEORGE ROMNEY. We come away from the new to the old, and whether it be EMMA HART, afterwards Lady HAMILTON (with the HART suppressed), as St. Cæcilia, as a Bacchante, as Cassandra, as a Spinstress, as a Seamstress, or as reading the news of one of NELSON'S victories, these pictures of her are masterpieces illustrating the familiar story of the Romance of a surpassingly lovely woman. A drama of more than domestic interest told in several tableaux.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PART I. of CASSELL & Co.'s Series of the Royal Academy Pictures for 1900 is now out, and better memoranda of this year's show it would be hard to find. Some of the reproductions in this number are admirable, especially that of "*A Flying Squadron of the Old School*," by THOMAS SOMERSCALES. Neptune is a bad sitter as a rule, though even Neptune has his tranquil moments; but here the artist, like one of his own victorious old men-of-war, has "taken him in action," and caught his exact expression, which the photographer has most perfectly reproduced. "*The Fold Yard*," by YEEND KING, R.I., is another pleasing reproduction of a very charming picture.

*Hilda Wade* (GRANT RICHARDS), by the late GRANT ALLEN. The heroine of this novel is a kind of *Sherlock Holmes* in petticoats, accompanied by an admiring follower who is to her what "*Do-you-follow-me-Watson*" was to the famous amateur detective. It begins well, and from time to time is interesting; but being



too much spun out, is consequently disappointing. It may be summed up as "Wade and found Wanting."

From the House of MURRAY come new editions of two classics, wide as the world apart. One is HAYWARD'S *Art of Dining*; the other, even better known, GEORGE BORROW'S masterpiece, *The Bible in Spain*. Of their attractions as literature, my Baronite comes too late into the world to write. Of the form of the latest presentation it must be said it is excellent and reasonable in price. BORROW'S work contains reproductions of the original etchings, with photogravure and map. The *Art of Dining* has a portrait of its author which recalls the face of Mr. LAYARD, sometime First Commissioner of Works in one of Mr. GLADSTONE'S early Ministries.

Not the least clever thing about *Little Lady Mary* (SMITH, ELDER) is the device whereby Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON evades the prejudice against a volume of short stories. This one contains three, two good enough to carry the book far. The one from which it takes its name is brimful of life and character and has a quite new plot. A tale of London Society of to-day, its sometime tone of frivolity is deepened by a touch of tragedy. It will not be less acceptable since, unless my Baronite's vivid fancy misleads him, one of the best known ladies in London Society has, unconsciously, sat for the model of the charming *Lady Mary*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

#### A MYSTERY OF THE THAMES.

(Fragment of a Romance found on the banks of that river.)

THE Oldest Inhabitant was pleased to welcome the Eminent Antiquarian. The visit suggested a compliment to the locality. There was not much to be seen at that bend of the river, but that little had evidently proved attractive.

"Have you any quaint vessel of interest?" asked the Antiquarian.

The Inhabitant thought for a moment. There were weird-looking jugs that had been sold with pounds of jam, there were twisted bottles that had contained Greek-grown wine, but neither of these articles could strictly be said to figure under the heading of local manufactures.

"I mean," continued the lover of the past, "on your river."

Then the Inhabitant became enthusiastic.

"Yes, we have indeed a very old vessel. We have seen that vessel for many years plying between the bridges on our dear old stream. See, here it comes."

As he spoke a ship came floating along. It had masts but no sails, and was evidently propelled by machinery.

"A very interesting relic," murmured



P.H.L. MAY 1900

"SURE, PAT, AND WHAT ARE YE WEARIN' YE'R COAT BUTTONED UP LOIKE THAT ON A WARM DAY LOIKE THIS?"

"FAITH, YE'R RIVERENCE, TO HOIDE THE SHIRT OI HAVEN'T GOT ON!"

the Antiquarian. "Strange that amongst so much that is new one should find something so old, so very old."

"Yes, it is very old," said the Inhabitant with pride. "I remember it as a boy, and, no doubt, my father remembered it as a boy before me."

"It seems to me to be Early Victorian, if not even earlier," commented the Antiquarian, who had been inspecting the vessel through his field glasses. "How did it get here?"

"It has been bought and sold many times and oft," replied the Inhabitant. "There is a tradition in the neighbourhood that it will outlive the *Flying Dutchman*."

"Do you know the name of the first commander?"

"Well, they do say it was NOAH—but I may be wrong."

"I think it scarcely dates from Diluvian times," said the Antiquarian, "although it certainly must be very ancient. But you have not told me yet its name. What is it?"

Then came the reply which filled the mind of the visitor with amazement and amusement.

"It is called a Thames Steamboat!"

SUGGESTED MOTTO FOR THE WOMAN'S EXHIBITION.—All the fun of the Fair.



## PERTE DU SÉNÉGAL.

## ENCORE UN OUTRAGE !

SELON une dépêche de l'Afrique du Sud, les Anglais ont saisi le Sénégal. Ces abominables bandits ignorent même l'orthographe du mot; ils l'écrivent "Senekal." Mais c'est évidemment la même chose. Las de tous ces combats inutiles contre les héroïques paysans du Transvaal, les traîtres d'outre Manche ont attaqué une colonie française. C'est vrai que nous autres Français nous ne saurions dire sans hésiter où se trouve cette colonie. Elle est quelque part en Afrique, au delà d'Alger. N'importe ! Elle est à nous !

Est-ce qu'il sera permis aux brigands britanniques de mourir au milieu des marais pestilentiels où tant de nos compatriotes ont succombé ? Non, mille fois, non !

L'abominable LOUBET, l'ignoble WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, l'atroce DELCASSÉ ne pensent qu'à l'organisation de leur Exposition ridicule. Us ne s'occupent guère des colonies françaises. Mais moi, TROPFORT,

## MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT—"THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS."

This portrait—scribed to the Common Sargent, but evidently from another hand—was discovered in the Isle of Wight, and is supposed to be the counterfeit presentment of a famous athlete in his new rôle.

je m'en occupe. Je ne suis pas militaire. Je ne veux pas me battre. Mais j'écris.

Tremblez donc, JOË CHAMBERLAIN, maréchal d'Angleterre ! Tremblez donc complices de ce chef du Syndicat anglo-juif ! Moi je vous regarde. Ne touchez pas au territoire français. Je le protège.

HENRI TROPFORT.

## WELL-MEANT ADVICE.

WHEN the clock is striking

SEVEN

From the clinging bed to rise  
(Having sought it by eleven)  
Makes you healthy, wealthy,  
wise,  
Fit to find the road to Heaven.

So the copy-books agree.  
Yet precisely why a man  
May not wise or wealthy be  
Who affects another plan,  
Is a mystery to me !

## A FORCIBLE OBJECTION. —

What is the use of appointing a committee on any matter whatever, when from the very nature of the case it is bound to be sat upon, and even its own members must sit upon it !

## "MAGDA."

LET me at once say to all those for whom fine acting is a great treat, of rare occurrence, that if they let slip the present chance of seeing Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as *Magda* they will

have to deplore a lost opportunity. Since Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL startled all London playgoers with her rendering of *Paula Tanqueray*, she has had no part exactly suited to her remarkable dramatic power. Her *Magda* is a grand histrionic display : at the present moment there is nothing like it to be seen in London (except Signora DUSE in the Italian version of this play), nor I suspect in Paris ; indeed, it would be difficult,

if not impossible, to find any other actress capable of playing this part so perfectly in every respect as Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

No stronger contrast to Mrs. CAMPBELL's *Magda*, the vivacious, impulsive professional singer and woman of the bohemian world, could there be than the *Marie* of Miss WINIFRED FRASER, her innocent, warm-hearted younger sister. Motherly and commonplace is their honest step-mother, represented by Miss FRANCES IVOR, while Miss HELEN BOURCHER as *Franziska*, *Marie's* aunt, is a delightfully acidulated person, who, with Miss PAGE, Miss COLLEN, and Miss LOGAN, ably represents the slight touch of broad comedy that relieves the somewhat severe tone of the play. The hearty boyish lover, *Lieutenant Max*, of Mr. ALBERT



GRAN, could not be improved upon ; and assuming that a cockney pronunciation may be taken as equivalent to the "low German" of the kitchen, Miss CARLTON's *Theresa*, the serving maid, is also acceptable as contributing towards "the relief of *Magda*."

Mr. FRANK MILLS as *Dr. Von Keller*, the cowardly, heartless, but highly respectable seducer, lets the audience into the secrets of the man's hopelessly selfish and worldly nature, with most consummate art. His dress, make-up, and manner, are admirable.

Mr. BERTIE THOMAS as *Pastor Heffterdingk*, plays a most difficult part without any exaggeration ; and this is great merit, since as preacher, spiritual guide, confidant, sincere friend of the family, and heart-sore lover of *Magda* in days gone by, there is every opportunity, every temptation to overact and become sentimentally stagey, and consequently ridiculous. It is an excellent performance.

As the old *Colonel Leopold Schwartz*, Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ is inimitable. Rarely, if ever, can he have played a part with more consummate art. And such a part ! Theatrically speaking, he is "a heavy father" of the heaviest type. He is a domestic martinet ; his tyranny is intensified by his consciousness of failing brain power, and as he feels the sceptre of home rule slipping from his grasp, he clutches it all the more tightly, and acts with greater violence as he knows his time is short. He has had one stroke of paralysis, and his brain works slowly, yet by an occasional spasmodic effort he leaps to a truth. Mr. FERNANDEZ is to be congratulated on a very fine performance, which the least exaggeration would render ridiculous and tedious.

Nothing but such excellent acting as I have recorded above could have saved from a certain inevitable amount of ridicule a play made up of such good materials and yet so inartistically constructed that whenever it is requisite for one person to have a scene with another, as many of the other characters as may be on the stage at the time are told to go out into the garden, or into the library, or into some other room, as the case may





### CREAM OF TARTAR.

[“At the Eastern Counties Dairy Farmers’ Dinner the other day, he (Professor McCONNEL) stated that music, suitable in quality, and administered at the right moment, was a never-failing means of increasing the supply of cream.”—*Daily Paper.*]

FARMER MANGOLD EXPERIMENTED WITH HERR STRÜMTEUFEL’S BAND, BUT RASHLY ADMINISTERED AN OVERDOSE.

be, and so the duologue is obtained! This simple device occurs not once, but several times. Mr. L. N. PARKER’S writing sounds like a mere bald translation, and if he has not “adapted” dialogue, most certainly he has not improved the crude “stage directions.” However, “it serves,” and the very poverty of the piece makes the distinguished success of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, and of her company, all the more remarkable. The Deuce is in it if the Royalty is not crowded nightly in spite of the DUSB being in it “in another place.”

A FRIEND AT THE FRONT.

### THE NEW CANON.

[“The German Censor told the Emperor that before licensing a play he asked himself, ‘Could I see this with my wife?’ The Emperor suggested that a more searching question would be, ‘Could I see this with my daughter?’”—*Daily Paper.*]

### Chorus of Wives.

SOME women will say, ere they go to a play,

“This piece my suspicion arouses,  
For I hear it is so full of problems, you know—

Could we see such a play with our spouses?”  
But I think it is plain to the merest man’s brain

That we women would promptly remove all  
Dramatic delights that can shorten our nights

If we wait for our husband’s approval.

Another criterion then we must make,

Not—Is it a drama to which we can take

Our husbands?—That standard we long have  
outgrown—

But—Is it a play we would visit alone?

### Chorus of Daughters.

Some girls have a way, ere they go to a play,

Of thinking, “Well, isn’t it rather—

They say that the scene—well, you know what I mean—

Do you think we could see it with father?”

Dad pales at divorce; he thinks problems are coarse,

And everything wicked and bad is;

There’s little we’d know if we waited to go

With these very old women, our daddies.

Another criterion then we must make,

Not—Is it a problem to which we can take

Our fathers?—That standard we too have out-  
grown—

But—Is it a play we would visit alone?

### HOW TO WIN THE DERBY.

(By one who has all but done it.)

TAKE great care in purchasing a really good colt. Don’t let expense stand in your way, but be sure you get for money money’s worth.\*

Obtain the most experienced trainer in the market, and confide your colt to his care. But, at the same time, let him have the advantage of your personal encouragement and the opinion of those of your sporting friends upon whose judgment you can place reliance.

When the day of the great race draws near, secure the most reliable jockey and every other advantage that you can obtain for your valuable animal.

Then, having taken every precaution to win the Derby, why—win it!





SCENE—A Scotch Estate. *The New Heir has run down to see the Property.*

*The Heir.* "I SHA'N'T BE ABLE TO COME AND SETTLE HERE JUST YET, McTAVISH, AS I'M ORDERED OUT TO SOUTH AFRICA, BUT——"

*McTavish (his Factor—with feeling).* "A'M SORRY,—A'M VARRA SORRY TO HEAR THAT"—*(the Heir is rather touched)*—"BECAUSE YE'LL UNDERSTAN', IF ONYTHING WAS TO HAPPEN TO YE, A DOOT THE ESTATE COULDNA STAN' TWA SUCCESSION DUTIES SO CLOSE."

## DEPRECIATIONS.

### XVI.

*The Boer Delegates are interviewed by the American Press, which has come on board from the tender in New York Bay.*

THE voyage? Thank you, we have borne it well,  
Meeting with fortitude our daily dole  
Of chastening sent by Heaven on whom it loves;

Heartened by faith; remembering how the wind  
Is tempered to the ewe-lamb short of wool.  
Moreover lo! a goodly thing it is  
By fasting, yea, by sickness long endured,  
To bring the body under, make it fit  
Against the swelling beansos Love prepares.

Our views of New York City? 'Tis a spot  
Riddled with institutions wise and rare,  
Where every cobble laid i' th' public ways  
Cries out aloud of freedom, manhood's rights,

The equal rectitude of Irish rule.  
So much for prime impressions; these and more  
We will confirm at leisure, having seized  
An early opportunity to land.

Next, of the parties we should best placate.

You speak o' th' silver platform? Urge us run

The non-expansion ticket? These are terms

That ask intelligence beyond our scope  
Who hang upon the lips of brother LEYDS  
For lore of politics; yet our ears have heard

O' th' MONROE Doctrine, bruited loud of late,

Whereby the Eastern Hemisphere is taught

To shun obtrusion on your close preserves;

A gospel not applicable to you,  
Except by logic, easy to elude.

Touching, again, your War of Liberty,  
Whereof the brazen beneficiaries  
Seem tardy in their joy at change of yoke,

If certain tales o' th' Philippines be fact—

How served the Anglo-Saxon bond for bar  
'Gainst Europe's intervention, proving blood

Thicker than water? Babble o' sentiment;

Mere unction good at after-dinner hours  
To ease exchange of yachtsmen's courtesies;

Not to be understood the serious way  
By public men with Celtic votes to catch.

Yet here again we speak as toothless babes,  
Unversed i' th' larger suffrage, taught to lean

Upon the good old oligarchal plan,  
Having, in fact, one simple rule of life—  
To live in peace at other men's expense.  
Tammany, Democrat, Republican,  
Mugwump, Expansionist—'tis Greek to us,  
Yet not so Greek but we will throw our weight

Into what scale is like to serve us best.

And, last, the motive of our coming? Peace!

The homely Doppler's passionate desire  
Since first he learned to handle Creusot guns,  
Or play the pom-pom. Peace, that holy state,

The thing expressly stipulated for  
I' th' ultimatum, framed to that intent,  
But basely misconstrued by men of sin  
On whom the gripe of Satan lieth hard,  
In Uncle's pregnant phrase, addressed to Raad.

To these, with promise to ignore the past,  
We come but now from making vain appeal;  
In person, no, since absent-mindedness  
Aboundeth, very wanton, in their streets;





Σ

SWAINSON

## QUITE UNDERSTOOD.

COLUMBIA (to BRITANNIA). "YOU MUSTN'T MIND THOSE NOISY BOYS OF MINE. YOU KNOW, MY DEAR, IT'S ELECTION TIME."







But through th' *Express*, the monarchs' medium,  
And mouth-piece made for sovereign States to blow.

So far, in fine, our modest plea has failed,

Whether in print of uttered eye to eye  
I' th' Courts of Europe, where the love of us,

Flattered as England's enemy, is large,  
But larger yet the love of their own skins.  
And, since in factions' mutual hate is found

The opportunity of honest men,  
To you, our ultimate resort, we come,  
Minds open, conscience clear of prejudice,  
Prepared to pose on what darned plank you will.

Your ear a moment—not for publication!  
If any local friction should occur  
Demanding lubricants? You understand?  
O. S.

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 7.—Ministers had a bad night on Friday. Attacked from all sides on matter of publication of brief remarks by BOBS on Spion Kop affair, defence left entirely to official apologists. Dilemma coming on top of some other blunders might, in face of united, disciplined Opposition, be awkward, even with majority of 130. To-night things going wrong in fresh quarter. Uganda Railway, estimated to cost under two millions, turns out to involve a certain expenditure of five.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK, endeavouring to make best of bad business, explains that so-called estimate was based entirely upon conjecture. It seems Mr. Wilkins Micawber was in charge of business. He viewed the scene of operations with airy glance of confidence; went straight on through desert, river, and morass, hoping that somewhere, somehow, something, would turn up to justify his sanguine forecast. He was disappointed. The blossom was blighted. The leaf was withered. The God of Day went down upon the dreary scene.

ST. JOHN BRODRICK lacks Mr. Micawber's mellifluous fluency of speech, as well as his dignified rotundity of figure. But the tone of his remarks curiously reminiscent.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said in effect. "Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation, but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances alike humiliating to endure, humiliating to contemplate, humiliating to relate, Her Majesty's Government are compelled to come down to the House to ask for a trifle of an additional £1,930,000. This granted,



### A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

Miss Chatterton. "YOU ARE A GREAT POET, AREN'T YOU, M. DUMONT?"

M. Dumont. "No, MADemoisELLE, I AM NOT POET AT ALL, HÉLAS! I AM ONLY WHAT YOU CALL A—PROSER!"

the cloud will pass from the dreary scene; the God of Day will be once more high on the mountain tops. Refuse it, the result is destruction. The bolt is impending, and the tree must fall."

As debate went on PRINCE ARTHUR moved restlessly in and out. Whilst Leader of Opposition spoke, dexterously exposing the weak points of the policy and administration responsible for the mess, he prepared to reply. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN'S position not without difficulty. It was the Liberal Government, of which he had been a member, that was responsible for the policy of making a railway in Uganda. But, as EDWARD GREY put it, it was "a" railway, not this particular line. Nor were Lord ROSEBURY and his colleagues responsible for management of the affair. Obvious and only game of Leader of Opposition was to make the most of Ministerial blunders, whilst stopping short of action, logical conclusion of which was to abandon the costly enterprise midway.

This CAWMELL-BANNERMAN did with

tact, skill and humour. BRYNMOR JONES, knowing a better way, whilst in favour of making the railway, moved an amendment refusing to find the money for completing it. Leader of Opposition expressed hope that that line of action would not be adopted. For himself he certainly could not vote for the amendment.

PRINCE ARTHUR, narrowly watching gentlemen below gangway opposite, discerned their intention. They would throw over their Leader, affording another object lesson illustrative of the unity of the Opposition. By way of reinstating stumbling Ministers, helping them over a nasty fence, that better than any speech from Treasury Bench, however conclusive. So PRINCE ARTHUR held his peace, and chuckled as he watched fifty-three good men and true, the flower of the Radical party, go forth into the division lobby to flout their Leader.

Business done.—Second reading of Uganda Railway Bill carried by 226 votes against 53.



*Tuesday.*—It was WILLIAM LAWIES JACKSON who was directly, though quite innocently, responsible for dilemma in which House to-night found itself plunged. Questions on the paper over, he slowly rose from bench under shadow of SPEAKER'S Chair and said something that sounded like quotation from the Burial Service. His voice didn't travel across the floor; but he looked so portentously wise, his tone so sepulchral in its solemnity, that members feared the worst. With strained attention, allusion caught to Select Committee on War Office Contracts. By strange association of ideas that sometimes possesses the perturbed mind, members recalled how, upon a time, JACKSON was Chairman of South Africa Committee. Now he filled same post upon another Committee, likewise called into birth to deal with certain shady matters.

SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE observed that JACKSON had selected a remote place. Might be an accident; certainly, if occasion rose for profiting by the policy of the open door he could bolt. Vague suspicion of something wrong deepened when JEMMY LOWTHER interposed with expression of opinion that proceedings of Committee would become an absolute farce. Only thing for honest men to do was to take a division. What JACKSON had been hoarsely whispering they didn't quite know. Appearances were against him; division insisted upon.

When they came back plot thickened. JACKSON having removed a pace or two nearer the door was on his legs again. There rolled through hushed chamber a fresh quotation from the Burial Service, in which was interpolated reference

to minutes of the evidence of a Select Committee that met in 1873. Instantly CAMERON and half a dozen other members on their feet protesting. Here was deep design disclosed! CAMERON, who was nearer than others to the graveside over which JACKSON presided, assisted common understanding of position by suggesting that meaning of new move was to burke valuable but, for evil purposes, disconcerting evidence.

Only by tact of SPEAKER another division avoided. When, later, JACKSON'S Committee came to the front again on the Privilege Question, pent-up feelings burst forth like a cataract, and the House made itself supremely ridiculous. Which is the accustomed conclusion of Privilege motions.

*Business done.*—By majority of 192 against 100 House declared certain Liverpool solicitors been guilty of breach of Privilege. By majority of 192 against 139 resolved to say no more about it.

*Thursday.*—Sitting given up to discussion of problem how to house the London poor. Series of long addresses. Odd to see in Peers gallery one who made no speeches on the question; just went and settled it. No man, not even CHRISTOPHER WREN, has achieved stone-and-mortar memorial of greater interest than Lord ROWTON will leave to London. To the New Zealander strolling over Vauxhall Bridge, or descending from the 'bus near the Elephant and Castle, he might, if he were not a modest man, say, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspecte."

MONTY CORRY, to recall a familiar name, embarked much of his patrimony

upon the work. He gave up to it—rarer sacrifice—all his time and energy. The amount of good done in way of alleviating the lot of the struggling labourer is incalculable. And all achieved without speech-making, public meetings or other fuss.

We have our different ways. In the Commons we talk. Outside a clear-headed, big-natured man quietly works.

*Business done.*—Second reading of Housing of the Working Classes Bill talked around from four o'clock till midnight. Nothing done.

*Friday.*—On motion of Ministerial Whip, writ ordered to issue for new election in Isle of Wight division of Hampshire in place of Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, who, since his election, has accepted the office of Master of the Rolls.

Thus exit DICK WEBSTER from a scene for fifteen years made pleasant and homely by his kind heart, lucid speech, supreme ability, unaffected manner. He will be missed in the House of Commons, and as few of us are likely to be brought up in the dock of the Court of Rolls, we shall not often meet again.

SARK has some idea of writing his life. Believes it would be equally effective with the history of DICK WHITTINGTON, as showing how Industry and Ability lead from lowest levels to highest aspirations. For one who began life as a Tubman (a bar-tender I know; in vain I ask SARK what is a Tubman), who served some time as a Postman, to rise to almost the highest seat on the judicial bench, is an honour alike to himself and to the institutions under which he has thriven.

*Business done.*—Small Talk in Committee of Supply.

## "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

MR. PUNCH promised, and performs. By the way, the *Punch* Performance at the Palace Theatre Matinée brought in just on five hundred pounds to the Children's Hospital Fund, inclusive of the amount obtained by the sale of the "Souvenir Books."

*A propos*, the Souvenir Book, worth ten times the price at which it is now being sold, may be had, on application, at the *Punch* Office, and of all Booksellers in London. Its price, "not to put too fine a point upon it," is five shillings. It is positively giving it away. Such a real gem of art for the ridiculously small sum of five shillings! Nobody should be without this admirably got-up work, which is not only a volume in itself, but speaks volumes for Mr. *Punch* and his Artists on and outside the Staff, while eloquently appealing by Literature and Art to every one on behalf of the Children's Hospital Fund. Send orders for these "Souvenirs," and Post Office Orders as well, to

Messrs. BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., Ltd.,  
10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

Others are taking it up where Mr. *Punch* temporarily has left off. The



Elizabethan Madrigal Singers, which should be a very ancient musical corporation, judging by their title, are giving a concert at the Kensington Town Hall, on May 25, and the entire receipts will be handed over to the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street. We wish it every possible success.

And, finally, here is the Summary at the closing of the Fund, Friday, May 11—

	£	s.	d.
Donations . . . . .	12,986	1	9
New Annual Subscriptions . . .	535	3	6
Endowment Fund . . . . .	2,810	0	6
Total . . . . .	£16,331	5	3

This is indeed a grand total. Mr. *Punch*, on behalf of the Ormond Street Hospital, begs to sincerely thank his most kind "friends in front" for the hearty support so freely accorded to this most charitable work.

## A RENDEZVOUS.

Jones (stopping Brown). Where to in such a hurry? To catch a train?

Brown. No—to meet a bill. [Exit.]

"THE WINDY SIDE OF THE LAW."—Which side is this? Go into a solicitor's office: you'll soon be able to answer the question when you get near a draught.





## PART I.—Trinity, Cambridge.

## CHAPTER I.

HE Trinity clock was striking midnight, "twice over with

a male and female voice," as is the custom of that

celebrated timepiece. Nor was that the only sound that broke upon the stillness of the June night. Loud yells, yells thoroughly unacademic, but distinctly stimulating, echoed across the Great Court. "Put it on, BAX! You'll do it! Now then, DICK, shove along; you're gaining. Yoicks!! Forrard, forrard, forrard! Spurt, spurt, oh spurt! Whoo-oop! Whoo-oo-oop!! BAX does it; DICK's gaining!" Such were the unusual noises that brought the Master of the College to his window, as with the last stroke of the clock two flying figures, that had made a mad circuit of the Court at top speed, dashed headlong into a welcoming group of their fellow undergraduates, having just managed, if I may use the beautiful language of the sporting papers, to administer a knock-down blow to the Scythe-bearer by the fraction of a second.

They had been engaged in a sporting event which is peculiar to the "great and magnificent foundation" of Trinity. It is the custom there, a custom, I hasten to add, not sanctioned by Deans and tutors, for the undergraduate whose spirits are elated to back himself occasionally to run round the Great Court while the clock is striking twelve. The Court is, I believe, the largest college quadrangle in the world, a fact which tells against the runner. On the other hand, however, the clock probably takes longer over its business than any other known clock, for it first proceeds with great deliberation to chime the quarters, and then attacks the hour twice over. It is possible, therefore, for a youth whose legs are fleet and whose wind is good to accomplish the task. At any rate it had been accomplished on this particular night by WILFRID ERSKINE BAXENDALE ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE—that is how the name figures in the University Calendar, though his friends call him BAX—and DICK CARTER, two undergraduates whose condition was vouched for by the fact that on that very day

they had helped to row the Third Trinity boat head of the river, though it must be admitted that they had done what they could to impair their wind by taking part in the bump-supper, which a proud and grateful College had provided for the crew and its adherents, and a large sprinkling of their defeated rivals in the College hall.

On the night of a bump-supper a College is not exactly a scene of Arcadian peace, and Trinity had been no exception to the universal rule. There had been champagne, there had been toasts and speeches, there had been fireworks and a bonfire in the backs. Dons, sportively arrayed in blazers, had smiled benignantly upon the scene of revelry and turbulence. Large athletes, betrayed into unwonted affection by Bacchus and their triumphs, had insisted on embracing the Junior Dean. Little reading-men had lapsed into vociferous devilry and had defiantly sacrificed one another's chairs in the bonfire. Everybody had yelled to his heart's content and had executed weird dances round, and even through, the flames. There had been a bombardment of crackers and Roman candles which made it marvellous how any eye retained its sight; rockets had hissed; mortars had exploded—in fact, for one night only, the College had devoted itself to a good imitation of the lighter and more genial side of the infernal regions. Gradually, however, as the hours went on the revelry had died away. First the dons had folded their tents like the Arabs, then tired rowing men had crept to roost; the reading men retired, glowing, to their burrows, and comparative calm descended on the College.

The incident I have described as taking place in the Great Court was the last flicker of the expiring candle. At its conclusion wagered half-crowns had been paid over to the panting victors, and a porter emerging from the shadow of Queen Elizabeth's gateway had appealed to the revellers to cease their noise.

"There's very strict orders," he declared, "against any noise after midnight. You've 'ad a good ole kick up, gentlemen. Now do go to your rooms quiet."

The appeal struck the bolder spirits as a revelation.

"Of course, we'll go to our rooms; haven't been there for hours. Come along;" and with linked arms a dozen or so had clattered away into the recesses of Neville's and the New



Court. The rest lingered for a moment or two discussing the situation with the porter. Then they, too, drifted away, leaving BRAITHWAITE and CARTER alone.

"Good night, all of you!"

"Good night, BAX; good night, DICK. Don't forget breakfast to-morrow—devil'd bones and gallons of tea—good night."

Their companions gone, the two runners turned into one of the staircases on the south side of the Court, mounted the wooden stairs, and entered the first-floor sitting-room, in which they "kept" together. Before following them in and listening for a short space to their conversation, it may be as well to introduce them with something more of ceremony.

#### CHAPTER II.

YOU are to imagine, then, two typical English youngsters, clean-limbed and active, with the clear eyes and ruddy complexion that speak eloquently of health and a sound constitution. Both had been at Eton, where they had rowed in the eight; they had come up to Cambridge together; had rowed, as freshmen, in their college eight, and had both been chosen, glory of glories, to row against Oxford in the following year. These circumstances and their tastes in exercise had thus marked them out as inseparables, a condition to which they had conformed still further by keeping together in one of those double sets of rooms of which there are several in the Great Court. So much for their resemblances. Their points of difference were not few. BRAITHWAITE, whose rowing weight was 12 st. 10 lb., and whose place in the University crew had been No. 4, stood well over six feet in height; his eyes were blue; his fair, shining hair rippled in waves over his head; the well-cut lines of his mouth and his whole air indeed showed firmness, resolution, and intelligence. CARTER was shorter and more slimly built, as befitted one of the best bows who had ever rowed a winning race from Putney to Mortlake; his dark hair lay straight upon his head, his eyes were dark, and a dark shadow, cast by that coming event, his moustache, was already perceptible upon his upper lip. It was an eminently good-humoured face for all its darkness, shrewd and smiling and irregular, the turned-up little nose and the dumpling cheeks contrasting remarkably with the regular lines of his friend's handsome features.

CARTER had paid a prosperous City merchant the compliment of becoming his son; BRAITHWAITE, as the son of Lord MARLOW and the grandson of the Earl of STILLINGFORD, was connected in one way or another with a considerable part of the House of Lords. But wealth and birth had left the one and the other unspoiled, and not even their athletic success had availed to give either of them a trace of that sort of swagger which the ordinary undergraduate resents bitterly in others, even when, as sometimes happens, he practises it himself. Both were, therefore, popular in the best sense of the word in the little world of Cambridge. Indeed, it may justly be said that no wholesomer or manlier lads were to be found amongst the many wholesome and manly lads who adorned the University.

Young BRAITHWAITE had been left an orphan at an early age, and since that time his grandfather, the old Earl, had taken charge of him and watched over his growth and education.

The Earl of STILLINGFORD, as everybody knows or ought to know, is Prime Minister, and leader of the great Conservative party. His political and social duties are therefore innumerable, but none of them has ever interfered with the affectionate care that he has lavished on his grandson. Indeed, the Earl has, on occasion, allowed his interest in the youngster to stand in the way of an important engagement. On the day of the last boat-race he was to have addressed an immense party gathering at St. James's Hall, but as I myself saw him on the *Empire's* steamer, frantically waving his umbrella and shouting encouragements to Cambridge, I fear that there must have been less accuracy than is usual in the explanations which were given of

his lordship's failure to vindicate the policy of his party before the assembled political delegates.

However, the two young men are now well settled in their arm-chairs and shall speak for themselves. They ought, no doubt, to have gone at once to bed, but this was their first night out of training, and, the next day being Sunday, a long lie would be more than ordinarily permissible. At any rate, they sat on, and smoked pipes and talked.

"DICK," said BAX, suddenly interrupting the reminiscences of the boat-races, in which they had been indulging, "I'm not coming up next term. I'm going to spend all the Vac. and all next term in reading somewhere."

This startling announcement, for which nothing had prepared him, took DICK's breath away.

"My dear BAX," he expostulated, "you're joking."

"Never was more serious in my life. My mind's made up."

"But look here, BAX; give second thoughts a chance. Sleep on it. Take time to—"

"That's just what I'm not going to do, DICK. I've taken lots of time already—and wasted most of it. My old grandfather's quite right: I've got to pull up, and if I'm going to do that I've got to spend six months at least away from this place, doing solid reading, and thinking seriously about my career." ("Quotation from grandfather," interposed DICK.) "You shut up; it's none the worse for being a quotation. I'm coming round to the idea that the old man knows what he's talking about a deuced sight better than you or I, though he does happen to be close on seventy, and we're only twenty-two."

"All right, BAX, keep your hair on. I know it isn't everybody that's got a Prime Minister for grandfather. I wonder how it feels," he continued reflectively, "to have a big gun of that sort to look after one? Anyway, it must be a bit of a bore for the old fellow. Just think of it! While he's sitting in his ancestral library composing a great speech to show that if some shocking radical hadn't lived every one would have been a thousand per cent. richer, especially the millionaires, and that all he himself can do is to patch together a few shattered pieces of the British Constitution, which every Englishman is ready to defend with his life blood (that's in his peroration)—just as he's trying to write all this down and learn it off by heart, in comes a gold-laced, powdered, silk-stockinged flunkey—I've seen 'em, BAX; they're all like that in the best families—and offers him a pile of letters on a silver tray. First letter wants a peerage; second letter wants a deanery; third letter refuses to vote for him any longer unless he brings in a bill to abolish the London County Council; ten more letters all to the same effect, and, last, a letter from his dear grandson saying he's got a confession to make—bills have run up somehow—doesn't know how it is—they always do run up at Cambridge—will his beloved grandfather forgive him just this once and send him a cheque for two hundred to start him quite clear? Grandfather says 'D—n,' gold-laced flunkey says, 'Beg your pardon, my lord,' and the bits of the British Constitution remain where they are, while grandpapa writes a cayenne-pepper letter to his boy. Oh, yes, it must be a dreadful life to have a grandson at Trinity, dreadful!"

"Not worse than having a son there. Ask your governor, and see if he doesn't agree with me. But, DICK, be serious for half a moment—yes, you can make me a lemon squash; you're not such a bad sort after all. Kind and domestic, and devoted to your parents and all that—I've got to do some real work if I mean to be any good at all in the Tripos. Wish I'd never gone in for it, but I wanted to please the old man, and after all I may scrape into the second class with luck. Well, I've got into the way of not reading up here, and if I came up next term it would be the same old story: I should have to row in the Four; couldn't keep out of it. You know the kind of arguments they use—a man must take some exercise; therefore, why not row?—besides, the honour of the Club requires it—it wouldn't



do to let First or the Hall walk over. So the long and the short of it would be I should have to row, and when one gets keen about a race, and hasn't got a natural inclination for sapping—well, you know what a rare lot of reading one's likely to get through. No, I'm going to make a break; I can spare the term, and then I'll come up again after Christmas and row in the 'Varsity, and if I don't play the fool, I shall get through the Trip all right—"

"And the *Sporting Life* will have a special paragraph next day, stating that amongst those who proceeded to the degree of B.A. was Mr. WILFRID ERSKINE BAXENDALE ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE (19th in the 3rd class of the Classical Tripos), who is not merely the grandson of the Prime Minister, but a rowing Blue—that it is satisfactory to find so striking an illustration of the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and that so long as England has such sons she will never, please the pigs, fall behind in the race, and that so mote it be. But, BAX, my resolute, immovable block of old red sandstone, whom are you going to read with?"

"That's just it, DICK. I don't know. Can you help me?"

"You don't deserve to be helped, you know, you really don't," replied his friend, assuming an air of profound depression. "You're going to desert me, leave me alone to face a heartless bed-maker and a cold, unfeeling Dean. No matter, it shall never be said that a CARTER failed a BRAITHWAITE in the hour of his need, even if he had to sacrifice himself. BAX, I've got the very thing for you."

"Don't rot, DICK."

"Hear him," said DICK, appealing tragically to an imaginary audience, "hear him, everybody. Isn't he a dear to talk of rotting to the friend of his infancy? But I tell you, WILFRID ERSKINE Etcetera, I have got the very thing for you, and what's more it's a relation of mine, a beloved uncle, in fact—may I be forgiven for putting a maternal uncle to so base a use—he's a Vicar, BAXENDALE—the Rev. HUBERT EUSEBIUS HADDEN is his ancient name—and he's a mine of learning, oh, ST. JOHN of my heart; was second classic up here in the year one, edits things and emends the old Greek and Latin Johnnies. He's the ticket for you, BAX."

"But, dash it all, he won't take me as a pupil."

"Oh yes he will. You leave that to me. All I've got to do is to ask him prettily and tell him what a real good—ahem—abandoned, scoundrelly, good-for-nothing rogue you are, and he'll take you fast enough. And, oh, BAX, my boy, I've had a letter from him to-day, and he's coming here on Monday, with Aunt CONSTANTIA and my adorable Cousin MILLIE, and if you're a good boy we'll all lunch together and go to the Trinity ball and fix the whole thing up."

"DICK, you're a ripper. Why, nothing could be better."

"But there's one thing I ask, BAX—in fact, I must insist on it. No flirting with Aunt CONSTANTIA. She loves me fondly, and I will not have her young affections tampered with by any one's eldest grandson; and, oh my, BAX"—a sudden thought struck him with consternation—"what about Henley? You're not going to chuck Henley, are you?"

"No, old man, I'm not. We'll row for Leander and we'll have a good try for the Grand, and then I'll turn into a student, and let my beard grow, and take walks, and sap like beans, and your uncle shall fill me chock full of classical tips, and—oh, it's a lovely, enticing prospect, isn't it?"

"Never mind, BAX; I daresay it'll do you good. And now to bed, my lamp of learning, or else there won't be any night left to sleep in."

### CHAPTER III.

A LUNCH at Trinity during what is still called the "May" week is no small or unimportant affair, and the minds of our two young friends were much exercised on the question of a menu suited to their own reputation as Lucullus, and to the pleasant but embarrassing fact that they were to entertain ladies. Eventually, however, the preliminary arrangements were duly made, the meringue eggs in their nest of delicately

spun sugar were ordered, the gyp received his instructions, the bed-maker busied herself in conversation and the running of eleventh-hour errands in search of flowers or preserved fruit, and BRAITHWAITE and CARTER felt as the time drew near that they had done all that lay in mortals to command success—even to the extent of purchasing a footstool, not a common article in college rooms, for the benefit of Aunt CONSTANTIA.

The HADDEN party arrived by an early train, and having left their luggage at the "Bull," they still had time for a saunter round the Colleges. Here the Vicar was in his glory. The newer buildings, to be sure, distressed him; he failed to realise their architectural beauty and seemed to think that Cambridge, as he remembered it, was a better place. It was his daughter's first visit to Cambridge, and the old man delighted in pointing out to her the familiar places, peopled with vanished but unforgotten friends, to which his memory fondly turned as though the events that made them dear to him had happened but yesterday. Aunt CONSTANTIA had been through the mill before, and if her interest flagged occasionally it must be remembered that she had breakfasted early and that for a lady of her ample proportions a walk through college courts seemed a superfluous preparation for the lunch to which she looked forward. But MILLIE was all attention and delight. Her laughing eyes lit up with interest as her father recounted his undergraduate exploits, from the daring terror of which, I am forced to admit, he subtracted not a jot as he lovingly detailed them to his daughter.

"There, MILLIE," he said, as they stood in the Trinity New Court, "that was my room, ground floor, Letter C. That's where we had a famous supper after the races in the Lent term when I was a freshman." Aunt CONSTANTIA knew the dare-devil story that was coming, and endeavoured vainly to interpose. "There were twenty of us in that small room; and when it was over I remember somebody suggested a game of football with pillows. MILLIE, it snowed feathers that night; not a pillow was left in the New Court, and next morning—"

"My dear," said Aunt CONSTANTIA, "don't you think we had better be moving on? DICK has lunch waiting for us, and we mustn't be late." The adventure of the pillows, therefore, remained uncompleted, and the party betook themselves to the Great Court rooms in which preparations had been made to receive them.

Miss MILLICENT HADDEN was certainly a very pretty girl—not classically beautiful, but something far better—bright, cheerful, and fascinating, with cheeks as soft and clear, eyes as sparkling and true, and mouth as smiling and attractive—there is no other word for it—as ever turned the thoughts of an undergraduate from athletics to the contemplation of undreamt of excellences in woman. The young men of Cambridge are not always, it must be admitted, at their best and easiest in the society of ladies. I have seen the gayest and the brightest of them reduced to a shy and terrified silence by one weak girl. "Where be your gibes now; your gambols, your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now. Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber." Excellent advice, no doubt, but not calculated to restore the equanimity of a youth already depressed by ladies and moving about in worlds not realised.

This lunch, however, was an exception. DICK was among his own people, and BRAITHWAITE, as DICK's best friend, soon found himself on terms of kindly intimacy with the three guests.

"Mr. BRAITHWAITE," said MILLIE, towards the end of the feast, "don't you feel proud of being a man, and rowing in glorious races and being allowed to do as you like?"

"I don't know so much about that, Miss HADDEN. One gets pretty well used to being a man; and even boat-races pall after a time. And as to doing what we like—well, you don't know our tutors and Deans; they're simply terrors. I assure you we're the most down-trodden lot in the world."



"Then," she retorted, with a quick look at the Vicar, who, oblivious of Greek texts and philosophy, was explaining to DICK a private theory of his own for the circumvention of proctors, "then all I can say is that you must all be very different from Papa's friends when he was an undergraduate. Papa doesn't look very terrible,"—the Vicar, as a matter of fact, though his frame was massive and his limbs still strong, was a picture of mild benevolence—"but one mustn't judge by looks, and I know he was very wild and daring at Cambridge."

"Do you know what I'm going to do, Miss HADDEN? I feel I want rousing into wildness, so I'm going to ask Mr. HADDEN to take me in and coach me—not in books—of course not—but in recklessness, I mean, and all that. Do you think he'll be willing to do it?"

"He might, perhaps. But we shall have to ask Plato first."

"Plato? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, Mr. BRAITHWAITE, you don't mean to say you don't know Plato! Where have you lived? Plato is the only dog in the whole world, and we never do anything without consulting him."

However, before the banquet had ended the Vicar had agreed to take charge of BRAITHWAITE. Aunt CONSTANTIA had signified a smiling assent, and, though MILLIE declared that Plato would be deeply offended, her objection was overruled and the matter was concluded. It had also been provisionally settled that the HADDENS were to come to Henley Regatta to see Leander row for the Grand Challenge Cup.

It is not my purpose, even if I had the power, to describe the glories of the Trinity ball held that same evening in the Corn Exchange. MILLIE looked ravishing, and her card filled to overflowing. By a special indulgence she conferred three dances and an extra on BAX, and that young man went home at 5 a.m., his head full of unaccustomed rosy visions, and with far pleasanter views of his coming retirement from Cambridge. Thus dreaming he climbed the staircase and opened his door. A surprise awaited him. As he entered his sitting-room, he was startled to find himself in the presence of three ancient females of a stern and forbidding aspect. One of them was knitting, another was apparently cutting patterns with a huge pair of scissors, and the third had in her hands a knotted stick with which she now and then pointed gloomily at the spell-bound undergraduate.

His first thought was that a party of early bed-makers had strayed into his room.

"Bedders, by Jove!" he muttered, half aloud.

"Oh, youth," said the stick-bearer, shaking her grizzled locks, "speak words of good omen, or be still. We be no bed-makers, my sisters and I. From remote places have we come hither."

"Upon my word, it's deuced good of you," stammered BAX, "but I'm afraid I'm not arranged for ladies at this hour of the morning—haven't got any spare rooms for you. Now, at the 'Bull'—"

"Is it a sacrifice thou speakest of?" interrupted the pattern-cutter. "Know then, that we have no need of sacrifices. We are come to make enquiries of thee. And first as to the legend of thy house. Is it not '*Fatis obstat paratus*'?"

"Well, yes," admitted BAX, "that is the family motto, though we pronounce it a bit differently."

The hags laughed a solemn, blood-curdling laugh, and she of the knitting-needles spoke—

"Surely it is a jest, for no man can withstand the Fates, whether they decree good fortune or evil. But thou art young and of a goodly countenance, and we are well disposed towards thee. Nay, shrink not. Such timidity ill becomes a youth."

"Let him alone, CLOTTY," said the stick-bearer. "Don't

make him think we can't talk naturally. And as for you, Mr. BRAITHWAITE, be assured that we shall watch over you. But first speak to us of your hopes and fears."

Now, if there is one thing that an English boy hates above all others it is talking about himself, his ambitions, and his intimate thoughts. He looks with deep suspicion on a man who wears his heart upon his sleeve, and who offends convention and his acquaintances by always "gassing about his own beastly self." BRAITHWAITE, therefore, showed not the least readiness to detail his private affairs to the three weird visitors who had invaded his rooms. The lady of the stick, however, pressed him inexorably.

"Speak," she said, "for if we are to help you, it is necessary that you yourself should lay bare your inmost thoughts."

BRAITHWAITE still struggled; he felt he was not good at confessions; and besides, what on earth had these three weather-beaten old ladies to do with him? On what grounds did they claim the right of cross-examining him as to his hopes in life? Anyhow, he was hanged if he was going to tell them anything.

But, even as he silently expressed this determination to himself his resolution seemed to grow weaker; sentences formed themselves spontaneously in his head and clamoured for utterance.

"Speak!" said the three in a solemn and almost menacing chorus.

Something seemed to snap in BRAITHWAITE's head and words burst from his lips. He told them about his grandfather; he spoke of his own hopes of a political career; his slackness in reading; his gloomy anticipation of failure in his Tripos; his delight at having gained his Blue and helped to defeat Oxford; his triumph in having rowed head of the river; his estimate, a low one, it must be admitted, of his tutor's capacity for controlling him; his money difficulties—all these matters he poured out in a voluble stream without pausing for a moment. How he contrived to shake off all proper reserve he never understood. When he thought of the scene afterwards he grew hot all over and blushed with shame at the memory of his want of modesty and reticence. He spoke of his popularity and his looks.

"I know," he declared, "that fellows like me. I can see that well enough. Oh, yes, I'm fairly popular up here, and of course, you know, I ought to be, for I'm a pretty good oar, and all that, and I'm not bad-looking either—am I?"

It was a hideous, distorted revelation of his inmost self that he offered to his visitors, but he could no more have stopped himself than he could have sunk through the floor of his room, as he wished to. How much more he might have said will never be known. He himself thinks he might even have gone on to speak of MILLIE—MILLIE, whose very name had already become sacred to him. But before he could commit this atrocity, a well-known step sounded on the staircase, the door opened, and to BRAITHWAITE's immense relief DICK entered the room.

"Why, BAX, old man," he said, "what's the matter with you? What the deuce were you talking about at the top of your voice all to yourself. You look as if you'd seen half-a-dozen ghosts."

"Dick, I'm not—that's to say I'm all right. Never felt better in my life. But who the dickens are these three old girls who— By Jove! they're gone. They were here a moment ago."

"Three old grandmothers," said DICK, cheerfully incredulous; "you've over-danced yourself, and over-eaten yourself, and over-flizzed yourself, and over-talked yourself. You're half-asleep already. Best thing you can do is to go to bed."

(To be continued.)





Hickling (to friend, who finds some difficulty in keeping his cigar alight). "I SAY, OLD MAN, WHAT MATCHES DO YOU SMOKE?"

### L'ENLÈVEMENT.

La nuit. Une rue déserte. Un fiacre qui attend. Trois hommes parlant à voix basse. Costumes de touristes anglais. Petites casquettes. Grandes bottines.

Rochefort. Eh bien, tout est prêt. Sommes-nous bien déguisés! Nous avons tout à fait l'air anglais. Membres du Syndicat anglo-juif. Moi je suis ABRAHAM BROVN, JUDET est ISAAC SHONES, et vous, DRUMONT, vous êtes JACOB ROBINSON.

Drumont. Ce sont des noms anglais? BROVN, SHONES?

Judet. ROBINSON? Il y a l'île Robinson.

Rochefort. Mais oui. Vous n'êtes jamais content, DRUMONT. Je connais bien l'Angleterre. J'ai habité le Régent Parc.

Drumont. Mais nous ne parlons pas un mot d'anglais.

Rochefort. Si fait. Je le parle couramment.

Judet. Chut! Il y a quelqu'un.

Rochefort. C'est elle.

Une dame voilée. Tourmure élégante. Grand manteau.

Saluts. Poignées de main.

Drumont. Attention! Encore quelqu'un. C'est un électeur. Parlez anglais. Vite!

Rochefort (criant). Aoh yass, ISAAC! Allo, JACOB! Olright. Angliche spoken ire.

Judet. Il nous regarde. C'est bien. Criez encore.

Rochefort (tout bas). En voiture, comtesse. Pardon. Il faut faire semblant de vous pousser un peu. (Criant.) Aoh yass! Ipipourah!

[Tous les quatre se précipitent dans le fiacre.]

Rochefort. En route! Ah, sapristi! Nous avons oublié quelque chose. Vous n'avez pas crié.

La Dame (penchée dehors). A moi! Au secours!

L'Électeur. Quel vacarme! Ils ont l'air d'enlever la femme. Pas de sergot dans les rues. Des cabotins probablement. Des pochards. Ah bah, je m'en fiche!

Dans la voiture.

La Dame. Où allons-nous?

Rochefort. Jusqu'aux fortifications. Ce n'est pas la peine d'aller plus loin, et de payer plus cher.

Judet. Encore un électeur. Là, à gauche. Criez, ROCHEFORT.

Rochefort. Aoh yass, ISAAC! VIVE CHAMBERLAIN! Ah, il n'entend pas, il s'en va. Et là vous descendrez, comtesse, et vous irez à pied au poste, ou au bureau d'octroi.

La Dame. Oui, oui, je sais. Je me suis évadée. J'ai marché dans l'obscurité. J'ai grand faim.

Rochefort. Pas trop. Je pense à tout. Vous avez arraché une carotte en traversant les champs. La voici.

Judet. Encore des fables, des carottes?

Drumont. Y a-t-il des carottes aux environs de Paris dans ce moment?

Rochefort. Mais si. Puisque je l'ai achetée ce matin aux Halles. Vous n'êtes jamais content.

Judet. Aux Halles? Pourquoi pas un saucisson de Lyon. Mais ça manquerait d'actualité. On ne les trouve pas aux champs, en effet.

Drumont. Est-ce que nous arriverons bientôt? Je suis très mal à l'aise. Vous auriez du retenir une voiture plus large. Et où sont les électeurs? C'est embêtant.

Rochefort. Jamais content! Nous descendons ici. Permettez, comtesse. C'est si aimable à vous de vous déranger ainsi. Mais ce que nous allons gagner de voix! N'oubliez pas, je vous prie, les noms chuchotés par les agresseurs; ABRAHAM BROVN, ISAAC SHONES et JACOB ROBINSON. C'est très, très important. Au revoir.

Saluts. La dame s'éloigne dans l'obscurité.

Rochefort. Pourvu qu'elle n'oublie pas les noms. Mais j'ai fait tout mon possible.

Les hommes s'éloignent dans le fiacre.

H. D. B.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Second Lady Delcombe* (HUTCHINSON), Mrs. ARTHUR KENNARD finds foundation for her story in the not unfamiliar incident of an English Peer taking to wife a wealthy American girl, whose paternal dollars were made in the neighbourhood of Chicago. What my Baronite finds fresh about it is the manner of the wooing. Lord Delcombe bluntly explains the limitation and necessities of his position. Rita, equally frank (to herself), acknowledges hers. She has money galore, but lacks position and yearns to be a Countess. So for better or worse they take each other by the hand. It is a dangerous experiment, and its development provides opportunity for some vivid sketches of high life above stairs. For the most part it is sad tragedy, leading to confession that, after all, in its flutter of London Drawing-rooms, followed by the intimacy of country houses, English Society in the reign of good QUEEN VICTORIA is, morally, not much better than it was at the Court of Hanover in the time of the Electress SOPHIE DOROTHEA. Mrs. KENNARD's impressions, be they right or wrong, are evidently made from personal observation. All her people are flesh and blood. Happily, though there are some seedy ones, there are many of better sort, including Rita and Aunt Di, who, widely differing in character and disposition, are alike delightful.

Mr. HAROLD BINDLOSS, one of the few men who know the Niger region as intimately as nous autres know Hyde Park, chats about it in *Ainslie's Ju-Ju* (CHATTO AND WINDUS). He, doubtless upon reflection, selected the form of a novel as the best medium of his communication with the civilized world. The pages of his book are, accordingly, stocked with some wooden models, male and female. My Baronite confesses he does not care for them, their love-making or their plotting. All the same, the book is well worth getting and reading on account of the vivid glimpses it gives us of the strange land at the back of Lagos. The picture of the surf-boat putting out over the bar to intercept the coasting steamer is worth the modest price of the volume.

THE BARON DE B.-W.





### A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE, &C.

*Lady.* "WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL WIN THE DERBY THIS YEAR, MR. TOTLER  
*Mr. T. (a would-be Sporting Youth).* "ER—ARE THE WEIGHTS OUT YET?"

### QUITE ON THE CARDS.

[According to the *Daily Mail*, "a Cambridge Professor is now earning handsome fees by giving instruction in the fashionable game of Bridge."]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The fact, most probably, will not have escaped you that the stipends of us unfortunate Dons have been reduced in a fashion truly lamentable within these last years. Believe it or not, Sir, it is the solemn truth that in some Common-rooms port is now offered us which cost no more than 108s. a dozen! But on this painful theme I will not dwell. However, Sir, thanks to the suggestion contained in the paragraph at the head of my letter, the tide has turned. Bound by absurd statutes to instil scraps of classical knowledge into the heads of undergraduates, I am combining with this

tuition some teaching of a more practical nature. In a word, Sir, I give my pupils scientific instruction in card-playing, with the result that my classical lectures are crowded. These are but a few of the courses I am delivering this term: "Poker and Plato," "Thimblorig and Thucydides," "The Ethics of Aristotle, with some remarks on the leading of trumps." And the practical results of my instruction are most gratifying, as is proved by numerous letters from my former pupils. May I quote one or two? Lord DIDDLEUM writes that he is now earning a steady income by baccarat. Before he attended my classes, his skill at the game was contemptible. (And if you fancy baccarat to be a game of chance, a few evenings with Lord DIDDLEUM will cure you of that delusion.)

Again, a schoolmaster writes to me, "Thanks to your classical lectures, I was able to obtain a mastership here, and thanks to your whist-instruction, I am able to add substantially to my stipend at the expense of my colleagues." Still more touching is the language of yet another old pupil, who is anxious that his name shall not be made public. "My present affluence," he says, "is due wholly to you. But for it, at this moment I might have been a briefless barrister or a physician in theory, with no practice. But you trained me for better things; I am already one of the most wealthy professors of the three-card trick now alive."

May I beg you, Mr. Punch, to recommend me to your numerous friends? Mothers who entrust their sons to my training need have no fear for their future. Either they will earn lucrative incomes by their skill at card-games, or, in the unfortunate event of their making mistakes in the business, gratuitous board and lodging will be provided for them by the State. Yours obediently,

A. SHARPER, M.A.,

*Fellow and Tutor of S. Botolph's College.*

### THE DANGER OF DOUBLE-BARRELLED NAMES.

TO MARY-KATE.

O MARY-KATE, the truth to tell,  
There's something in a name! A rose  
By any other name would smell  
Less sweet, as everybody knows;  
And this is why "JOHN-THOMAS" lacks  
"Tom's" pleasing qualities, or "JACK'S."

As "MARY-KATE"—your foolish kin  
This dreadful danger failed to strike—  
You scarcely could have hoped to win  
Aught else than general dislike.  
(For this, of course, you have to blame  
Your double-barrelled Christian name.)

As "MARY," you might very nigh  
Perfection's self have come, I own,  
Had your relations called you by  
That gentle winning name alone.  
(If they had not been so contrary  
Men might have liked you much as  
"MARY.")

As "KATE," with sweet and gracious ways  
You might have won all hearts, I know,  
If only in your infant days  
Your relatives had called you so.  
(I think it only right to state  
You might have been quite nice as "KATE.")

With but one name, however plain,  
I do believe you would have been—  
E'en as JEMIMA, say, or JANE—  
The sweetest maiden ever seen!  
But—it is useless to prevaricate—  
You're just the opposite as "MARY-KATE"!

NOTE BY OUR CITY PHILOSOPHER.—  
"Those in the swim generally drown  
themselves in taking a big Plunge."



## CAUSA HORNERIS.

THERE is, probably, no one of all the heroes of nursery legends who has had his memory kept so everlastingly green as has the worthy little *Jack Horner*, who sat in a corner eating a Christmas-pie, and who congratulated himself on his vast moral superiority over all his contemporaries. There were other good boys, but what a good boy was he! and being such a good boy, of course, he died early, but he has never, never, never been forgotten; and to commemorate his fame, the fame of *Horner* of mince-pie-ous memory, there was founded, probably in consequence of some munificent legacy left them by little *Jack*, the "Company of the Horners," which held its annual meeting last Tuesday in one of the corners of the City, at the Salters' Hall, St. Swithin's Lane. A health to the Horners! Glory and Horner!

## "CAPITAL."

["Mr. STEYN has now moved the seat of Government of the Orange Free State from Kroonstad to Lindley."—*Daily Press*.]

WE believe there is no truth in the rumour that Ex-President STEYN will remove his capital to a convenient pitch in the Old Kent Road.

On the other hand, it is by no means unlikely that, in view of Lord ROBERTS's rapid advance, the car of a captive balloon may be the next place selected for a temporary capital. This would afford a comparatively quiet meeting place for the Raad, any other spot being so liable to disturbance just at the present moment.

Mr. STEYN is so interested in the fate of the mines that he contemplates retiring into the bottom of the deepest one he can find, for rest and seclusion.

DIFFERENCE OF ONE VOWEL.—What Mr. SAM SMITH objects to is the use of the censer in Church, and the non-use of the Censor for the Stage.



"CAN'T GET WORK! WHY DON'T YOU VOLUNTEER FOR THE WAR! THE COUNTRY WILL LOOK AFTER YOUR WIFE AND FAMILY."  
 "DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT, GUV'NOR."  
 "BUT I TELL YOU IT WILL."  
 "OW CAN IT? I AIN'T MARRIED!"

## RETURNING THE COMPLIMENT.

[Mr. LE GALLIENNE has just published *Rudyard Kipling: A Criticism*. It may not be generally known that Mr. KIPLING has in preparation a volume entitled: *Plain Tales of Mr. Le Gallienne*. We are fortunate in being able to publish in advance an extract from this work.]

It was a spring day—a cold day—the sort of day that gives you pneumonia and other Things. Therefore it seemed just and good to MULVANEY to drag me to the top of a hill, and there to lecture on literature, while I sat and shivered. (MULVANEY is invalided home from Natal, and if BULLER had taken his advice—but I can't go into that now.) He had a Book in his hand—a pretty book, bound in dark blue. It contained 163 pages. All those pages were about Me.

"Roarin', ravin' mad!" MULVANEY began. "Father av Moses, did ye iver hear the likes av ut! F'what possist the innocent babe to do ut, Sorr?"

My friend appeared to refer to the author of the Book. "Mr. LE GALLIENNE is a distinguished literary man," I answered softly.

"Distinguished fiddlestick!—savin' your prinsice, Sorr. Whin I lay sick in hospital I sint for a parcel av the crature's litherature—an', belave me, 'twas fair pink wid shame I wint at the readin' av them! 'Twas all about a colleen's clothes—petti-

coats, frills, an' flounces such as DINAH 'ud wash for the orf'cers gurls. Thin the darlint takes upon him to write disparagin' av you and me—the Proide of the Army!"

"Let's hear a bit of it," I suggested.

MULVANEY moistened his finger and turned over the pages quickly. "'MULVANEY's is that effortless life,'" he read, "'which belongs to all really vital creations of fiction.' Effortless life! Sure, an' if the spalpeen chances to cross me path, I'll—here he's at ut again, Sorr: 'MULVANEY is a development, a variation of a traditional type, rather than a creation. And, perhaps, one may as well say here, once for all, that Mr. KIPLING possesses but little power of creating character.' This is the ondacent language he uses—whin 'twas you who created me, TERENCE MULVANEY! Miny a time has an orf'cer checked me—but niver was I misnamed 'a variation of a traditional type' before this day! Here's another, Sorr: 'It seems that MULVANEY—'"

"Yes," I interrupted, "never mind that. What else does he say about Me?"

"More than you'll be wishful to hear," returned my friend, with vicious joy. "You'll be learnin' that you're 'an evil influence,' and that 'no-one ever wrote

so profanely of death as Mr. KIPLING, or with such heartless vulgarity.' Vulgarity! This, mark ye, Sorr, from the author of *The Quest of the Golden Gur-ri!*"

There was a pause. I tendered my pouch, filled with the Only Mixture. For a space we smoked in silence. Then MULVANEY spoke again in a calmer voice.

"Do you remember his address, Sorr?" he asked.

"No," said I, "but Vigo Street probably will find him."

"Then ye'll give him two messages—from me, TERENCE MULVANEY. First"—he ticked off the points on his fingers as he spoke—"ye'll bid him return to his nat'ral diversion, to twistin' and twirlin' on his shiny little toes for the public to be'old. Let him kape to shakin' his ringlets and tellin' finicky little tales av Narcissus an' frills an' golden wimmin an' suchlike, avoidin' impertinent an' shuparfluous observations on his betters. That's the first pint. Secbnd, I'm none so young as I was, an' the power of me arms is wakened shameful by the fever . . . but . . . I know a convanient little spot, secure from the polis an' onlookers—an', bedad, if you'll persuade him to mate me there, as a ginnilman should, catchweights an' Queensberry rules . . . you understand, Sorr?"

I understood.

A. C. D.



## OPERATIC NOTES.



*Monday, May 14.*—Winter wind! Very cold! "Chaos has come again," and MELBA, who was to have opened her mellifluous lips and so opened the Opera, was laid up with a cold, and so the bird, that would sing, can't. Great disappointment borne with equanimity by crowded and distinguished House-party, including leading Royalties, Prince and Princess, who kindly consented to appear on this special occasion in order to encourage tune in war-time. Who took MELBA's place? Why, bless our dear eyes! What, SEE-USAN!! May we never if it isn't SEE-USAN! Pretty SUSANNE (so she spells it, and who shall blame her?) ADAMS. Quite admirable was SUSAN, coming out as a real sparkler in the Jewel Song.

Madame BAUERMEISTER, lively as ever as *Dame Martha*. M. PLANÇON, always the gentlemanly, well-to-do *Mephistopheles*. The satisfactory novelty was the *Siebel* of Mlle. MAUBOURG. Signor MANCINELLI sprightly as ever. But wh. is wanted is either an entirely new audience for the old Opera, or an entirely new cast, or, better still, an entirely new Opera.

*Tuesday and Tannhäuser.*—Cold night. Opera made in Germany and sung in that language. How could any one be disappointed in a *Venus* represented by SUSAN STRONG? By the way, company is "going strong" in SUSANS: SUE ADAMS, SUE STRONG, —and, any more where they came from? Our old friends are all there. This is as it should be. Two SUSANS and a lot of Elders. *Tannhäuser* is not an extra lively Opera, that is, as a rule, but Herr CARLEN giving, as it were, a new reading of *Tannhäuser*, and playing that character as a somewhat timid and bashful knight, rather uncertain as to what to do with his hands, and a trifle undecided in his voice, imparted into the performance just that little sparkle of humour in which otherwise this Opera is somewhat lacking. Herr CARLEN, expected to be a lion of the season, turns out to be a little hoarse. Perhaps he'll improve as he becomes more London-seasoned. Fräulein TERNINA, as *Elizabeth*, excellent. Orchestra under Herr MOTTIL. On such nights Conductor's Shakspearian motto "Mottl-y is your only wear." I omitted to mention the *Herman* of Herr BLASS. There couldn't be a better *Herman* than BLASS, blass him! House excellent, or, as the Conductor would say, "Full inside!"

*Wednesday.*—*Aida* in Italian, by VERDI. In spite of the admirable Mister LEMPRIERE DICTIONARY PRINGLE; of the charming Miss—ahem—WALKER (odd that this should be another dictionary name); in spite of MAGGIE MAC with two dotlets over her "i" as *Aida*; notwithstanding the startling *Ramfs* (or *Rumfs*) of M. PLANÇON, and the dignity of Her Reverence Sacerdotessa BAUERMEISTER, *Aida* is for most of us a heavy Opera, relieved by a great duet, a trio, and the trumps played by those who held them in their hands on the stage. To-night the scene was enlivened by unrehearsed effect of sudden descent of curtain before it was expected to fall at the end of second scene; but MAGGIE MAC remained "mistress of herself though 'curtain' falls," and was vociferously acclaimed. Why does not Miss WALKER Italianise her name and be announced as Signora PEDESTRIANI? She is a delightful mezzo-soprano, sufficiently histrionic for *Amneris*. This lady will of course appear in *Die Walkyrie*, or Wagner's *Walkers*.

*Thursday.*—House filled to overflowing: full of "great expectations," which were thoroughly fulfilled. CALVÉ magnificent: called and re-called. *Calvé Salve!* M. COSSIRA, as *Don José*, *Carmen's* young man, especially good in last act. Moral, a good last act covers a multitude of sins. *Toréador* song,

although "somewhat musty," like *Hamlet's* proverbial saying, was excellently given by M. ALLARD, as that gay dog of a Bullfighter, *Escamillo*. Mlle. MAUBOURG, from the Faubourg, a very nice *Mercedes*. All others good as usual.

*Friday.*—Memorable night. Crowded house for *Lohengrin*. Prince and Princess of WALES present. Fräulein TERNINA excellent as *Elsa*: to be hereafter known as "Her Excellency." After second act a voice, from somewhere, cried "*Mafeking is relieved!*" Within another five minutes, House on its legs cheering! Royalties beaming! Then, without any talented professional assistance from band, choir, or principals, the entire audience spontaneously sang, "with one heart and voice," God save the QUEEN! Best operatic chorus ever heard!

## ISLINGTON IN ARMS.

ONCE again the Military are in possession of the Agricultural Hall. Nay, more, they are joined by "the handy man," who shows how "JOE CHAMBERLAIN" is a big gun in more senses than one. Fresh from Ladysmith, the cannon goes through the movement of opening fire, but stops at the point of powder and shell. Then there is every one's old friend, Captain DANN, of the Royal Artillery, who acts as the most courteous Master of the Ceremonies, keeping all things going as merry as a marriage bell or merry Islington itself. The gallant Captain requires no support; but if he did, he would find it in the person of that heroic bugler, Master DUNN, of the Dublin Fusiliers, fresh from the presence of his Sovereign. The youngster is as modest as may be, and keeps the bugle given to him by Royalty at home. Then there is the customary pageant, this year confined to the Auxiliary Forces. We have yeomen "who were ready to meet the foemen" in the days of BONAPARTE. Then the lads who kept the shop in the time of LEECH, and the early sixties are there with "the absent-minded beggar" in khaki and grey. The motto of "Defence not Defiance" is the explanation of the display now, as it was in the days of old. Musical rides, gymnastic displays, attacks, and excursions (any number from the country to the Agricultural Hall) come and go as morning follows night and night morning. The contests, the ornaments, the bands, the company—the Royal Box, seldom unoccupied—and the score of other features of the programme are all worthy of attention. All that Mr. Punch can do is to point out that the show is cheap at the money charged for admission. That money goes a long way—into the half empty coffers of the nation's martial charities. So Mr. Punch begs to give the word of command—"open purses, produce half guineas, and at the word two or seven take up positions in the reserved seats," and when you have carried out this simple, but very effective movement, why—"dismiss!" On returning home, take out your cheque-books, and remembering the martial charities and the ancient *jeu de mots*, "present alms!"



A LEGAL REMEDY.—Mr. Justice BIGHAM, giving his decision in a money-lending case last Thursday, observed that, as one result of risk in giving credit, he himself "had to pay for his clothes three times as much as he ought to have to pay." Surely Mr. Justice has the remedy in his own hands, and when his tailor brings his new clothes home, cannot the Judge, after trying the suit, dismiss it with costs? So he can with his boots, and treat t'other "sutor," in the same way.





### "THE QUEEN!"

Three Cheers for Her Most Gracious Majesty, whose Birthday, May 24, we celebrate in London, May 23, and Three Cheers more for the Relief of Mayfeking, which is indeed the most welcome Birthday Present that can be set before the Queen.





HOW TO GET A LITTLE MORE SPACE FOR PICTURES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. SUGGESTION GRATIS TO THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

#### SINCERE FLATTERY.

NOT, CELIA, that I viler am,  
Or meaner than the rest;  
For I would change each hour, like them,  
If I were not so pressed.

But I am tied to very thee  
By every debt I have;  
Thy gold I only care to see,  
Thy bank account I crave.

What's most by creditors adored  
In thy dear self I find—  
The younger son can but afford  
The moneyed and the kind.

Why, then, should I seek further store,  
And still make love anew?  
When COUTTS themselves could give no  
more,  
'Tis easy to be true.

L. C. C. VERSUS L. S. D.;

Or, What it will shortly come to.

THE poor householder trembled at the door of the L. C. C. He had beside him his pale-faced wife and hungry-looking children. But in spite of his appeals for mercy the members had passed him by and treated him with contempt.

"We have to think of the working-man," said one of the haughty occupiers of Spring Gardens.

"But I am a working-man," cried the poor householder. "I work from nine in the morning to nine at night. I'm a City clerk living in the suburbs. I—"

"We have no sympathy with City clerks living in the suburbs," interrupted the member of the L. C. C., and passed in.

The hours crept by and the melancholy group on the doorstep kept the same position. The City clerk living in the suburbs waited, and waited, and waited.

At length the meeting was over. The Chairman appeared.

"How much have you left me, Sir?" asked the poor householder in a tone of piteous excitement.

"We have treated you handsomely. We have borne in mind the requirements of this important Metropolis."

"Yes, yes, but how much have you left me out of each of my few hard-earned sovereigns?"

"We have taken into account the necessity of housing the artisan. We have—"

"Yes, yes. I will take for granted particulars, but how much am I to have out of every sovereign?"

"We intend to retain nineteen shillings and sixpence, leaving to you the remaining half-shilling."

The poor householder heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

"Allowed to retain sixpence in every pound! It is better than I expected!"

#### "HOW TO LIVE ON FIVE-AND-THREE A DAY."

MY DEAR PUNCH,—I have tried to do it, and am still making an effort in the same direction. It is, however, a little difficult. You see, we warriors are supposed to make good all deficiencies. If there's not enough to pay for the mess necessities supplied by the Government, the deficiency falls upon "the officers." If the band wants an extra drum or an additional trombone, the cost falls upon "the officers." If money is wanted for anything and everything, why, again, the expense falls upon "the officers."

Of course all that is purely regimental. The cost is incurred for the honour of the battery, or the squadron, or the battalion.

But as to personal expenses, that is another affair. With sixty-three pence daily, it is a little difficult to defray the cost of a mess that comes to a shilling or so more. Of course, one mustn't take

wine, and the health of Her Majesty must be drunk in water. This may please Sir WILFRID, M.P., but no one else. Then there are a number of other expenses to come out of—nothing!

Really, the only way to live on five-and-three a day, is to get to the front and under the turf as quickly as possible.

And that idea, I believe, has lent itself to the favourable consideration of the Irish regiments.

Yours heartily,  
A SUB WHO CAN'T SUBSIST.

#### THE LATEST VOLKSLEYD;

Or, *The Dutchman's Leydle Dog-tor.*

[Dr. LEYDS has not been heard of for some while.]

Oom Paul sings:—

OH where, oh where ish mein leydle dog gone,

Oh where, oh where can he be?  
Mit his tale cut short, and his bow drawn long,

Oh where, oh where is he?  
I shticks to mein laager, now BOBS ish near  
(In Pretoria soon he'll be!),  
And mein leydle dogtor I'd gommeander  
To geep me gompantie!

Across de ocean in Germanie,  
Oh where and oh where can he be?  
Has he gone to sleep, has he gone to sea,  
Has he bainted himself khaki?  
His bark vas loud ven de fight begun,  
He vas free mit Transvaal gold,  
But now he has turned his tail and run,  
And he don't know his name ven he's told.

Oh where ish mein leydle dog, where on earth,

Vill any von pring him to me?  
I'll give him as much as my dog is vorth,  
How leedle zat sum may be!  
Vill any von make him rejoin to his Boers,  
Vhile de Land en Volk's yet free!  
I'll feed him mit dog, and I'll feed him mit horse,  
If he'll only gom back to me!



## MANNING THE ADMIRALTY.

As I was strolling down Whitehall

I noted at the gate  
The sentries, helmeted and tall,  
Who sat in equine state,  
All heedless of the wide-mouthed throng  
They sat in solemn pride,  
No cavaliers of fabled song,  
But ATKINS glorified!

Impressed as any nursery maid  
By those two warriors grand,  
I passed to where the palisade  
Divides the sea from land,  
To that grim dwelling where "the Board"  
Controls the winds and waves,  
Where year to year the great First Lord  
Britannia makes his slave.

Before this autoeratic pile  
No sentinel is seen,  
No jacket blue displays his style,  
Nor red of brave marine.  
The Handy Man in either hue  
Would London like to see,  
And so, my Lords, we look to you  
To man the Admiraltee.

## A SUGGESTION FOR EARL'S COURT.

(Excerpt from detailed and wholly unreliable  
"Guide to the Exhibition.")

The Magazine Gallery.—This is one of the most interesting portions of the exhibition, containing as it does a choice collection of marvellous mechanical figures. These figures represent well-known types familiar to all students of current magazine literature.

No. I. represents a young gentleman in khaki just back from South Africa, and decorated with the Victoria Cross. A remarkable feature about this exhibit is the extreme unlikelihood (judging from his appearance) not merely that he should under any circumstances have won a V.C., but that he should have gone "to the front" at all. That he was clearly an exceptional personality may be gathered from the brilliant and invariably deadly marksmanship which he displayed, without (so far as one may gather) any previous experience as a shot. Possibly he possessed some of the intuitional genius displayed by that historical crack shot—Tracy Tupman. On a penny being placed in a hollow at the back of his head, he will sing a verse of the "Absent-Minded Beggar." The meaning of this phrase, we may observe, does not imply, as his enemies say, that his brain is missing.

No. II. represents a saturnine looking aristocrat with a heavy moustache. He also has been to "the front," but owing to the presence of a guilty conscience he promptly fell a victim to a pious Boer. He has made a long dying confession (a copy of which may be seen in a glass case in the Chestnut Room of the Exhibition).



## 'ARRY AMONG THE ROOKS.

"GOT 'IM FIRST SHOT!"

This confession was made to the young man who won the V.C., under the shadow of a kopje. So peculiar was the effect of this confession, that hostilities between the contending forces seemed to have quite ceased, until it was over. It has been suggested by some that he might not have fallen had not his nerves been unsteadied by a succession of visits to music halls, previous to his departure, just before the patriotic turn came on.

The insertion of a penny will induce him to give a sinister smile and to gnaw his moustache.

No. III. A scientific professor with a

vibrating voice and a metallic glitter in the eyes, which characteristics are probably due to the fact that he inherits a lonely mansion just over the Metropolitan Railway. He carries about with him a phial containing deadly tubercles—just as a schoolboy would carry peppermint. He is affable enough, but has a disagreeable trick of poisoning all his acquaintances. By the insertion of a penny the voice will vibrate and the eyes look duly metallic. Twopence will make them look even more metallic. Visitors are requested not to touch the tubercles, which have come from the Novelist's Pharmacopœia.





### PROVERBS (PICTORIALLY PUT).

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC.

PARTICULARLY WHEN IT BRINGS ABOUT A SERIOUS ENTANGLEMENT BETWEEN CHARLIE'S LINE AND MAUDIE'S PRETTY HAIR.

[Charlie is very short-sighted, so he says.]

#### GIVING THEMSELVES AIRS.

["The latest from Washington is a scheme for the diffusion of air of an arctic temperature in the streets."—*Daily Paper*.]

WASHINGTON, a sultry spot,  
Heats the fervid patriot,  
Blest invention's subtle craft  
Offers him a cooling draught.

Let the Polar breezes blow  
Round the doctrine of MONROE,  
Till 'tis cold enough to freeze  
On to anything it sees.

Should the Anglo-Saxon race  
Ever warm to an embrace,  
Douche it with a sudden chill,  
Spoil an Arbitration Bill.

Foolish gratitude must not  
Pass from tepid into hot;

Private bothers being o'er,  
Patronise a brother's Boer.

So may kin be made to feel  
Blood, like water, can congeal,  
Frozen by a climate where  
Ice-olation 's in the air.

#### A MATTER OF INTEREST.

["The interest payable to Post Office Savings Bank Depositors, will be proportioned to the earnings of the capital invested."—*Object of the P. O. S. B. Bill*.]

SCENE—Chief Office of the Savings Bank  
Department of the G. P. O. Enter  
SMITH and BROWN.

Smith. Well met, BROWN, and how goes the world with you?

Brown. Bravely. I suppose you have come on the same errand as myself? To discover the fate of my little nest-egg?

Smith. Just so. By the new regulation the management of our investments is left to the authorities.

Brown. And it could not be in better hands.

First Official (addressing BROWN). What can I do for you, Sir?

Second Official (to SMITH). And I for you.

[BROWN and SMITH give the necessary explanations.]

Brown. Let us wish ourselves good luck!  
Smith (shaking his friend by the hand). I echo your words. Good luck to us both. We have the same amount invested. Good luck to us both!

First Official (addressing BROWN). I regret to say, Sir, there's nothing for you.

Second Official (giving SMITH a document). And for you, Sir, a cheque for £500.

Brown. Why have I nothing?

First Official. Because the gentleman in charge of your money, Sir, staked and lost your balance on the Derby!

Smith. And why am I so great a gainer?

Second Official. Because the gentleman in charge of your assets, Sir, backed zero five times running successfully in your interest at Monte Carlo!

Brown (in the worst of tempers). The new system is disgraceful!

Smith (in the best of humours). Nay, BROWN, I think it admirable!

Third Official (interposing). Moderate your views, gentlemen. The chief objection I find in the system is, that sudden fluctuations in deposits cause complication in the accounts.

(Curtain.)

#### AN APPEAL TO THE L.C.C.

AH me, likewise alas and lack-a-day,  
This merry London, if the news be sooth,  
Eftsoons will be less merry, age and youth  
Both mourning penny steamboats, since,  
men say,

Pier-dues they cannot pay.

No more the hoary "Fuchsia," flower of craft,

For us on Thames' broad aged back shall ride,

No more the slow "Lobelia," fore and aft  
Full packed, shall vaunt the cornet's  
brassy pride,

And ply as she has plied.

Yet from their ashes phoenix-like may spring

A fleet more fair and fast—if that may be!  
But, since the Company has had its fling,  
The County Council now must do the thing.

O, mighty L.C.C.,

We put our trust in thee,  
Make this the burden of our grateful song,  
"Sweet Thames! run softly—now we  
shan't be long!"

EX UNO DISCE OMNES.—*Collective appeal for the Boer Delegates in America:—*  
"Wessels of wrath."



## THE BASHFUL LOVER.

"ALL the world would be mistaken,  
 Infinite my pain's degree,  
 Should you leave me here forsaken,  
 Or decline to marry me."  
 Such the words I ought to utter  
 In the part I long to play,  
 But I only stand and stutter  
 In my foolish awkward way.

"Better men might love you better,  
 None could ever love you more,  
 Let me be your grateful debtor,  
 Give me of your golden store."  
 Some such tender, vague expression  
 Would to her my fond thoughts tell!  
 But—I fail in self-possession,  
 And I shrink into my shell.

## MASTERPIECES MODERNISED.

## [X.—THE EGOIST.

(Revised by R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.)

"I am the very pattern of a modern Major-General."  
*Old Bab-bish Room Ballad.*

"I CHUCKED him out: such young cubs  
 are insufferable."

That is what VERNON WHITFORD said as  
 he looked across at Sir WILLOUGHBY  
 PATTERN.

"Who was it?" asked WILLOUGHBY with  
 a languid air.

"CROSSJAY: the silly young swine  
 has taken to parodying us all lately: this  
 infernal monkey trick of imitation is  
 becoming too frequent among young  
 fellows nowadays."

"Um," said WILLOUGHBY, flicking the  
 ash off his cigar. "You take a horse-  
 whip, my dear VERNON, to wreak vengeance  
 on a gnat. The ear of my soul is tickled  
 pleasantly by the high-pitched drone of  
 Imitation. Verbal missiles flung by  
 intellectual imps scarce dimple the sur-  
 face of the philosophic mind. You follow?"

"D—n it," cried VERNON, "you'll drive  
 me mad if you always talk like that. Man  
 alive, can't you use good, plain, full-  
 blooded Saxon English, like most of us  
 do? I've been in India lately among the  
 hills. All of us like plain tales there—  
 except good-looking grass widows. Your  
 style of talk is going out of fashion. Folks  
 won't stand it nowadays. You can turn  
 me out of the house if you like, but  
 speak I must. A word more. For weeks  
 past you and CLARA MIDDLETON have been  
 indulging in wordy gymnastics. She's  
 tired of you—you know that. Now, that  
 sentimental girl with the lashes—LAETITIA  
 THINGUMABOB—is dead nuts on you. Well  
 —marry her. Bring the story to an end.  
 For Heaven's sake be more definite and  
 colloquial!"

"Go on, my son," exclaimed Colonel  
 DE CRAYE, sauntering up at this moment.  
 The Colonel had Irish blood in his veins.  
 "Kape it up," he said, "I'm rale glad  
 ye've dhrawn the par-ti-cu-lar attinshin  
 av Sir—"



PHIL MAY 1900

Urchin. "DON'T YER SEE! 'E DON'T WANT TO GO TO DER FRONT, SO THEY'VE  
 GOT TER CARRY HIM!"

Sir WILLOUGHBY got up. "Abuse I am  
 inured to," he said, "also swearing,  
 which is a mental alternative for spitting  
 . . . but brogue. . ." He shuddered and  
 withdrew.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sir WILLOUGHBY married LAETITIA. His  
 nerves had been upset, and by mistake  
 he acted promptly.

Which seems rough on LAETITIA.

A. R.

LOCH JAW.—Six thousand Loch Leven  
 trout, so the *Times* informs us, have been  
 purchased by Mr. T. GOMM (by Gomm!),  
 a well-known Thames angler, and placed  
 in the river at Penton Hook. This process  
 is evidently "Levening" the Thames.

## A ROUNDEL OF HUMBLE ADMIRATION.

You were so high, I, least of men,  
 To view you dared not raise my eye;  
 I loved, I worshipped you, but then  
 You were so high.

I muse on days long since gone by,  
 Of that fair garden by the fen,  
 Of how we watched the swallows fly.

And, moping in my dismal den,  
 I laugh to find myself so shy,  
 Who was already grown up, when  
 You were so high.

VERY POPULAR CROWNED HEADS.—  
 Asparagus.





133 *Fair Widow*. "YES, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND THAT WHEN I DIE I SHALL BE CREMATED, AS MY HUSBAND WAS."

*Gallant Captain*. "DEAR LADY, PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT SUCH DREADFUL THINGS. CONSIDER HOW MUCH BETTER IT WOULD BE, IN YOUR CASE, TO—ER—CROSS OUT THE C!"

### DEVIL'S ADVOCATES.

*Being an extract from a farce of this name recently performed in the House of Commons. Actor-manager, Mr. Samuel Smith.*

T. P. O'C-NN-R.

THE teeming brain of Mr. SMITH  
Is positively full of pith;  
And yet his speech was more absurd  
Than anything I ever heard.

What sort of right has he to be  
A judge of Immorality?  
Let him go back and learn—for shame!—  
How to pronounce PINERO's name!

Please to conceive a play-house guide  
Who never yet was seen inside!  
No floor of any acting-hell  
Was ever trod by SAMUEL!

Did all the solemn things he said  
Come from his own unaided head?  
Or did he get his leading cues  
From posters and the cleric news?

And how does ignorance propose  
To rectify these ribald shows?  
My view (and SHAKESPEARE'S) is that Art  
Should reproduce the human heart!

What does he want? An Irish wit?  
A villain ending in the Pit?  
A hero faithful to his wife,  
And such-like travesties of life?

T-MMY B-WL-S.

Our SAMUEL's qualms about the *Quer*  
Bespeak a specialist in sex;  
His homily on *Zaza*, too,  
Tends to confirm this point of view.

The honoured Member's scheme of vice  
Appears peculiarly concise;  
Must we conclude he means to wink  
At lying, bridge, the turf, and drink?

Yet, though we grant that from the stage  
Lucifer draws his largest wage,  
'Tis not the fear of moral taint  
That makes the soul of THOMAS faint.

The "semi-nude" I might endure,  
Since to the pure all things are pure;

That risk I would consent to take,  
*If only I could keep awake!*

And wherefore buy a sleeping-stall  
With drama, gratis, here at call;  
Where every evening down the wings  
I watch the Comedy of Things?

What actor, pray, can press his suit  
Like Captain JOSEPH *Absolute*?  
*The Rivals*, here superbly done,  
Have had a most amazing run!

Why occupy a costly pew  
Where HAWTREY knocks the Avenue,  
When ASHMEAD, all ablaze with stars,  
Brings me A Message straight from Mars?

Young for my years, I still can play  
A Man of Forty any day;  
And still repeat the little pranks  
I learned from HANBURY *In the Ranks!*

A-G-ST-NE B-RR-LL.

If Mr. SMITH should ever meet  
With common persons in the street,  
He'll find they have a meagre sense  
Of Parliament's intelligence.





THE IMPERIAL DISPENSARY.

THE KANGAROO. "I'VE GOT A SORT OF—ER—FEELING OF OPPRESSION. MY DOCTOR AT HOME GAVE ME THAT PRESCRIPTION!"

MR. CH-MB-RL-N (*Colonial Chemist and Druggist according to the British Pharmacopœia*). " 'ABOLITION OF APPEAL TO PRIVY COUNCIL'—OF COURSE, I COULD MAKE IT UP FOR YOU, BUT I THINK I CAN GIVE YOU SOMETHING THAT WILL EXACTLY SUIT YOUR CONSTITUTION!"







They view with noses upward 'curled  
Our childlike knowledge of the world ;  
Yet treat us, from their higher plane,  
Rather with pity than disdain.

Let us confine our reason's flow  
To themes, if any, which we know ;  
And such, I confidently say,  
Do not include the low-class play.

And if our hearts are frankly hot  
To work reform, no matter what,  
This very House is vile, within ;  
Here, then, let Piety begin ! O. S.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 14.—  
"Advance Australia," the motto of the day. Injunction observed. Delegates and Agents-General, swarming staircase of Diplomatic Gallery, flooded its benches. Curious to observe how natural instincts and early habits asserted themselves. As in succession Australians burst in upon the new territory, every man proceeded to peg out a claim. Soon not a yard of ground unoccupied. Almost expected to see a Church built, a bar opened, and a mayor elected.

DON JOSÉ, presently rising to move first reading of Australian Commonwealth Bill, faced a crowded House. The apathy that has of late possessed Commons, making it almost impossible to fill the benches, temporarily overcome. Whilst every seat on floor occupied, a thin black line ran along the gallery facing the Treasury Bench. DON JOSÉ observed the ordinary form and fashion of addressing the House of Commons. But he was plainly conscious of the fact that, listening at the door, was Australia in the prime of womanhood, jealous, strong, warm-hearted, quick to take offence.

His task one of great difficulty. The bill he fathered was not made in the Imperial Cabinet. It came from Australia, stamped with the mark of popular approval given at the poll. Put briefly, DON JOSÉ had to assure the Colonies that not for another empire would the mother country flout the desire of her dearest daughter. Anything she demanded should be forthcoming, only—not this. Yea, even this (and here was the masterly turn of the speech) if Australia were absolutely united. But was that the case? DON JOSÉ drew up his reserve of proof of conflicting opinion in the Colony. Queensland, Western Australia, and New South Wales see nothing to hurt in the proposed amendment of Clause 74. The Press is almost unanimous on the same side; seven chief justices, representative of every Colony in Australia, are in favour of maintenance of right of Appeal. In these circumstances, Imperial interests might be permitted to take a look in. So the Clause is to be



## "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"—AS AMENDED IN COMMITTEE.

(Performed by the "Sam Smith Opera Company.")

"WE'RE THE OR-NA-MENT-AL PU-RI-TY BRIGADE,  
WE'LL A-MUSE YOU IN A MEL-AN-CHO-LY FA-SHION!"

amended. DON JOSÉ could almost have wept over the spectacle of dissentient opinion in Australia. Recognising its existence, what else could Imperial Government do but step in and decide?

The delegates in the Diplomatic Gallery shuffled their feet and showed dangerous tendency of rising to explain. Peeping over rail of gallery they saw on guard the stalwart figure of the Sergeant-at-Arms, begirt with sword, at his call the veterans who, twenty years ago, were brought to the perfection of training by daily attendance on Mr. BRADLAUGH in his gyrations to and from the Table. Relapsed into grim silence. Presently they beheld DON JOSÉ, with light step, march

up from the bar bringing in a Bill, "than which no more important measure of legislation has ever been presented to Parliament, and nothing throughout the whole course of the QUEEN'S reign will be a more beneficent feature in that long and glorious history."

Business done.—Australian Commonwealth Bill read a first time.

Tuesday.—At best of times SAM SMITH is not what is called lively company. He looks forth upon the world and, even in this bright Spring time, he finds that behold! it is very bad. Rising just now to move resolution denouncing "the growing tendency to put upon the stage plays of demoralising character,"





G. L. STAMP.

Policeman (examining broken window). "BEGORRA, BUT IT'S MORE SARIOUS THIN OI THOUGHT IT WAS. IT'S BROKE ON BOTH SIDES!"

JEREMIAH was, compared with him, a boisterous party. His folded hands wrestled with each other in now depths of funereal woe. His voice piped in shriller tone of melancholy. His very whiskers looked limper than ever in contemplation of man's iniquity. Only a dominant sense of public duty could make him sacrifice his shillings, and his habit of going early to bed, in order to wander about from theatre gallery to theatre gallery in search of something nasty. To the pure all things are pure. SAM SMITH, peering about with his umbrella and his opera-glass, found that "of many plays now presented to the London stage some are disgusting pictures of licentiousness."

A serious charge this to bring against an honourable profession from the privileged platform of the most public place in the world. Few men would like to do it. Fewer still would be permitted. But there is something irresistibly child-like about SAMUEL. If not very wise, he is really so well meaning no one can find it in his heart to be angry with him.

"I could fancy him on the stage himself,"

said SARK. "There is a part that would suit him down to the ground. It is found in the Tragedy of *Cambyses*; not much read in these days, but familiar to SHAKESPEARE. You remember how *Falstaff* calls for a cup of sack, that he may weep in *King Cambyses'* vein? In one of the scenes an elderly gentleman is flayed alive in presence of his son. The latter looking on at the performance mildly remarks:

What child is he of nature's mould  
Could bide the same to see;  
His father flayed in this wise,  
O, how it grieveth me!

In my mind's eye, TOBIAS, I can see SAM SMITH feebly rubbing his hands and declaiming this verse in his tremulous voice. He is a great loss to the stage. Quite possible his peregrinations may lead him to adopt it."

Nothing came of resolution, although it had support of Mr. GEDGE and Mr. CHANNING. That gay young spark, HUGO CECIL, talked it out.

One of prettiest incidents of evening was interposition of LECKY. SAMUEL in support of his argument made several

lugubrious references to the author of *The Map of Life*. LECKY listened with growing irritation. At length, on third repetition, he rose, and in piteously pained voice said, "I wish the hon. member wouldn't quote me as an authority on the *demi-monde*."

*Business done*.—JEREMIAH SAMUEL SMITH utters his Lamentations over the stage.

*Friday*.—Prodigal Son comes back to-night in person of EDWARD CARSON. Has left the husks of his daily fare, his rude companions below the gangway. Appears on level of rank with BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, being a knight; beyond him, being Solicitor-General. PRINCE ARTHUR, carefully turning up his shirt cuffs, kills the fatted calf. HARRY CHAPLIN looks on, wondering wistfully if there won't be enough for two. CRIPPS gloomily contemplates the scene from the seat of the faithful; moodily meditates on man's ingratitude to man. CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY also has his memories, his dead and dried hopes, though, for obvious reason, they never clustered round the Solicitor-Generalship.

As for CARSON, he, with finely confused metaphor, would let you know, that though he does not spurn the fatted calf, he is not to be muzzled. It is a new kind of situation—a Solicitor-General retaining the privilege of criticising Ministerial action from the Treasury Bench. But, as he proudly says, he is an Irishman, descendant in straight line from O'CARSON, King of Kerry, whose pale face, staring straight up, looking for dawn, the boatmen will show you on moonlight nights gleaming in uttermost depths of Killarney's Lake.

What was that Bill the present Attorney-General brought in last year and CARSON opposed? Is it believed that a paltry promotion, a salary ludicrously small compared with the Attorney-General's, will make an Irishman false to his convictions? Let FINLAY try. *The day the Attorney-General puts down that Bill for second reading the Solicitor-General will give notice of motion for its rejection.*

*Business done*.—Long waited for news of relief of Mafeking flashes in on Committee on Scotch Votes. Makes proceedings preternaturally lively.

#### LAST SATURDAY.

MAY 19.—Flags everywhere! If Boers are only imitating our flags, and everywhere flying, the war will speedily end. To-day, the two distinguished officers of whom we hear much in connection with the "Good News from Mafeking," are Colonel BADEN-POWELL and General Rejoicing!

SCENE—On the Quay. Ocean liner's syren fog-horn emitting short, sharp grunts.

Little Girl. Oh, Mamma, that poor ship must have a drefful pain in its Cabin!





(Continued from p. 360.)

## PART II.—Henley Regatta.

## CHAPTER I.

**P**Ractice for the great regatta was now in full swing, and everything seemed to promise well for a full programme and brilliant racing. For the Grand Challenge Cup, with which in this story we are more particularly concerned, there were seven entries. France, full of ardour for the *Sports Athlétiques*, in which her sons had been for some years engaging, had sent a crack crew of men whose stalwart bodies and healthy faces gave a rude shock to Britons, who had based their notions of French physique on traditions associated with a regimen of absinthe and frogs. From Canada had come the famous Toronto Argonauts, tough men who made up in solidity of muscle what they lacked in youthfulness. The style of these two crews, however, effective as it might be for half a mile, seemed hardly fitted to carry them successfully over the trying mile and five hundred and fifty yards of the Henley course. Their short swing and their scrappy, unrhythmical action contrasted but ill in the eyes of good judges with the long reach, the steady balance and the firm unwavering stroke of the best English crews opposed to them. But then, as NUTTY WILSON, the No. 3 of the Leander crew, wisely remarked, you never knew. These foreign beggars (oblivious of Empire, he lumped the Canadians with the French) managed to get along somehow in spite of their rotten style, and it wouldn't do to think they were going to be beaten easily.

Against these two crews were ranged the best that England could produce. The London and the Thames Rowing Clubs, undaunted by their failures during the past few years, had again come gallantly to the scratch, and both were declared by their adherents to be dangerous. The Kingston Rowing Club had sent its scarlet-coated representatives; the Balliol College crew, which, though it was not head of the river, had failed only by inches in two successive races to secure that position, had come from Oxford; and, last, but by no means least, either in their own estimation or in that of their innumerable supporters, the Leander crew were there,

a mixed combination of Oxford, Cambridge and Eton, prepared to defend the trophy which they had won last year against all comers.

The usual difficulties had attended the formation of the Leander crew, BRAITHWAITE and CARTER had turned up at Oxford on the appointed day for the customary week's practice on the Isis to find only three others ready to row. HARKNESS, of Brasenose, the great Oxford stroke, and BURNSIDE and COATES, of Magdalen, the last being the Captain of the Club, were the faithful trio. Two Balliol men, who were to have rowed, were required by their College crew, and HARDY, of New College, who was to have rowed No. 5, had broken his wrist in the "rag" that had followed a bump-supper. By dint of ceaseless activity, however, and a lavish expenditure of telegrams, two more Cambridge men had been dragged from City offices and persuaded to row. They had not rowed for a year, but their record was good, their strength undoubted, and their condition much better than might have been expected. One place only, No. 3, remained vacant, and for this COATES had at last, in desperation, secured NUTTY WILSON, who had rowed in the Eton crew two years ago, and had been spending the interval in plucky but fruitless efforts to obtain a commission in the army. Thus, with the important addition of TOMMY GIBSON, familiarly known as the Mouse, the well-known Oxford coxswain, the Leander crew became complete, and a few days of steady practice convinced their veteran coach that in spite of their preliminary disadvantages they had every prospect of turning into a fast and formidable eight. But much had to be suffered and many disappointments had to be endured before this result could be achieved. Indeed, when they first arrived at Henley, barely a fortnight before the Regatta, the general opinion of the towpath critics pronounced them to be "not a patch on last year's winning crew." However, like all Leander crews, they soon began to shake together by the aid of general keenness and good watermanship, they trained well after the easy fashion of Leander, and a week before the Regatta they managed to row over the course a second or two faster than any other crew. This, as NUTTY said, put their tails up, and from that day their improvement was rapid.

The choice of NUTTY—how he acquired the name no man knew, for he had been christened JOHN EDWARD—was in every



respect, last resource though it had been, a fortunate one, for apart altogether from his merits as an oar—and they were by no means small—NUTTY had certain qualities which recommended him pre-eminently. No well-organised crew can do without its butt, and NUTTY was, perhaps, the most brilliant and successful butt ever known. From his shock of stubborn sandy hair down to his big feet, butt was stamped all over him. A snub-nose, a projecting jaw, and a double row of gleaming teeth gave him the appearance of a highly-amiable bulldog. His smile was as good as a dozen letters of introduction; his good humour, even under the most violent acts of assault and battery, was imperturbable; and his conversation was full of the quaintest irrelevancies and solecisms. Anybody who cared to make the effort could deceive him; there was no story, however full of absurd impossibilities it might be, that NUTTY failed to swallow, and no amount of revelations ever shook his simple faith in human nature in general and the veracity of his friends in particular. Eton had scrubbed and polished him for six years; she had made him into a fine oarsman and a well-behaved gentleman, but for the rest her influence had left few traces, and no man ever confronted the Civil Service Commissioners who examined him with a more primitive literary style and a more complete ignorance outside the narrow circle of his cram than did NUTTY.

#### CHAPTER II.

It was the day before the Regatta, a cloudless day of grilling sunshine early in July. The house-boats were in their places, a terrace of brilliant flowers and gaudy bunting, the booms were fixed, and the hard work of the practice was over for the crews. A general atmosphere of hushed anticipation and excitement held the river, for to-morrow's preliminary heats would settle many questions that had been feverishly debated for weeks past. Thames and London were drawn together in the first heat. Leander were to meet the Frenchmen; Kingston and the Argonauts were in the third, and Balliol, favoured by luck, escaped without a race on the first day, and had to meet either Leander or the French on the second.

The afternoon was yet young, and in the sunshine the heat was intense. The members of the Leander crew, conscious of work well done in the morning and of a training lunch thoroughly enjoyed, were scattered about the shady places under the Bucks bank in various vessels better adapted than a racing ship for repose and contemplation. DICK CARTER and NUTTY had moored a well-cushioned punt in the cool shadow of the Phyllis Court river wall, and BRAITHWAITE, comfortably extended in his Canadian canoe, was lying alongside. All three had brought books, but only NUTTY, who was deep in *Quo Vadis*, was reading. NUTTY, it should be stated, was a devourer of novels of an exciting order, and to his simple nature the events he read of were so interesting that for the time they became almost a part of his experience, and were retailed in NUTTY's own style to any friend who might care to listen to him.

"A penny for your thoughts, BAX," said CARTER, "I never knew you so silent."

"Dick, I'm thinking that on Friday next I shall have a buck lunch with lobster salad and plenty of cake and claret cup, and that, after lunch, I shall smoke one or two cigarettes. Lord! how I hate training."

"Oh, you're going to keep all that for Friday, are you? So you've quite made up your mind we're going to beat the froggies to-morrow, and that Balliol won't be in the hunt with us on Thursday. Don't you make too sure of getting into the final. I saw the froggies going like smoke this morning."

"Rubbish, DICK, we can't help beating them. Balliol are better, of course, but I fancy we shall best them from the White House to the finish if old HARKS only rattles us along at 42 as he did this morning. Now, you don't deny we did a fizzing good piece of rowing. We were clearing yards and yards every stroke."

"Yes," admitted DICK, "it was a good piece—quite the

best we've done. But I don't like to be too confident, especially as we've got the bad station in every heat, and if we get a gale of wind where shall we be? Eh, NUTTY, my pale student? Let's hear what you've got to say about it."

NUTTY waved the invitation aside and remained glued to his novel.

"There, BAX," continued DICK, "look at our beautiful NUTTY and take example by him. You never look at a book, but NUTTY keeps picking up knowledge all day long. I know how he'll end: he'll be a librarian."

Obscure as the meaning of this word might be, NUTTY felt that it implied an insult.

"Librarian be blowed," he remarked hotly. "You've no right to say that, DICK. I never go on the bust, and you know well enough I'm not likely to play the man about town or any of those games."

"My beloved NUTTY, who said you were?"

"Well, you said I was going to be a librarian."

"Understand, oh intellectual one, that there is a difference between librarian and libertine. A librarian is one who——"

"Oh, shut up, DICK; don't be so funny. Let me go on reading."

DICK turned to BRAITHWAITE again.

"Now, BAX, don't you forget you've promised to help me with the HADDENS."

"Of course I will, DICK. I'm counting on it."

"They'll be down in time to see us row in the final, if we ever get so far. I've got tickets for the Leander enclosure, and when the race is over we'll all lunch there together. NUTTY shall come too, if he's a good boy."

NUTTY looked up with a gratified smile. "I'll be there, DICK; but remember I'm not much good at ladies' society. They frighten me a bit, you know."

"Nonsense, NUTTY; there never was a better specimen of the *preux chevalier* than you."

"What's that?" asked NUTTY.

"It's a large animal, mostly tan-coloured, with enormous hoofs, and the longest tusks you ever saw."

"Can you shoot 'em?"

"Certainly you can, if you care to go to Thibet. That's where they grow."

"Talking of animals," said NUTTY, "can you tell me what an orrosh is?"

"A what?"

"An orrosh. It's in this book here. It says," continued NUTTY, referring to the place and reading aloud, "that 'an enormous German orrosh' rushed into the arena."

"Try *Aurochs*, NUTTY," suggested BRAITHWAITE. "It's a sort of buffalo. But I wish you'd tell us what's been happening in *Quo Vadis* lately."

NUTTY required no second invitation. "My eye," he began, "they have been going it and no mistake. They nabbed poor old *Ursus*—he's a Christian, you know, and the strongest man you ever saw—and they've got him into the arena. Well, as soon as *Ursus* got there he went down on his knees and started praying. But those filthy Romans wouldn't have it, and they hooted him, d—n them. By Jove, I should like to wring all their beastly necks for them. *Ursus* couldn't make it out, but he went on with his prayers till suddenly this old orrosh came dashing in with *Lygia* bound on to his head. When *Ursus* saw his queen come in like that on the top of the orrosh he jolly soon chucked praying, I can tell you, and he scooted up like lightning and got hold of the brute by the horns, and screwed its bally head round till he broke its neck. By gum, it was a proper tussle, but the old chap did it, and, of course, *Nero* had to spare his life. Oh my, I simply loathe *Nero*. I should like to have a go at him with bare knuckles every day for a fortnight. I never met such a brute in my life."

"Bravo, NUTTY," applauded DICK, "you're a champion at telling stories. Who wrote the book?"



"Oh, a chap called HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ," said NUTTY, referring to the title-page. "Do you know who he is?"

"Of course I do. It's only one of RUDYARD KIPLING's other names. All these writing chaps have about a dozen names."

"Well, all I can say is," observed NUTTY, with emphasis, "that it's about the best book RUDYARD KIPLING's ever written, and you may tell him I said so. But, look here, I say," he exclaimed excitedly, "what's up with BAX? What's he darting off like that for? Come back, you old fool," he shouted, "come back! You know we've been ordered to keep out of the sun."

But BRAITHWAITE was already nearly a hundred yards away, and was paddling his canoe furiously down stream without paying the least attention to NUTTY's shouts.

He had a reason for his strange proceeding, but it was obvious only to himself. As NUTTY began his story of *Ursus* and the *Aurochs*, BRAITHWAITE happening to take a glance up stream saw a sight that froze his blood. About fifty yards away, and gliding swiftly down stream in his direction was a huge mis-shapen punt in which reclined three old ladies. He did not need a second look to recognise them: they were the identical three who had visited him in his rooms, at Cambridge, on the night of the Trinity ball. What could they be doing at Henley? Heavens! they were coming for him; they were bowing and nodding and smiling to him! How on earth should he explain them to DICK and NUTTY? NUTTY had never heard of the Fates and would be sure to put his foot in it. There was only one thing to do, and that was to fly. So he quietly cast loose from the punt and paddled away at top speed. After a few strokes he turned round. The old ladies were gaining on him, though they had no visible means of propulsion. Another stroke and they were level with him. He felt the game was up and stopped paddling.

Then CLOTHO addressed him, emphasizing her points with her knitting needle.

"Youth of the goodly countenance," she said solemnly, "learn that it boots not to fly from the Fates. But be of good cheer; we are unseen by any eyes but yours, and, moreover, we wish you well. I am, as you remember, CLOTHO; these are my sisters, ATROPOS and LACHESIS."

"Delighted, I'm sure," said BRAITHWAITE. "I've read about you, of course, in the Classical Dictionary, but upon my word I never imagined I should see you twice over. It's a tremendous honour, you know."

"We are permitted"—it was ATROPOS who took up the conversation—"to exercise our natural benevolence. Once in a thousand years it is granted to us to single out a mortal for special favour and to grant him his heart's desire. The years have come full circle, and the long and the short of it is," she went on more familiarly, "that we saw you rowing at Putney, and we all took a fancy to you."

"Aye," said LACHESIS, "your little gauzy shirt becomes you well."

"Do you mean my zephyr?" suggested BAX.

"Your zephyr, if you like to call it so. And light blue was always a favourite colour with us. Do you remember, TROPY," she continued, addressing ATROPOS, "the shepherd PARIS wore light blue that morning, and ADONIS, beloved of VENUS, had a shirt of that colour?"

"Yes," said ATROPOS, sighing deeply, "I remember; but, poor things, it didn't do them much good. Now, young man, you must make your choice; say what your wish is, for we may not tarry longer."

By this time they had drifted as far as the Fawley Court boathouse, but although BRAITHWAITE had passed innumerable friends, none of them, much to his relief, had appeared to notice his weird companions.

"Choose!" said the three.

BRAITHWAITE didn't hesitate a moment. "Upon my word,

you know, it's most awfully kind of you. I don't know what I've done to deserve this. The thing I want above all others is to win the Grand at this Regatta!"

As he said this the recollection of Miss HADDEN came suddenly into his mind. He would have given a fortune to recall his words and to substitute "MILLIE HADDEN" for "the Grand." But it was too late, for the sisters had vanished, and he was alone.

"Never mind," he thought to himself, as he paddled back, "I may meet the old parties again, and then, by Jove, I won't forget MILLIE."

### CHAPTER III.

ON the morning of the final day of the Regatta there was no break in the glorious weather. Not a cloud flecked the sky, the flags on the boat-houses and the house-boats hung listlessly down their posts, and the Leander men, anxiously scanning the heavens, relieved one another by the repeated assurance that there wasn't a breath of air, and that the Berks station was just as good as the other. They had come well through the racing of the first two days, polishing off the Frenchmen in easy style on the Wednesday, and defeating Balliol after a tough struggle over two-thirds of the course on the following day. The first day, too, had seen the downfall of Kingston and the Thames Rowing Club. Yesterday the Argonauts, game to the end, had been beaten by the London Rowing Club by four feet, and to-day, therefore, the Londoners and Leander, those ancient rivals, were to fight out the final. Opinions were keenly divided as to the result. On the one hand London were hopeful, for their time in yesterday's race was two seconds faster than that of Leander; on the other hand Leander were confident, seeing that London had been pressed by the Argonauts right home to the winning post, and had to row their hardest the whole way; whereas Leander, after shaking off the men of Balliol had taken matters easily, like the old soldiers they were, and felt that their time in that race by no means represented the best they could do. A Leander crew, moreover—and the present crew was a typical one—has the traditional peculiarity of improving with every day of racing, so that it comes to the post on the last day at its very highest point of brilliant excellence.

Mr. HADDEN, with Aunt CONSTANTIA and MILLIE, had arrived in Henley some time before the racing began, and they had found their way to the Leander Club enclosure, whither DICK and BRAITHWAITE had accompanied them. All three were full of enthusiasm. The Vicar was himself an old Leander oar, and a winner of the Grand, and he felt no doubt whatever that Leander ought to win, and to vindicate the superiority of University oarsmanship against the Metropolitan. Aunt CONSTANTIA's enthusiasm, though keen, was less definite. She would have liked both crews to win, for her good nature shrank from contemplating the disappointment of the vanquished, but seeing that was impossible she felt comfortably assured that her favourite nephew would win, as he, of course, deserved to do. MILLIE had no doubts whatever. Her pretty straw hat was bright with the Leander ribbon, she wore a Leander tie, and her cheeks glowed with a soft and delicate shade of the same becoming colour. She was Leander to the core, and when she told DICK and BRAITHWAITE that they *must* win, that they were never to speak to her again if they were beaten, and that if she screamed as the race passed her they mustn't mind, but only row the harder, she gave new courage to these young men who, truth to tell, were beginning to suffer acute pangs of nervousness, or, as they themselves phrased it, were having a pretty bad touch of the "needle."

And now the bells were ringing to clear the course; the watchful Conservancy boats were warning back the pleasure-oarsmen, and gradually the gleaming streak of the racing river defined itself more and more between the two rows of piles behind which the mass of boats, punts and canoes had taken



refuge. Finally, the last stray intruder had slipped away, and everything was ready for the final heat of the Grand. Another minute passed, the slowest minute MILLIE could remember, and suddenly the Vicar, who was gazing through his field-glasses, declared that they were off. The bang of the ever tardy gun followed, and MILLIE's heart leapt into her mouth.

Ye Naiads, daughters of the hoary Thames, gentle guardians of his golden-hearted water-lilies, sportive playmates of his snowy brood of swans, inspire me while I recount the glories of this matchless race. Many a struggle and much desperate valour of heroic oarsmen have ye witnessed, but never a race more worthy of praise and song than this in which the youths who owe allegiance and sacrificial rites to Leander, father of watermen, met in warfare of flashing oarblades the men from the great City beloved by your Father. And to each of the victors it shall be said on your behalf:—

Huc ades, ô formose puer. Tibi lilia plenis  
Ecce ferunt Nymphæ calathis: tibi candida Nais  
Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens,  
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi.

Leander were quickest away; there was no doubt of that. Not for nothing had their coach drilled them time and again in the true method of starting—the instantaneous grip with deep-covered blades, the crashing drive, the lightning recovery, and then, with the third stroke, the lengthened, balanced swing, and the spring of eight lusty bodies in unison from the stretcher. They shot from the starting punt like a huge greyhound loosed from the leash. Yet London, undaunted, came level with them before the Island was passed, and soon after, rowing like demons, began slowly but surely to forge ahead. First a foot of the bows projected itself beyond the Leander ship, then a yard, until at Remenham DICK, the Leander bowman, was level with No. 3 of the Londoners, and was still receding.

Bright rosy hopes began to float before the Londoners. They were still strong; their wind was good. Surely, they thought, we can hold our advantage, aye, and increase it. But Leander were undismayed; no vision of the black skirts of defeat disturbed their confidence, and the MOUSE's shrill voice rising high above the turbulence called on them for ten hard strokes. Right well were they given. HARKNESS's lithe back seemed to lengthen out by a yard. His hands shot swifter and swifter from his chest; his teeth were set, and his whole body hurled itself solidly on to the unwavering stroke. Inch by inch Leander crept up, and so Fawley Court was passed with the two boats dead level. On the bank and behind the protecting piles, from panting runners, and from enthusiasts in boats, the clamour and the encouragement swelled in a mighty volume. Even the Umpire, veteran though he was, felt his blood course faster at the glorious spectacle, as with imperturbable face he watched the fortunes of the race from the bows of his launch. For two hundred yards more the boats rowed practically level. HARKNESS had steadied his crew; he knew that in COATES and BRAITHWAITE, his No. 7 and No. 8, he had two men who would back him up to the last; he knew that all his crew were fit and strong, but he knew, too, that he would want all his strength for a last desperate effort. At the White House Leander were six feet ahead, but London were not yet done with, for their stroke, spurring magnificently, drove his crew almost level once more. Here, however, London wavered; their coxswain suddenly and unaccountably pulled his left hand rudder line, and the spurt, so grandly conceived, broke and fell away. HARKNESS saw that the moment had come. He rallied his crew as only he knew how to rally it. His stroke grew quicker, even as he made it longer. Stubbornly and reluctantly the London boat went back and back, and with a last horrid rattle, which left NUTTY a purple, breathless ruin, the Leander men shot out and

flushed past the judge three quarters of a length ahead in record time.

When the London stroke had recovered his breath he addressed his coxswain:—

"What on earth made you put the rudder on at the White House? It killed us all."

"I had to do it. A punt with three old women in it slipped out right ahead of me."

"Rot! How could a punt slip over the booms?"

"I don't know, but there they were."

And the strange thing is that no one except the London coxswain had seen the intrusive punt. He, however, will affirm to his dying day that the punt was there and that only a liberal use of the rudder enabled him to avoid a smash.

\* \* \* \* \*

Half-an-hour afterwards BRAITHWAITE, DICK and NUTTY sauntered into the Leander Club enclosure. They looked perfectly cool and clean and fresh, and it seemed impossible to imagine that a short time ago these three young gentlemen, so cheerful and easy, had been panting and striving and perspiring in a terrific race. They were heartily welcomed by many friends and admirers, who eagerly besought them to give details of the memorable struggle, to say how they felt at each particular point of it, and whether they were not confident from start to finish that they were going to win.

At last, through much handshaking and showers of congratulation, they made their way to where the HADDENS waited for them, and, NUTTY having been duly presented, they all betook themselves to lunch. Then was BRAITHWAITE's anticipation realised, and those who for three weeks past had fed on stern and simple fare now revelled like children in everything that was most obviously indigestible. For them the yellow mayonnaise spread its temptations not in vain, salmon and creams and cakes ensnared them, and claret-cup found them thirsty and willing victims. In a word, they went out of training, as NUTTY expressed it, with a jolly good bang, and no mistake.

"And do you mean to tell me, Mr. BRAITHWAITE," said MILLIE, "that you are not a bit tired. Why, when you passed us you had such a fierce look on your face that I thought you must be very tired and angry."

"Well, I don't exactly say," confessed BRAITHWAITE, with a laugh, "that I want to row the race all over again now, but I wasn't dead beat, though I did look fierce. Lots of men have rowed two or three races as hard as that in one day and been none the worse."

"At any rate, I think it was perfectly splendid of all of you, and so does Papa. Don't you Papa?"

The Vicar gave his opinion emphatically to the effect that no grander race could possibly have been rowed, and that in particular, the final spurt of Leander had been a marvellous example of good judgment. He himself, to be sure, didn't think the form was so good as it was in his young days—the backs were not kept so straight—but the pluck and grit were the same, and as they managed now to do faster times, he supposed his ideas of form were out of date.

After luncheon DICK and NUTTY took Mr. and Mrs. HADDEN on the river in a punt, while to BRAITHWAITE was left the sole charge of MILLIE in his canoe—a scheme which required much strategy on his part. But it was successfully accomplished, and the golden afternoon passed delightfully for the pair. At tea-time they were on the best of terms, and BRAITHWAITE announced that, if the Vicar approved, he proposed to begin his stay at the Vicarage for reading on the following Monday. The Vicar did approve, and Aunt CONSTANTIA supported him, and MILLIE, when she was appealed to, though she added no word, showed that the arrangement was not displeasing to her by one of the prettiest blushes that ever lit up the cheeks of a pretty girl.

(To be continued.)









### AFTER A DERBY-WINNER-DINNER.

Diner. "TICKET." Clerk. "WHAT STATION?"  
Diner. "WHA-STASHUN 'VE-YOU-GOT?"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LAST year there was held in London, under the Presidency of the Countess of ABERDEEN, an International Congress of Women. Its object is described by the President as bringing together from all parts of the world persons of experience, capable of furnishing facts regarding the position, work, and opportunities of women at the end of the Nineteenth Century. Among such authorities, Lady ABERDEEN generously includes "men as well as women," for which my Baronite, whose sexual inferiority is an accident beyond his control, makes humble acknowledgment. But though men were privileged to take part in the Conference, women did nearly all the talking. The papers they read at the Conference have now been collected, are edited by Lady ABERDEEN, and published by FISHER UNWIN, in seven handy volumes. They form a library covering the whole field of woman's work outside her home. A remarkable and valuable contribution to knowledge on an interesting question, the importance of which is daily growing.

Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has taken his *Personal Recollections* (CASSELL & Co.), going back to pre-lucifer match times, has put them in a caldron, and boiled them up. Finding there was room for something more, he has chucked in a chapter describing a picnic in the Carpathians, with a moving tragedy of a cow, shot under painful misapprehension that it was a bear. Of

course there must be some good things in the record of a man enjoying, over a long series of years, the opportunities of Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS. But my Baronite confesses he is a trifle disappointed, possibly because he expected too much. The Recollector describes ALBERT SMITH as "a lively and agreeable man full of good spirits, and full also of a mild evening-party sort of fun." That is a description that will apply to most of Mr. EDWARDS' Bohemian acquaintances as they figure on his canvas. As an example of the kind of humour that made a lasting impression on the mind of the chronicler, may be cited the case of "HARRY BAYLISS, in whose chambers was a picture frame with a black cloth hanging down before it on which might be read in white letters the alarming inscription, Ladies, Beware. When ladies visited him he made some pretext for leaving the room, and then abruptly returning surprised them gazing eagerly upon a—blank. Another funny dog, asked to pass a coin to a bus-conductor, gravely pocketed it. It was the same irresistible humourist who, again in a bus, pretends to go mad, draws a pistol from his pocket, is rushed upon by the company, breaks the pistol in two, hands half to the conductor, and begins to eat the other half. "It was made of chocolate!" says Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, with a note of well-earned admiration.

The gaydog Cavalier period of English History is pretty well played out, both for dramatist and novelist, and NELL GWYN, the Merry Monarch, with all his other Merry Mistresses as characters in a novel, are at this time of day as worthless as ever they were in real life. Pity that Mr. FRANKFORT MOORE should have occupied his time and talents on so thankless a subject as *Nell Gwyn Comedian* (PEARSON), unless it was with the purpose of showing how curiously dull was that gay court, and how forced was the merriment of the Merry Monarch and his merry courtiers. There is a slight thread of a story, and in the last scene the patient reader may find his reward, which comes better late than never.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

### THE PUBLIC MAN.

["At the Lambeth Police Court a woman asked for a witness summons against a man. He was a public man, and would not attend unless summoned. The Magistrate: What do you mean by a 'public man'? Applicant: He sells newspapers in the streets."—*Daily Paper*.]

FROM my cradle I'd a craving and a thirst for notoriety;

I hungered, like a starving man, to be

A person in a prominent position in society;

I longed to hear the people say, "That's he!"

I didn't care what line I took—it might be Duke or General,

Prime Minister, Mikado, Persian Khan,

King, Democratic Socialist, Pope, KENSIT, actor, tenor—all

I wanted was to be a public man.

But Fate refused to lay my lines in places so delectable,

And when I would have been a PITT or BURKE,

The only house I entered was that ancient and respectable,

But much maligned abode, the House of Work.

The people that I mixed with were such hopeless imbecilities

They only grinned whenever I began

To tell them of the many brilliant talents and abilities

That qualified me for a public man.

But after drinking deeply of the salt and bitter water of

Distress, I took to bawling in despair,

"Defeat of CRONWRIGHT SCHREINER," "Extra Special—awful slaughter of

Pro-Boers!" "St. James's—French in Leicester Square!"

Ah! Little did I fancy, when the street-boys' rude and cynical

Remarks were fired upon me as I ran,

That I had actually climbed ambition's highest pinnacle,

And was in very truth a public man.





### THESE PARENTS!

Mabel. "So your mother has married again!"

Maud. "Yes, thank goodness! You can't think how glad I am to get her comfortably settled. You don't know what a terrible trial she has been to me lately!"

### MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

#### I.—A Surprise Tit-Bit.

[The following story was evidently intended for the Prize Competition in a certain weekly paper. It being an original story, *Mr. Punch* is ready to pay the contributor at the rate of two kinks per column, if the contributor will personally apply for the same.]

How did I become a millionaire? Well, it's a queer story, JIM, though I shouldn't like *Truth* to get hold of it; and as you seem so anxious for me not to tell it—here goes! . . . No, old chap, I can't be bribed with a whiskey to be silent. For twenty years I've been trying to tell this story, and never got a fair chance. And now, by gum! I mean to unburden myself. Excuse the "by gum!" By such little touches an air of rollicking abandonment is imparted to the monologue.

\* \* \* \*

It was when I took my ticket at Waterloo Cross for Hastbourne that the idea occurred to me. At first I was almost unmanned (ideas always try me), but with an effort I pushed open the swing-doors of the refreshment room. There is nothing like railway refreshment room

brandy if you feel seedy. Nothing like it in the wide, wide world, thank goodness! But while I was thinking what funny things they do with potatoes, up comes TRUFFLES. Instantly I resolved to try my grand idea on TRUFFLES. It was a ghastly and risky experiment: I had to stifle all humane feelings (the brandy had nobly assisted me), but I was consumed by a kind of frenzy to put this idea into action, and so chose TRUFFLES as the victim.

TRUFFLES had deeply wronged me. No—'twas no simple case of going off with my wife; or poisoning my mother—something far worse. He had deliberately said at the Club a few days before, when I told my best and latest anecdote, that he had been "brought up on it." A man who says such a thing in cold blood is beyond the pale of forgiveness.

I chose an empty compartment, and then felt in my pocket. Yes, it was there. "TRUFFLES," I said slowly and distinctly, "I have been a minor poet for years—ah, I see you wince—and no one has heeded me. I have published poems at the request of imaginary friends—and only one man has read them beside myself—the

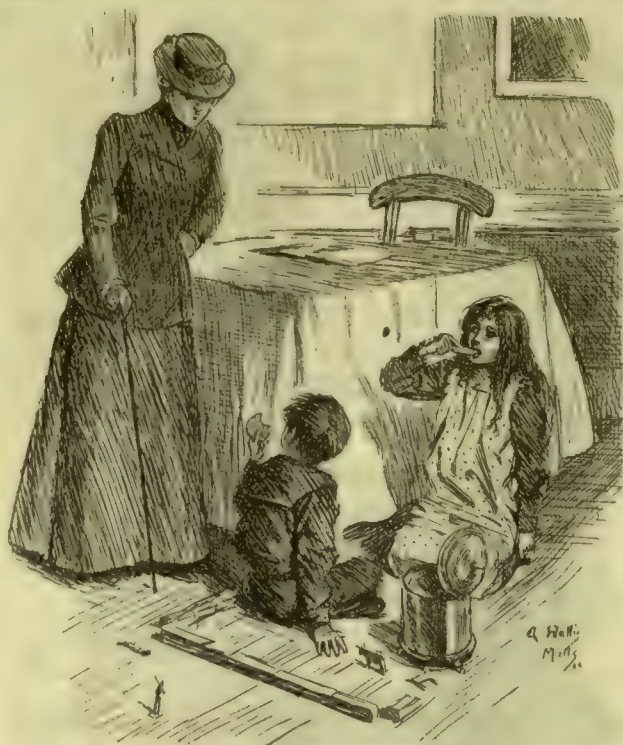
proof-reader. The time has come when these poems shall be heard!" Swiftly I produced a volume from my pocket, and began to read. No living man can read worse—and TRUFFLES writhed in agony. But relentlessly I read on with unrivalled monotony of diction. TRUFFLES groaned—made a wild attempt to keep his eyes open—then fell into a deep, comatose sleep. I relieved him of his money. You begin to see my idea? Well, I repeated that trick on every lonely person I came across for the next few years, whether by rail, land, or sea. Sometimes they bribed me heavily to desist. In any case I grew rapidly rich.

\* \* \* \*

So don't tell me Poetry doesn't pay. Thunder and lightning, JIM's gone! No matter—that's how I, SLOPER PARNASSUS, became a millionaire. A. R.

CONUNDRUM (by *Mr. Punch's printer's devil*).—Is there any rule of English composition that *Mr. ex-President STEYN* invariably observes?—Yes. He never comes to a full stop without beginning with a fresh capital.





Auntie. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING, TOMMY?"

Tommy. "WE'RE BESIEGED. WE'VE RUN SHORT OF HORSES AND COWS, AND SO WE HAVE TO FALL BACK ON MACAROONS."

## TO ENGLAND.

IN MEMORY OF MAFEKING.

Relieved May 17.

LAND of the silent voice and hidden heart!  
Whose boast has ever been to steel the nerve,  
And hold in high reserve  
The loud extremes of passionate joy and grief—  
Think it not shame if for a little space,  
Now when the long-drawn strain has found relief,  
By summer-haunted tilth and teeming mart  
You let your pride go free:  
If now, this once, for all the world to see,  
You wear a fearless rapture on your face.

Not that the lust of slaughter makes us mad;  
Not that we laugh above a broken foe  
Brave as our bravest, men that died  
Forlornly faithful to a cause  
Mis-named of Freedom; true to that false guide  
Who used their strength to serve unequal laws  
Framed for a bar to Liberty—ah, no!  
Not that the might of these has fallen low  
We let our hearts be glad.

But just because a little gallant band,  
Eight thousand miles away and very lone,  
With hunger hollowing the fevered cheek,  
And parching thirst to grip the throat,  
Against the leaguer's odds have shown  
How the old force of England's fighting breed  
Lives in her sons at need,  
Made soldiers by the fierce baptising flame;  
Because for love of Queen and land,  
Because for honour's sake they played the game,  
Stood to their task from week to lingering week,  
And kept the flag aloft.

Yet when the first wild joy has had its way,  
Such joy as not in all the years  
Since CAMPBELL'S rescue rang through Lucknow-walls  
Has made the sudden pulse of England leap—  
Nay, but a joy more full and wider yet,  
Because the countless echo of it calls  
Out of far sister-lands from deep to deep,  
Where other myriad voices claim  
By right of peril shared to have their part  
In every shock of joy or shame  
That moves the Mother-heart—  
Yet when the first wild flood has had its way,  
And quiet time is ours to count the debt,  
The stiller air will stir with sorrow's breath,  
So close behind the triumph come the tears,  
Our poor and only tribute left to spend  
On those who missed to see their labour's end,  
Who gladly went to death  
That we might be so light of heart to-day. O. C.

## CONTRA SMITHUM.

SIR,—At the Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner, Mr. HARE made an excellent speech, which was mainly devoted to indignantly repelling Mr. SMITH, M.P.'s recent attack on the immorality of the Drama, as instanced in the cases of the *Gay Lord Quex* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. Can it be that there is a union of hearts between these two, and that, ere long, we shall be informed the Second Mrs. T. has become the *Gay Lady Quex*? What an excellent match for her! Mr. SMITH, M.P., will give her away: an easy thing to do after the feat of giving himself away so cleverly. But because Mr. SMITH is virtuous, and who will deny it, are there to be no more *Quex* and *Champagne*? Rarely, if ever, has it been my lot to see any English play to which I could not have taken my two youngsters, boy and girl. I am, Sir, yours, A PERE OF KIDS.

## "AN ARMED NATION."

["The War Office has decided to grant one rifle to every ten men joining the new Rifle Clubs, throughout the country."—*Daily Press*.]

Extract from the new rules.

1. In face of the enemy the rifle must be fired as quickly as possible, and then passed on to the next man.
2. No squabbling in the ranks, as to whose turn it is to shoot, shall be allowed by the Commanding Officer, and his decision shall be final.
3. The other nine men, whilst awaiting their turn, must stand at "attention," and scowl fiercely at the enemy.
4. Where the Commanding Officer, in his discretion, sees opportunity for so doing, he shall employ several men simultaneously, to fire the rifle—i.e. one to hold the rifle to his shoulder, a second to close his left eye, and a third to pull the trigger. This plan would leave only seven men out of ten, unemployed.
5. The above-named seven would be at liberty to throw things at the enemy whilst awaiting their turn for the rifle.
6. In actual warfare, the Commanding Officer may request the enemy to wait a reasonable time whilst the solitary rifle is handed round, after being fired off.
7. Whilst an attack is going on, the unemployed men of a company shall not be allowed to leave the ranks to play, but should be encouraged to take an intelligent interest in the shooting prowess of their solitary comrade.

A BARLAMB'S BLEAT.—"I have no great opinion of the Press," says Mr. ATHERLEY JONES, Q.C., M.P. The opinion of the Press with regard to Mr. ATHERLEY JONES, Q.C., M.P., is consequently of no value whatever, not even that of a consultation fee.





THE RUSSIAN AUTOLYCUS.

"A SNAPPER-UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES."—*Winter's Tale*, Act IV., Scene 2.





### A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

MR. JENKINS DROVE HIS NEW MOTOR-CAR DOWN TO EPSOM; BUT, TO MAKE SURE OF ARRIVING THERE, HE THOUGHT IT ONLY WISE TO BRING HIS HORSES AS WELL, IN CASE ANYTHING WENT "WRONG WITH THE WORKS."

### PELTING THE PAINTERS.

[Young art-critics, anxious to succeed, are strongly recommended to write their notices of the Academy Exhibition in this style. It is amazingly popular, it conveys a due sense of the writer's superiority, and is very easy to manage.]

OH, dear, dear, dear! Poor old Academy! Dunderheaded, crass, imbecile British public! Acres of canvas, gallons of paint—and the result? Ah—there you have it—the result! dear, dear, dear!

Really, you know, you mustn't expect me to tell you much about the pictures. Yes, I've been to see them. Went the other day directly after lunch, when I was feeling fairly strong. I resolved—in mad pride, due to the excellent champagne—that I'd stay in Burlington House for twenty minutes. But there are limits to human endurance—there are indeed. Seven-and-a-half minutes finished me off completely. I fled.

Shall I try to tell you what I saw? *Infandum renovare doloris*, as CICERO says. (A quotation or two helps you to understand that I am a Man of Culture.) Well, I will do my best. But all my feelings are crystallised in that one divine utterance of MOLIÈRE'S, *Quelle un outrage terrible!*

This, then, is what I saw. I saw pictures

in which grass was painted green, and the sky blue. Is it in vain, then, that for years our impressionists have urged—preached—exhorted—proved—that grass is sometimes crimson, sometimes a dear delicious ultramarine, but never, never green? I saw portraits—*mon foi!*—portraits in which the face was suffered to bear some resemblance to the actual countenance of the sitter. Why not become photographers at once? It would be but one more downward step, one more sign of the clammy vapour of degradation enshrouding the stifled genius of Art! Yes, there were portraits by Mr. CORPORAL, by Mr. DAVID, by President SETTER. . . . Excuse me a moment. The mention of that last name always makes me faint. Where the dickens is the brandy?

Shall I go on? Shall I tell you of Mr. SENEX'S sheep, of Mr. MONASTERY'S mummers, of—but no! *Jam sattsit*. "Hold, enough," as BYRON puts it. Enough of the Academy. Enough of the licensed charlatans who blatantly proclaim within its walls their foolishness! Enough of the deluded rabble which throngs the galleries, intent to admire and to purchase the most contemptible of daubs!

So I ran down the steps of Burlington House just as fast as ever I could. And then, shall I tell you what I did? I

hurried away to Hackney. There, in a back-street, is a frame-maker's shop. And in that shop hangs a delicious little painting—a study in sable and dark grey, entitled "*Oblivion*." For forty-five minutes I feasted my eyes upon that sublime work. And gradually the influence of that Masterpiece prevailed. The dreadful nightmare of the Academy passed away. I could even think of SETTER—of President SETTER—with no more than a slight feeling of nausea.

Dear reader, follow my example. Go to Hackney. Seek out that little triumph of Art, and let its message sink deep into your soul. I will not mention the painter's name—perchance it would have no significance for the brutal British public. But I happen to know that he will sell his Masterpiece at a price ridiculously low. I—he, I mean,—will be even glad to have an offer. And if you still doubt its superlative merit, this fact will convince you—it was rejected by the Academy!

A. C. D.

### BRED IN THE BONE.

The Rev. Dionysius (after delivering a lecture on the Cathedral Cities of England). Now, children, for what is Canterbury most remarkable?

Master Brisket (promptly). Lamb, Sir.



## THE GENERALS' POST-BAG.

[Mr. PUNCH is privileged to reproduce a few of the letters which have lately reached the British Generals in South Africa.]

DEAR LORD ROBERTS,—I should like to have called you BOBS, only Mamma says that you might be offended and would not answer my letter, and then I should not have a nice little letter from you to show to all my friends and send a copy of it to the newspaper; so it would have been no use writing to you with best spelling, and writing, too, which takes ever so long, would it? I ought to tell you we do love you so much, dear Lord ROBERTS, and TOMMY and JOHNNY and FRANK are all going to be soldiers when they grow up, and beat the Boers and everybody else like you do. As I am only a girl I suppose I shall not be able to fight, but I shall always be awfully patriotic and get up bazaars and concerts and things for the sick and wounded in every war, and have my name in all the papers and on posters in the streets, which will be lovely, and so no more from your loving little VERA VERE DE VERE.

P.S.—I must tell you our parrot says "Bravo BOBS" beautifully, and we are teaching Baby to say "'OBERTS and 'EDVERS were two pretty men," only Baby does not learn so quickly as Polly.

DEAR GENERAL B.-P.,—We are so glad that you have been made a General. When we heard of the relief of Mafeking we hung a large bathing-towel out of our nursery window in your honour. Everyone said it was so clever and original of us. Please send us some bits of shell, Mauser cartridges and potted horse when you have time. Written by Mamma for "LOTTIE," "JENNY," and "TODDLES."

DEAR KITCHENER,—I think I ought to write and tell you about ALICE. She's my sister, you know, and she's just dead nuts on you. She keeps your photograph in her room, and I caught her kissing it the other day. Of course I told her she ought to know better at her age, she's nearly twelve now, only a year younger than me, and she actually said that she wished it had been you instead of your photograph, which I thought indelicate. And said so. Whereupon she remarked that she gloated, the fact being that we have both read "Stalky and Co.," which is bad for us. Still I thought you ought to know about ALICE in case you should come home without getting engaged to a Boer lady. Kind regards to BOBS.

Yours ever, TOMMY DODD.

DEAR LORD BOBS,—I think I must write and tell you how I am getting on my first term at skool. We havnt enuff boys in this skool to play at cricket mutch, so we play Britons and Boars instead and as I'm the littiest of all the boys and have a sham white mustarch wich I got out of a cracker at Christmas I am always you.



## MAFEKING NIGHT.

(Or rather 3 A.M. the following morning.)

Voice (from above). "GOOD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM! WHY DON'T YOU COME TO BED?"  
William (haskily). "MY DEAR MARIA, YOU KNOW IT'S BEEN THE RULE OF MY LIFE TO GO TO BED SHOBER—AND I CAN'T POSH'BLY COME TO BED YET!"

There's a big boy named JONES, he's rather a lout and I don't think he makes a very good KICHNER, but as he's so big he has to be him and after all one's Starl doesnt matter much does it and I always do everything myself just like you do. I have the onner to report that we defeeted the Boars hevilly yesterday and I hope to enter Pretoria the same day as you do.

your devoted Leftennant,

CHARLIE THOMPSON, Field Martial.

P.S.—I hope you'll send me an answer soon as I want to have your ortergarf.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—A telegram from "Our Special" at Newcastle, Natal, to the Times, on the 23rd instant, said that "the best celebration of the QUEEN'S Birthday will be a record day's work on the railway." And, later, when the news comes that the Royal Standard waves over Pretoria, then Newcastle can have another celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday, and the commencement of a new era in South African history, as the QUEEN'S Natal Day—with the accent on the first syllable.



## OPERATIC NOTES.



It is a great mistake, Messieurs les Syndics of the Grand Opera, to give two operas so nearly akin as *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria* on the same night. Long as is the interval allowed between the two operas—and the “wait between the acts” is so protracted as to be absolutely wearisome, especially on such an “early closing night” as Saturday—yet the first strains of the prelude to *Cavalleria* seem like a continuation of a leading theme in *Pagliacci*. Place a light opera like *Philémon et Baucis* as a *lever du rideau*.

Mlle. SCHEFF, as the gay but unfortunate *Nedda*, achieved an undoubted success. Her voice is not powerful, but her singing is as artistic as her acting, which is saying a great deal, as, dramatically, Mlle. SCHEFF is quite the best *Nedda* that has yet been seen at Covent Garden. Signor SCOTTI'S

*Tonio*, both before and behind the curtain, was excellent. M. SALIGNAC did not succeed in giving due effect to the light and shade of the pathetic part of *Canio*. Signor DADDI, as the undersized *Harlequin*—not a “Daddi Longlegs,”—sang well, and by his artistic performance gave considerable importance to a very small part of “shreds and patches.” As *Silvio*, the fascinating farmer, M. DECLERY was about as satisfactory as any representative of this gay agriculturist ever can be. Signor MANCINELLI, displaying hearty Anglo-Italian sentiment, conducted “*God Save the Queen*” with energy, and was warmly welcomed by an enthusiastic audience, as crowded as distinguished. The Prince and Princess of WALES and the Duke and Duchess of YORK, were present on that memorable Mafeking Saturday, when everybody was out and about in London, when illuminations were as brilliant as at short notice could be expected, when troops of youths, boys, girls, all variously decorated with red, white and blue ribands and rosettes, waving peacocks’ feathers, and embracing one another promiscuously as if they were engaged couples, as indeed they were for the moment, performing on trumpets, whistles, drums, cymbals, and other instruments of torture to the hearers, but of delight to the players thereof, were marching along the principal thoroughfares, where from every window, some bunting was displayed, or some national flags were flying. A noisy night for London, the proceedings smacking generally of *Kissengen*, and they didn’t go home till morning, with Sunday’s rest in prospect.

Monday, May 21.—Memorable for the *rentrée* of Madame MELBA, the most delicate Delegate sent us by Australia, and one who contributes so effectively to the harmony of the various component parts of our Empire. MELBA in excellent voice; but delightful as is PUCCINI’S *La Bohème*, surely the part of *Mimi*, the French seamstress, who sees so much of the seamy side of Parisian life, is scarcely worthy of our Melbourne soprano’s vocal gifts. The singing of Madame ELDER, correctly attired in the not too becoming costume of the period, was equal to her acting, and both were excellent. The special success of a generally successful evening was achieved by Signor BONCI as *Rudolph*, the poet-lover of *Mimi*. His song “*Chi son?*” in the first act, was as vociferously as unanimously encored; and throughout he was admirable. One thing he lacks, and that is “inches;” but as GARRICK when in a passion, was six feet high, so Signor BONCI, when putting forth

his whole vocal strength, goes up to any height, and comes down again safely when he has finished. Pretty to see MELBA, as “the frail heroine,” taking him under her wing, reminding us of the nursery rhyme about the lady who “Had a little husband No bigger than her thumb, She put him in a pint pot, And there she let him drum,”—but in this instance for “drum” read “hum.” Messieurs GILLIBERT and JOURNET were quite the gay and soft-hearted Bohemians of the impecunious Quarter where “No Quarter” is given, and M. DUFRICHE artistically doubled the very distinct parts of the landlord, *Benoît*, and the elderly amorous councillor, *Alcindoro*. The singing and acting of M. BEUSAND, as *Marcel*, the lover of *Musetta*, contributed not a little to the genuine success of the *tout ensemble*. To the excellence of the stage management, as evidenced in the arrangement, the perpetual movement and *verve* of the crowded scene in the second act, more than a word of praise is due. The opera is several sizes too small for a Grand Opera House, but its stage-management was worthy of the best days of the Augustan era. Nowadays there is no mention of any Stage Manager in the programme. “On their own merits modest men are dumb,” and, therefore, it is to be supposed that the programme is drawn up by the stage-manager, who carefully sees that his own name is omitted.

Tuesday.—*Faust*, with CALVÉ as the dark-haired quite un-Marguerite-ish heroine, but giving us an exceptionally strong dramatic rendering of the part. Habitues, expectant, are satisfied; those seeing this *Marguerite* for the first time “in amazement lost.” Mlle. MAUBOURG repeated her success of the opening night as the gifted and unhappy *Siebel*.

Wednesday.—Notable performance of *Rigoletto*, with Madame MIRANDA, a very perfect *Gilda*, Signor BONCI as the fascinating Duke, with the song “*La Donna*” heartily encored, and Signor SCOTTI, vocally and dramatically excellent as the unlucky Jester to whom life was no joke. Great enthusiasm after first and second acts, and the Shakespearian motto for the night is in these lines from *The Tempest*: “Admired MIRANDA! Full many a lady I have eyed with best regard, and many a time The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage Brought my too diligent ear”—but rarely has applause been more heartily and worthily bestowed than on this *Miranda*, to whom we give, as she did to *Ferdinand*, “our hand with our heart in it.”

Thursday.—Fine performance of *Tannhäuser*. Fräulein TERRINA charming as *Elisabeth* (syndicate fortunate in getting this Bet on), and SUSAN going strong as *Venus*. Herr BERTRAM as *Wolfram* (what a combination of savage and pugnacious animals in one name!) very fine. Good house. Prince and Princess present.

AN OPERA STALWART.

## DARBY JONES REFERS TO THE DERBY.

ONCE more, Honoured Sir, the Epsom Carnival is at hand, or, to be more correct, on Foot. Again will the Blue Ribbon of the Turf be sought for with all the Assiduity which Horseflesh can display, and again will your Devoted Henchman essay to give the Right Cue, with Exclusive Tip, to his Esteemed Patrons, many of whom, alas! are now donning the Imperial Khaki in lieu of the Racing Suit, as advertised by those Eminent Sartorial Purveyors, Messrs.—[No you don’t, D. J.—ED.]—whose Inventions are equally admired on the Hill, in the Paddock, and on the Stewards’ Stand. To select the Winner of the Classic Contest is a Task worthy of the Research of Professor MOORE, of Almanack Fame, or Miss MARIE CORELLI, the Friend of the Fallen Angel. Nevertheless, I will tune up my Antique Lyre and warble:—





The *Fair Rose* I will not be anxious to pick,  
 Nor the *Star* in my firmament place,  
*Jeune Premier* I fear is a bit of a stick,  
 But the *Dalesman* the *Gaul* may outpace.  
*Superlative* may not be chosen by me,  
*Jack Tar* with a wet sail may come,  
 But *Concealment* a *Foxhall* the Second may be,  
 And the *Northerner* harass near home.  
 But I fully expect coming into the straight,  
 The *Whiskeyman's* form will be strong;  
 But the pair who at Newmarket ran *Tête-à-tête*  
 Will be neck and neck going along;  
 If the *light blue* and *violet* fail in his stride,  
 Then the *purple* and *scarlet* will not be denied!

Such, 'Honoured Sir, is my Daydream.  
 May you be on your Accustomed Well-  
 appointed Equipage to lavish congratulations  
 on Your triumphant Vates,

DARBY JONES.

#### TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

SIR, you have had a deal to bear,  
 Contumely has been your portion.  
 Of hatred you have had your fair  
 proportion.

It has been yours remarks to hear  
 In accents the reverse of pleasant  
 From everyone at large, from peer  
 to peasant.

The East wind blew from zone to zone,  
 It gave us colds and pains rheumatic,  
 We had some cause to take a tone  
 emphatic.

But you have proved yourself to be  
 Not quite so black as you were painted,  
 Although as yet we shall not see  
 you sainted.

The air is warm, the sun has shone,  
 The former nuisance is abated,  
 At last, my friend, you are ex-  
 -erated.

#### A DERBY TRIPLET.

PAST. (Extract from a letter.) Had a most exciting day. Up at eight, and after breakfast took the coach. Such a crowd on the road down! Any number of vehicles. All sorts and conditions of men, women, children, carts, horses and dogs. Any amount of chaff. Then the race itself! Well, you will see a full account of it on Saturday in the sporting papers, so it will keep till then. I made a little money—which I subsequently lost in one of the gambling booths. We had lunch and etceteras. The result was that I came home at four in the morning with my hat decorated with Dutch dolls, and having a brass knocker in my overcoat breast-pocket. I have a very feeble recollection after 6 o'clock of anything, save we appeared to be driving on the pavement. Later on I remembered nothing, but if it comes to that, no more does anyone else!

PRESENT. (Telegram.) Train punctual. Luncheon satisfactory. Won the sweep. Home at seven sharp for dinner.



#### EPSOM UP TO DATE.

'Arry. "AIN'T YE COMIN' TO SEE THE 'ORSE RUN FOR YER MONEY!"  
 Cholley. "NOT ME! NO BLOOMIN' FEAR! I'M GOIN' TO SEE THIS COVE DON'T RUN WITH MY MONEY!"

FUTURE. (A Prophecy.) A man sat in an easy chair in front of a disc, and with the fork-shaped receiver of a telephone to his ear. His wife spoke to him, but he paid her no attention.

"You must give up that nonsense," she cried. "I want to ask you whether this letter will do to my mother."

As if in response to her appeal, the man put down the fork-shaped telephone-receiver, and turned away from the disc.

"I am at your service now, darling," he said tenderly.

"Why wouldn't you speak to me before? What were you doing?"

"What was I doing?" he repeated. Then he pointed at the disc and the telephonic receiver. "With their aid, my dear wife, I was assisting at the Derby!"

EVIDENT.—At the great gathering, to celebrate Her Majesty's Birthday, at Devonshire House, there was naturally enough the *Crème de la Crème*.





### THE RULING PASSIONS.

*Hair-dresser.* "ANYTHING ON, SIR?"

*Customer.* "RATHER! A FIVER EACH WAY ON DIAMOND JUBILEE!"

### PARIS BESIDE HERSELF.

(A purely imaginary description of an utterly impossible occasion.)

THE Rue Royale was thronged. From every house hung banners. The windows were open, and crowded with occupants who waved flags and cheered themselves hoarse. And yet it was nearly midnight.

On the omnibuses were crowds of people fluttering tri-colours and handkerchiefs. They sang songs and brandished their hats and umbrellas. All along the Boulevards the people yelled with joy. They formed themselves into processions and marched along with all sorts of trappings—some had fools-caps of parti-coloured designs, others false noses, all were delirious with joy. As the theatres emptied the audiences joined in the

cheering throng. Well dressed men and ladies were as demonstrative in their delight as those who had left the *parterres* and the upper galleries.

The Place de la Concorde was impassable. A compact crowd defied all attempts of the *gardiens de la paix* to make it possible for the carriages to pass. The traffic had to be diverted.

At the Hôtel de Ville the Mayor spent hours in haranguing the people. With wise forethought he had caused a transparency to be displayed giving the joyful news. The enormous crowd in front of the building danced with joy, and cheered and cheered and cheered again.

Then in the Rue de Rivoli perfect strangers stopped one another, shaking each other violently by the hand. Women kissed men they had never seen before

and would never see again. The songs, the shouts, the dances, the wild joy ran through the night into the early morning.

"How thoroughly French!" said an Englishman, adding in a lower tone, "and so entirely unlike our conduct in London when we heard of the relief of Mafeking."

### A VERY FREE TRANSLATION.

[*"According to a New York paper, the 'good fellow' girl has arrived in America."*—*Daily Chronicle.*]

CHLOE, once you used to fly,  
When returning home benighted,  
Did a hare but hurry by,  
Timid and affrighted;  
When above you rustling trees  
Happened with the breeze to flutter,  
Faint of heart, with trembling knees,  
Pretty little screams you'd utter.

Ah! but what a change we find  
Now-a-days in maidens' fashion,  
Now you move not in our mind  
Pity and compassion;  
Now at gentleness you scoff,  
On our own ground half way meet us,  
And at tennis, hockey, golf—  
Play with us—and sometimes beat us.

Now your shoes are—number nine,  
And their colour brown (or yellow).  
Now you think it something fine  
To be called "good fellow";  
And your arm, once delicate,  
Now is big and bare and brawny,  
And your skin, once fair, of late  
Almost verges on the tawny.

But (when all is said and done)  
Since you still court approbation,  
Take the wiser course, and shun  
Each exaggeration;  
We of Amazons are shy,  
Over-coyness causes tedium,—  
Ah! then, CHLOE, why not try  
To preserve the happy medium?

### NATIONAL ANTHEM.

I REGRET, Sir, that inspiration wouldn't come up to time or tune. In vain with wet towels constantly applied outwardly, and whiskey and water inwardly, I sat up the greater part of the night: in vain I cried "Come, Inspiration, lend thy furious aid!" I fancy the quotation is inexact: but no matter. I send you an instalment, and will continue it when the "fine frenzy" seizes me. Here it is,—to be sung by everyone, all together,

Honor et gloria!

Vivat Victoria!

On to Pretoria!

God save the Queen.

With that effort, Sir, I am exhausted. Ah, had I TUBAL'S lyre! But no matter; allow me to sign with a bit of a motto, that in one sense might be applicable to our Laureate,  
POETA NON FIT.





## BEFORE THE FALL OF THE FLAG.

THE FORTUNE TELLER. "LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN. I SEE TROUBLE FOR YOU AT HOME. YOU'RE GOING TO TRAVEL."







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 21.—FINLAY making first appearance on important occasion in his new rôle of Attorney-General affected almost to tears. It fell to his lot to wind up on behalf of Ministers debate on second reading of Commonwealth Bill. Evidently with greatest difficulty prevented himself from stretching out hands and arms towards either side and crying aloud, "Bless you, my children!"

It was, indeed, a moment of rare serenity. DON JOSÉ, with consummate skill, piloted Commonwealth Bill past rocks that threatened to stave in the good ship's sides. ASQUITH, following on Colonial Secretary's explanation of settlement with Delegates, struck high clear note. Business, he said, reflected equal honour upon DON JOSÉ and the Delegates. No carping at political adversary, albeit it chanced to be the unoffending DON. No attempt to make Party capital out of Imperial affair. Said the right thing in the right way. Gave a tone to debate,



"If I had the honour of belonging to the other sex, and was sitting in the Ladies' Gallery listening to the debate, I should feel a little sore at the language used by the lords of creation."

(Dr. F-r-q-rs-n.)

kept up till end. Pretty scene completed by faltering notes of the Attorney-General, the tear-dimmed eye, the arms spontaneously spreading out as aforesaid.

An hour of great triumph for DON JOSÉ,

modestly met. Lest it should prove overpowering TIM HEALY took the floor. Whilst earlier speeches going forward, TIM sat in corner seat with a volume spread out on its elbow. It was larger than *The Book of Hours*, and didn't look



WHAT THE WORKING CLASSES EAT;  
OR, THE MARKISS'S IDEA OF A PLEBEIAN TEA-TABLE.

like a missal. Debate died down. Speaker rose to put question that Commonwealth Bill be read a second time. TIM rose fondling the massive volume. It turned out to be collection of amendments moved on the GLADSTONE Home Rule Bill. "It's one of eight," said TIM, fondly regarding it, as if the rest were favourite nephews and nieces.

What he wanted to know was how DON JOSÉ, bringing in for Australia a Home Rule scheme, broader in its reach, more momentous in its possibilities, than that submitted for Ireland, had not adapted some of the amendments under which GLADSTONE'S Bill was smothered? A great deal was said then about maintaining the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. Not a word on that topic passed DON JOSÉ'S lips in connection with the Bill designed to crown the edifice of Home Rule in Australia. The colony was populated largely by Irishmen. Why might TIM'S kin at the Antipodes enjoy perfect freedom whilst TIM himself and all his suffering tribe were bound hand and foot—not to speak of being gagged—by a tyrannous Government?

"It just comes to this," said TIM, in mood of bitter reflection, "an Irishman must be transported before he can be trusted."

A hit, a palpable hit, enjoyed by none more keenly than DON JOSÉ.

*Business done.*—Commonwealth Bill read a second time amid loud cheers.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—There is a strange stratum of the Democrat in the MARKISS. When he isn't freezing an audience with the manner of a blue-blood aristocrat whose house was founded in the spacious times of Queen ELIZABETH, he is scalding it with the overflow of

indignation because of alleged slight to the interests of his brethren and sisters in the slums. In one form or other "the vision of the housemaid" is ever crossing his mind. She is to him, though of course in quite another way, what

BRATRICE was to DANTE. The daughter of the Florentine citizen inspired the *Divine Comedy*. The vision of the housemaid, whom the Shop Girls Seats Bill utterly ignored, brought up the Prime Minister in fine frenzy to denounce a measure fathered by a faithful supporter in the other House.

In Protean form the Housemaid, representative of the working classes, is always crossing the MARKISS'S mind. To-night Lord AVEBURY, our dear JOHN LUBBOCK of yesteryear, introduced a Bill propounding a scheme of early closing shops. Instantly there crossed the mind of the Premier the vision of "a poor woman going home from work, who had to provide her husband and children with bread, fish, oil, coal, candles, and—and many other things," the MARKISS hurriedly added, having got to the end of his imagination as to what a poor woman usually took home for tea. Contemplation of man's inhumanity to women made the MARKISS mourn.

"I observe," he caustically remarked, fixing his eye sternly on the Bishop of WINCHESTER, "that the restaurant, the cigarshop, the newsvendors, dealers in hot meats and spirituous liquors—shops, in short, which noble lords might desire to patronise after seven in the evening, are carefully excluded from the Bill."

The BISHOP visibly blushed. Spirituous liquors are of course out of his range. Evidently there crossed the mind of the MARKISS the vision of a familiar figure, with gaiters ineffectively hidden, dropping in at a pie shop after an unusually late sitting of the House, peradventure completing unwonted orgie by furtive purchase of a twopenny cigar.



The MARKISS's noble rage prevailed. AVEBURY, wishing he was safe back in the Commons, timidly took a division. Only sixteen peers and prelates ventured to follow him into the division lobby, seventy-seven trooping round the



An Authority on "Wire" Entanglements.  
(Sir Edw-rd S-ss-n.)

MARKISS as he went forth to assert the freedom of the citizen to shop after seven o'clock.

*Business done.*—In Commons SASSOON

made interesting speech in support of motion for inquiry into defects of Cable Communication. Prince ARTHUR, in most winning manner, coaxed him not to go to a d. vision.

*Thursday.*—If there is one quality more than another that shines in the radiance of the Irish character it is absolute impartiality. Striking instance leapt to light this evening. It appears that on Mafeking Day, Belfast, like rest of Empire, gave wings to joy. In course of mutual congratulation on deliverance of B. P. and his gallant men, theological difficulties naturally developed. Belfast can never forget the Boyne, nor keep the head of WILLIAM OF ORANGE out of its Memorials. Presently, forgetful of Mafeking, the boys were at each other's throats, one section howling remarks personal to the POPE, the other retorting with aspirations derogatory to the eternal welfare of King WILLIAM. Some heads were broken: many buildings damaged.

MACALEESE brought matter under notice of Chief Secretary, with inquiry as to amount of damage done to Roman Catholic buildings, and as to prospects of compensation. GERALD BALFOUR admitted the facts. The total amount of wreckage resulting from exuberant satisfaction at the relief of Mafeking was £42 9s. Here the Irish Members groaned, rent each other's clothes, and looked askance at JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg.

"Of that sum," continued Chief Secretary, "damage amounting to £21 7s. was done to the property of Roman Catholics, and £21 2s. to the property of Protestants."

House roared with laughter: but there was uneasy feeling in British breast that in no community on this side of Irish Channel would transitory discord on doctrinal points have been so nicely adjusted. A paltry balance of five shillings to the credit of the Protestants is not worth mentioning.

*Business done.*—Irish Members delivered long series of speeches denunciatory of

Local Government Board. Unspeakably dreary performance.

*Friday.*—Met King of SWEDEN AND NORWAY at Lady WIMBORNE's to-night. Most affable gentleman; only, in conversing with him, one hankers after a step-ladder.

"How is it, *cher TOBY*," he said, "that you never put me in *Punch*?"

"Well, Sir," I replied, "you see our



East Finsbury.  
(Mr. H. C. R-ch-rds, Q.C.)

pages are limited in size, and there's such a lot of your Majesty. The only way we could do it would be to put you in one week, say down to your royal watch-chain, with announcement that picture would be continued in our next. Process unusual, but so are your Majesty's inches."

"Ah," said the King of NORWAY AND SWEDEN, "I never thought of that."

*Business done.*—More Irish speeches and an occasional vote.

#### IN-DELEGATE.

*Enter* WOLMARANS, FISCHER, and WESSELS.

*Trio.* We are the Boer delegates, and we appeal to Europe to interfere on behalf of the Republics, and prevent England from sweeping away the charming system of government formerly obtaining at Pretoria, and annexing us.

*Europa.* Ah, yes, precisely so. How are you? Quite well? That's right. Enjoy your voyage? So glad. Nice trip, isn't it? Well now, I'm afraid I must leave you, as I've some rather important business on hand—going out to luncheon, in fact, so I must say good day.

*France.* Ah, *ce perfide Albion!* Mille tonnerres! *Revanche, Fashoda!* You come to us for sympathy against *les brigands Anglais?* Mais certainement! We you

embrace and kiss on both the cheeks—you come to our Paris, you see our so grand Exposition, you stay at our best hotel (paying your own bill there, well understood), you—eh, but what? If we interfere with England? But no. Although the Englishes are well beast, *vous savez*, they have the Fleet, they have the Army—*Enfin*, we do not interfere. *Au revoir, ta-ta!*

*Germany.* Interfere with England? *Donner-vetter!* *Sauerkraut und Lagerbier!* Also *Blitzen!* We will see you Fatherland first!

*Italy.* Non è interfero. Walkero. *Holland.* Takeje our blessingje. Der Hollander willje attacken der Englanders (in der newspapers). Loveje Oom and Tanta PAUL, but interfereje—? Nein, emphaticallyje, nein!

*Spain.* Interfero? Why? Also whato! *Corpo di Pyjama!* Every grandee in Spain would swear a grand D at the bare idea. No betto!

*America.* Wal no, I reckon not. The subject's all very well to "monkey" with, at election times, but I guess VICTORIA's more our fancy than Pretoria jest now, and blood is thicker than even a Boer's head. No deal.

#### PUZZLED.

ARE steamboats all a-going now  
From London Bridge to Kew,  
In spite of L. C. C.? But how  
We wish the boats were new!  
And what about the other boat  
From Paul's to Battersea?  
If once more all the lot's afloat,  
Then where's the L. C. C.?





(Continued from page 378.)

## PART. III.—The Workshop of the Fates.

## CHAPTER I.

THE summer and the autumn had passed away, De-

cember was well into its second week, and BRAITH-

WAITE, true to his resolve, was still living at Burnstone in Mr. HADDEN'S Vicarage. BAX, as NUTTY had sagely remarked, was precious little of a fool. His Eton training had given him a solid foundation in classical scholarship, and the loving care of the VICAR, who was a ripe and exact scholar, deeply versed in the ancient literatures, had during the past five months of serious work so shaped and widened his learning as to make him look forward with considerably less anxiety to his trips.

It must be acknowledged that BAX had done his share by working hard. Burnstone is a pleasant little village lying some two miles inland from the banks of the Thames, but it provides no swift and whirling round of amusements and excitements, calculated to distract an earnest student. BAX, though he kept a sculling boat on the river, never allowed his exercise to interfere with his reading, and thus earned the VICAR'S commendation and the gentle reproaches of Mrs. HADDEN, who opined that it was not good for young men to be for ever poring over books, and that she for her part thought Mr. BRAITHWAITE ought to be more in the open air. BAX, however, persevered, and MILLIE backed him up in his devotion to duty.

Between this young lady and BAX highly confidential and pleasant relations had been established. In fact I may as well state at once, and without any disguise, that they were heartily in love with one another. No word had yet been spoken, but both, as the day for BAX'S departure came nearer, had begun to realize the crowded, half-acknowledged joys, no less than the sharp, inevitable pains of the situation. But they were both young, and both were secretly convinced that destiny, having brought them together, could never be so churlish as to separate them for long.

I have said that MILLIE was a very pretty girl. A local poet, whom rumour identified with the curate, had addressed some stanzas to her in "The Burnstone Weekly Advertiser and

Agricultural Standard," and it had been generally conceded in select circles that the appropriateness and excellence of his sentiments had more than atoned for his occasional deviations from the strict rules of rhyme. The lines had been entitled "To M-LL-C-NT," with the added information that they had been "Written in Dejection," and the first verse, which I here quote, may serve as a sample of the rest:—

The pet of her parents, the pride of the Parish,  
All sorrows and griefs and solitudes vanish,  
And joy from her eyes doth her beakers replenish,  
When M-LL-C-NT H-DD-N appears.  
Her foot is the foot of a nymph, not a Satyr;  
Her smile is a triumph of mind over matter;  
And the Zephyrs come down from the sky to look at her;  
Her teeth are like diamonds—(De Beers).

Readers of this were informed in a footnote that the De Beers diamonds were "the best and whitest in the world."

There was, however, an *amari aliquid* in BAX'S *sons leporum* in the shape of the three Fates who had taken so strange a fancy for him. Not a week had passed since Henley Regatta unmarked by a visit from the three weird and embarrassing sisters. BAX never could tell when they would come; they gave him no premonitions, but suddenly, while he was reading, or sculling, or taking his meals, he became aware that they were present, smiling and nodding to him, and, if others were in the room, putting up gnarled fore-fingers to their shrivelled lips to give him to understand that he was not expected to converse with them. When they found him alone, they were garrulous enough, and always showed a deep interest in his classical studies, having made up their minds, as they assured him, that he was to distinguish himself. On the whole, however, though they were always perfectly invisible, and well-behaved, and benevolent, BAX felt that he had seen too much of them. He was unable to speak about them to any one else. Who would have believed him if he had said that he was in the habit of receiving CLOTHO, LACHESIS and ATROPUS? Besides, his delicate feeling as a gentleman instinctively revolted from the idea of mentioning to anybody these private visits of three single, if supernatural, ladies who talked so constantly and so freely of his good looks. Obviously he could not speak



without appearing to boast, and that would, of course, be shocking had form. So he bore his troubles in silence and longed for release.

For this second week of December BAX had accepted an invitation to shoot with NUTTY, whose father had a large estate with well-stocked coverts some twenty miles from Burnstone. "Come on the Wensday," NUTTY had written, "we're going to shoot the three last days of the weak and we ought to have good sport." BAX was conscious of having done good work at his books, the Vicar raised no objection, and on the appointed day BAX had arrived and had found to his joy that DICK CARTER was another of the guests. They had a cheerful evening, and on the following morning the shoot began.

Seven guns made up the party—our three friends, with NUTTY's father and three others, all good shots. The morning was crisp and clear, the trees were almost bare of foliage, the keeper was in high spirits—everything seemed to promise a great day. BAX, though a youngster, was an undeniably good shot, ready, quick and clean in his execution. It was well that he was so, for the coverts of Wilmington Court stand on a slope for the most part, and the birds that come out over the guns take no mean, inglorious flight, but soar high and bold—a despair to the fumlbers and the dull of eye.

It was the last beat, the sun was just sinking, and the beaters, a well-drilled, silent line, were coming through Bushman's Wood, which Mr. WILSON always liked to keep as a *bonne bouche* for the end of the day. BAX was forward with four other guns, and streams of pheasants had been coming over him. He had acquitted himself well, but the best was yet to come, for it was at the end of this beat and in his direction that the birds always flew thickest. He had just polished off a satisfactory right and left and was taking his second gun from his loader, when, lo, from the edge of the covert three female figures came slowly towards him. "Who on earth," he thought to himself, "are those three old scarecrows, and what in the name of all that's deadly do they mean by coming out at the guns?" He was about to shout to warn them of their danger when, in a lurid flash, he recognised his tormentors, the Fates! He gasped. A big bunch of rocketers flew over him. "Birds over, Sir!" whispered his well-trained loader. "Shoot, BAX," shouted DICK on his right. He raised his gun automatically and fired, but not even a tail-feather rewarded his effort. The next moment the three stood beside their favourite, and ATROPOS addressed him:—

"WILFRID, WILFRID," she said—they had become familiar with repeated interviews—"we have taken much pleasure in your skill, and trust we do not disturb you overmuch."

"Not in the least, not in the least; only too glad, you know," he muttered politely, but without conviction; "but if you would kindly stand behind me instead of directly in front I fancy I could shoot better."

The loader stared: he thought his master had gone mad to be talking to himself.

"There is to be no more shooting," retorted ATROPOS firmly, "KESSEY and CLOTTY and I have determined that this day has been sufficient for you. To-morrow you are to return to your studies."

"But, my dear Miss ATROPOS, it's out of the question. I've promised to stay two more days, and you wouldn't have me break up a shooting party. I assure you," he pleaded, "it can't be done. I don't know how it was in your time, but nowadays we don't do such things."

"Shoot, BAX; shoot, man!" from NUTTY. "What the dickens are you doing?"

"No matter," said ATROPOS, "we have seen to that. To-morrow you must depart."

"To-morrow you must depart," echoed her sisters; "but in the meantime shoot once more."

He did, and brought down the noblest rocketeer of the day.

"What were you up to, BAX?" said NUTTY, when the beat was over. "Why, you might have got a dozen, and you never let your piece off. However, that last one was a ripper, and no mistake. I'm glad you got it, old man, for I'm awfully sorry to tell you the party's got to break up. The Governor's just had a telegram brought out to him to say his uncle's dead—rich old party in the North, head of the family and all that—and he's got to go off to-morrow. He thinks we oughtn't to shoot to-morrow and Saturday, but he hopes you'll turn up again this day week to finish the shoot. Great nuisance, but it can't be helped."

So these unconscionable old ladies, as BAX miserably reflected, did not even stop at murder, for he couldn't doubt that NUTTY's great uncle had been sacrificed by them to serve what they imagined to be his interests. He was bound to admit, however, that they had shown great tact and consideration for his feelings in not forcing him to leave Wilmington Court without the shadow of a reasonable excuse.

#### CHAPTER II.

WHEN BAX arrived at Burnstone Station on the following morning he was delighted to find MILLIE waiting for him on the platform, with the old brown spaniel, Plato, in attendance. "Papa got your telegram all right, Mr. BRAITHWAITE," she explained, "and as I had to drive the pony-cart in this direction anyhow, I thought I might as well fetch you."

"By Jove, it's awfully good of you, Miss HADDEN. I'm afraid all these gun-cases and cartridge-magazines will be very much in your way. Morning, Plato, there's no room for you, old man; you'll have to run." Plato barked defiantly, and immediately installed himself firmly in the pony-cart, from which he was extracted only after a severe tussle and with some ignominy. He had no very high opinion of the station; no amount of diligent search had ever revealed the presence of rabbits in the waiting-room or amongst the stunted shrubs that bordered the platform. Yet he never omitted to draw the whole place in a thoroughly business-like way whenever he visited it. Like certain men who see foes everywhere, Plato cherished an eternal delusion with regard to the ubiquitous prevalence of rabbits and his own ability to secure them wherever found.

This drive was for BAX a memorable one. Never, he thought, had MILLIE looked so fresh and sweet, never had there been a kinder, a more irresistible light in her sparkling eyes. He began with the usual commonplaces, the number of pheasants killed, the reason for the break-up of the party, NUTTY's latest Nuttysism, and then suddenly, before he could realise what was happening, his heart seemed to swell and swell until it burst, and a torrent of broken, burning sentences poured out of his mouth. She must have seen how much he cared for her—he couldn't live without her—did she care for him at all?—he knew he was young, but his mind was made up—he could never change—would she marry him?—he would speak to her father at once—do let her give him a word of hope—only one word. MILLIE was driving; the pony feeling the reins slack went slower and slower and at last stopped altogether. Plato scrambled into the cart and wasn't even noticed. Then MILLIE raised her glowing face, looked straight and deep into BAX's eyes and nodded gravely. It wasn't much, but it was enough for BAX, who broke the peace of the country lane with a shrill shout of triumph. The startled pony resumed his plodding, Plato, sure that rabbits were about in millions, dashed out yelping into the hedge, and MILLIE drove on, remarking, with a happy laugh, that at present she wanted her left hand for the reins. When they arrived at the Vicarage she sprang out, rushed upstairs and flung herself into her mother's arms.

When his luggage had been taken out and the pony bestowed in the stable, BAX began to cool down and to realize things. He was the happiest man in the world—that he knew well enough; MILLIE was a darling—what had he done to deserve that she should care for him? But she did—that was the great



point. DICK CARTER must be his best man, of course, and NUTTY must be at the wedding and all the rest of them. The Vicar would marry them—no, of course he would have to give MILLIE away—but, by Jove, he hadn't asked the Vicar yet; and then he would have to see his grandfather and get his consent. What a nuisance all that was; why couldn't two people who wanted to get married just get married without all this bother and have done with it? Well—no time like the present. He would interview the dear old Vicar at once. Filled with this noble resolution he knocked at the study-door and went in.

The Vicar was sitting at his desk, with heavy learned volumes spread round about him. He looked very placid, very kindly, but also very large and strong. Somehow BAX felt that if only Mr. HADDEN had been a smaller, feebler man, the process of tackling him would have been easier. He hesitated with unusual nervousness near the door and tried to speak, but the words refused to come.

"Come in, BRAITHWAITE, come in and sit down," said the Vicar benevolently. "I was very sorry in a way to get your telegram, for I had hoped you would enjoy three good days of sport. But I'm glad to get you back; the house is quite dull without you. What, however, brought you away?"

BAX explained volubly.

"Ah, indeed; very sad, very sad. A great blow, no doubt. Did MILLIE meet you at the station?"

"Yes, Sir, she did. It was very kind of her to fetch me—and, by the way, I wanted to ask you——"

"Yes, BRAITHWAITE; I've looked up that point in the *Philebus* for you. It's really quite plain. If you assume that——"

"Oh, no, Sir, it wasn't anything about the *Philebus*—it was about MIL—Miss HADDEN, I mean."

There was a dead pause; the clock ticked soberly and slowly on the mantel-piece; Plato, always on the wrong side of any door, was scratching to come in. The Vicar settled his spectacles on his nose and looked blandly at BAX. "Yes?" he said interrogatively.

"Well, the fact is, Sir, that I've just asked her to be my—that is to marry me, and I thought you ought to know about it—and, well, that's why I've come to you. I want to ask your consent."

There was another pause, and Plato was still scratching.

"You may as well let him in, BRAITHWAITE," said the Vicar; "he'll give us no peace till you do. Besides, he's one of the family, and has every right to know what's going on." Plato was admitted, and curled himself contentedly at BAX's feet.

"My dear BRAITHWAITE," said the Vicar at last, "I admit I am surprised at this declaration. Nothing I have seen has led me to expect it. What does MILLIE say?" BAX said lamely but truthfully that MILLIE hadn't seemed to mind. "You are both very young," continued the Vicar, "yes, very, very young. I know what you are going to say, and I admit that you are old beyond your years. I think you know your own mind. I will tell you plainly that I am very fond of you, and I own that the prospect of binding you still more closely to me and mine is a pleasing one to me. MILLIE, God bless her, is my pride and joy"—BAX assented heartily—"and I would do much to make her happy. But—oh yes, BRAITHWAITE, there is a but—consider for a moment. You have been a pupil in this house, a very dear friend to me, I know, but still a pupil. Will it not be said that we were schemers who took—please let me continue, BRAITHWAITE—who took advantage of your youth to entrap you? And if that were said or thought, do you think MILLIE could be happy—do you think we, her parents, could be happy? I may be too sensitive on the point, but I feel it deeply. You are destined in the course of Nature to be the Earl of STILLINGFORD, MILLIE is the daughter of a poor country Vicar. If," he continued, with a humorous twinkle, "I were a Bishop, for instance, I could treat with you on equal terms, but Bishoprics do not come my way. I do not give you a final refusal, that

would be absurd; but I say take time. Consider the matter more carefully, and in the meantime let there be no hampering engagement. I ask this for MILLIE's sake as well as for yours."

BAX argued and vowed and protested in vain. The Vicar was adamant, and the young lover had to draw such comfort as he could from the fact that the Vicar had not definitely said No.

When BAX a little later told his story to MILLIE he found her very determined.

"BAX," she said, "you mustn't mind. I'll wait a thousand years if necessary. Besides, Mamma is on our side, and Papa is sure to come round. But, dear BAX, couldn't they un-earl you, or, better still, couldn't Papa be made a Bishop? The Bishop of Broadwell died the other day. Why shouldn't Papa be Bishop of Broadwell? I'm sure he's good enough and learned enough."

"By Jove," said BAX, "why not, indeed? I'll dash up to London to-night and see my grandfather about it. He's Prime Minister, and has the making of Bishops. Besides, I've never asked him for anything of that kind yet, and I don't see why I shouldn't begin."

So BAX, who was nothing if not quick and impulsive, packed his bag, and, without going through the formality of sending a telegram, left by the 5.30 for London.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN BAX arrived at Paddington about an hour later and stepped out on the platform, he was astonished to find himself received by one of his grandfather's footmen, who took his bag and conducted him to a comfortable brougham emblazoned with the Stillingford arms. There could be no mistake about it; he had often driven in the carriage and knew it well.

"Why, MEADE," he said to the coachman, "what on earth brought you here? How did his Lordship know I was coming?"

"I dunno, Mr. WILFRID," said the stolid MEADE. "Is Lordship's orders were we was to meet you by this train."

"I suppose the Vicar must have wired," thought BAX, as he got in. "Still it's a funny thing for him to have done. Can't make it out."

The carriage drove off, and BAX abandoned himself to pleasant memories of MILLIE, interspersed with nervous forecasts of his approaching interview with his grandfather. Suddenly he became aware that they had passed through a large gateway, and in another moment the carriage stopped. BAX looked out. The huge pile of gloomy building, with a sweep of steps leading up to the front-door, was certainly not Stillingford House.

"What's this, MEADE?" he asked; "where the deuce have we got to?"

"Beg pardon, Mr. WILFRID, 'is Lordship said I was to drive you to this address. 'E was very patiekler about it."

There was something strange about MEADE's voice, and BAX looked at him. No; it was certainly MEADE. There could be no mistake about that port-wine-tinted face and that stout figure. At this moment the front-door was flung open and an impressive butler came down the steps.

"You are expected, Mr. BRAITHWAITE," he remarked. "Will you please to follow me?"

More and more mystified, BAX did as he was requested. He went after his guide into a vast hall, up a broad staircase thickly carpeted. The butler paused before a door on the first landing, looked round to assure himself that BAX was following, and then, opening the door, announced in a stentorian voice, "Mr. BRAITHWAITE!"

The sight that met BAX's eyes as he walked in was certainly not calculated to remove his surprise. He found himself in a large room brilliantly lighted. A table, spread for dinner, stood at the further end. On it were huge, gleaming dishes of silver heaped with all kinds of hot-house fruit. Beautifully wrought decanters of cut-glass caught the light on their facets and reflected it in prismatic rays. The centre of the table was banked up with pink and white and yellow



roses of great size and extraordinary loveliness. The walls of the room were studded with little golden knobs and hung with curious festoons of fine wires. All these details he took in with a quick glance. Then a door in the wall opposite him opened, and three beautiful girls, draped in flowing silky garments, came slowly towards him.

It was a situation full of embarrassments, and so greatly did it affect BAX that with an unreasoning impulse he turned to fly.

"Stay, WILFRID," said the leader of the girls in a soft and musical voice, "you cannot depart as yet."

It was true. The door was closed behind him and, do what he would, he could not open it.

"But there must be some mistake," he stammered. "I haven't the pleasure—I mean, I don't know quite how I got here—I'm sure it's all a mistake, and you're expecting somebody quite different."

"Not in the least," said the girl, "we know you well, Mr. WILFRID ERSKINE BAXENDALE ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE, and we expected you here. In fact," she continued laughing, "we planned the harmless little trick that brought you to this house. We have power over coachmen and footmen as over all other men, for know that we are indeed the immortal Fates!"

"Good Heavens!" said BAX.

"Not always are we ancient and worn and haggard," she went on. "When one of our favourites has breathed tender vows into a maiden's ears and she returns his love, then it is permitted to us to see him once and once only in this guise. To-night we meet you again, but henceforward never again."

BAX's courage began to return. The girls were certainly very pretty, and as they seemed to be quite well disposed towards him, he thought he might as well make the best of the situation. So he advanced and shook them warmly by the hand.

"My dear Miss ATROPOS," he said, "you really must forgive me, you and Miss LACHESIS and Miss CLOTHO, but of course I didn't recognise you for a moment. How could I? I shall be only too glad if I can be of the least service to you."

"It is from us," said the girl, "that service shall come. For we can bend the inexorable minds of fathers, aye, and of grandfathers to our purpose. This room is the centre of our work. Press but one of these golden knobs and our commands flash out to the ends of this island. Over all the fields of life and activity we hold sway."

"By Jove," said BAX, "a sort of telephone exchange and kodak all in one. You press the button and somebody else does the rest."

An idea struck him:—"By the way," he remarked, casually, "do you ever do anything in Bishoprics?"

"How so?" asked one of the girls.

"Oh, you know what a Bishop is, don't you? An old chap who wears a low broad hat and gaiters. They put 'em in pictures with mitres and crooks, but I've never seen them like that. Now I particularly want to get some one made a Bishop."

BAX didn't really believe the thing could be done in this way. Still there was just a chance, and it wouldn't do for him not to try it.

"We think we understand," said LACHESIS, smiling slyly. "Come hither and your desire shall be granted." She took him into a corner of the room where there was a stand on which reposed a huge directory. She turned over the pages swiftly: "Here is the name," she said, "HADDEN, Revd. HUBERT EUSEBIUS, No. 246,709. CLOTTY," she continued, "find wire, No. 246,709, and give it to WILFRID."

CLOTHO found the wire in a moment.

"Take the wire in your right hand, WILFRID, and press this knob—it is the knob for bishopates—with your left. So."

Half incredulous, BAX followed her instructions. As he pressed the knob there was a pealing crash of church music, an invisible choir sang a few rolling bars of an anthem, and

on the wall above BAX's head appeared a transparency picture of Mr. HADDEN in a broad hat and episcopal gaiters.

"It is done," said the Fates portentously. "And now, WILFRID, let us to the feast. To-night we part for ever, but first, since you are weary, we shall offer you meat and drink."

Over the details of the banquet that followed BAX, the soul of candour, has always been curiously reticent. But we may be sure, I think, that even when pledging the health of his hostesses gallantly in their best extra sec Nectar, *curée réservée*, he did not forget MILLIE HADDEN.

\* \* \* \* \*

How he spent the intervening time BAX has never been able to remember accurately. He believes he slumbered peacefully in a room hung with heavy curtains, and he has a fleeting recollection of soft footsteps about his bed on the following morning, and of whispers that seemed to soothe him to sleep again. At any rate, on the evening of that day he found himself in a Great Western train as it stopped at Burnstone Station.

When he arrived at the Vicarage MILLIE met him at the door.

"Oh, BAX, you darling, how quickly you managed it!" she exclaimed in excitement. "Papa had a letter from Lord STILLINGFORD by the second post to-day offering him the Bishopric of Broadwell! Now we can get engaged at once. Oh, BAX, you are a dear! But, of course, I shall never tell Papa how it was done."

"By Jove, nor shall I," said BAX—and he never did.

\* \* \* \* \*

The *Times*, on the following morning, remarked in a leader that in recommending Mr. HADDEN for the vacant Bishopric of Broadwell, the Prime Minister had shown his usual independence of mere party considerations, and his sense of the merits of a very learned and distinguished man whose presence on the bench of Bishops would add strength to that body at a time when it was much needed.

But for BAX and MILLIE a paragraph that appeared a little later on was of greater importance. This announced that "a marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Mr. W. E. B. ST. JOHN BRAITHWAITE, grandson and heir of the Earl of STILLINGFORD, and MILLICENT, only daughter of the Revd. H. E. HADDEN, Bishop designate of Broadwell."

As a matter of fact, a month after the Classical Tripos list came out with BAX's name actually in the first class, the marriage was solemnised with great splendour in Broadwell Cathedral.

On the morning of this great day Plato was summoned to the room of his young mistress, who in the midst of her preparations could still spare a moment or two for her faithful dog.

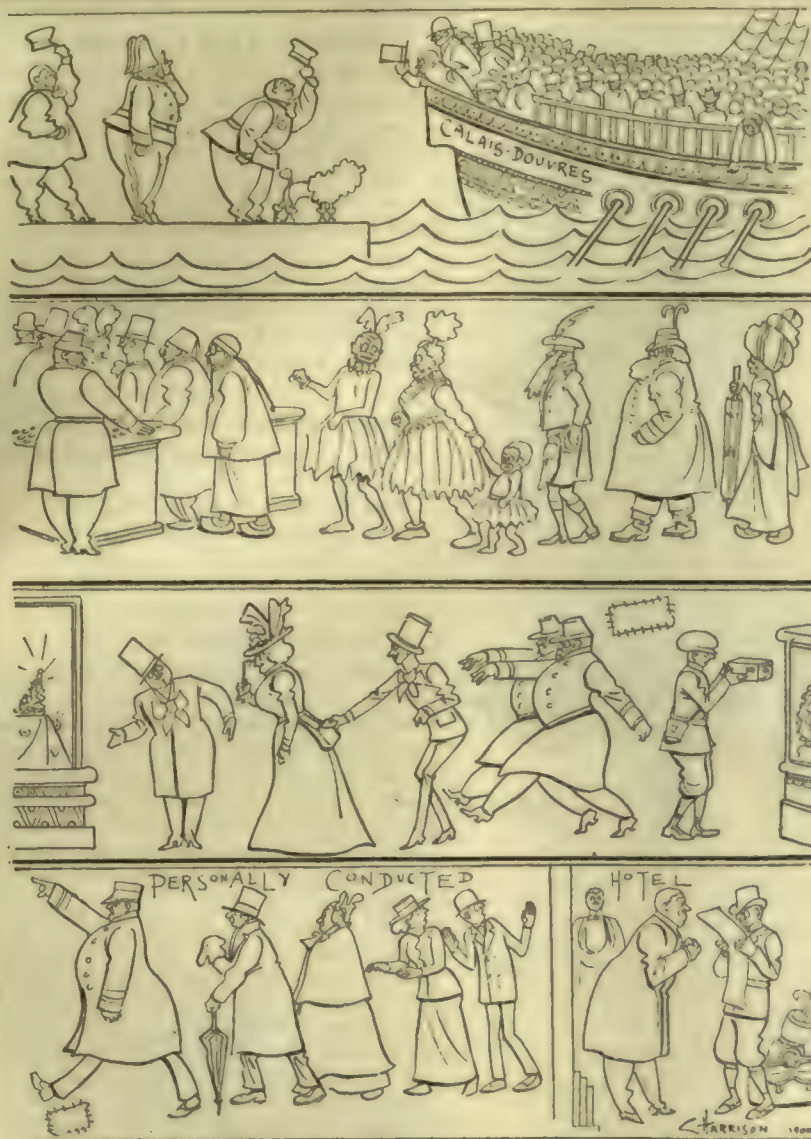
"Plato," she said impressively, "I'm to be married to-day, and then I'm going away for a fortnight, so you must promise to be a very good dog while I'm gone, and be particularly kind to Papa and Mamma. Do you understand, Plato?"

Plato wagged his stumpy tail pathetically: he knew that agitations and departures were in the air, and hoped against hope that, if his loved ones went away, he might be taken with them. "And Plato," she continued, "I've got a lovely bit of light blue ribbon for you."

Plato advanced, delighted, for he loved to have his neck bound round with ribbons. Thus decorated he was the first to welcome the newly-married pair as they came out from the Cathedral. If barks mean anything, Plato's barks meant that he approved of the wedding and considered the ceremony a success. Indeed, as NUTTY wrote to a friend, "it was an A1 show, the best marriage I've ever seen."

R. C. Lehmann





## TO PARIS AND THE EXHIBITION.

By Our Bayeux Tapestry Artist.

## MANUEL DE LA CONVERSATION.

## EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

## The Rolling Footway.

## Le Trottoir Roulant.

WHAT dust! This that I have swallowed, this that I have respired of plaster! I of him shall have well soon the lungs fulls.

Quelle poussière! Ce que j'ai avalé, ce que j'ai respiré de plâtre. J'en aurai bientôt les poudrons pleins.

Regard therefore my boots, and the yours also. Shes are absolutely whites.

Regardez donc mes bottines, et les vôtres aussi. Elles sont absolument blanches.

In going out of the Exhibition one has always the air of one plasterer. One should ought to carry one smock frock and of the wood shoes.

En sortant de l'Exposition on a toujours l'air d'un plâtrier. On devrait porter une blouse et des sabots.

More late, when all is achieved and that the gardens are rosed, one not shall be more incommoded of the sort.

Plus tard, lorsque tout est achevé, et que les jardins sont arrosés, on ne sera plus incommodé de la sorte.

Should be he possible of to find one part of the Exhibition without dust?

Seurt-il possible de trouver une partie de l'Exposition sans poussière?

But yes, in the Swiss village. By all he there has of littles Swisses, where one do of the ascensions, with of the picks in plaster, of the hills in cement, of the Alps in stuck.

Mais oui, dans le village Suisse. Partout il y a de petites Suisses, où l'on fait des ascensions, avec des pics en plâtre, des collines en ciment, des Alpes en stuc. Au To the sole Swiss Village one march on of the flats paths. It is very jolly. But it is enough far of here.

très joli. Mais c'est assez loin d'ici.

## AN EASY WAY OF DOING IT.

Nipkins. Yes, I could do with the place. It's just in the right position, and there ain't no grocers within a hundred yards of the house; but it's stocking that beats me.

Little Elsie (seized with a brilliant idea). Well, why not take the shop FURNISHED, father, and have everything ready to start with?

[Poor NIPKINS devoutly wishes that he could.]

## OPEN TO ALTERATION.

["There is a distinct slump in war stories."—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—A Publisher's Sanctum. To its occupant enter Author.

Publisher. Glad to see you, but thought we had better talk it over. You know our interests are identical. And really it won't do.

Author. What won't do?

Publisher. Why, your last story. It's quite excellent—like all your work—but really the public don't want any more warrior heroes, and, what's more, won't have them.

Author. Well, I will change my warrior hero into a curate working in the slums.

Publisher. I think that would be much more satisfactory. But then there are the battle scenes—most vivid and admirable in every way—but unsaleable.

Author. I can easily cut those out. I will work in views of Lloyd's and the Stock Exchange in their place.

Publisher. Yes, I think that would be—if you allow me to say so—a decided improvement. Then, how about that incident of the escape from the burning fort?

Author. Not in the least essential to the story. I will substitute a picnic in the hay-fields—just as interesting.

Publisher. Quite so. And the chapter about the raid?

Author. That can come out in favour of a description of a boot manufactory. Can I do anything else?

Publisher. Well, your title was first rate, but under the circumstances I think it would be better altered. "The Cannon's Mouth."

Author. Shall be changed to "LAURA'S Love Story."

Publisher. Excellent! With those modifications we should hit the taste of the public.

[Curtain falls upon a scene of mutual satisfaction.]





QUITE A HOLIDAY "PER SE."

**"SURE AS EGGS IS EGGS."**

(Fragment from a Military Romance founded on a Naval reality.)

"AND so you have surrounded the conservatory with cannon," said the Civilian.

"We have," replied the Military Man.

"You see, Kew is practically public property, and we can do what we please."

"But is there any precedent for this?" enquired the representative of peace.

"Certainly," was the ready response.

"Only the other day the Belleisle was made a target by the Majestic. Oh, certainly there is a precedent. But pray excuse me."

The General hurried away. There was a short pause and then a loud report. The Warrior returned to the Civilian.

"You will be glad to learn that the experiment is completely successful."

"What experiment?"

"Why, the experiment of pounding a conservatory with shot and shell. We have now proved, without the possibility of doubt, that when we fire at a conservatory point blank we break the glass."

The Civilian thought the matter over. At length he came to the conclusion that the Kew incident was preferable to the Belleisle matter. It was less expensive.

**NEW NURSERY RHYME.**

To be set to the tune of "If 'ifs' and 'ands' were pots and pans."

If pools were ponds

And geese were swans,

As simpletons might think;

Then ev'ry fish that failed to sink,

And ev'ry bird that wink'd in sleep,

And ev'ry schoolboy pert and pink,

Would be a mystic three-inch deep

Like Monsieur MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

**PUNCH THE PROPHET.**

ON Wednesday last, Derby Day, Mr. Punch, disguised as a Fortune-telling Gipsy, told Mr. KRUGER how he foresaw "trouble for him at home," and added, "You're going to travel." The next news from Pretoria, on Thursday morning, was that President Kruger had fled.

The war practically is over. A "consummation devoutly wished for" by everybody. Let us sing with one heart and voice "God save the QUEEN!" and "Three cheers for 'BOBS'!"

**THE HANDEL FESTIVAL 1900.**

AT Earl's Court the fair sex this season prevails,

And the Horrider Being outspans;

But at Sydenham there is a chance for the males,

Since the power controlling is MANN'S.

**WASTE LAND IN THE PARK.**

"WHY," asked the Intelligent Foreigner of his Well-Informed Cicerone, as they emerged into the Bayswater Road, after traversing Her Majesty's pleasaunces of Green and Hyde, "Why is it that in your great sport-loving Metropolis you do not cultivate the crickets, the footballs, and the hockeys on the magnificent grass areas of your not to be rivalled parks?"

"My dear Sir," replied the W.-I. C., "as a stranger, no doubt, the neglect to utilise these spaces for public recreation will seem to you extraordinary, but I must remind you that Custom rules everybody and everything in Great Britain. It is true that the verdant acres to which you refer might afford playgrounds to hundreds of cricketers and footballers, but Custom has decreed for years past that the turf shall be given over to the Loafer, the Ruffian, and the Blasphemer. These personages are protected by an uncoded bill of rights, and so, in the very heart of civilised London they are permitted to sprawl upon the grass, to drive respectable persons from the neighbourhood, and indulge in language which would freeze the marrow of a hardened policeman; yet, within fifty yards of their camping ground, you will find gathered together the richest and the most select society in the world."

"This is curious," observed the I. F.

"It is more than that," said the W.-I. C. who bore a suspicious likeness to a well-known philanthropist, whose name begins with P. "It is a degrading mixture of cant and dog-in-the-man;erness."

**A DERBY "DIAMOND JUBILEE" DAY!**

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES won the Great Race of the year. President KRUGER got a "run for his money."



## A FURTHER RELIEF!

*Bachelor Hero sings:—*

CHRONOLOGERS, I thank you  
This year with all my heart!  
As saviours will I rank you  
And bless your learned art.

Long months I baffled CRONJÉ,  
And kept his Boers at bay,  
While SNYMAN got his congé  
On one fine morn this May.

But now a real terror  
Confronts me on release—  
I think of HOBSON'S error  
In kissing without cease!

I have a sort of inkling  
How ladies lionise;  
*En masse* and in a twinkling  
They'd commandeer their prize!

*Umlala panzi*—namely,  
"Slit tight" 's my usual form;  
But though I've stood fire gamely,  
That corner 'd be too warm!

Then, WHITAKER, for ever  
My gratitude 's sincere;  
By your arrangement clever  
This year is not Leap-year!

## THE SHORT SERVICE SYSTEM: AN ANTICIPATION.

[An "Eight-Hours' Day" Bill, applying to domestic servants, has just become law in some parts of Australia.]

Jan. 1, 1901.—When I went into the kitchen this morning, I found JOHNSON, our cook, reading aloud from a printed document to all the other servants. Reading suddenly ceased as I entered. Enquired what it meant. JOHNSON said it was a new Act, which comes into force to-day, and seemed anxious to discuss it with me. Cut her short, as we have our New Year's dinner-party to-night, and the menu had to be arranged. Never knew before that JOHNSON took any interest in politics.

Jan. 2.—Dinner-party last night a fiasco. So annoyed I can hardly write about it. We had fourteen guests, including Uncle GEORGE, with whom it is most important to keep on good terms. No sign of anything wrong at first, but, as soon as they had handed round the fish, both JAMES and ELIZA disappeared. JOHNSON produced that Act of Parliament, and explained that they'd done eight hours' work already, and that, by this new law, they would be liable to imprisonment if they did any more. Endeavoured to explain situation to our guests; Uncle GEORGE furious, and went away to his club.

Jan. 3.—JOHNSON came to speak to me just now. She has found a clause in the Act stating that every domestic servant is entitled to three afternoons out in the week, and another forbidding any work to be done by them except between the hours



## A SPEEDY RETRIBUTION.

*Small Boy.* "ARE TICKET TER BAKER STREET." [Pays, and awaits delivery of Ticket.]  
*Clerk.* "IT'S A SHAMEFUL THING, A KID LIKE YOU SMOKING!"  
*Small Boy (indignantly).* "WHO ARE YER CALLIN' A KID? I'M FOURTEEN!"  
*Clerk.* "OH, ARE YOU? THEN YOU PAY FULL FARE TO BAKER STREET!"

of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. I suppose we must have a meat-ten at 4 o'clock, and cook some sort of supper—as well as breakfast—for ourselves. A cheerful prospect!

Jan. 4.—JAMES told my husband this morning that for the future he could not answer the front-door bell. "If you will kindly read chapter five, sub-section two," he said, "you will observe, Sir, that, under an 'eavy penalty, I am forbid to 'hexecute any task, horder, or commission of an 'hunworthy, servile, or degrading character,' which in my hopinion, hanswering that blessed bell certainly is." He was promptly turned out of the house, and we have a new butler in his place.

Jan. 5.—This morning JOHNSON pointed out what the new Act calls the "sliding-scale wages clause." Briefly, it provides

that after next quarter-day, wages are to be regularly increased by 25 per cent. each three months, with £30 as a minimum.

(Later). The new butler proves to be a Government Inspector in disguise. He has just arrested JOSEPHINE, my maid, for sewing a button on to my glove at five minutes past six—"after the statutory hour," he called it. He has taken the poor girl to the police-station.

Jan. 6.—My husband and I had a serious talk last night. As the result, he had decided to throw up his practice at the bar, and to become a coachman, while I intend to apply for a post as parlour-maid. In this way, thanks to this beneficent new Act, we shall have hardly a stroke of work to do, and shall be able to retire in a few years' time.



## AN EXPOSTULATION.

(Crescendo.)

["Canon FARMER said at Exeter Hall that General CRONJE was notorious for cruelty to natives. Old as General GRONJE is, would he dare say this to his face? No, no more than he would face a lion."—Correspondent in "Echo."]

I CRUEL to the natives? and notoriously so?

My good but unjust brother, I sincerely answer, No!

You should not make such statements thus at random and at large;

I earnestly and warmly plead not guilty to the charge.

It is galling to the feelings of a gentle Boer to hear

A venerable canon utter comments so severe;

Though far in St. Helena, on this lonely, barren rock,

At the rumour of the slander I confess I felt a shock.

What! I, the righteous CRONJE, worthless Hottentots ill-treat!

It's like your blessed impudence such libels to repeat.

A plague upon the insolence of gentlemen in black,

Who dare not say before me what they say behind my back.

Then only let me catch the man, or woman—aye, or child,

Who ventures for a moment to deny I'm meek and mild;

And as for that vile Rooinek wretch who dared to call me cruel,

Just let him come within my reach—by George, I'd give him gruel.

## OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, 20th.—Arrived very early for *Romeo et Juliette*. Never knew that curtain went up in middle of overture, discovering all the characters in the Opera grouped like waxworks in Mrs. Jarley's show. Regret absence of *Little Nell* to explain figures; not even little NEIL FORSYTH on the spot. The figures sing, like the four-and-twenty blackbirds in the pie; but they don't move: perhaps waxworks not sufficiently wound up, or machinery out of order. What they sing about impossible to say, as no reference to this effect to be found in my book of the Opera. Very effective. So Maitre GOUNOD hit upon this eccentric style of preamble to an opera before it

was partially done by the composers of *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria*. Clever composer GOUNOD. Then we get to the delightful, always delightful, opera, full of melody, full of action, with good musical chances for everybody. Madame MELBA as *Juliette*, the young girl of Verona only fifteen years old! just wonderful! Reminds one of the song of *Villikins*—

It is of a rich merchant in "Verona" did dwell.

He had but one daughter, an uncommon fine young gal;

Her name it was "Juliette," scarce sixteen years old,

With a werry large fortune in siliver and gold.

Singing perfect. *Romeo Suleza* good, rather overpowered perhaps by the very fine young woman with whom he has fallen in love. Rather miss Brother EDOUARD DE RESZKE as *The Friar*, but PLANÇON weighty, and melodious.

Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as the *Nurse*—Ah! nonsense, this isn't SHAKESPEARE'S old family servant, but simply a very well-preserved soubrette, who might recently have entered into the service of the Capulets as a kind of companion, or lady's maid, to *Juliette*. Why she should go about with a walking-stick is not at all evident: she doesn't totter, she doesn't stumble: she is as active as the youngest of 'em and lets the Capulet retainers know it too. And how sly! See her warily entering the *Friar's* cell. See her artfully leaving it at a hint from

*Romeo*, and see her smilingly re-entering just in time to be a legal witness of the marriage ceremony admirably performed by Frère PLANÇON representing parson, clerk, and choir all in one. There is a regular marriage ring in the reverent singer's voice that guarantees validity. Mlle. MAUBOURG nice as *Stephano*, but might make more of her delightful song. M. DECLERY a bit heavy; but GOUNOD has given him a twister in his setting of "O, then, I see Queen Mab has been with you," which is not by any means one of this composer's happiest inspirations. House crammed full. H.R.H. Prince and Princess of WALES, true to the Opera, have certainly given it great encouragement at a time that might have been so disastrous for the management. But news from "our friends in front" continues to be satisfactory, and probably there will be a big house for the *Flying Dutchman* whenever it may be produced, with Oom PAUL in the principal part. Great attraction for Cyclists from June 5 to June 9, when the first Wag-nerian Cycle is given.

## "SIC TRANSIT —"

JUST starting down Southampton Water in jolly old BIGHEART'S yacht, *The Collarbone*—or *Columbine*? I wonder which it is? Dear old BIGHEART, the best fellow in the world, and enthusiastic about yachting. So am I (theoretically, and whilst in smooth water). Try to act as nautically as possible, and ask Skipper at frequent intervals "How does she bear?" Don't know what it means; but, after all, what does that matter? Skipper stares at me rather helplessly, and mutters something about "Nothe-nor-east-by-sou-sou-west." Feel that, with this lucid explanation, I ought to be satisfied, so turn away, assume cheery aspect and with a rolling gait seize the topsail-main-gaff-mizen sheet and pull it lustily, with a "Yo, heave ho!"

The pull, unfortunately, releases heavy block, which, falling on BIGHEART'S head, seems to quite annoy him for the minute. We plunge into Solent, and then bear away for West Channel. Skipper remarks that we shall make a long "retch" of it (*absit omen*). He then adds that we could "bring up"—why these unpleasantly suggestive nautical expressions?—off Yarmouth. Not wishing to appear ignorant, I ask BIGHEART, "Why not make a course S.S. by E.?" He replies, "Because it would take us ashore into the R. V. Yacht Club garden," and I retire somewhat abashed.

Out in West Channel we get into what skipper calls "a bit of a bobble." Don't think I care quite so much for yachting in "bobbles." BIGHEART shows me all the varied beauties of the coast, but now they fail to interest me. He says, "I say, we'll keep sailing until quite late this evening, eh? That'll be jolly!" Reply, "Yes, that'll be jolly," but somehow my voice lacks heartiness.

An hour later I was lying down — I felt tired — when BIGHEART came up, and with a ring of joy in his manly tones exclaimed, "I tell you what, old man; we'll carry right on, now, through the night. We're not in a hurry, so we'll get as much sailing as we can."

... Then, with my last ounce of failing strength, I sat up and denounced him as an assassin.

\* \* \* \*

After passing a night indescribable, lying on the shelf—I mean berth—I was put ashore at Portland next morning. Should like to have procured dear old BIGHEART a government appointment there for seven years, as a due reward for what he had been making me suffer.







### VAIN REGRETS!

*Shade of the Great Auk (to Ghost of the Dodo).* "AH, MY DEAR, IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAD ONLY HAPPENED IN OUR TIME!"

[A convention between England, Germany, Spain, Belgium, France, Italy, and Portugal, dated May 19, 1900, has been signed at London, for the preservation of wild animals, birds, and fish in Africa.]





splasher (who prides himself on his slap-dash Impressionism). "DID YOU NOTICE MY LITTLE EFFORT?"

Friend. "YES, RATHER. WHAT A BEASTLY SHAME YOU HADN'T TIME TO FINISH IT!"

#### OBJECT LESSON FOR SKIPPERS.

(How to read a single-volume novel in a few minutes by sampling the pages.)

Pages 1 to 30.—The date was the present time, when— The scene was a happy English home, in which— ANGELINA was a sweet girl, who— Her childhood had been passed amidst— It was only natural that her cousin should— EDWIN, when he went to Rugby, found— Sir MALWIN MANSHOLME'S estate adjoined— RALPH had won the adjective "Black" by—

Page 40 to 60.—It was unfortunate that the heir to Mouldacres should— EDWIN, as the youngest son of Lord BLUE-MANTLE, was poor as— ANGELINA, who loved her father, was distressed when— "My dear father, I would do anything for you, but"— The old man wiped away his tears as he left— "It is not right that we should meet like this," said— "I would give my life for you, but there is something dearer than—" The moon rose in all her splendour when—

Pages 80 to 120.—"It was imprudent," replied her mother, who— And then, kissing the ring, she cried herself to— "I have come to ask you a plain question," said he, refusing the proffered— "I hated you at Rugby, when you got your cap before me; I hated you at Oxford, when—" The paragraph was as follows: "The 10th Grenadiers are ordered to—" "After all, my daughter's heart is—" It was the first time Sir MALWIN had spoken to his wife so— Her ladyship left the room and—

Pages 130 to 160.—He waved his helmet as the ship— "I am sorry," said BLACK RALPH, with— "Leave it to the future," murmured Sir MALWIN, as— "No news," observed Lady MANSHOLME, arousing— Poor ANGELINA tried to restrain her tears, but— "I must speak to you seriously," said— "Father! Father!" cried—

Pages 180 to 200.—The guns were ordered to the front, when— "A gallant deed!" cried the Colonel, as— "Only like all

the other fellows, Sir, when an Englishman—" The House was in a tumult when BLACK RALPH— He smiled bitterly as the cry "Who goes home?" echoed— "I call this persecution!" she said with— "I will bend her to my iron will," he muttered as— "How came you to be so cruel!" pleaded Sir MALWIN, taking— "It will break my heart, father!" she moaned as— "You have acted wisely, dearest," and she kissed her daughter, who—

Pages 210 to 250.—"I must, I will ride Demon," he cried— Next day there was a glorious meet at— The men in pink, the ladies of the shire in— The Master was in good spirits, for— Demon looked vicious as— They put him on a hurdle, and— "I wish I could live my life again," he whispered as— "Yes, I am home; did you not hear of my arrival? The papers must—" And with this frank avowal, she rested— "Lord BLUEMANTLE, as I now—" "I prize the Victoria Cross beyond all the—" Again ANGELINA'S approaching wedding was the talk of— Drop the curtain, put out the lights, our story is—

#### A BALLAD OF DISTRESSFUL EXIT.

I'M not thinking of our troth to-night  
Beneath the sighing trees,  
Nor calling back your glances bright  
When you returned my squeeze,  
The squeeze I deftly gave your hand,  
And thought that none could see,  
As we parted on the threshold, and  
You bade "Good-bye" to me.

I'm not thinking of the merry dance  
In which we led them all—  
"A romp," some sneered, with looks  
askance,

The wall-flowers on the wall.  
I'm not musing of the foaming wine  
In which I pledged your health;  
Nor bringing back your words divine—  
"We'll live for love, not wealth!"

I'm not feebly trying to depict  
Your charms upon my brain.  
My heart is just now derelict,  
My body rack'd with pain,  
For I'm thinking that your grand old sire  
Should be merciful in might;  
I speak with feeling—in his ire  
He kicked me out to-night!

#### ADVICE GRATIS TO PEOPLE ABOUT

To send cheques to charities—Do.  
To exercise self-advertisement—Don't.  
To write books worth reading—Do.  
To publish works with a purpose—Don't.  
To read *Punch* as a guide, philosopher  
and friend—Do.  
To send unsolicited "jokes" to 10,  
Bouverie Street—Don't.  
To remember that other persons exist—  
Do.  
To live only for yourself—Don't.





French. "Hullo, old chappie! Fallen in?"

Dripping Angler. "You don't suppose this is a perspiration, do you?"

### ENGLISH HISTORY FOR FRENCH SCHOOLS.

A Monsieur Punch.

MONSIEUR.—Vos compatriotes n'étudient l'histoire que du point de vue anglais. Ainsi les bandits de votre pays deviennent des héros, et les héros qui leur résistent—par exemple les vaillants paysans du Transvaal—deviennent des bandits. Les Nationalistes français ont changé tout cela. Un littérateur nationaliste a rédigé l'histoire d'Angleterre à l'usage des écoles primaires. J'en ai fait faire une traduction, par un professeur d'anglais, également nationaliste. En voici quelques pages. Etudiez-les, pirates d'outre Manche!

HENRI TROPPORT.

#### QUESTIONS ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

Who are the English?

They inhabit England, an island to the north of the Manche. The ancient English did wear no more clothes than some blue paint, and even to-day, in their language, they speak of "a coat of paint." The ancient inhabitants did worship the mistletoe, and this superstition still exists, for the English suspend the mistletoe in their houses at Christmas.

Are the English warriors?

They are rather pirates. Going out from their island, they have seized the most rich countries in the world, by example Canada, the Oriental Indias, Gibraltar, Maurice Island, and Australia.

Have they ever been vanquished?

Many times. The first time by JULES CESAR, who landed on the coast of Sussex at the head of an army of brave French, called at that epoch Gauls, and subjugated the English. The half of England became a province of Roman France.

Who was the second victor?

JULES AGRICOLA.—His army penetrated to the mountains of

the north of England in the barbarous province called Scotland. Then all England, comprising Scotland and the Island of White, became a province of France.

And after that?

The revolutions of the English forced the French and their friends and allies the Romans to retire. Then there was being a long period of anarchy, called the Heptarchie, from the English saying, "To be at six and seven." The chiefs of the English were ALFRED, formerly as it appears a baker of cakes, his wife BODICÉE, and his grandson HAROLD.

Who was the third conqueror of England?

Again a Frenchman, GUILLAUME, Duc de Normandie. He debarked on the coast of Sussex, vanquished HAROLD at the town named since Hasting—that is to say "Hâtant," because the English ran away so quick—and pursued the enemy in flight to Backs Hill. "Colline des Dos," because there the brave French saw only the backs of the English. H. D. B.

#### THE PLACE TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY!

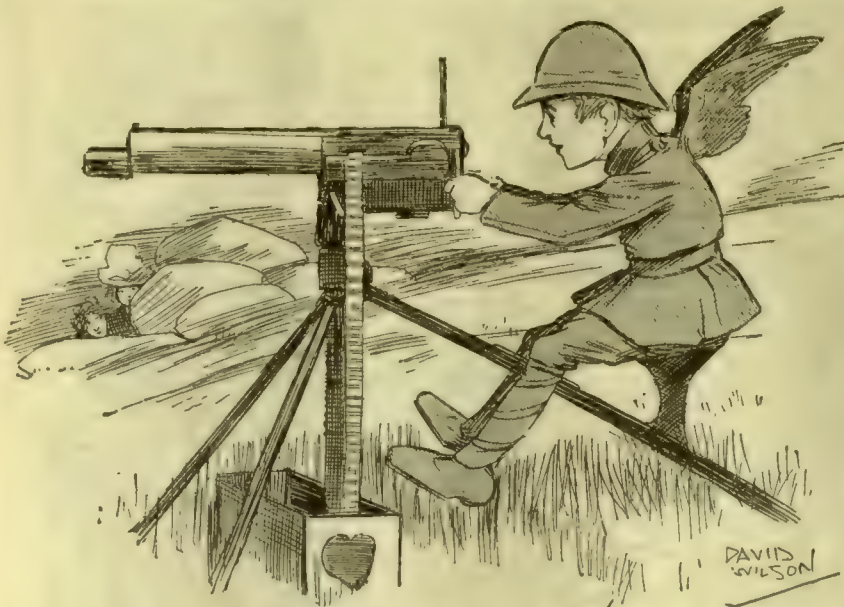
SEE the following advertisement in the Scotsman:—

**CREMATORIUM, WESTERN NECROPOLIS, MARYHILL**—Incinerating Apparatus will be lighted for the inspection of visitors to-morrow (Queen's Birthday Holiday).

Who would go gadding around the theatres and music-halls, or Mafficking in the streets on a public holiday, when there is a pure, clean, well-aired and well-warmed crematorium in full blast in the neighbourhood to be visited? Perish the thought, indeed! The incineration is too pre-woking.

**WAITING FOR ORDERS.**—The distinguished officer whose work entirely depends on the success of Lord ROBERTS is "General Election."





### L'AMOUR EN KHAKI!

#### THE WANDERINGS OF A PEACE MISSION.

*Amsterdam.*—Land at last. Thought we should never get here. Worse than being sent to St. Helena. Voyage equally rough, and longer. FISCHER awfully sea-sick. Comforted by the contents of a bundle of continental newspapers thoughtfully sent on board by honest LEYDS as we entered the harbour. All speak most enthusiastically of us and preach the glorious, if unremunerative, duty of Intervention. French press calls on the government to help two sister Republics—ah, that *esprit Gaulois*!—German press pants to assist its “kinsmen” across the sea, while the press of Russia exceeds everything in its friendliness and is even anxious that the ridiculous Munnik should blow Johannesburg to smithereens. Not many mining shares held in Russia. As for Belgium, its sentiments are quite effusive. Not for nothing has honest LEYDS drawn his £700,000 of Secret Service money. This gallant little state, whose integrity, by the way, is guaranteed by England—funny that!—is evidently quite prepared to place its sparse legions at our disposal. Austrian references too are most sympathetic. To-morrow we are to have an interview with the QUEEN of HOLLAND. No harm in tackling the Small Powers before nobbling the Great. Honest LEYDS has great faith in Holland.

*The Hague.*—We have had an interview with the Queen. She was most kind and gracious; took us to the palace windows, and showed us a charming view of the Scheldt. Presently FISCHER mentioned the subject of intervention. Her Majesty, however, appeared not to hear him, and continued to enlarge on the beauties of

the landscape. Finally, just as I was working round to the subject myself, our audience somehow came to an end and we bowed ourselves out. Disappointing, I must say. Can honest LEYDS have deceived us? But no. I do wrong to distrust him. Paris to-morrow. The sister Republic will welcome us, I know.

*Paris.*—Reception most gratifying. Railway station full of obscure journalists assembled to welcome us. Such a welcome from the humbler classes of the community warms the heart. To-day we are to have a look at as much as is ready of the Exhibition. To-morrow we interview the President. The newspapers assure us that intervention is certain.

*Paris. Next day.*—We have seen the President. Most civil and cordial. He took us to a window and showed us a beautiful view of the Champs Elysée. Again FISCHER was the first to introduce the topic of intervention. Afraid he must have been a little tactless, for the President was obviously put out. He then showed us a distant view of the Arc de Triomphe. When, however, he must have been on the point of referring to the topic nearest our heart and his, someone interrupted us and we had to make our adieux. It was very unlucky. However, Berlin to-morrow, and “our kinsmen.” LEYDS is convinced that Berlin will intervene, or why that telegram?

*Paris, later.*—We are still here. A semi-official Berlin paper has announced that a visit from us would be inopportune, and that the idea of intervention is out of the question. Such is the Reptile Press! A similar hint appears in the Russian newspapers. Very odd! Have sent for that fellow LEYDS to explain, but he declines to come. Says we'd better

be off to America by the first boat. They're panting to intervene. Tammany has sworn it. We sail to-morrow.

*New York.*—Another terrible voyage! But our reception a triumph. All sorts of people we have never heard of shook us warmly by the hand. Such a welcome from quite unknown people shows how deeply the nation is stirred. We are to address a meeting at the Opera House on Sunday. We would rather have made it a week-day. It may shock KRUGER. But political exigencies must prevail.

*New York, later.*—Opera House meeting unanimous. Never was such a flood of sympathy. We go to Washington to-night, and interview the President to-morrow.

*Washington.*—Saw the President at the White House. He assured us that Washington was a beautiful city, and taking us to a window showed us a view of the Potomac. FISCHER, rather tired of views, mentioned the name of Kruger. No tact! President said he had every sympathy with Republics—he laid a curious stress on the word—and was always glad to hear of wars ceasing. Could he show us a view of the Capitol? This passion for landscape, which appears to possess the rulers of both hemispheres, seems almost flip-pant. KRUGER cares nothing for natural scenery. Ventured to hint as much. Suggestion not well received. Finally we left. Called at a telegraph office on our way and sent message to LEYDS, calling him a liar, a ruffian, and a sweep. Asked, in a postscript, where we shall go next.

*Washington, later.*—LEYDS replies by telegraph, “Can't say. KRUGER bolted. Address uncertain. Never sent me a hint. Keep your temper.” What's to become of us?

#### CARNIVALS AND TOGAS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Who shall say that we are not a gay and joyous people? I have within the last fortnight attended three Patriotic Carnivals, in three different parts of the Metropolis, and have been regaled with khaki warriors, Britannias, Krugers, Armoured Trains and “Absent-minded Beggars” in all sorts of garb by the mile. But these items were not those which, for the most part, diverted the B-P. of London as distinct from the B-P. of Mafeking. The B-P. of London, I have discovered—in company, I presume, with many other spectators—delights in giving practical effect to its Patriotism by tickling the noses and ears of fellow-citizens with the tail feathers of the versatile peacock, by bombarding unsuspecting females with showers of battling paper-confetti and by assaulting complacent spectators with infernal machines known as “Cronje's Ticklers” and “Kruger's Whiskers,” interspersed occasionally with diabolic hydraulic inventions known as “Ladies' Tormentors.”



I am not one of those who object to the Pleasures of Patriotism. I rejoice in illegitimate means for promoting legitimate conviviality, but I would venture to suggest that on the occasion of every Great National Holiday due notice should be given to all lookers-on at these outbursts of enthusiasm to be suitably attired.

In the good old days of the Roman and Florentine Carnivals, strong wire masks and protective cloaks were worn by those taking part in the frays either as belligerents or "near and dear friends."

Having returned from the Festival of St. Pancras with my hat plastered with (apparently) damp violet powder, my back covered with miniature Union Jacks, and my trousers encircled with tricolour streamers, to say nothing of my beard filled with various hued morsels of paper, I distinctly advocate the general use, under similar circumstances, of Defensive Armour. Let it be made of *papier-maché*, khaki-coloured if you will, patriotic in sentiment but practical in form. Stout brown paper costumes, called "Masekings," would have enormous sale. Let the manager of RICHARDSON'S Show—I mean the D. T. Show—look to this suggestion. Your obedient Servant,

P. P. MAURY-TEWRUS.

Flag Point, Rosherville-on-Thames.

#### A LITTLE COMPARISON.

(Dedicated to those who believe in the Boer.)

(See the Daily Telegraph of May 29.)

THE British prisoners—

Are herded like Kaffirs or cattle in the open, in an insanitary camp, at Waterval.

If ill—and there are nearly two hundred down with pneumonia and typhoid—they are permitted to crowd into an unfloored tin shanty and nurse themselves as best they can, there being no doctor.

They are fed on potatoes covered with white lime, varied with mouldy biscuits.

They are in rags, unshod, and, if Colonials, treated like felons.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Boer captives—

Have been favoured with a free excursion to the health-giving islands of Ceylon and St. Helena.

Are comfortably quartered in pleasant surroundings, each one, like a little Napoleon, relieved of the necessity of fighting further in a lost cause.

Are fed like Tommy Atkins, and tenderly cared for on the slightest symptom of illness.

Are clothed at the expense of the Government, and taught to read, write—and wash.

Have their ideas generally enlarged, and live like fighting cocks, with monuments, when they die, like that to VILLEBOIS, "Slain on the field of honour!"

Continental papers, please copy!



#### HARD LINES!

"JUST MY LUCK! THIS SORT OF THING ALWAYS HAPPENS JUST WHEN I'M INVITED TO A PARTY!"

#### SAGE SUGGESTIONS TO THE L.C.C.

*For the Management of the Thames Steamboats.*

THAT the vessels should run express from Battersea to the City without wasting time en route.

THAT the vessels should stop at all intermediate stations between Chelsea and London Bridge for the benefit of the artisan.

THAT the best brands should be obtainable in an excellent restaurant.

THAT the catering (if any) should be conducted on strictly temperance principles.

That penny fares should be two pence for the benefit of the ratepayers.

That penny fares should be a half-penny for the convenience of those exempt from municipal taxation.

That bands by day and illuminations by night should be supplied to render the boats popular.

That no distraction should be permitted to detract from the business-like and useful.

And (most important of all) that there should be a private tramway from the Temple Pier to 10 Bonverie Street.





*Visitor.* "AND HOW IS THE RESTORATION FUND GOING ON, MRS. Lychgate?"  
*The Rector's Wife.* "I'M SORRY TO SAY IT'S GOING ON MOST UNSATISFACTORILY. WE'VE TRIED EVERY CONCEIVABLE MEANS OF GETTING THE MONEY HONESTLY, AND FAILED; AND NOW THE RECTOR SAYS WE MUST TRY WHAT A BAZAAR WILL DO."

### ON A NEAR PROSPECT OF DISSOLUTION.

*Any Liberal to any Tory.*

[*"There is talk of the Government making an early appeal to the country before the war-fever has abated."*—*Daily Paper.*]

AND is the end so soon to come?

And are you quite resolved to die?  
 Must those endearing lips be dumb  
 Approximately in July?

We knew, of course, your lot was cast  
 In narrow limits; well we knew  
 You could not permanently last,  
 Not even if you wanted to;

And yet we had a sneaking hope  
 You would elect to die of rust;  
 Would take your full allotted scope,  
 And not collapse before you must.

But you would fain forestall the day,  
 And rank among the noble dead,  
 Men who refused to fade away  
 By force of dotage on a bed!

Between the sheets you would not lie  
 Under the gaze of hireling mutes,

But out beneath a blazing sky,  
 And, like a hero, in your boots;

And so attain the warrior's meed  
 Ere yet your prime of strength is gone,  
 Soaring on some Valkyrian steed  
 With all your khaki-harness on!

But what of us? Ah, dearest friend,  
 In calmer hours you will confess  
 This passion for a bloody end  
 Betrays a certain selfishness.

We looked to watch your lingering throes,  
 Soothe you with songs of plaintive  
 mirth,

Be near to certify the close,  
 And see you safely under earth.

But if upon the victor's field  
 The final dissolution came,  
 If there your glorious fate were sealed  
 Amid a nation's clear acclaim;

If (I repeat) on fighting ground  
 You fell heroically dead—

What sort of use could then be found  
 For Pity's arms beneath your head?

And should the Public sing your praise  
 With indiscriminating breath,  
 Exhibiting a partial craze  
 For such as die a soldier's death—

Lost in the general loud applause,  
 How could discerning Love dilate  
 On those engaging little flaws  
 That only friends appreciate?

But if, upon the other hand,  
 You died by doddering age outworn,  
 Husbanding life's last grain of sand,  
 Bankrupt, discredited, forlorn;

Begging for day-to-day supplies,  
 Too poor to find the sexton's fees,  
 Facing the quest of curious eyes  
 With incoherent repartees;—

Then Love should ease your gurgling  
 throat,  
 And hover round your crumbling clay,  
 And fan your cheek and take a note  
 Of anything you had to say.

And should the Public (which forgets  
 Its saviours when the need is past)





“HOOP-LA!”

JOCKY (to the Premier Equestrian). “NOW’S YOUR TIME, GUV’NOR!”

“The War is practically over. The British flag is by this time flying at Pretoria.”—*Times*, May 31.







Only recall dishonoured debts  
And pledges scattered down the blast;  
Then we would praise our dear deceased,  
Using the following refrain:  
"We do not hope—just now, at least—  
To look upon his like again!" O. S.

### MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

#### II.—Not the only "W. A."

[Had not the following dramatic *critique* been sent to this office, we might have imagined it was intended for a more worldly destination. It is evidently a stray shaft from the bow of some unknown archer.]

I MUST admit to a feeling of surprise that more notice should not have been taken of a most remarkable character study now being presented at the Pavoli Theatre of Varieties by a certain Mr. DAN LENO. I am not certain as to the nationality of this gentleman—except that he is far too clever to be purely British—though fancy, from his name, he must be an Italian, with possibly a strain of Jewish blood in his veins. However that may be, his performance is of quite remarkable merit. I went to the Pavoli, as is my

wont, not to seek mere amusement, or to experience that gross pleasure that so many dearly love — of seeking some external aid to the process of digestion. I went for intellectual analysis; to dissect the sophistries of theatrical art; to be stimulated by the oxygenising effect of some subtle conception or daring phase of complex psychology.

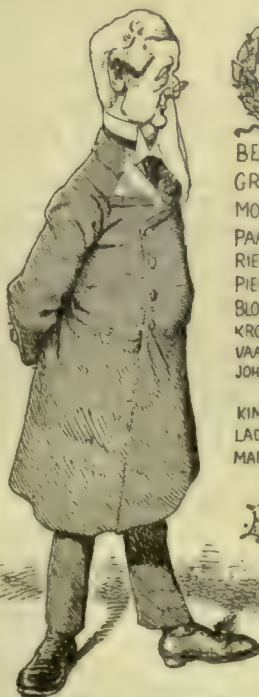
Mr. DAN LENO satisfied my requirements. I will not say fully: no one ever trod the boards who completely satisfied my artistic sense of fitness, but he was notably excellent. He appeared as an eccentric Professor of Anatomy. He was greeted with foolish laughter by those to whom any departure from the normal, any subtle study of character, is a cause of senseless merriment. Mr. LENO properly rewarded the foolish demonstration with a stony stare of contempt. I was particularly pleased with his appearance; the tangled mass of hair; the hectic colouring on the face; the restless movements, betokening—within a frame of slight physique—an exuberant mental vitality. The touch of grotesque abruptness with which he drew his diagrams was (so I

thought) a subtle and admirable way of suggesting his agreement with LOMBROSO's theory respecting the propinquity between insanity and genius. Even in his diagram of the human skeleton there was a want of pedantic accuracy—particularly in dealing with the ribs and lower limbs—which showed how he meant the Professor, with all his learning, to be an idealist—a kind of visionary (such as ISEN would have delighted in), one feverishly anxious to suggest improvements. The tone of enthusiastic self-confidence with which Mr. LENO, as the Professor, advanced his fanciful theory about the advantages which would accrue had the calf of the leg been on the front and not the back of the leg was almost sublime. The tragic earnestness of his demeanour when arguing for the desirability of having eyes on the top of the head (so convenient, as he said, when passing under ladders) was a rare objective presentment of egoistic emotion. Finally, his wild snatch of song about the varieties of bone was an Ophelia-like touch I most warmly commend. Truly a most convincing performance.

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Tuesday, May 20, 2.45 A.M.—House just broken up for the holidays, every man



BELMONT  
GRASPAN  
MODDER  
PAARDEBURG  
RIETFOONTEIN  
PIETERS HILL  
BLOEMFONTEIN  
KROONSTADT  
VAAL RIVER  
JOHANNISBURG

KIMBERLEY  
LADYSMITH  
MAFEKING

*Edy*

"POWELL OF ENDLESS FAME."

(Alfred Austin's Poem on "Mafeking.")

The idea that the Laureate referred in this phrase to a mere Major-General now in South Africa is plainly erroneous. He had in his mind, of course, the Moltke of the British Army, Mr. P-w-l-i W-ll-ms.

going home "wropt in myst'ry." What was the "incident at Peckham on Sunday" to which SANDY'S alluded? When questions were over the gallant COLONEL drew himself up to his full height, made as though he would salute the SPEAKER, and said in thrilling tones, "I beg to put a question, of which I have given the First Lord of the Treasury private notice, with reference to an incident at Peckham on Sunday."

PRINCE ARTHUR started. Those sitting near him say he grew pale to the lips. COLONEL resumed his seat. PRINCE ARTHUR made no sign of rising. Was evidently shirking the incident, whatever it might be. Members below gangway opposite, scenting mischief, cried out, "Read! Read!"

"I didn't know I was permitted to read the terms of a question," the COLONEL said.

Ever ready to oblige, he now produced a sheaf of manuscript. In deliberate fashion went through the bundles of which it was composed, selecting the bulkiest. Strained attention of House increased. Now they would learn all. But the COLONEL couldn't find his eyeglasses. Feeling himself all over with one hand, he failed in the anguished search. Put down the manuscript, and with both hands free resumed the track. At length he found his glasses; apparently got mixed up with his braces. To extricate them was a matter of delicacy, occupying what seemed minutes. Glasses all right, felt he might read the question. Picked up manuscript, found it was the wrong one. Went over the heap again; secured the right document. At last disclosure would come.

The COLONEL, slowly reading, had not concluded preamble of his question when the SPEAKER was on his feet with stern cry of "Order!" "That is a question," he said, "which ought to be handed in at the table."

The COLONEL flopped down, carrying his



The Question that Failed.  
(Colonel S-andy's.)

secret with him. *L'affaire Dreyfus* has led to occasionally dramatic scenes in French Chamber; the incident at Peckham runs it pretty close.

SAM SMITH, looking in from the music-halls, brought some wholesale charges of



ritualistic practices in voluntary schools and training colleges. PRINCE ARTHUR, recovering from the almost paralysis in

SAMUEL as if he were some new, strange species of butterfly, "and have always failed."



THE ELUSIVE FLINT-MOTH.

(*Heterodoxia lugubriosa.*)

"I have always wished to pin the honourable gentleman to facts, but I have always failed."

Mr. Balfour in reply to Mr. Samuel Smith.

which "l'incident Peckham" mysteriously threw him, mightily whacked the meek head of SAMUEL. Admitted he is earnest and sincere in the course he advocates; but he is credulity itself.

"I have always tried to pin him to facts," said PRINCE ARTHUR, regarding

Pity GEORGE WYNDHAM didn't speak up when he made answer to Redmond cadet. Having replied to question as to the total of British forces in South Africa, REDMOND in his bumptious manner said, "Can the Hon. gentleman tell us how many Bores there are?"

"I certainly know of one," the Under Secretary murmured, smiling at Redmond cadet. Unfortunately no one but the member for Sark caught the neat reply.



A nice little Savory to finish up with.

(Sir J-s-ph S-v-ry.)

Business done.—House adjourned for Whitsun Recess. Meet again on 14th of June.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"THE book has run to far greater length than I could wish." Thus Mr. MOLTENO in the preface to his *Life and Times of Sir John Charles Moltene* (SMITH, ELDER). It is probable that the public will, with my Baronite, share the wish. If one of the bulky volumes had served the biographer's pious purpose it would have been well. He has been drawn on by wealth of material to make the life of his subject a thread in the history of the Cape Colony. If that situation be accepted, all is well. No fuller or more minute history of the growth of South Africa under the fostering, though not always well directed, hand of the British Empire exists. The story goes back for nearly sixty years, opening with a description of life in and near Capetown in those remote days. The difference is vividly marked by the simple statement that in 1840 young MOLTENO, visiting Beaufort West, travelled in an ox-wagon for twenty days by a pathless veldt, over trackless mountains, across unbridged rivers. To-day the journey is made by rail in as many hours. To the accomplishment of this end, and of many other strides on the pathway of progress, Sir JOHN MOLTENO, first Premier of Cape Colony, largely contributed. The story of the establishment of representative institutions and responsible government at the Cape is already ancient history. But the knowledge is well worth acquiring in view of the growing interest of that part of the Empire. The work is illustrated by portraits of Sir JOHN and two interesting maps showing European South Africa in 1831 and in 1872. If there be, in course of time, a fresh edition of the work (and it deserves the honour), it would be interesting to have a third map, showing European South Africa, say, on the first day of the Twentieth Century.

*Our Stolen Summer* (BLACKWOOD) is calculated to lead to wholesale breakage of the Eighth Commandment. Certainly my Baronite, reading this fascinating record of a roundabout tour, feels prompted to steal away. MARY STUART BOYD, who pens the record, has the great advantage of the collaboration of A. S. B., whose signature is familiar in Mr. Punch's Picture Gallery. The handsome volume contains 170 sketches, done whilst you wait, by A. S. BOYD. The combination makes a charming book. The travellers went to the Antipodes by the Suez Canal and Ceylon; skirted Australia, calling in at Melbourne and Sydney; on to New Zealand, and back through the Golden Gate, visiting Samoa on the way. The countries, it will be observed, are not new, nor was the enterprise daring. But writer and artist have succeeded in giving fresh charm to familiar scenes.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

(For further particulars see the Story of the British Army.)

SCENE—The Front—last week. PRESENT—Officers in consultation.

1st Officer. We ought to know within the next few minutes.

2nd Officer. If the wire is not occupied by matters of less importance.

3rd Officer. It is sure to reach at the earliest possible moment.

4th Officer. Of course; they will not forget us at home.

1st Off. No, no. Our fellow countrymen trust us, and we will return the compliment. We rely upon them.

2nd Off. (looking at his watch). Allowing for time, the event should have come off.

3rd Off. (at telephone). It has. Listen. Diamond Jubilee has won the Derby.

[The Curtain falls upon a scene of much enthusiasm.]





"H! it's you, is it?" said the Editor.

The Chinese boy to whom the colloquialism was ad-

dressed answered literally, after his habit:

"Allee same LI TEE; me no changee. Me no oftee China boy."

"That's so," said the Editor with an air of conviction. "I don't suppose there's another imp like you in all Trinidad County. Well, next time don't scratch outside there like a gopher, but come in."

"Lass time," suggested LI TEE blandly, "me tap tappee. You no like tap tappee. You say, allee same dam woodpecker."

It was quite true—the highly sylvan surroundings of the Trinidad Sentinel Office—a little clearing in a pine forest—and its attendant fauna, made these signals confusing. An accurate imitation of a woodpecker was also one of LI TEE's accomplishments.

The Editor without replying finished the note he was writing. At which LI TEE, as if struck by some coincident recollection, lifted up his long sleeve, which served him as a pocket, and carelessly shook out a letter on the table like a conjuring trick. The Editor, with a reproachful glance at him, opened it. It was only the ordinary request of an agricultural subscriber—one JOHNSON—that the Editor would "notice" a giant radish grown by the subscriber and sent by the bearer.

"Where's the radish, LI TEE?" said the Editor suspiciously.

"No hab got. Ask Mellikan boy."

"What?"

Here LI TEE condescended to explain that on passing the school-house he had been set upon by the schoolboys, and that in the struggle the big radish—being, like most such monstrosities of the quick Californian soil, merely a mass of organised water—was "mashed" over the head of some of his assailants. The Editor, painfully aware of these regular persecutions of his errand boy, and perhaps realising that a radish which could not be used as a bludgeon was not of a sustaining nature, forebore any reproach. "But I cannot notice what I haven't seen, LI TEE," he said good humouredly.

"'Spose you lie—allee same as JOHNSON," suggested LI with equal cheerfulness. "He foolee you with lotten stuff—you foolee Mellikan man, allee same."

The Editor preserved a dignified silence until he had addressed his letter. "Take this to Mrs. MARTIN," he said, handing it the boy; "and mind you keep clear of the school-house. Don't go by the Flat either if the men are at work, and don't, if you value your skin, pass FLANIGAN's shanty, where you set off those fire crackers and nearly burnt him out the other day. Look out for BARKER's dog at the crossing, and keep off the main road if the tunnel men are coming over the hill." Then remembering that he had virtually closed all the ordinary approaches to Mrs. MARTIN's house, he added: "Better go round by the woods, where you won't meet any one."

The boy darted off through the open door, and the Editor stood for a moment looking regretfully after him. He liked his little protégé ever since that unfortunate child—a waif from a Chinese wash-house—was impounded by some indignant miners for bringing home a highly imperfect and insufficient washing, and kept as hostage for a more proper return of the garments. Unfortunately, another gang of miners, equally aggrieved, had at the same time looted the wash-house and driven off the occupants, so that LI TEE remained unclaimed. For a few weeks he became a sporting appendage of the miners' camp; the stolid butt of good-humoured practical jokes, the victim alternately of careless indifference or of extravagant generosity. He received kicks and half-dollars intermittently, and pocketed both with stoical fortitude. But under this treatment he presently lost the docility and frugality which was part of his inheritance, and began to pit his small wits against his tormentors, until they grew tired of their own mischief and his. But they knew not what to do with him. His pretty nankeen-yellow skin, debarred him from the white "public-school," while, although as a heathen he might have reasonably claimed attention from the Sabbath school—the parents who cheerfully gave their contributions to the heathen abroad, objected to him as a companion of their children in the church at home. At this juncture the Editor offered to take him into his printing office as a "devil." For a while he seemed to be endeavouring, in his old literal way, to act up to that title. He inked everything but the press. He scratched Chinese characters of an abusive import on "leads," printed them and stuck them about



the office; he put "punk" in the foreman's pipe, and had been seen to swallow small type merely as a diabolical recreation. As a messenger he was fleet of foot, but uncertain of delivery. Some time previously the Editor had enlisted the sympathies of Mrs. MARTIN, the good-natured wife of a farmer, to take him in her household on trial, but on the third day LI TEE had run away. Yet the Editor had not despaired, and it was to urge her to a second attempt that he despatched that letter.

He was still gazing abstractedly into the depths of the wood when he was conscious of a slight movement—but no sound—in a clump of hazel near him, and a stealthy figure glided from it. He at once recognised it as "JIM," a well-known drunken Indian vagrant, of the settlement—tied to its civilisation by the single link of "Fire Water," for which he forsook equally the Reservation where it was forbidden, and his own camps where it was unknown. Unconscious of his silent observer he dropped upon all fours, with his ear and nose alternately to the ground like some tracking animal. Then having satisfied himself he rose, and bending forward in a dogged trot made a straight line for the woods. He was followed a few seconds later by his dog—a slinking, rough, wolf-like brute whose superior instinct, however, made him detect the silent presence of some alien humanity in the person of the Editor, and to recognise it with a yelp of habit, anticipatory of the stone that he knew was always thrown at him.

"That's cute," said a voice, "but it's just what I expected all along."

The Editor turned quickly. His foreman was standing behind him, and had evidently noticed the whole incident.

"It's what I allus said," continued the man. "That boy and that Injin are thick as thieves. Ye can't see one without the other—and they've got their little tricks and signals by which they follow each other. T'other day when you was kalkilatin' LI TEE was doin' your errands I tracked him out on the marsh, just by followin' that ornery, pizenous dog o' JIM's. There was the whole caboodle of 'em—includin' JIM—campin' out, and eatin' raw fish that JIM had ketched and green stuff they had both sneaked outer JOHNSON's garden. Mrs. MARTIN may take him, but she won't keep him long while JIM's round. What makes LI foller that blamed old Injin soaker, and what makes JIM, who, at least, is a 'Merican, take up with a furrin' heathen, just gets me."

The Editor did not reply. He had heard something of this before. Yet, after all, why should not these equal outcasts of civilisation cling together!

\* \* \* \* \*

LI TEE's stay with Mrs. MARTIN was brief. His departure was hastened by an untoward event—apparently ushered in, as in the case of other great calamities, by a mysterious portent in the sky. One morning, an extraordinary bird of enormous dimensions was seen approaching from the horizon, and eventually began to hover over the devoted town. Careful scrutiny of this ominous fowl, however, revealed the fact that it was a monstrous Chinese kite, in the shape of a flying dragon. The spectacle imparted considerable liveliness to the community, which, however, presently changed to some concern and indignation. It appeared that the kite was secretly constructed by LI TEE in a secluded part of Mrs. MARTIN's clearing, but when it was first tried by him he found that through some error of design it required a tail of unusual proportions. This he hurriedly supplied by the first means he found—Mrs. MARTIN's clothes-line, with part of the weekly wash depending from it. This fact was not at first noticed by the ordinary sightseer, although the tail seemed peculiar—yet, perhaps, not more peculiar than a dragon's tail ought to be. But when the actual theft was discovered and reported through the town, a vivacious interest was created, and spy-glasses were used to identify the various articles of apparel still hanging on that ravished clothes-line. These garments, in the course of their slow disengagement from the

clothes pins through the gyrations of the kite, impartially distributed themselves over the town—one of Mrs. MARTIN's stockings falling upon the verandah of the Polka Saloon, and the other being afterwards discovered on the belfry of the First Methodist Church—to the scandal of the congregation. It would have been well if the result of LI TEE's invention had ended here. Alas! the kite-flyer and his accomplice, "INJIN JIM," were tracked by means of the kite's tell-tale cord to a lonely part of the marsh and rudely dispossessed of their charge by Deacon HORNBLLOWER and a constable. Unfortunately, the captors overlooked the fact that the kite-flyers had taken the precaution of making a "half-turn" of the stout cord around a log to ease the tremendous pull of the kite—whose power the captors had not reckoned upon—and the Deacon incautiously substituted his own body for the log. A singular spectacle is said to have then presented itself to the onlookers. The Deacon was seen to be running wildly by leaps and bounds over the marsh after the kite, closely followed by the constable in equally wild efforts to restrain him by tugging at the end of the line. The extraordinary race continued to the town until the constable fell, losing his hold of the line. This seemed to impart a singular specific levity to the Deacon, who, to the astonishment of everybody, incontinently sailed up into a tree! When he was succoured and cut down from the demoniac kite he was found to have sustained a dislocation of the shoulder, and the constable was severely shaken. By that one infelicitous stroke the two outcasts made an enemy of the Law and the Gospel as represented in Trinidad County. It is to be feared also that the ordinary emotional instinct of a frontier community, to which they were now simply abandoned, was as little to be trusted. In this dilemma they disappeared from the town the next day—no one knew where. A pale blue smoke rising from a lonely island in the bay for some days afterwards suggested their possible refuge. But nobody greatly cared. The sympathetic mediation of the Editor was characteristically opposed by Mr. PARKIN SKINNER—a prominent citizen.

"It's all very well for you to talk sentiment about niggers, Chinamen, and Ingins, and you fellers kin laugh about the Deacon being snatched up to heaven like ELIJAH in that blamed Chinese chariot of a kite—but I kin tell you, gentlemen, that this is a white man's country! Yes, Sir, you can't get over it! The nigger of every description—yaller, brown, or black, call him 'Chinese,' 'Injin,' or 'Kanaka,' or what you like—hez to clar off of God's footstool when the Anglo-Saxon gets started! It stands to reason that they can't live alongside o' printin' presses, McCORMICK's reapers, and the Bible! Yes, Sir! the Bible; and Deacon HORNBLLOWER kin prove it to you. It's our manifest destiny to clar them out—that's what we was put here for—and it's just the work we've got to do!"

I have ventured to quote Mr. SKINNER's stirring remarks to show that probably JIM and LI TEE ran away only in anticipation of a possible lynching, and to prove that advanced sentiments of this high and ennobling nature really obtained forty years ago in an ordinary American frontier-town which did not then dream of Expansion and Empire!

Howbeit, Mr. SKINNER did not make allowance for mere human nature. One morning Master BOB SKINNER, his son, aged 12, evaded the school-house, and started in an old Indian "dug-out" to invade the island of the miserable refugees. His purpose was not clearly defined to himself, but was to be modified by circumstances. He would either capture LI TEE and JIM, or join them in their lawless existence. He had prepared himself for either event by surreptitiously borrowing his father's gun. He also carried victuals, having heard that JIM ate grasshoppers and LI TEE rats, and misdoubting his own capacity for either diet. He paddled slowly, well in shore, to be secure from observation at home, and then struck out boldly in his leaky canoe for the island—a tufted, tussocky shred of the marshy promontory torn off in some tidal storm. It was



a lovely day, the bay being barely ruffled by the afternoon "trades," but as he neared the island he came upon the swell from the bar and the thunders of the distant Pacific, and grew a little frightened. The canoe losing way fell into the trough of the swell, shipping salt-water, still more alarming to the prairie-bred boy. Forgetting his plan of a stealthy invasion, he shouted lustily as the helpless and waterlogged boat began to drift past the island. At which a lithe figure emerged from the reeds, threw off a tattered blanket and slipped noiselessly, like some animal, into the water. It was JIM, who, half wading, half swimming, brought the canoe and boy ashore. Master SKINNER at once gave up the idea of invasion, and concluded to join the refugees.

This was easy in his defenceless state, and his manifest delight in their rude encampment and gipsy life, although he had been one of LI TEE's oppressors in the past. But that stolid Pagan had a philosophical indifference which might have passed for Christian forgiveness, and JIM's native reticence seemed like assent. And, possibly, in the minds of these two vagabonds there might have been a natural sympathy for this other truant from civilisation, and some delicate flattery in the fact that Master SKINNER was not driven out but came of his own accord. Howbeit, they fished together, gathered cranberries on the marsh, shot a wild duck and two plovers, and when Master SKINNER assisted in the cooking of their fish in a conical basket sunk in the ground, filled with water, heated by rolling red-hot stones from their drift-wood fire into the buried basket, the boy's felicity was supreme. And what an afternoon! To lie, after this feast, on their bellies in the grass, replete like animals, hidden from everything but the sunshine above them; so quiet that grey clouds of sandpipers settled fearlessly around them, and a shining brown muskrat slipped from the ooze within a few feet of their faces—was to feel themselves a part of the wild life in earth and sky. Not that their own predatory instincts were hushed by this divine peace; that intermitting black spot upon the water, declared by the Indian to be a seal, the stealthy glide of a yellow fox in the ambush of a callow brood of mallards, the momentary straying of an elk from the upland upon the borders of the marsh awoke their tingling nerves to the happy but fruitless chase. And when night came, too soon, and they pigged together around the warm ashes of their camp-fire, under the low lodge poles of their wigwam of dried mud, reeds and drift-wood, with the combined odours of fish, wood-smoke and the warm salt breath of the marsh in their nostrils, they slept contentedly. The distant lights of the settlement went out one by one, the stars came out, very large and very silent, to take their places. The barking of a dog on the nearest point was followed by another further inland. But JIM's dog, curled at the feet of his master, did not reply. What had he to do with civilisation?

The morning brought some fear of consequences to Master SKINNER, but no abatement of his resolve not to return. But here he was oddly combated by LI TEE. "Spose you go back allee same. You tellee fam'lee canoe go topside down—you plentee swimnee to bush. Allee night in bush. Housee big way off—how can get? Sabe?"

"And I'll leave the gun, and tell Dad that when the canoe upset the gun got drowned," said the boy eagerly.

LI TEE nodded.

"And come again Saturday, and bring more powder and shot and a bottle for JIM," said Master SKINNER excitedly.

"Good!" grunted the Indian.

Then they ferried the boy over to the peninsula, and set him on a trail across the marshes, known only to themselves, which would bring him home. And when the Editor the next morning chronicled among his news, "Adrift on the Bay—A School-boy's Miraculous Escape," he knew as little what part his missing Chinese errand boy had taken in it as the rest of his readers.

Meantime the two outcasts returned to their island camp. It may have occurred to them that a little of the sunlight had gone from it with BOB. For they were, in a dull, stupid way, fascinated by the little white tyrant who had broken bread with them. He had been delightfully selfish and frankly brutal to them, as only a schoolboy could be, with the addition of the consciousness of his superior race. Yet they each longed for his return, although he was seldom mentioned in their scanty conversation—carried on in monosyllables, each in his own language, or with some common English word, or more often restricted solely to signs. By a delicate flattery, when they did speak of him it was in what they considered to be his own language.

"Boston boy, plenty like catchee him," JIM would say, pointing to a distant swan. Or LI TEE, hunting a striped water snake from the reeds, would utter stolidly, "Mellikan boy no likee snake." Yet the next two days brought some trouble and physical discomfort to them. BOB had consumed, or wasted, all their provisions—and, still more unfortunately, his riotous visit, his gun, and his superabundant animal spirits had frightened away the game which their habitual quiet and taciturnity had beguiled into trustfulness. They were half starved, but they did not blame him. It would come all right when he returned. They counted the days, JIM with secret notches on the log pole, LI TEE with a string of copper "cash" he always kept with him. The eventful day came at last, a warm autumn day patched with inland fog like blue smoke and smooth tranquil open surfaces of wood and sea, but to their waiting, confident eyes the boy came not out of either. They kept a stolid silence all that day until night fell, when JIM said: "Mebbee Boston boy go dead." LI TEE nodded. It did not seem possible to these two Heathens that anything else could prevent the Christian child from keeping his word.

After that, by the aid of the canoe, they went much on the marsh, hunting apart, but often meeting on the trail which BOB had taken with grunts of mutual surprise. These suppressed feelings, never made known by word or gesture, at last must have found vicarious outlet in the taciturn dog, who so far forgot his usual discretion as to once or twice seat himself on the water's edge and indulge in a fit of howling. It had been a custom of JIM's on certain days to retire to some secluded place, where, folded in his blanket, with his back against a tree, he remained motionless for hours. In the settlement this had been usually referred to the after effects of drink, known as the "horrors," but JIM had explained it by saying it was "when his heart was bad." And now it seemed, by these gloomy abstractions, that "his heart was bad" very often. And then the long withheld rains came one night on the wings of a fierce southwester, beating down their frail lodge and scattering it abroad, quenching their camp fire and rolling up the bay until it invaded their reedy island and hissed in their ears. It drove the game from JIM's gun; it tore the net and scattered the bait of LI TEE, the fisherman. Cold and half starved in heart and body, but more dogged and silent than ever, they crept out in their canoe into the storm-tossed bay, barely escaping with their miserable lives to the marshy peninsula. Here on their enemy's ground, skulking in the rushes or lying close behind tussocks, they at last reached the fringe of forest below the settlement. Here, too, sorely pressed by hunger and doggedly reckless of consequences, they forgot their caution, and a flight of teal fell to JIM's gun on the very outskirts of the settlement.

It was a fatal shot, whose echoes awoke the forces of civilisation against them. For it was heard by a logger in his hut near the marsh, who, looking out, had seen JIM pass. A careless, good-natured frontiersman, he might have kept the outcasts' mere presence to himself; but there was that damning shot! An Indian with a gun! That weapon, contraband of law, with dire fines and penalties to whose sold or gave it to him! A thing to be looked into—someone to be punished!



An Indian with a weapon that made him the equal of the white! Who was safe? He hurried to town to lay his information before the constable, but meeting Mr. SKINNER imparted the news to him. The latter pooh-poohed the constable, who he alleged had not yet discovered the whereabouts of JIM, and suggested that a few armed citizens should make the chase themselves. The fact was that Mr. SKINNER—never quite satisfied in his mind with his son's account of the loss of the gun—had put two and two together, and was by no means inclined to have his own gun possibly identified by the legal authority. Moreover, he went home and at once attacked Master BOB with such vigour and so highly coloured a description of the crime he had committed, and the penalties attached to it, that BOB confessed. More than that, I grieve to say that BOB lied. The Indian had "stole his gun," and threatened his life if he divulged the theft. He told how he was ruthlessly put ashore, and compelled to take a trail only known to them to reach his home. In two hours it was reported throughout the settlement that the infamous JIM had added robbery with violence to his illegal possession of the weapon. The secret of the island and the trail over the marsh was told only to a few.

Meantime it had fared hard with the fugitives. Their nearness to the settlement prevented them from lighting a fire, which might have revealed their hiding place, and they crept together, shivering all night in a clump of hazel. Scared thence by passing but unsuspecting wayfarers wandering off the trail, they lay part of the next day and night amid some tussocks of salt grass, blown on by the cold sea breeze; chilled, but securely hidden from sight. Indeed, thanks to some mysterious power they had of utter immobility, it was wonderful how they could efface themselves, through quiet and the simplest environment. The lee side of a straggling vine in the meadow, or even the thin ridge of cast-up drift on the shore, behind which they would lie for hours, motionless, was a sufficient barrier against prying eyes. In this occupation they no longer talked together, but followed each other with the blind instinct of animals—yet always unerringly, as if conscious of each other's plans. Strangely enough, it was the *real* animal alone—their nameless dog—who now betrayed impatience and a certain human infirmity of temper. The concealment they were resigned to, the sufferings they mutely accepted, he alone resented! When certain scents or sounds, imperceptible to their senses, were blown across their path, he would, with bristling back, snarl himself into guttural and strangled fury. Yet, in their apathy, even this would have passed them unnoticed, but that on the second night he disappeared suddenly, returning after two hours' absence with bloody jaws—replete, but still slinking and snappish. It was only in the morning that, creeping on their hands and knees through the stubble, they came upon the torn and mangled carcass of a sheep. The two men looked at each other without speaking—they knew what this act of rapine meant to themselves. It meant a fresh hue and cry after them—it meant that their starving companion had helped to draw the net closer round them. The Indian grunted, LI TEE smiled vacantly; but with their knives and fingers they finished what the dog had begun, and became equally culpable. But that they were heathens, they could not have achieved a delicate ethical responsibility in a more Christian-like way.

Yet the rice-fed LI TEE suffered most in their privations. His habitual apathy increased with a certain physical lethargy which JIM could not understand. When they were apart he sometimes found LI TEE stretched on his back with an odd stare in his eyes, and once, at a distance, he thought he saw a vague thin vapour drift from where the Chinese boy was lying and vanish as he approached. When he tried to arouse him there was a weak drawl in his voice and a drug-like odour in his breath. JIM dragged him to a more substantial shelter, a thicket of alder. It was dangerously near the frequented

road, but a vague idea had sprung up in JIM's now troubled mind that, equal vagabonds though they were, LI TEE had more claims upon civilisation, through those of his own race who were permitted to live among the white men, and were not hunted to "Reservations" and confined there like JIM's people. If LI TEE was "heap sick," other Chinamen might find and nurse him. As for LI TEE, he had lately said, in a more lucid interval: "Me go dead—altee samee Mellikan boy. You go dead too—altee samee," and then laid down again with a glassy stare in his eyes. Far from being frightened at this, JIM attributed his condition to some enchantment that LI TEE had evoked from one of his gods—just as he himself had seen "medicine men" of his own tribe fall into strange trances, and was glad that the boy no longer suffered. The day advanced, and LI TEE still slept. JIM could hear the church bells ringing; he knew it was Sunday—the day on which he was hustled from the main street by the constable; the day on which the shops were closed, and the drinking saloons open only at the back door. The day whereon no man worked—and for that reason, though he knew it not, the day selected by the ingenious Mr. SKINNER and a few friends as especially fitting and convenient for a chase of the fugitives. The bell brought no suggestion of this—though the dog snapped under his breath and stiffened his spine. And then he heard another sound, far off and vague, yet one that brought a flash into his murky eye, that lit up the heaviness of his Hebraic face, and even showed a slight colour in his high cheek-bones. He lay down on the ground, and listened with suspended breath. He heard it now distinctly. It was the Boston boy calling; and the word he was calling was "JIM."

Then the fire dropped out of his eyes as he turned with his usual stolidity to where LI TEE was lying. Him he shook, saying briefly: "Boston boy come back!" But there was no reply, the dead body rolled over inertly under his hand; the head fell back, and the jaw dropped under the pinched yellow face. The Indian gazed at him slowly, and then gravely turned again in the direction of the voice. Yet his dull mind was perplexed, for blended with that voice were other sounds like the tread of clumsily stealthy feet. But again the voice called "JIM!" and raising his hand to his lips he gave a low whoop in reply. This was followed by silence, when suddenly he heard the voice—the boy's voice—once again, this time very near him, saying eagerly:

"There he is!"

Then the Indian knew all. His face, however, did not change as he took up his gun, and a man stepped out of the thicket into the trail:

"Drop that gun, you d—d Injin."

The Indian did not move.

"Drop it, I say!"

The Indian remained erect and motionless.

A rifle shot broke from the thicket. At first it seemed to have missed the Indian, and the man who had spoken cocked his own rifle. But the next moment the tall figure of JIM collapsed where he stood into a mere blanketed heap.

The man who had fired the shot walked towards the heap with the easy air of a conqueror. But suddenly there arose before him an awful phantom, the incarnation of savagery—a creature of blazing eyeballs, flashing tusks, and hot carnivorous breath. He had barely time to cry out: "A wolf!" before its jaws met in his throat, and they rolled together on the ground.

But it was no wolf—as a second shot proved—only JIM's slinking dog; the only one of the outcasts who at that supreme moment had gone back to his original nature.

*But Heide*



**"LEST WE FORGET."**

["Whilst we are applauding the heroism of Tommy Atkins at the front, let us remember that the usual refuge for our wounded veterans is still the workhouse."—*Daily Paper*.]

Who are these marching, 'mid cheers of the nation,

Bronzed from the battlefield, gallant of mien,

Smiling and pleased with the people's ovation?

They are the heroes who fight for the Queen.

Hip! Hip! Hurray!

Khaki for aye!

Cheer we our loudest for Khaki to-day!

Who is this cripple, bent, ancient and hoar

In Poverty's sombre old uniform grey?

He's but a pauper—who cares for his story?

Just an old soldier that's passing away.

He's lost a limb,

Eyes have grown dim—

Isn't the workhouse a haven for him?

**MORE WORK FOR THE "BELLEISLE."**

(Under consideration at the Admiralty.)

AFTER being properly patched up, to be used again as a target for shot and shell, to see whether when struck the paint becomes injured or remains intact.

AFTER repairs, to be anchored mid-stream to be subjected to a fire of projectiles dropped from a balloon, to discover whether a deck so inundated can safely resist attack.

AFTER renovation, to be drawn over submarine mines to ascertain whether dynamite is equally destructive under water as above it.

Finally, after complete restoration, to be placed in deep water and there fired at for two hours with torpedoes and shells of the largest diameter, and attacked with the newest species of infernal machines, to ascertain without a shadow of doubt whether she will sink.

**A BITTER CRY.**

["The leader of the Liberal Party in North Walsham has proposed that the peace celebration should take the form of a house-to-house collection for the Indian famine."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

*Britannia loquitur*:—

WHILE their pean sings the Nation,

Like a million chanticleers,

While their joyous jubilation

Fills the spheres;

While mad victory is flinging

High her cap and gaily singing,

Hark! what cry is this that's ringing

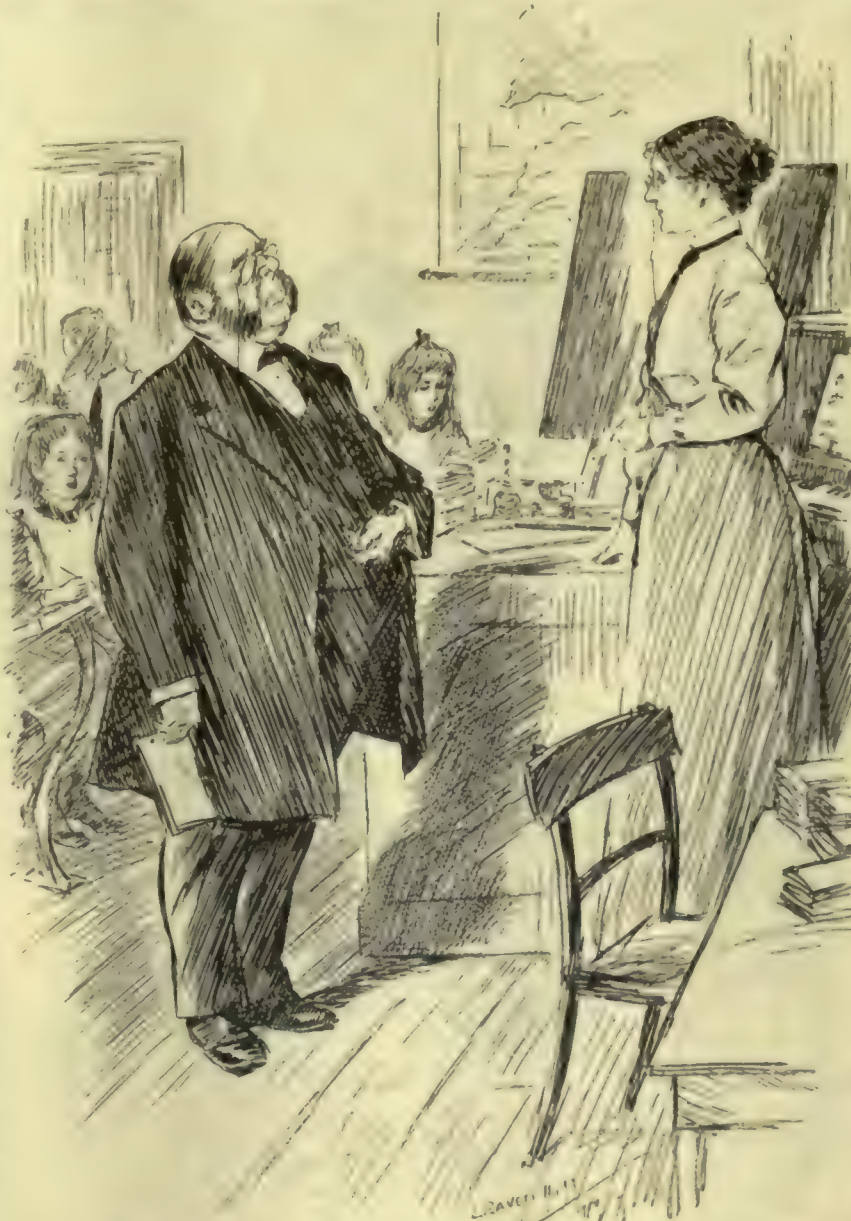
In my ears?

O'er the waste of many waters,

Over leagues of land and sea,

Do my dusky sons and daughters

Call to me.

**WHY A NEW EDUCATION CODE IS NEEDED.**

*Inspector*. "I AM VERY SORRY TO SAY, MISS WILKINS, THAT NOT ONE CHILD IN THIS STANDARD CAN EXPLAIN THE 'EXTENDED PREDICATE!'"

While the flags are gaily flying,  
Hark! I hear my children crying  
"Mother! help us! We are dying.  
Dost thou see?

"Famine, frightful and appalling,  
Stalks amidst us on his way;  
In our thousands we are falling  
Day by day;  
And our bones that cry, beseeching  
To be buried, lie there bleaching  
Where the vultures hover, screeching  
O'er their prey.

"When your wounded sons lay scattered  
O'er the sun-scorched battle plain,  
Did we leave them, maimed and shattered,  
In their pain?

In our arms we gently caught them,  
Through the storm of shot we brought them  
Safe to haven, and we sought them  
Not in vain.

What! Should fear of death appal us  
In your hour of need? For shame!  
Lo! we heard our brothers call us.  
And we came.  
In our grief and tribulation,  
Mother, seek we our salvation  
In the spotless reputation  
Of thy Name."

MILITARY MEM., TRANSVAAL.

WHEN the 'slim' Boer runs away,  
Safe to get all of his guns away.





Auctioneer. "LOT 52. A GENUINE TURNER. PAINTED DURING THE ARTIST'S LIFETIME. WHAT OFFERS, GENTLEMEN?"

### "AD LEONES!"

BY all means. Friends! Londoners! Citizens! to The Lions. "Give ye good den!" as Mossos Moss, the Managing Director of the London Hippodrome might have said to the one-and-twenty noble savages, tamed and trained by Herr JULIUS SEETH. There's not a Lion-comique among this lot, but some unpleasantly snarly-looking customers, apparently only waiting an opportune moment for settling their imaginary grievances. Yet what can these Lions want more than they have? Fed well, looked after, sought after, kindly treated, a large party of friends twice a day, and a first-rate orchestra, conducted by our old friend M. GEORGES

JACOBI, playing melodies that delight all other Lions of the London season! Only one Lion of the lot seems to have retained anything like his native dignity, plus his natural ferocity. He growls protestingly; he sneers (such nasty sneers!) at the go-carts on the roundabout, in one of which he has to seat himself and be whirled round with the others, just as if he were an ordinary "ARRY" out for a lark at a provincial Fair. Of what was that Lion thinking as he crouched in that rocking boat? One thing is noticeable—at least, on this occasion—they did not roar. Perhaps they do not consider themselves as having "a roaring time of it." There was low muttering as of "curses, not loud

but deep," a kind of jerky growling, but all were absolutely quelled by Herr SEETH, while some, evidently hypocritical Lions, pretended to be quite fond of him. *Timeo Danaos!* But Herr JULIUS SEETH has his eye on them, as his name implies; and the Lions are constantly whispering to one another, "It's no use, JULIUS SEETH us!"

Here, too, is a novelty in acrobaticism, for the PANTZER Brothers do marvellous head-and-hand-balancing feats, not attired in tights, fleshings, and spangles, but simply in the ordinary modern evening dress of private life. They stroll in as if they had just temporarily left their private box merely to have a look round and see "what's up." In another second one of them is "up," his head on the other's head, and his legs forming a "V" in the air. Thus comfortably placed, "doing it on his head," in fact, he joins his comrade in a mandoline duett and in a fragrant cigarette.

The latest war pictures, per the cinematograph or "Bio-Tableaux," are thrillingly realistic. Great ovation for our greatest General "BOBS." Altogether a brilliant house and a first-rate entertainment.

The Clown, our ancient Circus Clown, is conspicuous by his absence. Mr. Merri-man no longer exists; departed, too, is the quasi-military Ring-master: their occupation is gone; the "turns" are taken without them. A comic personage, who pretends to assist and does nothing except to get into everybody's way, is the survival of "Joey": but even he only appears once or twice; while the "Famous Clown, Whimsical WALKER from Drury Lane," has a "turn" all to himself by way of interlude. Alas, poor YORICK! The next to disappear will be the Christmas clown, then Pantaloon, then Harlequin and Columbine! The entire Pantomime party away, let's hope, to a brilliant transformation scene.

The show finishes with the "New Hippodrome sensation," entitled *Siberia*. It goes with such a genuine dash and a splash into the real water with which the Ring is suddenly flooded, to a considerable depth too, that after all the melodramatic actors—the whole troupe, including, I think, the persecuted heroine, stage manager, prompter, and call-grooms, have with horses and sledges plunged into the tempest-tossed waves, the audience are roused to such a pitch of excitement that, on a very hot night, the extraordinary spectacle may yet be witnessed of M. Jacobi, his musicians and the entire auditorium plunging into the pool, and only recovering their senses on emerging drenched, to find "no change given." No actor need apply for an engagement here unless he can ride and swim.

As to the plot of the Melodramatic Hippodromatic Sensation, it is a Ring-masterpiece.



## PHOTOPATHY.

["Never before has light treatment taken definite shape as it is undoubtedly doing now in a distinct 'pathy,' which the *Homoeopathic World* calls 'photopathy.'"—*Evening Paper.*]

WHEN dark and dismal maladies  
And gloomy menace of disease  
Man's shrinking spirits frighten,  
'Tis very fit (if nothing new)  
Science its level best should do  
His sufferings to lighten.

And while our doctors make their aim  
The torch of science to enflame  
Their patients, at the sight of them,  
Though heavy still their sufferings be,  
Will for the future cheerfully  
Endeavour to make light of them.

## MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

III.—*In the Days of my Youth. The Villain.*

[Enthralling as the following fragment of autobiography undoubtedly is, we fear that this section or what Mr. LECKY—or 'Tay Pay'—would call the 'M.A.P. of Life' was not intended for our columns.]

I WAS born in the ber-rave, ber-rave days of yore. Ah! those were times indeed. I was a babe of Gargantuan size, as befitting the offspring of a genie. My father was then failing in health, but as he had ramped, raged, and performed unnecessary wonders for so many years (was he not nephew to the one who performed the bottle trick in the Arabian story!) he was pensioned off at the Annual Meeting of Genii and Wizards. My father devoted his remaining centuries to my education, and if he saw the least signs of a virtuous inclination he would instantly suppress it. Owing to this admirable training I soon became a superlative scoundrel, and my early years were passed in studying for an ogre-ship. The profession of ogre was then coming in—genii were beginning to be considered old fashioned. As I grew older, times changed. Villains diminished in size, and I began to fear that my terrorizing propensities would lose their pristine power. However, we had fine old castles and gloomy dungeons with which to console ourselves. I cultivated a stern and forbidding countenance and (at the kind advice of a certain Mr. AINSWORTH) a hollow, sepulchral voice—which made my throat rather sore. Still I was hated and feared. Ha! ha! those shrieking maidens, those infuriated heroes, what a lively time I gave them for nine hundred and ninety nine pages out of the thousand!

\* \* \* \* \*

The editor does not wish me to dwell on my later life. He is quite right; it would spoil the title. But I must utter a protest against the miserable make-believe villains of the present day. A wretched, anemic, frock-coated, cigar-smoking crew. I don't believe there's a beetling brow, or a



*Husband (reading paper).* "THE BOER CAMP IS IN A FRIGHTFUL STATE—DEAD HORSES AND CATTLE LYING ABOUT."

*Young Wife (innocently).* "THEN NOW I UNDERSTAND WHAT IS MEANT BY 'THE BOERS ASSUMING THE OFFENSIVE.'"

bloodshot eye, or a thunder-and-lightning expression amongst the whole lot of 'em. As for myrmidons! they haven't one to bless themselves with. Zounds and fury! it isn't respectable. Then, again, castles—why, the novelists occupy the castles now, and the villain has to rent a flat! No wonder our influence is waning. What would have been thought of my father if he had dabbled in chemistry, and kept a laboratory and made messy experiments? Faugh! he slaughtered like a true black-hearted, uncompromising villain. Not one or two quiet, paltry murders, but wholesale massacres with picturesque

accompaniments. But I am digressing. Let me direct the reader's attention once more to the glories of my past scoundrelish youth. Villains were villains then. No matter, perhaps, even now—a time will come—I!

CHINESE QUESTIONS.—Are "the Boxers" armed? Why, of course, how could they "box" without arms? True. Then they have guns? Certainly. But the name "Boxers" suggests "the noble art of self-defence" and the Prize Ring, doesn't it? It may. As to ammunition, "The Boxers" can go on for any number of "rounds."



## OPERATIC NOTES.



Friday. — *Faust*, admirably sung and acted all round. MELBA at her very best as *Marguerite*. M. SALEZA, an ideal *Faust*, in most becoming costume. PLANÇON'S *Mephisto* as impressive as ever. *Marguerite*, *Faust*, and *Mephisto* re-called four times by crowded and enthusiastic house after Garden Scene. Talking of garden scene, *Marguerite* evidently a skilled horticulturist—otherwise, *Siebel* (Mlle. MAUBOURG) could never have picked a rose off heliotrope and a carnation off same stalk as daisies. Never quite understood how *Mephisto*, who turned so unwell at sight of

cross on sword-hilts, nerved himself to enter Cathedral. True, he keeps carefully inside the stone columns, where he probably felt sheltered. Horrible doubt whether *Marguerite* escaped him after all. In the Apotheosis the angels evidently unaware that they were welcoming another lady altogether.

Whenever *Fidelio* is given with the same cast as on Saturday, June 2, let me strongly advise even those who may consider the Opera a heavy one, as does your humble and obedient servant, to go and hear it. Fräulein TERNINA deserves all the hearty applause she receives, both for her singing and acting. The other Fräulein, Miss SCHEFF—which sounds like making 'mis-chief' out of her name—so bright and clear that she ought to be a star of the first magnitude on a summer night, is just suited to the part of *Marcellina*. There are five "Herren" in it to two "Fräulein," so that the alternative title of the Opera (in English) might be "*All for Herr*." The Herren, good as they make 'em: lucky to catch such Herren. Herr MOTTL must have felt very lumbago-ish next day, as besides his arm exercise with the bâton he had to "boo and boo and boo," over and over again, in answer to the hearty and unanimous applause of a crowded and appreciative audience.

The WAGNER Wagaries I have not heard since years ago I "did 'em." I am not a Cyclist. To hear WAGNER's work is one thing; to see his ideas concreted on stage, quite another. What terrors for me hath "The Worm," or Pantomime Dragon, with an electric light in his laughing eye? Am I astonished by the painted rainbow, or frightened by the two Giants, both together very inferior to any one old-fashioned Giant on Drury Lane stage at Christmas time. But Giants in summer are out of season and can't be up to much. So, just for once in a way, I let wheel alone.

WHYTE KIDD.

## WITH OOM PAUL.

(From our own Interviewer by strictly private and confidential wire.)

"OOM PAUL," says I, "you're a rum 'un."

"The noblest Rum 'un of 'em all," he replies. He's not badly posted up in general literature.

"But how about Mrs. KRUGER?" says I, winking and giving him a dig in the ribs simultaneously.

"She's all right," says Oom PAUL, reciprocating; "the old lady's keeping the house well aired. See?" and he chuckled prodigiously.

"But," I ventured to inquire, "what will your good lady do—"

Here Oom PAUL interrupted, bursting into melody (in rather a roudy tone),

"What will she do, love,  
When I am trekking,  
No means of cheque-ing!  
What will she do?"

Then he subsided and smoked. He wouldn't sing badly if he had been taught early in life. He's getting his lessons rather too late.

"But," I resumed, "to return to Mrs. KRUGER——"

"Not if I know it," said Oom PAUL, smiling sweetly; "at least not yet awhile. Ours is what some of you English call a 'union of hearts.' And I may sing with your respected nautical poet,

"If I'm going away for a year and a day,

And none know where to find me,  
They'll ask and be sold, for they won't be told,

By the 'Girl 've left behind me."

"Bravo!" I exclaimed, for really Oom PAUL was in great form.

At this moment REITZ entered. What a change came over the ex-President, who, suddenly assuming the severe air of a responsible chairman, rapped the table with the bowl of his pipe and said,

"The sitting is adjourned sine die. I must put matters to REITZ."

And REITZ showed me out.



"I was shown out. Exit."  
Our own Correspondent.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *Chicamon Stone* (SMITH ELDER) is a succession of pictures of one of the weirdest parts of the world. In power, in simplicity, in occasional grandeur, it is worthy of the theme.



My Baronite, brought up on FENNIMORE COOPER, ruefully admits what a stagey creature he was compared with CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY. The story is set in Alaska, the actors allured by promise of discovery of a fabulous gold mine. The author has not only a rare gift of describing Nature in her most gigantic moods—and it seems so easy as one reads the telling sentences—but, and this is a rare combination, all his people, whether Indians, honest Britishers, or undyed scoundrels of white complexion, are real flesh and blood. Alike in its human aspect and in its disclosure of a new, strange wild world of nature, it is most excellent.

The *Library of Useful Stories* (GEORGE NEWNES) is not, as some might think, a series of shilling shockers. It is one of the most interesting, instructive, and original series my Baronite has come across. Each volume deals in learned yet lucid and succinct manner, with some great fact or problem of daily life. For example, there is the story of Life in the Seas, of the Weather, of Electricity, of the Stars, of Primitive Man, and of a score of other profound matters. For each little volume is responsible one of the highest authorities of the day. It is impossible to over rate the extent or the value of the educational influence spread by these works. It is pleasant to reflect, as we haven't to bear the charges, that the circulation must be enormous before the original cost is covered. THE BARON DE B.-W.





THE SAME OLD BEAR.

*Russian Bear (to British Lion).* "YOU'VE GOT SO MUCH TO DO ELSEWHERE, I'LL TACKLE THIS OSTENTATIOUS PARTY."  
*British Lion.* "OH, THANKS! BUT I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH HIM FOR WORLDS!"





PROSPECT OF YE TROOPING OF YE COLOUR ON YE HORSE GUARDS PARADE DURING YE ROMAN PERIOD.

(From a rare old Frieze (not) in ye British Museum.)

## ENGLISH HISTORY FOR FRENCH SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY HENRI TROPFORT.

WHAT did GUILLAUME after the Battle of Hasting?

He took the whole of England, subjugating HEREVERD, named "The Awake," because he had always the eye open.

What was the character of GUILLAUME?

He was a brave warrior, of a prodigious strength, and also an author.

What was his principal work?

*Doomsday Book*, a treatise on the final doom of perfidious Albion. GUILLAUME was the first of the French kings of England.

And the others?

They were GUILLAUME II., HENRI BEAUCLERC, ETIENNE, Comte de Blois, HENRI d'Anjou, RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, JEAN SANSTERRE, HENRI III., EDOUARD LONGCHAMP (written by the English "Longshanks"), EDOUARD II., EDOUARD III., and RICHARD de Bordeaux.

What was the principal event of this period?

JEAN SANSTERRE was forced by the rebel English Barons to grant them the Great Charter of "*Habeas Corpus*." These two Latin words, "Thou mayest have the body," were the cry of the English brigands to the friends of those whom they had massacred. At the commencement of the battle they cried "Money or life!" Thus commenced the first of the "Chartered Companies" of England, associations of pirates, of which the last, the Chartered of South Africa, presided by Sir RHODES, has been justly denounced by M. TROPFORT and other distinguished writers in France.

What did then JEAN SANSTERRE?

He sustained an unequal struggle against the Chartered of South England, but in fine vanquished; he was drowned by the rebels in a laundry called the "Wash" (*blanchisserie anglaise*).

Was England then governed by the Chartered?

No. LOUIS, King of France, debarked at Sandvich, one of the

seven ports, which the English, ignorant of French, call the *Cinq Ports*, instead of the *Sept Ports*. Sandvich is the country of origin of the "sandvich," eaten by the English at all the repasts. Also, from the most ancient times, the English have played there a game called "the golfe" because it is played on the sandy shore of a golfe. The Directors of the Chartered of South England were all barons, as the directors of most companies at present—called "guinea bags," as they put guineas in the pockets of their trouser, or bag. They were playing, therefore, at the golfe, game of the nobles, when LOUIS debarked and vanquished them. England again conquered by a Frenchman.

Was LOUIS King of England?

No. He permitted HENRI III., son of JEAN SANSTERRE, to succeed his father. Opposed by the rebels of the Chartered.

Who was the greatest of the French Kings of England?

EDOUARD III. He disputed with JEAN, King of France, and conquered him in battle at Poitiers. This is not surprising, as EDOUARD himself was a Frenchman. The King JEAN died in prison, at London, in the palace of the Savoy, now a hotel. EDOUARD besieged Calais, and at first was persuaded by the English mercenaries to massacre all the inhabitants, as did always the English pirates. Then he refused to murder more than six, and finally he pardoned even these last. This King himself was truly French, since he founded an order of *chevalerie* with the garter of a lady, which would have been "shocking" for an Englishman, and gave a French *devise* to the order. He conquered also Scotland, province of England. The inhabitants of Scotland, the Scotchers or Highlanders, have always detested the English. Even at present the name English is odious to a Scotcher.

Who was the last French King of England?

RICHARD of Bordeaux. What sad fate for a *Bordelais*, always so gay, so animated, to govern a people sad and mournful as the English! He was assassinated in 1400 by HENRY IV., son of a Belgian prince, JEAN de Gaud. Thus the first successor of the French Kings was only a Belgian.

H. D. B.



## EX-COMMANDER ROSEBERY-BUNSBY.

(A Political Parallel from Dickens.)

THE fortieth anniversary of the launch of the good ship *Western Daily Mercury* being now at hand, the Master, Captain EDWARD CUTTLE, deemed it expedient to celebrate the



Rosebery-Bunsby. "Do I say how they're to be got at? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this observation lies in the application of it."

who was one of those sages who act upon conviction, took some time to get the conviction thoroughly into his mind that the Master of the *Western Daily Mail* was entitled to make such a demand upon his leisure. But when he had grappled with the question and mastered it he promptly sent the message, which he followed up by a personal call the same evening.

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, grasping him by the hand, "what cheer, my lad, what cheer?"

"Shipmate," replied the voice within ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, unaccompanied by any sign on the part of the retired commander himself, "hearty, hearty!"

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, rendering irrepressible homage to his genius, "here you are! A man as can give an opinion as is brighter than di'monds—a man as, no matter how retiring he may be, is bound to come to the front again afore along!" Which the Captain sincerely believed.

"For why?" growled ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, looking at his friend for the first time. "Which way? If so, why not? Therefore!" These oracular words seemed almost to make the Captain giddy; they launched him into such a sea of speculation and conjecture.

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, appealing to him solemnly, "what do you make of this here present situation and the future of the Party?"

"War has its curses," returned ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, with unusual promptitude, "likewise its blessings. We stand at the parting of the ways. Are we going to avoid catchwords or are we not? Shall we show a sane appreciation of the destinies of Empire? Who knows? If so be as faction is annihilated at the present moment, my opinion is it won't come back no more. If so be as it revives, my opinion is it will. What's wanted is clear sight, cool courage, and freedom from formula. Do I say how they're to be got? No. Why not? Because the bearings of this observation lies in the application of it."

"ROSEBERY-BUNSBY!" said Captain CUTTLE, who would seem to have estimated the value of his distinguished friend's opinions

in some fashion; but as he had an idea that it would be more regular and shipshape to do so by publishing a friendly message from some leading Liberal Commander who should enjoy the full confidence of his owners, he was sadly put to it for want of a suitable person.

In this difficulty, he hailed one day with unusual delight the announcement of the arrival of *The Cautious Primrose*, Captain ROSEBERY-BUNSBY, from a pleasure trip; and to that philosopher immediately despatched a letter by post, requesting to be favoured with an early communication.

ROSEBERY-BUNSBY,

in proportion to the immensity of the difficulty he found in making anything out of them. "ROSEBERY-BUNSBY," said the Captain, quite confounded by admiration, "you carry a weight of mind easy as would swamp one of my tonnage soon. Now, what is your opinion as to stowing of this here message of yours away for a week or two, and producing it on a fitting occasion?"

ROSEBERY-BUNSBY desiring no objection to this proposal, it was carried into execution . . . .

[For which you'll overhaul "*Dombey and Son*," Vol. II., ch. 9, and when found make a note of.]

## "IN A GOOD CAUSE."

ANOTHER chance for the charitable! Another lure, this time in the form of a Shakespearian play, to entice the silver and gold of kindly-hearted folk to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, where on Monday, June 25, and Wednesday, June 27, will be given, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of FIFE and the Duke of FIFE, K.T., *Much Ado About Nothing*. So much for the play—and we hope it will be ever so much!—but the "*much ado*" that Mr. Punch, with his "talented assistants," makes, is not "*about nothing*," but about a great deal, for it is still about the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street. Under Mr. SHEPARD's direction is the comedy produced, and the SHEPARD's troupeau numbers four ladies and eleven gentlemen, who will join their audience in doing their very best in aid of

"A Good Cause."

To come to business. The Tickets may be obtained from the Secretary of the Hospital, Great Ormond Street, W.C.; Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, and the Box Office, St. George's Hall, Langham Place; of Miss McCLELLAND, Pioneer Club, 5, Grafton Street, and of many others, for which see handbill and advertisements, and "when found make a note of."

Performance both evenings at 8 o'clock. You are expected to make *No more ado* about it, but take your tickets to see *Much Ado about Nothing*.

## THE SINE QUA NON.

[*"M. BROCA, a French chemist, claims to have discovered a serum which cures alcoholism."*—*Daily Paper*.]

THY talked o' the millennium, but, eh, I had my doot  
Hoo sic a strange-like state o' things could ever come aboot;  
I airgued wi' the meenister till I was like tae weary him—  
I hadna heard a single word about this braw new serum.

Eh, Science! what a pow'r art thou! Nae mortal can divine  
The weird-like wonders thou wilt work—the mairvels that be  
thine,

An' sure, o' a' thy meeracles I doot there isna any o'm  
Tae equal this, because, ye ken, it brings us the millennium.

Ye tak' a drunk—they're easy got—say, ane wi' a deleerium;  
Jist gie the lad a spoonfu' o' this stuff they ca' the serum,  
An' ere it's down, your drouthy loon becomes a stric' T.T.,  
An' unco guid, an' like eneuch, an' elder o' the Free.

Ou aye, yon is the prenciple, an' bein' scienteeff,  
I wad hae likit fine tae test mysel' the new speceeff,  
But first, ye ken, I maun be fou. Weel, weel, anither spot'll  
Mebbe bring on the fittin' state. Hi! lassie, whaur's the bottle?

APPROPRIATE GARMENTS FOR MESSRS. KRUGER AND STEYN.—  
Cut-away Coats.







### THE FIRST LESSON.

*Little Boy (in Church for the first time).* "OH, GRAN'MA, WHAT IS HE GOING TO DO TO POLLY!"

#### THE SOUTH AFRICAN GAZETTEER.

A PROMINENT Politician—M.P.'s always like to be so described—in a recent speech as to the future of South Africa, alluded to the "easy transition from Pretoria to Victoria," and now a friendly gentleman, who dwells at home at ease in far Colorado, has gone to the trouble and expense of cabling a suggestion that Johannesburg shall henceforth be known as Robertsburg. Most excellent idea; well worth developing. But Robertsburg is a trifle too high-flown and stilted, don't you think? Nice breezy name like Bobsworth or Bobsworth much more suitable. Only Bobsworth recalls Bosworth. But why not Freddibobs—on the euphonious analogy of Harrismith? There are a few other changes intelligent people would like to see. In fact, there seems no sound reason why a committee of the London County Council should not be appointed to re-name every town of any size or importance in the Transvaal and Free State.

Some riverside town on the Orange River or Vaal might be re-named Cookham, in honour of Lord KITCHENER. There are even places in British territory connected with the war which might be rechristened. It would be a graceful compliment to H.R.H., on the part of the Government, if Kimberley were converted into Diamond Jubilee. The German EMPEROR would, no doubt, be pleased at the alteration of Mafeking into Baden-Baden.

#### TO LIZ.

(On reading Canon Rawnsley's thousandth war-poem.)

O LIZ, I bid you always keep  
Your drooping pecker up, because,  
What woes so e'er would make you weep,  
'Tis one of Nature's kindly laws  
That every blessed day which dawns, LIZ,  
Brings forth some verse of Canon RAWNSLEY'S!

In peace, he tunes his daily reed  
To meet a keenly felt demand;  
To travellers he gives a lead  
Through Italy or Switzerland;  
Whilst e'en our English woods and lawns,  
LIZ,

No less are themes of Canon RAWNSLEY'S.

In war, he sings—with gay bravado—  
Each day's excursions and alarms,  
The correspondent's escapado,  
Or Bugler JINKS his feats of arms;  
On war's dread chess-board all the pawns,  
LIZ,

Are protégés of Canon RAWNSLEY'S.

O LIZ, I have not heretofore  
Addressed a verse to you, and I  
Am likely to address no more,  
Because—you'd know the reason why?  
I think the reason on you dawns, LIZ—  
I'd rhymes to match with matchless  
"RAWNSLEY'S!"

CRICKET (BOERS V. ENGLISH).—KRUGER  
(bowled ROBERTS) out for one run (to  
Macadodorp).

#### "ENGLISH" FOR THE "BRITISH."

(A tale both practical and poetic.)

AN admirer of the Poet Laureate sat reading the correspondence about the terms "British" and "English," in the *Times*.

"Am I an Englishman, or am I a Briton?" he asked himself, and cou'd come to no conclusion. He dropped the interesting journal and turned to the latest work of the Poet Laureate, and allowed his eyes to fall upon the pages. Then his eyes closed unconsciously. In a moment there was a complete change in his surroundings.

He found himself hemmed in on every side by a number of soldiers, who levelled their rifles at his head.

"Spare me!" he cried. "You dare not touch me. I claim the protection of my national flag."

"To what nation do you belong?" asked the officer, knocking up the rifles of his men.

The Admirer of the Poet Laureate was puzzled.

"I am a sort of Briton," he answered after some consideration.

"Won't do. We can show no mercy to a sort of Briton."

"Well, I am wrong. I should say I am an Anglo-Celtic."

"Never heard of such a race. I am afraid we must shoot you."

And once again the rifles were levelled at the head of the unfortunate admirer of the Poet Laureate.

"Spare me! spare me!" shouted the luckless connoisseur, falling on his knees.

"How can we spare you if you are difficult of identification? Say who you are, and we will consider the merits of your case."

"I am an Englishman," at length returned the admirer of the Poet Laureate.

The rifles were immediately lowered.

"Why couldn't you have said that before," grumbled the officer, "and saved us all this bother?"

And then the admirer of the Poet Laureate awoke.

"Englishman seems the best name, after all!" he cried. Then he returned to the poem of his favourite author.

In a few moments he was once again fast asleep.

But this time his slumber was dreamless.

#### JOHN BULL IN THE CHINA SHOP.

["Sir CLAUDE MACDONALD has addressed a Note to the Taung-li-Yamen demanding the reason for the impeachment of LIU, CHIU, and FENG, who were recently concerned in obtaining commercial concessions for foreigners."—*Times*.]

AND shall they take LIU,\* CHIU\* and FENG?  
And shall Reformers fly?

The Powers that be (and CLAUDE MAC D.)  
Will know the reason why!

\* Pronounced Lew and Chew *pro hac vice*.



## UNPACKING THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

(Bride and her sisters discovered hard  
at work.)

*First Sister.* Here's another carriage clock.

*Second Sister (entering it).* That makes nine.

*First Sister.* And another dinner gong.

*Second Sister.* That makes five.

*First Sister.* And a couple more silver card cases.

Second Sister. Two more—that's seven of them.

*First Sister,* And here 's something that I think is intended for something or other.

*Second Sister.* Oh, I know what it is—I have seen it at the Stores. It's an egg-boiler. *(Enters it.)*

**First Sister.** Another silver-backed hair brush.

*Second Sister.* That 's the ninth. Quite a stock of them.

*First Sister.* Oh, here 's a silver-mounted riding whip.

**Second Sister.** The fourth, and the dear girl never rides anything but a bicycle.

**First Sister.** More carriage clocks, card cases, and dinner gongs!

*Second Sister.* I have entered them. And now, dear (*turning to heroine of the hour*), I will write your letters of thanks for you. What shall I say?

*Bride.* The usual thing, I suppose, dear—that I am delighted with them all, because they are just what I wanted!

[Scene closes in upon fresh arrivals of  
clocks, gongs, whips, brushes, and card  
cases.]

## THE CAPITAL TRAIN.

(By A. A. S.)

["Capital!" he exclaimed, with great energy. "What is a capital? It does not consist of any particular collection of bricks and mortar. The Republican capital, the seat of Government, is here, in this car. There is no magic about any special site."—Excerpt from the *Daily Express* interview with Nearly-Ex-President KRUGER, at Machadodorp, June 7.]

In accordance with the above pronouncement, it is understood that the Z. A. S. M., i.e. Zuid Afrikaansche Spoorweg Maatschappij (good Heavens, what a name!), have collected the remnants of their rolling-stock and issued the following time-table for provisional use on the Pretoria-Delagoa Bay Railway. It will relate to one special train only, made up of a bogie-engine, a steep-car with replicas of BARNATO's Lions, spittoon, and collapsible flagstaff complete, a Raadzaal van (standing room for twenty legislators, if they can be found), a padded break for Mr. REITZ, and a Law Court and baggage truck for Judge GREGOROWSKI and any other etceteras. The fare will be £2,000,000, payable to Lord KITCHENER on the return journey to Pretoria. The train



Jones (who has accidentally sat on his Wife's new Hat) warbles—  
"I AM SITTING ON THE STYLE, MARY."

will run as under (weather and Lord ROBERTS permitting):—

DOWN.

Machadodorp . . dep. 1.0 A.M., June 9.

Waterval Boven . arr. uncertain (A), June 9.

dep., some time at night,  
June 9.

Nooitgedacht . . arr. 2.30 A.M., June 10, or

thereabouts.

**Elandshoek—will not stop (B), June 10.**

Nelspruit . . . arr. 12.15 A.M., June 11

(possibly).

Krokodilpoort . arr. 8.10 A.M., June 11.

dep. 3.10 A.M. (C), June 11.

Kaapmuiden. . arr. 4.5 A.M. (D), June 11.

change into goods

train at siding.

dep. 11:50 P.M., June 11.

**Hectorspruit . arr. 3.30 A.M. (E), June 12**  
(stoep-car only, rest uncoupled and shunted).

Komatipo rt. arr. any time (F), June 13.—  
Stop.

Up.

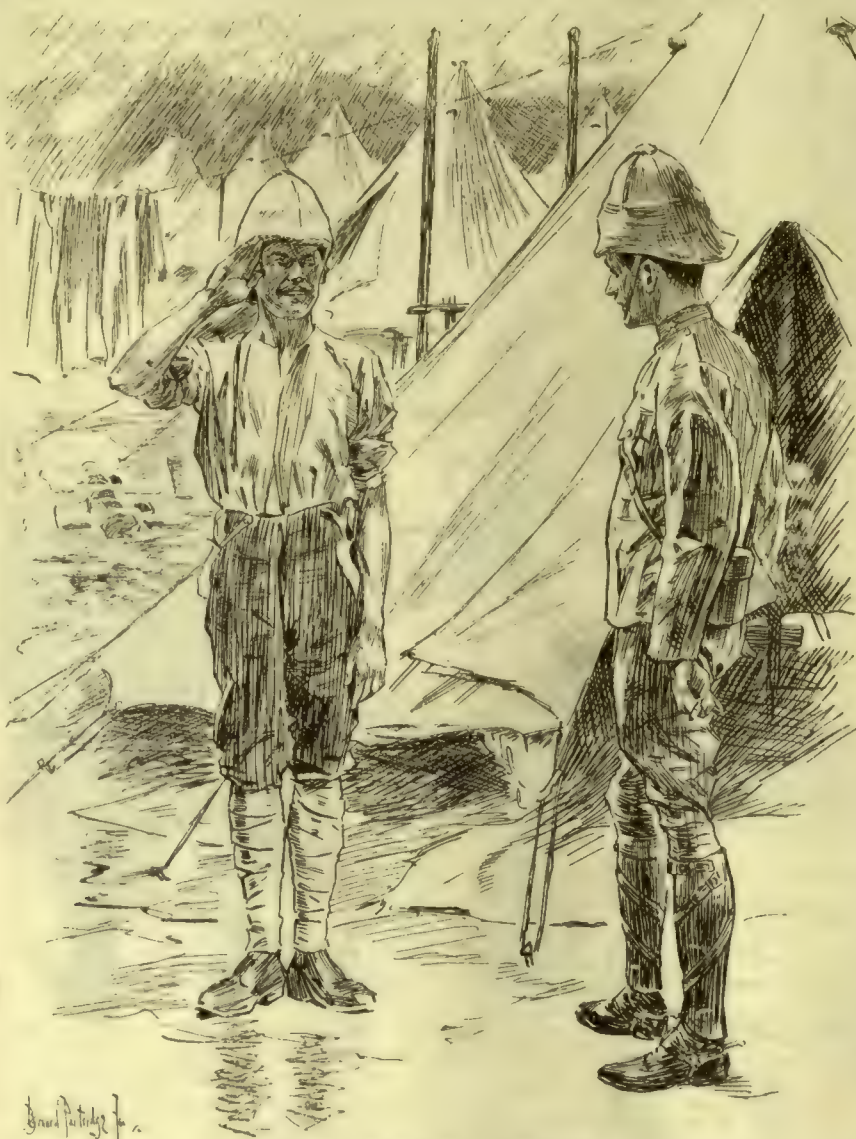
Komatipoort . . dep. 1:0 A.M., Exp.,  
June 14.

Pretoria. . . . arr. 5.0 P.M., Exp., June  
14.—Stop.

## NOTES.

(A) Gen. FRENCH in the neighbourhood. (B) Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and ten other correspondents wait on platform. (C) Pursuit-train signalled. (D) Halt to commander tobacco and repair Seat of Government, now somewhat threadbare. (E) REITZ, GREGOROWSKI, etc., unavoidably abandoned here. (F) Handed over to British.





MARK TAPLEY ATKINS.

Officer (going his rounds after a night of heavy rain). "WELL, DID YOU FIND THE GROUND VERY WET LAST NIGHT?"

Tommy. "OH NO, SIR. OUR BLANKETS SOAKED UP ALL THE RAIN!"

### "DEEPLY VELDT."

WE had a visit from a strange individual, last week, who said that he was just "away from the front," and would like to "do" a South African story for *Punch*. Regarding him critically, we concluded from his appearance—deeply sunburnt about the tip of the nose, and with a wild, weird expression of the dexter eye—that he would probably be found very much "away from the front." We remarked disparagingly upon the recent "slump" in war stories, but he replied that, so long as plenty of local terms were thrown in, the "Blood and Khaki" story still "went down." We shrugged the editorial shoulders, and bade him throw it off his chest. The following is the result. We have read

and re-read it then we tried it upside down, and, finally, sideways. Up to the present we have failed to get "the hang" of the screed, and in the hope that some of our readers may be more successful, we give it here.

### UNDER THE SPRUIT.

It was sun-up. A solitary *sjambok*, in a succession of light, graceful bounds, hurried away from the only human being visible on the *trek-tow*. The man was a trooper of the Marine Light Horse. He had dismounted, and quickly bringing his Maxim to his shoulder, he pulled trigger and laid the *sjambok* low.

"That will serve me for a meal ere I inspan the *disselboom* again. Yes, I deserve the *sjambok*," he murmured.

Then he gazed up at the majestic, rocky *induna* above him, towering right up into the cloudless blue *veldt*. He was thinking of the girl he so fondly imagined he had left behind him, and hadn't. That very day he had heard by Kafir runner, that ARAMINTA DE FOSSILLA had arrived in Kaaptown.

"Great Treves!" he exclaimed, in his agony, "another 'useless woman.' If I am wounded, all is lost, for she will nurse me, however hard I struggle to escape."

He sat down heavily upon a *Dopper*, drew his *veldtschoen* more closely about his shoulders, and thought. He consulted his Waterbury.

"I must keep my *wacht-am-beitje* here, till I am relieved by the native police, the *Kopjes*. Then I can go—leave here at once. But whither? Ah, I have it! I will stay with the *Drakensbergs*. Very good fellows, these. As to the woman who pursues me with such fiendish perseverance—" Speech failed him for the time. He *kraaled* into his hut, standing to listen, on the *doornstoep*. Going to a cupboard, he drank deeply of *Boer laager*, and topped up with a glass of *Komati Port*. Then he glanced idly up at an old *billtong*, which hung upon the wall. A noise without attracted his attention. Putting on the *knobkerrie* to boil, he strode outside. The tramp of a *kloof* was distinctly heard, and the next minute, a female figure came into view. 'Twas she—ARAMINTA herself!

From a stoep he immediately stood straight up.

"A. DE F.," he exclaimed sternly, "your quest is useless. Even in this country, never can you become my old Dutch. It may not was!" and he continued eating the freshly toasted *rooibatte* he held in his hand.

She looked at it, and him, disdainfully.

"You are a *hartebeest*!" she said. "Your appetite is better than your manners. You offer me nothing, and yet I have *trekked* all the way from *Kamberwellje* to nurse you!"

"But I am not wounded," he urged.

She smiled ominously, and produced a revolver. "I will see to that," she said meaningly.

"Leave me!" he cried. "I wish to rest. I would retire to my *vlei-bagje*. I am not wounded, and—"

She cocked the quick-firing Hotchkiss. But, sharp as she was, she found herself alone. The trooper had "done a *guyje*."

THE RHODODENDRON SHOW AT THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS.—Could there be a more appropriate name for exhibiting gardeners than that of "Messrs. WATERER & SON?" Of course, if "Son" were spelt "Sun" the title would be about perfect. But there! perfection is unattainable even by *Rhododendra*.





## SHIFTING HIS CAPITAL.

["It is not true," Mr. KROON is reported, in the *Daily Express*, to have said, "that I have brought with me gold to the value of two millions. *Whatever monetary resources I may have with me are simply those we require for State purposes.*"]







## AMUSEMENTS FOR ASCOT.

(Provided for the better sex).

AFTER taking infinite trouble to secure a dream of a dress, to wait expectantly to see whether it will rain or keep up.

After arriving on the course to find one's only duchess monopolised by the Buckingham-Browns, to dismay of all semi-outsiders.

Between the races to notice one's hated rivals in the sacred enclosure, to which one has no admittance.

At luncheon, to contrast the men of this year who have remained at home with those of last season who are now at the front.

And—perhaps safest of all—to leave the doubts and fears, the heart-burnings and disappointment of the meeting to others, and to learn all about Ascot by reading the papers.

## PARLOUR BORED-ERS AT THE GAIETY.

REFERRING to the New Gaiety Theatre, which is to replace the sacred temple of burlesque erected *Consule HOLLI-SHEAD*, that Universal Dramatic Provider, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES, has informed an interviewer that in the forthcoming playhouse "A special feature is to be made of private boxes. Each will have a little parlour attached, so that if a man is bored by the piece he can read his evening paper before a fire in cold weather." This is, perhaps, the strongest inducement to visit a theatre ever offered to a playgoer. As a rule, Mr. EDWARDES does not anticipate "frosts" at the establishments over which he holds sway; in fact, any glacial entertainments which he may have produced have speedily been thawed, by Mr. EDWARDES' patent process, into gold-producing streams. Manager GEORGE doesn't guarantee to provide newspapers. He says "If a man is bored," &c., "he can read his newspaper," &c. "His," mark you.

Again, why is no provision made for any lady who may be annoyed by the play? Also, why not provide "side-shows" in the little parlours, or switch on phonographic excerpts from dramas at other houses? Or, instead of the little parlours, why not have billiard-rooms and skittle-alleys? A silver grill fitted to the fireplaces might supply devilled kidneys, Welch rarebits and spatchcocks to the man with the evening paper. And, on second thoughts, why not make the front of the house a hotel? Or begin with the hotel and add the theatre!

In short, there is no knowing what luxuries Mr. EDWARDES might not supply to those of his patrons who are driven from a Siberian spectacle into the comfortable parlours so thoughtfully provided for malcontents. And, of course, there will be no fire without smoke!



## "QUANTUM SUFFICIT"

*First Owner (lately honoured with a G.C.B.).* "Now, ought I to have the LETTERS PUT ON THE BOX?"

*Second Owner.* "WELL, THE C.B. WOULD BE ENOUGH, BECAUSE YOU 'LL HAVE THE GEE INSIDE!"

## THE GENERALS' POST-BAG.

DEAR LORD METHUEN,—Though I am only a little girl, I am sure you will like to know how angry I am that people should dare to make out that you are not one of the greatest generals who ever lived. Of course they are awfully envious of you because you are a lord, and that's why it is. As we are a very old family ourselves, though not lords, we feel very much for you. Pa feels it so much that he has changed our name from BUGGINS to METHUEN out of sympathy, which I am sure will please you, as we are descended from DE BOUGEYN, who came over with the Conqueror. Pa and Ma ask me to say that they will be very glad if you will come and stay with us and bring your medals and orders when you come home, and I am your loving little

ERMYNTRUDE METHUEN ("POPSIE").

## "ON A CLIFF BY THE SEA."

(Whit Monday.)

A VERSE for "'ARRY"? Well, I'm shot!

(Excuse my language plain and terse)

For such a nuisance I have not

A verse.

His paise don't ask me to rehearse,

But, if you like—I 'll tell you what—

The rôle of BALAAM I 'll reverse.

Only, like BALAK, from this spot

Desire me 'ARRY's tribe to curse.

To grant that prayer you 'll find me not

Averse!

A NAME FOR HIM. — Among the Boer delegates is one Mr. WESSELS. He is a violent person, and, as representing several furious Boers rolled into one, may be designated as "WESSELS of wrath."





### THE CUP RESULT.

### THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

#### VII.—THE OOM SECTION.

##### I.—PROVERBS.

**JUNE 1ST.**—The wise man sayeth, "There is a lion in the gate; I will gird up my loins and flee unto the hills."

**2ND.**—But the very wise man goeth thither betimes in a chariot of steam, or ever the lion is anywhere near.

**3RD.**—The simple man sayeth, "When mine enemies appear they shall find me on the stoep;" and lo! there he is:

**4TH.**—But the prudent man taketh a like vow, and lo! there he is not!

**5TH.**—The foolish man promiseth and payeth on the nail:

**6TH.**—But the wise man giveth paper and straightway goeth on a long journey.

**7TH.**—The simple man defendeth his neighbour's house:

**8TH.**—But the prudent man putteth an hireling in the forefront of his own dwelling.

**9TH.**—The foolish man saith, "I will take no thought of silver and gold, nor of the wherewithal to make myself sleek; but I will go forth and meet mine enemy in the way:"

**10TH.**—But the wise man saith, "I will store up goodly garners that I may stay myself with solace in the hour of my extremity."

**11TH.**—The simple man saith, "I yield," and he yieldeth:

**12TH.**—But the prudent man hangeth out a linen garment and letteth off his fowling-piece from the back window.

**13TH.**—The foolish man careth not for his body and goods, if so he may save his soul from shame:

**14TH.**—But the wise man sendeth forth his shekels in ships of merchandise, and secureth a sanctuary against the evil day.

**15TH.**—The simple man counteth not the cost ere he goeth out to war:

**16TH.**—But the very simple man stayeth after, to make it good.

**17TH.**—The prudent man sendeth messengers into a far country, and enticeth strange peoples to succour him for naught:

**18TH.**—But the exceeding prudent man contriveth himself to be one of the messengers.

##### II.—HYMNS.

**19TH, 20TH.**—Thrice slim is he and full his cup  
With streams of bliss untold,  
Who hath his treasure piled up  
In bars of solid gold.

He trusteth not in human grace  
Whose promise oft is vain,  
But hath a sure retreat in case  
It cometh on to rain.

**21ST TO 23RD.**—How beauteous when the wicked rage  
To scale the mountain-heights,  
And there survey our heritage  
Of heavenly kopje-rights!

How blest the man who leaves behind  
The fenced ways of vice,  
And contemplates with open mind  
The joys of Paradise!

Who tarries not where sinners stand  
In naughty ribald groups,  
To hear the heathen's brazen band  
Or wanton on the stoeps!

##### III.—MEDITATIVE POEMS.

**24TH, 25TH.**—When I am laid upon the shelf  
I care not much what liars say;  
To tell the truth, I, too, myself,  
Have had a tendency that way;  
But such will overdo their art,  
And spoil the happiest funeral odes,  
If they allege that on my heart  
Was writ the name of CECIL RHODES!

**26TH TO 30TH.**—At times by faith's ecstatic eye  
I view the distant port,  
Where in the parlous by-and-by  
I purpose to resort.

Is it the haunt of summer seas  
Where balmy prospects smile,  
And only man, who keeps the keys,  
Is absolutely vile?

Lies it below a beetling scarp  
Where zephyrs softly hum?  
Where captive Israel hangs her harp,  
And Zion's songs are dumb?

Is it located on the spot  
Where dismal Doppers go?  
Emphatically it is not,  
Not there, my child, Oh no!

Nor shall I sail a shoreless sea  
With JAPHET, SHEM and HAM;  
The port I seek is Dutch, like me,  
And both conclude with dam!





TAKE great care of yourself, SILAS. Sit with your back to the engine, and if any one

in the carriage wants a window open, say you've

just recovered from a severe attack of influenza, and hope it's not catching. Perhaps at the next stoppage they'll change carriages, and you can have a bench to lie down upon. I put you up some sandwiches, a flask of whisky and water, and two hard-boiled eggs. You'll find them comforting if you can't manage to sleep in the train."

Thus Mrs. SILAS HOSKINS, standing on the steps at the front door of Peveril of the Peak, Waverley St., Brixton, S.W. That was the postal address of the HOSKINS household, and was one of the minor troubles of the bright, bustling, capable little housewife who presided over its destinies.

"So much more convenient to have a number," she said.

But the fates were against her. The property being acquired by a Scotchman retired on a modest fortune made as a commercial traveller, he, laying it out in eligible building sites, hit on the loyal thought of naming his narrow thoroughfares after the masterpieces of a great fellow-countryman. The titles of the most popular novels being allotted to the streets, the names of SCOTT'S heroes and heroines were blazoned on the gates of the cottages.

When Mr. and Mrs. HOSKINS came to live in Waverley Street, they found their home called Peveril of the Peak, and they had no authority to alter it.

SILAS held a responsible position as sub-cashier for a well-known firm of railway contractors. His income was small, but amply sufficient for his needs, especially when administered by his wife. He had, indeed, been able to put by what he called "a nest egg for a rainy day."

Within the last few weeks his wife had buzzed about the home with something more than her usual stock of brightness. SILAS had made a great hit in the financial world. A friend in

the City, whose brother knew a man who had measured for a suit of clothes one of the clerks in the great house at N-w C-r-t, had given him a straight tip in Westralians. Sons of Belial, a gold mine whose one-pound shares were now quoted in the list at 5 12-16th, were going straight up to 10, perhaps more. SILAS had a long talk with his wife on the subject. He had scraped together £600, and placed it, £20 at a time, in a humdrum and easily realizable security yielding a contemptible four per cent. Should he sell out, go in for Sons of Belial, 'pot a profit of £400, and return to his humbler investment, bringing his sheaves with him?

"That would be £1,000, you know, BESS, bringing us in £40 a year, instead of £24."

His eyes glistened in anticipation of an aggrandisement of wealth that made appear contemptible his weekly grubbing for a stated salary.

"Yes, if it comes out all right," said Mrs. HOSKINS, doubtfully. "If it doesn't, you'll be sorry you did not leave your savings where they have been growing up since we married. It's so nice to have this £24 a year!"

"Less income tax," said SILAS, gloomily.

"Well, less income tax, coming in half every six months, and every year growing a little more as you put back the dividend, and a little extra saved on the year. It's a pity you couldn't play at buying these gold-mine shares, making-believe you've done it, and watch how it goes, all the time leaving your money safe where it is."

"Pooh!" said SILAS with large contempt for woman's ignorance of business affairs. "Playing the game like that, who would pay me my £400 when Sons of Belial went up to ten?"

"Yes," said Mrs. HOSKINS sagely, "but if they went down to two you wouldn't have to pay somebody else £400."

SILAS, serene in his clear view of the markets, felt it was no use to argue with a woman on the theme. All the same, BESS, unknowingly and undesignedly, gave him an idea. Why should he disturb his debenture investment, with the attendant cost of broker's charges and the loss of a dividend almost due? Why not buy Sons of Belial and not take them up, carrying them over settling day, or clearing out, taking his profits, if so advised? By lodging his debenture stock as cover any broker would undertake the transaction for him.



So it turned out. SILAS became the flushed possessor of 100 shares of this flourishing gold mine which, placed on the market at 20s., had already reached a six-fold value.

"Thirteen-sixteenths sounds a deal of money," said Mrs. HOSKINS, when he came home to tea inflated with the portentous news. "I suppose they wouldn't take less?"

She was thinking of some of her own transactions with street hawkers at the front door.

"No, my dear," said SILAS, his mouth full of muffin and merriment. "On the Stock Exchange they don't make a reduction on taking a quantity."

He could afford to be jocose, for since he had bought in the early morning Sons of Belial had gone up 10s. a share. Two days later business was done at a trifle over £8. Clear of all expenses, SILAS had made £200.

There were yet eight days to the Account, just about time, as he said to Mrs. HOSKINS, to run them up to the level £10 a share.

For a day or two preceding this morning farewell on the doorstep, Mrs. HOSKINS had not heard her husband talking over his tea about Sons of Belial. If she mentioned the subject he testily turned it. He seemed absorbed in thought of other things, and was evidently worried. She noticed with pleased amusement how on the second day after his purchase, SILAS, walking down Waverley Street to catch the City 'bus in the Brixton Road, whistled an air. There was some uncertainty about the tune. There was no mistake about the blitheness of heart that inspired it.

Happily the change of temperament was easily and fully explained. The new branch of a railway, which SILAS's employers were building in Somersetshire, was beset by a serious accident. Flood following on heavy rain brought down a long line of embankment with heavy loss accruing to the contractors. SILAS paying last Saturday his customary weekly visit to the works, charged with the duty of settling the wages account, viewed the scene of devastation and was quite knocked over by its extent. It was all very well for him to be making £100 or so out of a bit of luck on the Stock Exchange. What was that compared with the stroke of ill fortune that had befallen his esteemed employers?

Mrs. HOSKINS felt it all the harder for SILAS, that in this frame of mind he should suddenly have thrust upon him this journey to Leeds. It could not have come on a more awkward day. Every Saturday morning since the Somerset works were embarked upon SILAS had to take the first train and go off to pay the navvies their weekly wage. In ordinary times this did not matter. Getting away by an early train he paid the men their money at the dinner hour, and was home in time for the abundant tea which he always said was the best meal of the day. As the special business on which he was despatched to Leeds would not be drafted in the London office before the afternoon, it meant that he would not reach Leeds till ten o'clock, and in order to fulfil his engagement in Somersetshire must needs travel back through the night with just time to get his breakfast and set out on his new journey.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have left Mr. HOSKINS a long time standing on his doorstep. But the detention was necessary in order to explain domestic and business relations.

"All right, my dear," he said in response to his wife's careful counsel, "I'll try and take care of myself, and mind you take care of the house. See all the windows and the back door are bolted. The front door has a Chubb, so you needn't chain and bolt it, or I can't get in with my latchkey. No fear of anything happening, but always well to be prepared. You know where the spring rattle is. That's the best thing in the world in case of burglary. Open the window, spring the rattle, and there you are."

"But where's the burglar?" asked Mrs. HOSKINS.

"Oh, he's gone, and a good thing too. They are more frightened of you than you need be of them."

"Good-bye, dear," said Mrs. HOSKINS, blithely. "Don't trouble about me. I'll leave the light on in the hall, so that you can see your way about when you come back in the morning."

It was a new thing for SILAS to talk in this airy way about burglars and their habits. The fact is, a month earlier, Peveril of the Peak had been stormed in the dead of the night by a burglar. His loot was not large, since—it not being Friday night—there was not much valuable portable property on the premises. The visitor made the best of circumstances. He supped heartily off cold beef, three bottles of stout, and a slab of Dutch cheese. He had evidently been pleased to find that SILAS's stout boots, standing by the kitchen door, just fitted him. With the chivalry that pertains to his class, since and before the days of JACK SHEPPARD, he, not to be outdone in generosity, left SILAS a pair of extremely dilapidated boots of the now obsolete, once fashionable, spring-side make.

Curiously enough, this little attention riled SILAS more than anything else, far beyond the pang of discovering that his best overcoat and an almost new umbrella had been carried off. For many days after he was in a state of extreme nervousness. He bought a rattle and eke a pistol, which he kept loaded in a drawer by his bedside. The excitement arising out of his Stock Exchange coup displaced the earlier event. But occasional reference showed how deep an impression the burglary had made on his mind.

Conscious that he was being narrowly watched by anxious eyes, SILAS, nodding farewell to his wife, set off with blithe step. He even essayed to whistle a bar of his favourite tune. Since it was of the composite order, a medley of faint recollections of tunes heard at church and on his yearly visit to the pantomime, the enterprise was at the best of times risky. This morning it proved a melancholy failure, and SILAS promptly desisted.

The fact is there had been a slump in the market of golden West Australia. Things were going bad in South Africa. The Stock Exchange had pinned its faith on the broad shoulders of REDVERS BULLER. Smaller command, ill-equipped, fighting against cunningly entrenched blocks of "simple herdsmen" might meet with disaster. But when REDVERS BULLER moved all would be changed, and being on the stride he would march on to Pretoria.

One morning came news that BULLER, advancing with all his force on the Boer Camp on the Tugela River, had been beaten back with heavy loss of men and a whole battery of guns. The markets staggered and dropped as if they, too, had been hit in the breast by shot from the unerring Boer rifle. Sons of Belial went down with the rest. When, yesterday, SILAS left the City he found the quotation standing at a shade under 4. This was



Friday. On Wednesday next came settling day. Even if things went no worse, and the outlook was not promising, he would have to hand over £200.

He kept his secret to himself, letting his wife think, in explanation of his saddened aspect, that he was grieving over the misadventure on the new railway. Now he had turned the corner of Waverley Street he let himself go. His head drooped; his usually brisk walk slackened; there was a drawn look about his mouth, a grey pallor on his face, that made him ten years older.

\* \* \* \* \*

Meanwhile Mrs. HOSKINS, happily unconscious of impending doom, bustled about the house with accustomed cheeriness. For sole help in the domestic duties she had a slatternly maid, just left school, whose energies were absorbed by continued effort to do nothing in the way of work, and whose measure of intelligence was concentrated on abstraction of just as much jam, sugar, pickles, and other delicacies as was safe without certainty of detection.

"SARAH's worse than no use to me," Mrs. HOSKINS sighed.

But she made the best of her, as she did of all things. Perhaps her only antipathy was BUBBLE. It was not the gentleman's name, either by inheritance or by christening rite. His full style was ZERUBABEL SMITH. His calling was that of outdoor porter at the office of Mr. HOSKINS's employers. Amongst his duties was the bringing down every Friday night to Waverley Street, in readiness for SILAS's departure by early morning train, a black bag containing gold and silver to the amount necessary to meet the pay sheet of the railway works. For greater safety SILAS's employers had removed to Peveril of the Peak a small safe not in use at the office. BUBBLE's Friday afternoon duty was to convey the locked bag from the City, deposit it in the safe and bring back the key to the cashier. SILAS having a duplicate key was able to open the safe in the morning.

Mrs. HOSKINS's earliest aversion to the emissary from the office was his habit of leaving on her heretofore spotless hall and stair-carpet trails of mud or dust. That he was by nature double-dealing she was convinced by the recurrent circumstance that though in response to her objurgation he appeared to go through the process of using the door-scraper and even violently brushing his feet on the mat, the trail was visible all the same. Obviously he only pretended to use the door-mat, and if a man could not be honest in a little thing of that kind what could be expected under larger temptation?

Instinctive prejudice was deepened when Mrs. HOSKINS came to learn an episode in BUBBLE's private history. His father was a railway guard, and he had started life as an office-boy with the company. An epidemic of pilfering from passengers' luggage in course of transit breaking out on the line, the Traffic-manager conceived a notable idea. Young BUBBLE, being a smart lad of light weight and no great expansion of limb, was selected as the instrument. Covertly packed in a hamper, through whose loosely-made structure he could observe without being seen, he was conveyed by two porters and deposited in the passengers' luggage van just before a train started. Careful for his personal safety and comfort, the Traffic-manager had him labelled "Glass—with care."

He made several journeys in comparative comfort. But too often the pitcher may go to the well. One day, on the arrival

of the train at the London terminus, the porters told off for the duty of securing this particular consignment and carefully conveying it to the Traffic-manager's room, still tarried. Poor BUBBLE, treated as ordinary luggage, was flung out of the van with that vigour reserved for packages marked "fragile." He narrowly escaped a broken spine, getting off with a twisted leg, that lamed him for life. A peculiarity connected with it was that as he walked the strained muscle of the knee audibly cracked. ZERUBABEL's nickname was enlarged. He was straightway known as BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

"Had Mr. HOSKINS started for Leeds when you left the office?" BESS asked BUBBLE, as he carried the bag upstairs.

"Didn't hear as he was a-going," said BUBBLE. "He was a-settin' at his desk when I left Throgmorton Street at four o'clock. If he goes to Leeds this afternoon, how can he get off down the line by the eight o'clock train in the mornin'?"

Later Mrs. HOSKINS remembered how BUBBLE suddenly stopped, resting his creaking leg on the upper step as he turned round and sharply eyed her.

"May be he won't be home to-night?" he insisted. "Ain't ye afeard bein' left in the house all by yerself with a heap o' money like this?"

"Not a bit," said BESS, lightly. She was half afraid that BUBBLE would offer to sit up with her. "Besides, you know, I've got a brother who lives down by the church. He will come and stop the night."

If BUBBLE knew about this brother, he was in sole possession of the information. BESS was not accustomed to fibbing. She stumbled on this in a sudden chill of fright at the close regard of the shifty eyes BUBBLE suddenly turned upon her when he surmised she would be alone in the house through the night.

BESS spoke more truly when she answered that she was not afraid. In ordinary, even extraordinary, circumstances, she did not know what physical fear is. Soon after BUBBLE went squeaking down the street she recovered from the effect of the chill, as of a sudden gust of damp air from a vault, that froze her blood when BUBBLE turned upon her on the staircase. She went about the house performing her ordinary evening tasks, sent the slavey to bed at ten o'clock, and soon after retired to her own room. Thinking of poor SILAS's hard lot, soon to be travelling home from distant Yorkshire in a comfortable railway carriage, she fell asleep. But not before she had, for the thousandth time, thanked God for His great gift, and prayed Him to preserve it to her. To you and me SILAS was but an ordinary middle-aged clerk, such as are met by hundreds in the city. In BESS's simple heart he was enshrined as one of the best, the noblest, and the most capable of men. How the City would get along if by any chance he were withdrawn from active participation in the direction of its affairs, she really didn't know.

\* \* \* \* \*

She awoke out of a horrid dream. Somewhere in the room was a hamper. In the hamper was BUBBLE, full of felonious design. How he got there, Mrs. HOSKINS, after the illogical manner of dreamers, did not inquire. She only knew that she had seated herself on the lid of the hamper, resolved that BUBBLE should not get out if she could help it. In the struggle that followed, she awoke and found herself snug in bed in the dark and silent room. She struck a light, and looked at her



watch. It had just gone one o'clock; she had been asleep two hours.

Blowing out the candle she turned to go to sleep again, when she heard the handle of the door adjoining her room softly turned. That was the room in which stood the safe containing the money-bag. BESS sat bolt upright in bed, intently listening. She thought—but it must be fancy, the sound could not come through a brick wall—she heard the key turning in the safe. In what, to her strained fancy, seemed the space of half an hour, but was probably only two minutes, she heard the unmistakable shuffling of a footstep in the passage outside, a laboured step as of one carrying a weighty burden, trying to walk noiselessly. What was more, as the handle of the door again softly turned, she heard a familiar click as of a strained muscle.

She knew the click. It came from BUBBLE's knee.

As in a flash of lightning she saw the whole bad business. Instead of going back to the office and delivering the duplicate key of the safe to the cashier, BUBBLE had kept it in his possession, and, assured in the knowledge that SILAS was away and that the house was practically defenceless, had plotted burglary.

Without a moment's hesitation BESS jumped out of bed and threw a shawl about her. SILAS was far away. He had left the house in her charge. If his employer's money were stolen SILAS would be ruined. She knew him well, his proud impeccable honesty. Though in no way responsible for the loss, he would insist on making it good. Bang would go his profits made on Sons of Belial, probably even more.

BESS was going to see this thing through.

Her first impulse was again to light the candle. But having recovered from the nightmare-effect of her dream, she was cool-headed enough to know that a light shining upon her in the bedroom would give the burglar an advantage. Almost opposite the window shone a street lamp, which gave light enough to one familiar with every turn of the room. Remembering what SILAS had said about the rattle, she would get it, open the window, rouse the neighbourhood, and then set forth on the track of the startled robber.

Without difficulty she came on the drawer in which SILAS reminded her she would find the rattle. It was not there! Strange. Its existence was known only to SILAS and herself, and he had particularly recommended it to her. Her hand groping round came on the cool barrel of a pistol. She did not know whether it was loaded or not. That was less material, as she had never fired a pistol in her life. Still, when burglars were about, to hold one in her hand, even if the barrel were empty, looked business-like, and might decide recourse to flight.

Grasping the pistol in her right hand, with her finger on the trigger, as she had seen SILAS do when practising in the back garden after the episode of the spring-side boots, she opened the door and passed on to the landing at the head of the staircase. As she promised SILAS, she had left the hall gas half on. By its dim light she saw, almost at the foot of the stairs, a man slowly descending, with a black bag clutched in his right hand. He wore a coat that came down to his heels. Its hood was drawn over his head and face. No outline of his form was visible. But BESS was not to be deceived about the identity of BUBBLE.

Unruffled, with her keen senses as fully at her command as if

she were getting up in the ordinary way for early breakfast, she noted that, as he crept downstairs there was no creaking of the damaged knee. Was it possible that, fresh from her struggle in dreamland with BUBBLE in the basket; she had mistaken the click of the turning door-handle for the sign of his dread presence? No. She was wide awake at the moment, and could not make a mistake. What was really happening was that, fearing recognition, BUBBLE, with his ingrained, trained duplicity, was by superhuman effort stilling the tell-tale sound of the creak at his knee.

Another moment and the robber would have cleared the stairs, gained the front door, and handed the booty to a confederate, doubtless keeping watch outside. BESS in her slipperless feet and shawled nightdress made no noise to attract the man's attention. She did not want to hurt BUBBLE, but she didn't mean him to get clear off with the booty. On the wall at the right-hand side of the foot of the staircase was a clock. If she aimed at that, and the pistol went off—

She began to remember that SILAS kept it loaded. If she fired at the clock, the man would not be in any danger of his life, but, alarmed at the explosion of firearms, he would drop the bag and flee. That was exactly what BESS wanted.

She pointed the pistol in the direction of the clock, shut her eyes and fired. A loud cry followed the report. BESS, looking down, saw to her horror that BUBBLE had fallen face downward, and was groaning in acute pain. The woman asserted herself in BESS's warrior breast. She ran lightly down the stairs, turned the gas full on, bent over the wounded man, putting back the hood from his face.

A cry of horror filled the house. BESS sprang back with a look of angry aversion.

"You, SILAS, you! Plotting villainy through the day, skulking into your own house in the dead of night to rob your master!"

BESS had wrought an image of gold, dug from the foundations of her simple trusting heart. It had feet of clay, and was now fallen, crouched in a contemptible heap.

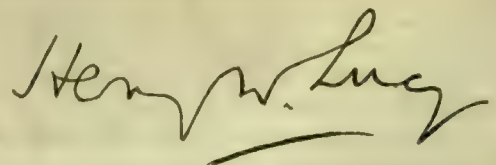
"BESS," groaned the miserable man, "it was all for your sake. I have to pay £200 on that Stock Exchange business, and didn't want you to know anything about it."

BESS leaned her head on the baluster, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Mr. HOSKINS did not go down to Somersetshire that morning to pay the men. Nor was he seen at the office for a full week. It was understood that he had met with an accident. He kept his bed, diligently nursed by BESS, who, on examination, found that his shoulder had only been slightly grazed by the bullet.

His convalescence was assisted by the fact that, better news coming from the seat of war, Sons of Belial took an upward turn. On Account Day they had recovered to a fraction beyond six, and the broker closed the transaction not only without calling upon SILAS to make up differences, but actually sent him a small cheque, being a balance in his favour. A fortnight later, SILAS saw by the market reports that Sons of Belial were being dealt in at £10 a share.

He did not mention the matter to Mrs. HOSKINS.





## A VEXED QUESTION.

["Who is the author of the war?"—*Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.*]

*Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n sings:—*

It's you, C.-B., that are all to blame  
For bringing this war about us;  
I toiled day and night to avert the same,  
But vain were my labours, for lo! you came  
With a warlike speech and you would in-  
flame

The Boers to scorn and flout us.  
'Twas you that brought the war about,  
Despite my best endeavour.  
Of that there is no possible doubt—  
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—  
No shadow of doubt whatever.

*Sir H. C-mpb-ll-B-nn-rm-n sings:—*

You are yourself the cause of it all,  
As I will proceed to show, Sir;  
Those nasty remarks that you once let fall  
Of sands running low and a sponge  
squeezed small,  
'Twas these that nettled the worthy PAUL,  
As very well you know, Sir.  
You thought to worry with gibe and flout  
The dear good man forever.  
Of that there is no possible doubt—  
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—  
No shadow of doubt whatever.

*Together.*

Though sometimes we may differ, I fear,  
On this we may both agree, Sir;  
The blame must lie, so it would appear,  
On one of us two who are standing here,  
But which of the two is not quite clear—  
It's either you or me, Sir.  
Search in and out and round about,  
And you'll discover never  
A fact so free from every doubt—  
All probable, possible shadow of doubt—  
All possible doubt whatever!

## HEADINGS FOR THE NATIONAL COPY BOOKS.

(For the use of the Board Schools and other places of education.)

A REVERSE is unfortunate, but easily remedied.

If one general is checked another advances.

The conduct of officers and men is always magnificent.

The surrender of a battalion is embarrassing to the captors.

Waterloo and Inkermann are not in it with South Africa.

The Union Jack has maintained its prestige.

Britannia rules the waves, and her sons never will be slaves.

Cheers for everything, and banners for everyone.

The British Empire need be under no apprehension.

The Army—bless them!—are quite safe, and will die rather than surrender.

Hurray! Hurray!! Hurray!!! 1900.

## LA COQUETTE MALGRÉ LUI.

It does not make me deeply care,  
Yet fills me with amused vexation,  
That I should be obliged to bear  
So ill-deserved a reputation.  
Persons like Mrs. JONES and BROWN  
With busy tongues themselves exert  
To make Society set me down  
A flirt!

One knows how some old women talk,  
In country places they are frightful;  
Apparently their pleasing "walk  
Of life" is simply—to be spiteful!  
At one rival to their own  
Sweet daughters they must fling some  
dirt,  
Hoping that men will leave alone  
A flirt.



Ah, well! It does not matter much  
Whom Mrs. X. decries or flatters,  
Men please themselves entirely—such  
is my belief—in these small matters.  
And men choose their affinities,  
Though spiteful dowagers assert,  
Or hint, or whisper that "she" is  
A flirt.

It's hard, though, when one's every word,  
And look, and act is deftly twisted  
By "friends," whom one would have pre-  
ferred

To see as enemies enlisted.  
They feign to praise "Miss So-and-So"  
(As pills with sugar must be girt),  
"Most sweet and charming—but, you  
know,  
A flirt!"

And why on earth? Because, in truth,  
Men find me not entirely stupid,  
Nor altogether plain, forsooth,  
I'm always hatching plots with Cupid!

Say MARY flirted with her lamb!  
As reasonably you might pervert  
That simple tale, as say I am  
A flirt.

Merely to look at any man,  
When I'm at dinners, picnics, dances,  
Is quite enough the fire to fan  
Of whispers, nods, and smiles and  
glances.

No longer now I care a jot,  
Since those who know my poor desert  
Know that, whatever else, I'm NOT  
A flirt.

Let people freely gossip then!  
They will not make me, they'll discover,  
Less worthy in the eyes of men,  
My present friends—my future lover.  
Dear Mrs. JONES, dear Mrs. BROWN,  
Know this—you cannot do me hurt,  
When you are pleased to set me down  
A flirt!

## CHINA FOR THE CHINESE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As the late editor of a daily paper and the advocate of all distressed nationalities, Armenians, Greeks and dwellers in that blessed region Mesopotamia, I am about to call a meeting to protest against any aggression on the part of the Powers in China. Mr. C-RTN-Y will probably be there, and Dr. CL-RK, and all the other Pro-Boxers, and resolutions will be submitted sympathising with the Chinese in their struggle for freedom from Western innovations, and their picturesque and forcible method of expressing their dislike for foreigners. We shall call upon the English people to dissent strongly from the attitude taken up by the European governments, towards this simple and athletic people. We shall point out that the present disturbances are entirely due to the presence of Outlanders in Tien-tsin, Peking, and other large cities, who have come to China merely to make money, and now claim a position of security in that country to which they are not entitled. We shall show that the movement now in progress to suppress the "Boxers" is due entirely to the influence of Capitalists, and is not unconnected with mining concessions. We shall prove that behind the loudly-expressed determination to protect the lives of these Outlanders, we can discern the sinister figure of Mr. RH-D-S. Pro-Boxer meetings will subsequently be organised in all the large Provincial towns, and every effort will of course be made to hamper the government. Admission will in the first instance be by ticket, but should no disturbances, fomented by Imperialists and Jingos, take place, it will afterwards be unrestricted.

I need not add that the Women's Liberal Federation, always ready to follow where I lead, will hold a Pro-Boxer meeting in the near future.

Yours faithfully, H. W. M-SS-NGH-M.





"WELL, GOODBYE, MR. GREEN. IT WAS SO NICE OF YOU TO COME. IT DOES FATHER SUCH A LOT OF GOOD TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO."

"I WAS DELIGHTED TO COME, MISS BROWN, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M NOT MUCH OF A CONVERSATIONALIST."

"MY DEAR MR. GREEN, DON'T LET THAT TROUBLE YOU. FATHER'S IDEAL LISTENER IS AN ABSOLUTE IDIOT, WITH NO CONVERSATION WHATEVER, AND I KNOW HE HAS ENJOYED HIMSELF TREMENDOUSLY TO-NIGHT!"

#### "A REGULAR RIP!"

THAT'S what he is! begging Mr. BEER-BOHM TREE's pardon. That's what you are, Sir, just now, most undoubtedly, a regular irregular, in fact, a "thorough, Rip." Which is complimentary if you add to it "Van Winkle." Any audience is "bound to go on lovin' 'im," as Chevalier Coster might express the sentiment. He is a jolly dog with the sots; he'll do anything in a kindly way for anybody, but when suspicious he is "as sharp as they make 'em." He is tender-hearted and tipsily maudlin. The scenes between Rip and his little daughter Meenie and her juvenile lover Hendrick, both "small parts" admirably played by Miss GEORGIE FRYER and Master HAROLD DE BECKER, are delightfully fresh, and make many throats as dry as is Rip's and many eyes glisten with the "unbidden tear."

I will here note the artistic make-up of Mr. GERALD LAURENCE as the grown-up Hendrick, and of Miss LETTICE (such a

fresh Lettice!) FAIRFAX as Meenie, the grown-up young woman in the third act. Their faces are among the most striking features of the piece: you could almost swear that they are the boy and girl of Act I., only twenty years older.

Mr. FRANKLIN MCLEAY's mean money-lending Derrick is a repulsively clever performance; he shows his teeth, not metaphorically, but literally, too much. Any dentist in the audience must surely feel impelled to send his card round to the stage-door, making a professional appointment gratis. Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL as his son Seth, the gradually developing scoundrel, at first rather shy in initiating a roguery, is capital.

But is it possible, will it ever be possible, for handsome Miss LILY HANBURY to make any audience believe that her Gretchen Van Winkle can possibly be the shrew she tries to make her and that her husband Rip swears she is? No; you can't paint the LILY HANBURY so as make her a common, coarse, peasant virago;

she might be a Katherine to Mr. TREE's Petruchio, but a termagant scolding Vrow, ready with broomstick and backhanders, never! When she is gentle and loving, as she has to be so as not to put Rip entirely in the right, Miss HANBURY is perfect, and when she falls senseless in an agony of remorse at having driven her husband from his home, she is again admirable; but when she is fierce, frowning, scolding and violent on no provocation at all, one feels (that is I, for one, feel) that she is only puttendin', only play-actin'. Perhaps this may be right: perhaps, for the sake of exciting sympathy for Rip, one ought only to feel this; if so, with Miss HANBURY's Gretchen there is not a fault to be found.

The third scene of the second act shows Rip under the influence of very powerful spirits. Here, had the old legend been adhered to, the actor would have had some fine dramatic chances, for in the old story he commences nervously, then gains confidence, and seeing that they are all intent on their bowls, he stealthily fills his own cup from the keg so frequently that at last, being as bold as liquor can make him, he ventures an outspoken opinion on the game, when—bang—thunder—lighting—darkness, and Rip falls senseless, to wake up twenty years after in Scene First, Act III.

In the last scene of all that ends this Great Temperance drama, Mr. TREE is at his best, and Miss LILY HANBURY at hers. The music throughout, by Mr. RAYMOND ROZE, is effectively dramatic, and of the greatest assistance to the action. So to Rip & Co. generally I say, "Here's all your healths, and may you run long and prosper!"

#### A LESSON FROM THE FRONT.

WHEN a commander asks for a truce, apparently for no particular reason, consent at once and give him his own time.

While the truce continues, have the delicacy not to enquire into the movement of your opponents.

Remember that firing on ambulances and quarters reserved for women and children may have been the outcome of a mistake.

Force upon the opposing general plenty of leisure for removing all his forces, including his heavy guns.

And then, when you find your bird flown, men, horses, and artillery disappeared, express intense surprise at the power of your opponent to come "to think of such a clever thing."

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—"Sold only in Packets." The meaning of the family motto of the LIPTONS—*Fecit per alium fecit per se*—is "He did the sea in an aluminium boat." The reference to the hull of the "Shamrock," the property of the present knight, is obvious.





## AD VALOREM.

(Energetic Sub has been pursuing runaway Mule.)

"WELL DONE, OLD CHAP! YOU DESERVE THE D.S.O. AT LEAST. WHAT IS IT? AMMUNITION!"  
 "AMMUNITION! D.S.O.!! V.C., YOU MEAN!!!! WHY, IT'S BOTTLED BEER!!!!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The *Minx* (HUTCHINSON) is, in the ordinary meaning of the word, not precisely descriptive of heroine of IOTA's last novel. But the creation is her own, and she has the right to name it as she pleases. Anyhow, *Joyce Anstiss* is a charming girl, and is surrounded by interesting people, amongst whom my Baronite specially ranks *Mrs. Hallows*. The story is excellent when at last "IOTA," warned by approaching end of space allotted to a six-shilling book, settles down to work it out. Her approach to the task is somewhat hampered by tendency to utter profound thoughts in smart sentences. The profundity sometimes lands the hapless reader in obscurity. That is a fault of mannerism, which "IOTA" may presently overcome. Happily, her gifts as a story-teller are great enough to withstand her frailties as a phrase-maker.

Miss ROSA CAREY has achieved a supreme success. In *Life's Trivial Round* trivialities must be expected. But as far as my Baronite with some pained experience remembers, never since book-making began was there ever anything so trivial as this. That one presumably not over eighty years of age or under nine could write it is a marvel. That publishers with such keen scent for good work as Messrs. HUTCHINSON could give it their imprimatur passeth understanding.

Mr. TOM GALLON must by this time be sick of the name of CHARLES DICKENS. For the conscientious reviewer taking up one of his works to keep the name of the dead Master out of his notice is an effort as hopeless as Mr. *Dick* writing his memorial, and trying to turn his head away from that of CHARLES THE FIRST. If Mr. GALLON had been born ninety years ago and got the start of DICKENS, his name would have obtained an enduring place in the annals of literature. As he will justly object, in such circumstances he would not have been alive to-day to give

us *Kiddy* (HUTCHINSON), which would have been a pity. It is a charming story, tenderly told, with a moving plot underlying it. There is a quietly made artistic touch in showing a money-lender, professionally ruthless with his customers, the placid slave of a wife and family, who when he comes to financial grief turn him out of doors. In Mr. *Elijah Foss's* mannerism of speech Mr. GALLON reproduces in tiresome development CHARLES DICKENS' worst mannerism, one that beset him when he grew old and weary. *Per contra*, *Kiddy* is much better than many of the Master's female characters whom my Baronite could name.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## A NEW LITERARY DRINK.

ONE tumbler of BYRON's rhetorical splash,  
 One dram of MACAULAY's heroic dash,  
 A smack of old CAMPBELL (for flavouring this is);  
 Mix all up together, and drink while it freezes.  
 Can you doubt what the beverage is that you're tipping?  
 It's capital, first-rate, in fact, R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

WHY NOT?—SANTLEY, our veteran and undefeated Baritone, is singing at this forthcoming Handel Festival. He has already sung at thirteen of 'em! Now as Sir ALEXANDER MCMUSIC and Sir HENRY DRAMA, respectively representative, have already been knighted, why should not Sir CHARLES SONG be added to the list? By all means, give Mr. SANTLEY a Handel to his name.

HORTICULTURAL NOTE (by our own Irrepressible One).—It is said that Indian corn is not suited to the English climate. This is refuted by the existence, for many years, of the flourishing *Maze* at Hampton Court.



## OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 12.—*Romeo et Juliette* again. Dear *Romeo et Juliette*: quite willing to see it, or most of it—it is rather long—as often as it likes. Fashion for some critics to run down this sort of opera. They don't understand that the world is a large place, and contains several kinds of things: not so much



important that things should be of this or that kind, as that they should be good of the kind they are. *Romeo et Juliette* is good of its kind. All the same, reminded to-night of THACKERAY'S remark about our old comedies: that reading them was like watching a dance without the music. Suppose one took a stone-deaf man, who had never been to the opera, and sat him down early in the first act of *Romeo et Juliette*, odd impression he would get. He would see a number of people surrounding a large gentleman of almost incredibly genial and jovial

aspect, who was apparently introducing an arch and smiling lady to them. *Excunt omnes*, and enter several men in black masks, the eye-holes of which, revealing flesh colour underneath, give them a curious resemblance to the Pink-eyed Kaffir. Of them a mild-eyed, melancholy, lotus-eating gentleman is presently making advances to the arch lady, who has come back, and who repels him with an air of having seen far too much of the world to commit herself with a stranger. *Excursions and alarums*: lotus-eater resumes the Pink-eyed Kaffir. Stone-deaf man would observe that everybody was trying desperately hard to look as though it all meant something, but would be firmly convinced that it meant nothing at all. *Finale* to Act I. The balcony in Act II. would reveal to the stone-deaf man that the business had something to do with *Romeo and Juliet*, and that the melancholy lotus-eater and the arch lady who had seen a good deal of the world were SHAKESPEARE'S passionate boy-and-girl lovers. All this irrelevant, of course. The opera is not for stone-deaf people, and what really mattered was that the melancholy gentleman and the arch lady were two of the very most wonderful singers in Europe. For all that, it would be well if operatic stars would take a leaf out of CALVÉ'S book, and act a little better. Stone-deaf man would have no difficulty in understanding what CALVÉ was about in *Carmen*.

Not much more to say of Tuesday the 12th. JEAN DE RESZKE seemed just the least bit tired, but managed all his wonderful resources with all his wonderful skill. Madame MELBA extraordinarily fresh and strong: a glorious voice, and a glorious experience to listen to it; feel a beast for having criticised her acting. Mlles. MAUBOURG and BAUERMEISTER good as *Stephano* and the Nurse, but the latter, as before, should make up older.

Wednesday.—*Carmen* in French, and Mlle. ZELIE DE LUSSAN as *Carmen*. No comparisons, if you please. Mlle. ZELIE'S *Carmen* is good enough for me, in all conscience. Were I to be more complimentary to the artiste I should have to be uncomplimentary to the character of *Carmen*. But that applies to the drama as drama, not as opera; and herein, too, Mlle. ZELIE holds her own against all comers, that is, within my limited experience. Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, a delightful *Micaela*; in appearance contrasting artistically with her unscrupulous rival in Don JOSÉ SALEZA'S tenorily-expressed affections. M. PLANÇON fine as "*Toréador Contento*." *Contentissimo*, because heartily encored. House strong, in spite of Ascot Week. Decidedly "good night."

Thursday, July 14.—Most appropriate bill for the Gold Cup day at Ascot: *Pagliacci*, by LEONCAVALLO (but few of us were lucky enough to lay on the right *cavallo*), and *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Very horsey programme. The first event proved a walk over for *Canio*—DE LUCIA up: but he has been ridden to victory so often by this jockey that his win was a foregone conclusion. Fräulein SCHIFF (why does the programme call her Mademoiselle?) on the frisky mare *Nedda*, and Signor SCOTTI on *Tonio*, were safe for places. MANCINELLI, timekeeper. Grand stand by no means full.

*Cavalleria* without our adorable CALVÉ seemed sadly lacking in colour and grip: and Frau GADSKI could not make us forget our disappointment. A more than usually vigorous *Turiddu* in the comely person of M. (should he not be printed Herr?) DIPPEL, and a more than usually quiet *Alfo* in M. BENSANDE, who couldn't get his whip to crack during his first song, which seemed to dishearten him for the rest of the evening. Wild applause for the *intermezzo*. All over, and lights out, at eleven

## "HAPPY RETURNS."

It was an exceptionally representative assembly that at the Savoy Hotel greeted Sir HENRY IRVING on his return from his American tour. A home-coming warrior, after a series of triumphs, might perhaps have received a noisier but certainly not a heartier welcome than did our Premier Histriion, when, as "a rising actor," he rose to respond to the toast, that had been eloquently proposed by the Lord Chief Justice.

The triumphal CARR, to whom was largely due the success of this banquet, drank to the American guests, who, most ably represented by Mr. CHOATE, the American Minister, and the eccentric humourist, MARK TWAIN, made the speeches of the evening. As mysteriously observed Sir SQUIRE to more than one *convive*, "They—aw—knocked all the other speeches into a cocked hat, eh?" With which sentiment, the recipients of Sir SQUIRE'S confidences most unreservedly agreed.

D'OYLEY CARTE was in the chair—a *chaise roulante* by the way, in which he "wheel'd about and turned about" in order to go and interview the guests, being, in fact, quite a *carte de visite*,—and was on his legs so frequently in the course of the evening as to give his friends every hope that the time of his complete recovery is not far distant.

It was one of those rare occasions when Sir HENRY IRVING could appear as—what is so unprofessional with an actor—himself. It is, of all his characters, his very best. Who know not Sir HENRY thus do not Sir HENRY know, and it is their loss. There may be, and must be, differences of opinion as to IRVING in this, or that, or t'other impersonation; for example, my Lord Chief Justice thinks that when Sir HENRY is up before him as *Robert Macaire*, he acquits himself perfectly. But we all agree as to his merits when he is with us simply and plainly as—himself.

Of the crowded house that on Saturday night greeted the return of the two wanderers, "HENRY and ELLEN," of whom the poet long ago wrote, and of the speech from the stage, and of the reception after the fall of the curtain, have not full detailed accounts already appeared in all the papers? "Had ELLEN lost her mirth? Oh, no!" For which overhaul Poet COLERIDGE, and when found, &c., &c. "Oh, ELLEN was a faithful friend!" Insert "TERRY" after ELLEN, and there you have it. Likewise, "The grapes upon the Vicar's wall"—and the Vicar, of course, being the Vicar of Wakefield, in whose house, The Lyceum, most heartily and most affectionately did all greet the return of *Olivia*.



"Coming to the Point."





"WELCOME FROM EGYPT, SIR!"

*Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Scene 2.*

[His Highness the KHEDEVE arrives Thursday, June 21.]





*Lady.* "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

*Tramp.* "LAST TIME I WAS ROUND HERE, YOU GAVE ME A PIE WOT YER SAID YER COOKED YERSELF, LADY."

*Lady.* "WELL?"

*Tramp.* "WELL, I MERELY CALLED HERE TO KNOW WHO'S GOIN' TO COMPENSATE ME FOR THE TIME I WASTED IN HOSPITAL!"

#### POSTAL PROGRESS.

June 14, 1900.—Just written important letter to O'DONOGHUE, at Ballybosh. Suddenly remember some vague notice in newspapers about letters going earlier. Rush out, and into nearest post office. Nice young lady there. Always nice to me, as I am polite to her. Say hurriedly, "Excuse me—so sorry to trouble you—believe times of post altered. Sure you'll pardon seeming inquisitiveness—could you be so very kind—do letters for Ireland go earlier now?" "Yes," she says, "there is a new sorting office. Post goes at 5.30 now. You've just missed it." "But can't I put on an extra stamp?" I ask. "Not here," she replies; "you must go to Mount Pleasant." "Where on earth's that?" I cry. "In Tunbridge

Wells? I seem to remember that sort of name there." "No," she answers, "in London. But you'd better be quick." I rush out, scramble into a hansom, shout "Mount Pleasant!" and just catch late post.

Jan. 1, 1901.—At moment of finishing letter to OWEN AP WILLIAMS, at Aberllefenni, wonder if post office has made more improvements. Hasten to ask. It has. Land in central London so valuable that head sorting office now in West Kensington. Letters must be posted before 4-15. Cab to West Kensington. Just in time.

July 1, 1901.—BAGSTOCK must really get this letter at Bath by first post to-morrow. Nearly 4-15 now. Wonder if post office has tried any more reforms. It has. Times altered to-day. Sorting office now

at Brentford. Letters must go at 2-7. Am obliged to telegraph at immense length to BAGSTOCK. Am getting tired of postal progress.

Jan. 1, 1902.—Here we are again. Sure to have more post office improvements on New Year's day. Up early, and write to ROBINSON at Richmond. Close to Brentford, so all right, unless sorting office moved again. Get to post office at 11-15. Again too late. Hear that sorting office is now on Exmoor, and letters go at 10-59. Leave office filled with angry crowd.

April 1, 1900.—Horrible nuisance catching night mails at 10.59 A.M. However, will get this letter posted to CHOLMONDELEY in time. Wonder how long it takes to go to Chiswick by way of Exmoor. Perhaps it's not Exmoor now. Run to post office. It is shut up. Angry crowd in front, throwing stones at windows. On the door is this official notice, "Office closed. To-day's mails went yesterday. For the future they will always be despatched in that manner, the head sorting office being now at Land's End. Post early."

H. D. B.

#### JOCA DARWINIANA.

I CONTENT the explanation  
Of a jester's inspiration  
Is no momentary brilliance of the brain,  
But a steady evolution  
From idea to execution,  
And a word or two will make the matter plain.

First there comes a tiny spasm,  
Which I think is Protoplasm,  
For it may denote a poem or a pun,  
And amorphous Protozoa  
Of the best of jokes must grow a  
Certain size before they're obviously fun.  
But when matter gets in motion  
Quite a complicated notion  
May evolve itself from just a simple sell,  
For a joke that's told with unction  
Is organic in its function,  
And the function of an organ is to "swell."

Thus it rises by gradation  
In the scale of recreation  
To a jesting after dining without stint,  
Till it breaks its final trammel  
And declares itself a mammal,  
Which is vertebrate enough to "go" in print.

Braving dangers of rejection,  
By a natural select on  
It survives amid the fittest of the fit;  
In the process of evolving  
Very fortunately solving  
That great difficulty—specie to wit.

#### THE WAIL OF A "SPECIAL."

ALAS! the stern voice of the Censor  
Makes both myself and my pen sore.  
He's crossed all my "T's"  
Altered "Q's" into "P's,"  
I cannot imagine one densor.





### OUR CRICKET MATCH.

*General Chorus (to Farmer Giles, who, in consideration of his lending us the field, has been included in the home team, but unfortunately is bowled first ball). "OUT, VARNER! THEE BE OUT! MAKE WAY FOR THE RECTOR NOW!"*

*Farmer Giles. "WHOOY, B'AIN'T I TO BAT NO MORE!"*

*Chorus. "COORSE NOT! THEE BE OUT!"*

*Farmer Giles. "OH, BE I! THEN HOUT YOU GOES HOUT O' MY FIELD!"*

### CARPE DIEM.

"The situation in China is very critical. . . . The Dowager Empress has revived theatricals in the palace."—*Daily Paper*. [Evidently the Empress encourages her own "Private Boxers" and "Royal Boxers."—*Note, Ed.*]

WHAT though the Boxers fire and sword should scatter,  
What though they should stray missionaries batter,  
Do you suppose the foreign devils matter,  
Dowager Empress?

If, when your soldiers sally forth to meet them,  
Pick of your army, chosen to defeat them,  
Need it alarm you, should the rebels beat them,  
Dowager Empress?

If the foundations of your realm are crumbling,  
If round your ears its pinnacles are tumbling,  
Is that a cause for bitterness and grumbling  
Dowager Empress?

Nay, don the buskin! From the boards we'll borrow  
Laughter to-day, though weeping comes to-morrow.  
While we still may, we'll banish care and sorrow,  
Dowager Empress.

### INVISIBLE!

SIR,—No more scarlet for uniforms! Try "Invisible Blue" or "Invisible Green." To adopt these and use smokeless powder—why, an army could invade a country, and be in possession without any of the inhabitants perceiving it. Splendid! Excuse me, I'm suffering from a frontal attack, and must now, like ANNIE LAURIE, "lay me down and dee." From

A KOVE IN KHAKI.

### WEATHERWISE MAXIMS.

WHEN in doubt, take out your umbrella with you and it's sure not to rain.

Wear a new summer suit, old boots, a new hat, and carry only a light walking-stick, and it's safe to pour.

### VERY SIMPLE.

My first's a human being,  
My second's a bird,  
My whole is a plant  
Of which you have heard.

Answer —?

### PROVERBS GONE WRONG.

THE lion may lie down with the lamb, but you can't make him drink.

Little pitchers get broken if they don't leave well alone.  
There is no fool like an old fool except an older fool.

OUT OF DATE.—Now that "Mounted Infantry" is an accepted term for a most useful branch of the service, why should "Horse Marines" be any longer an absurd form of chaff? It is antiquated chaff, true; but it still exists, and can only be applied to some of our very superior military officers, who tactically and practically have shown themselves very much "at sea."

A NEW INVENTION.—The Wagner Bi-cycle. Musical Box-seat fitted with selections from Tannhauser, Lohengrin and Flying Dutchman. Indispensable to Musical Cyclists. Beguiles time with tune en tour. Apply to the Wagner Wheel Company, Operatic Works.





### TROUT STREAM MEMS.

SHALL PROVIDE MYSELF WITH A PAIR OF STOUT LEATHER LEGGINGS. MERE STOCKINGS SUCH A VERY IMPERFECT PROTECTION WHEN CONFOUNDED DOGS WILL INSIST UPON SEEING YOU OFF FARM PREMISES BY STREAM SIDE!

### INNS AND OUTINGS.

SIR,—What a change has come over the Inns of England and Scotland within the last ten years, at least, as far as my personal acquaintance with them goes, and that is not inconsiderable. Inns and signs are rare, and we must speak of them all now as “hotels.” But though calling themselves hotels, some that ought to know better and to be better (they won’t “do better” till they change) are still lamentably behindhand in matters of *cuisine*, while not a few place themselves out of the pale of modern civilisation by banishing smokers to an out-of-the-way, comfortless “smoking-room” (generally horse-haired, reminding us of an old-fashioned commercial travellers’ room *tempore Pickwick*), unless there happen to be also a billiard-room which may turn out to be a trifle less depressing. But what, in the meantime, is the better-half to do, if there are only two of you *en voyage*? There is only a “genteel” glazed-looking sort of suburban drawing-room to which she may retire, fitted up with a self-contained, refrigerated company limited. But in our modern hotels there is “a lounge,” where coffee and cigars can be enjoyed without depriving the fair sex of our society, or us of theirs. This is a move in the right direction. Generally, too, there is an orchestra, so that, as the stage directions have it, conversation is “spoken through music.”

In the Northern district of London the after-dinner lounge at the Grand Central on certain evenings is a sight to see; and in the South the lounges at the Grand, the Metropole, and at the Carlton, the brilliancy of the assemblage might compete on no unequal terms with that of the most fashionable gathering at the height of the London season. No objection here to what Mr. Box called “the effluvia of tobacco.” Poet COWPER dropping in at any one of these places would have had to cancel his lines about the “pernicious weed” which “banishes the sex

that civilises ours.” Why, you can light your manly cigar or ladylike cigarette in the dining-room, and enjoy it in the society of your fair partner, a privilege which is not accorded the visitor and his wife by the management of the otherwise excellent Hotel Central, Glasgow, which has about the loftiest *salle à manger* to be met with anywhere, in which a hundred cigars might be smoked and “leave not a wrack behind.”

Then, by the sea—I write in the interest of those about to travel in the yet far-off vacation—the brand-new hotels are everywhere to be commended. The Burlington at Boscombe, if it only keeps up to its present mark of luxurious rooms and well-arranged dinners, ought to attract in and out of season; while, nearer London, at Ramsgate, where a good hotel has been much needed, the Granville—once, in QUATERMAIN EAST-ERN days, most popular, is now in its second Spring—having been rebuilt, is not only as luxurious as the latest inventions can make it, but promises to be as comfortable as the most exacting bachelor *bon vivant* may require. Ladies will take a delight in the perfectly furnished apartments, in the drawing-rooms, reading-rooms, and lounges in verandah and hall. But there is something here which to your inspector is a great attraction—to every bath-room there is a sea-water tap. No sending out a man with a pail, at so much extra *per diem*, for what never ought to be an expensive luxury at the sea-side. But here it is, “rain or shine,” sea-water *à discretion* when you’re ready.

City men can be down here, starting from Holborn Viaduct, L. C. & D., at 5. P.M., in a few minutes under two hours, in time for wash, brush up, and a 7.45 dinner, and a stroll by the cheerful sea wave afterwards. The afternoon Granville at 3.25 is due at 5, and the S. E. Granville also, pretending to stop at the Margate terminus, says, “No, we don’t!” and hurries on to Ramsgate.

Finally, the Turkish bath, and the different baths which some twenty years ago were such a feature in the old Granville Hotel, are all being restored, and—here is a hint—if they only fit up the hall, where once the theatre was, as a gymnasium, with a professor or two of the noble arts of fencing, boxing, and single-stick in attendance, Mr. HOLLAND, the manager, will have wisely put by some provision for his visitors on a rainy day. And I should say he and his Co. will make a little “haul by the sea” at Ramsgate.

INSPECTOR.

### “PUT IT DOWN A WEE.”

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I send you an extract from the Official Guide to Pompeii, which I think is a choice specimen of “English as she is wrote.” It is all in the same delicious vein.

VACUOUS WIATOR.

P.S.—Please observe the “wery.”

Extract from the Official “Guide to Pompeii,” Illustrated.

Published by the Scafati-Pompei Pompeian Tipographical Establishment and Library.

Page 79.—Domus Vettiorum, Vetti’s House or New House, Reg. VI. Insula XIV. nova street or degli Scienziati.

“This surprising habitation was discovered in 1895, and it is very important for its beautifulness and its nearly untouched conservation of the superb pictures and rare objects of art which have been recovered in it. There fore it reclaims the attention of all visitors that wery day conceir in great number to Pompei’s Coves.”

“SOME FRIENDS JUST ‘PASSING THROUGH’.”—Go and visit them. In Bond Street. The “FRAGONARDS” from Grasse, *grace aux* Messrs. AGNEW, who put themselves out, to grasse, to get them, and then exhibited them here in ‘98. “Who fears to speak of ‘98?” Not the Messrs. AGNEW, with whom The FRAGONARDS are staying for a short time this season. Then the subject! “*Roman d’Amour de la Jeunesse!*” Hurry up! Few have a chance of doing a *Roman d’amour de la jeunesse* twice in a lifetime. And delighted as the “*Famille FRAGONARD*” must be with their present quarters, in the very centre of fashion, *dans le mouvement de Londres*, yet away they will have to go. *La jeunesse ne revient jamais!*



## POSTHISTORIC PEEPS.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Chronicle*, "a new political area is heralded by the rumoured running of a cycling candidate for Parliament." This announcement opens up a vista of developments hitherto undreamed of, and Mr. Punch has told off his own special Prophet to forecast the Queen's Speech of 1920.

## MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

My relations with all the other Powers continue to be of a friendly character.

My dispute with the United States over the America Cup, in consequence of which I was reluctantly compelled to withdraw my Minister from Boston, has been referred to the concert of Europe. The conferences which the Ambassadors have been instructed to hold are still proceeding, and I see no danger of their terminating.

The troubles which broke out in my Australian Colonies upon the defeat of their cricket teams by my Eleven have been appeased by the return to the spectators of their gate-money, and my subjects have been restored to their wonted loyalty and allegiance.

## GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The estimates for the year will be laid before you. While desirous of guarding against undue expenditure, I feel that the present lack of condition in the country will not permit you to depart from that spirit in which you have during recent years provided cricket-fields, golf-links, and race-courses for the development of my Empire.

## MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

The neglect of sport—especially among the younger officers of my army—having become a national disgrace, a Bill will be laid before you to provide against their becoming too much engrossed in their professions, and requiring them to duly observe Derby Day, Ascot, and other great national festivals.

For the further encouragement of sport, your consent will be asked to a measure providing that every post office be furnished with a tape, and that the latest betting news be exhibited in a conspicuous place.

Bills for the promotion of Temperance Reform, Old-Age Pensions, the Housing of the Working Classes, the Relief of Over-crowded Districts and the Abolition of Slums have been prepared, and will be laid before you if opportunity for considering them should be found.

WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW.—We know that guns were constructed to go off. But how is it that, in spite of our successes and captures of men, we have never succeeded in collaring any of their guns, except one or two big ones such as CRONJE and t'other BOTHA?



## MEMS FOR MOTORISTS.

IF YOUR CAR SUDDENLY APPEARS TO DRAG HEAVILY, YOU MAY BE SURE THERE IS SOMETHING TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.

THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF  
MR. LABOUCHERE.

["Had I been a Greek three thousand years ago,  
I should have been opposed to the siege of Troy."  
*Mr. Labouchere.*]

It was three thousand years ago  
The Greeks went forth with ships and  
To lay the pride of PRIAM low, [men  
And very few came back again!  
I thought the war a sad mistake—  
A fact well known to every boy;  
THERSITES was the name I bore,  
And I opposed the siege of Troy.

Years passed, times changed, and it befell  
That Rome and Carthage came to blows,  
Till ultimately Carthage fell—  
Again, as every schoolboy knows.  
I mocked the Roman Senate's schemes,  
I mocked the Roman soldier's scars;

I was a Roman citizen,  
And I opposed the Punic wars.  
Then, coming to more modern days,  
When DRAKE was on the Spanish Main,  
'Twas I alone declined to praise  
The man who broke the power of Spain.  
And when from Elba NAP returned,  
And Belgium saw the final coup,  
I said hard things of WELLINGTON  
And disapproved of Waterloo.  
And, therefore, now, when Mr. K.  
Has left his capital and fled,  
When STEYN is also gone away,  
And CRONJE's caught and JOUBERT's  
dead,  
When ROBERTS still goes marching on,  
And British troops crown every hill,  
A pattern of consistency  
You see me disapproving still. ST. J. H.





### OPPORTUNITY.

*Viator (to Countryman, who has just slipped and fallen heavily). "LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND UP, MY MAN."*  
*Countryman. "NAW, THANKEE, SIR: NOW OI ARE DOWN OI THINK OI'LL SET AWHILE."*

### THE PLAINT OF THE INJURED PARODIST.

*(An Appeal to the Poet Laureate after perusing his variation on "The Light Brigade.")*

AS when a young thing, all her heart aflame,  
 Her cheek by steady vigils rendered hollow,  
 Caught in an ecstasy of maiden shame,  
 Swoons at the feet of some sublime Apollo:

Then from a dream of chanted Delphic hymns  
 Haunting the glades of Phocis, green and nutty,  
 Wakes up and finds her idol's lower limbs  
 To be composed of ordinary putty:

Looks for the locks that went in wavy lines  
 Crowning the slightly academic forehead,  
 And notes the nascent horns and other signs  
 That mark the Satyr's nature (which is horrid):

And lastly turns to where he held the lyre  
 Ready for pæans, rural odes, or dirges,  
 And there, as though to mock the Muses' quire  
 Perceives a banjo fresh from MOORE and BURGESS:

So we, poor fools, who hushed our clamorous hearts  
 Before the image of revived Apollo,  
 Drank in the beauty born of Greekish arts  
 And breathed the scent of bays we dared not swallow:

Whose homage hurt our trousers at the knee,  
 Who held our throbbing brows abashed and pendent  
 Before the shining shape which claimed to be  
 The singing god's legitimate descendant:

Who faintly, like the humble mocking-bird,  
 Have sought to imitate his rapt effusions—  
 Our eyes are opened; something has occurred  
 To stultify our holiest illusions!

O ALFRED!—for we wish to drop disguise  
 And shirk a simile that strains its tether—  
 Come, loose the poet's frenzy from your eyes  
 And let us talk, on business lines, together.

Time was when we believed we had in you  
 A mine of practically priceless treasure,  
 A sempiternal source of revenue,  
 An ocean all unplumbed to tap at leisure.

You were the flower from which, with honest toil,  
 We busy bees contrived to gather honey;  
 But now you grudge us our laborious spoil,  
 And grow, yourself, deliberately funny!

Shifting your rôle from butt to bombardier,  
 The victim once and now the bold aggressor,  
 You enter, at a bound, the comic sphere  
 And bravely parody your predecessor!





## A "REGRETTABLE INCIDENT."

F.-M. PUNCH (to GENERAL ROUTINE). "THERE 'S NO EXCUSE! SENSELESS DRESS! D—D SENSELESS MANAGEMENT!"

[“Anyhow, it is imperative that the next Field Day shall not involve four deaths and 400 cases of sickness.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]







Your 'solemn' gifts had nursed in us the hope

Of one perennial fount of titillation,  
But now you pass beyond the jester's scope  
And cheat us of our chartered occupation!

To seek to reproduce you as of old  
Would be to make ourselves supremely silly;

How can it serve to gild refined gold,  
Or paint the absolutely perfect lily?

ALFRED, be generous as you are great!  
Urge not your claim to humour quite so hotly!

You have your laureate's panoply of state,  
Leave us our fool's prerogative of motley!  
O. S.

### ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, June 14.

—As someone has earlier remarked, murder will out. No one regarding the meek, venerable presence of SAM SMITH, hearing the plaintive piping of his voice, would imagine him as an authority on the seamy side of theatrical life. To-night he bewrayed himself.

House back after Whitsun Holidays; buckled to in Committee on Education Vote. JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationist, moved vote in one of those lucid, with refreshing sub-acidity of humour, speeches which ever renew marvel in mind of the Member for Sark that at this time of day GORST should still rank as Vice-President of a defunct Council. I say it is because of embarrassment of riches at disposal of the MARKISS. SARK runs his eye along the Treasury Bench and says "Humph!"

To-night JOHN O'GORST in a few strokes, apparently carelessly planted, drew delightful picture of the Dook of DEVONSHIRE settling with papal authority a nice point in religious controversy. Seems that in a certain Board School complaint made that teaching of the Apostles' Creed, enjoining man's duty to his Maker and his duty to his neighbour, is denounced as a violation of the law.

"The question," JOHN O'GORST said in hushed voice, "is almost ripe for decision." "When the moment comes," he added with natural elation at the prospect of supreme settlement, "my noble friend, the Lord President of the Council, and myself, will consider the matter and come to the best conclusion possible to us."

There flashed across the House a vision of the Dook, with his hands in his pockets, yawning, whilst JOHN O'GORST recited to him the Apostles' Creed, and argued points of its bearing upon the Conscience Clause.

It was earlier than this SAM SMITH accidentally let out where he has been spending his nights since he came to town, ostensibly in attendance on Parliamentary



Old Lady (from the Country). "WELL, I NEVER! AND TO THINK BURGLARY SHOULD HAVE BECOME A REGULAR RESPECTABLE TRADE!"

duties. As he forlornly wandered round question of alleged clerical iniquities in Board Schools, Chairman from time to time recalled him to subject before Committee. At fourth reproof SAMUEL, with fresh flood of tears in his voice, wailed, "Very well, Mr. LOWTHER; but it's really very difficult to walk on a tight-rope."

How does SAMUEL know this? Surely he has not, with or without tights and a balancing-pole, been attempting the feat? More probable that at one of the ballets just now filling the music halls he has seen a short-skirted fairy nimbly run along the rope, and marvelled how it was done. However it be, illustration apt, submitted in tone of conviction that shook a flippant audience with laughter.

Business done.—House resumed after Whitsun Recess.

Friday night.—The Member for Sark has been spending Whitsun holidays with Sir JOHN LENG, in his baronial castle that fronts the Firth of Tay, and keeps in wholesome awe the turbulent burghers of Dundee. Tells me he had opportunity, under the Chief's guidance, of looking through some of the papers with which the archives of the old town are stored. Found among them, bearing date August 3, 1745, the following entry:

"The Council authorize the Thesaurer to give to Mr. Lawder, one of the Masters of the Latine School of this Burrow, Two Guineas for his pains and Charges in making some poymys upon the Town of Dundie,





THE "HANDLE" FESTIVAL, OR THE CRYSTAL PALACE UMBRELLA STAND, JUNE 16 TO 23.

which are now hung up in the Town House; but at same time intimate to him not to make any more of those poems without the Magistrates' approbation."

The poet, whose name is more commonly spelled LAUDER, lives in fame chiefly by reason of the literary forgeries whereby he endeavoured to show that JOHN MILTON was no better than he should be—that, in short, he was indebted to older writers for some of his most effective passages.

That is another story. What struck the Member for Sark on coming across this document, was its adaptability to to case of Poet Laureate. It is the MARKISS who is responsible for the grim joke of placing ALFRED THE LITTLE in immediate succession to, therefore in direct comparison with, ALFRED THE GREAT. SARK, remembering the jingle about the Jameson raid, the mournful numbers about Mafeking, feeling sure that something else will be forthcoming about the triumphal march of BOBS, wants to ask the MARKISS whether he does not think the joke—never a very good one—isn't now played out? Couldn't he take a leaf out of the ancient Dundee Town Council book, forwarding a butt of Malmsey, and a cheque for salary up to date for ALFRED'S pains and charges, enjoin him "not to make any more of those poems without the magistrates' approbation"?

*Business done.*—Deadly dull night with Civil Service Estimates.

#### AT SEXES AND SEVENS.

At the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation, it was decided that the working hours of the sexes should be equal. No doubt at the next conference the following resolutions will be added to the list and carried.

Men and women not to work beyond their strength, and that strength to be ascertained by testing the weakest.

Men and women to be paid the same wages, for the same work.

Boys and girls to be allowed to grow at the same rate, to the same height.

The sexes in every possible respect to be equalised, and to carry out this desirable object human nature to be abolished by act of parliament.

#### REBUS IN ARDUIS.

TELL me, stranger, ere I perish,  
Of the fish men call the trout,  
Ere I lose the hopes I cherish,  
Summer in and summer out,  
Hopes of hooking one and landing  
Him before the day is done,  
Waist deep in the water standing,  
From the dawn to set of sun.

Tell me, is his belly yellow?  
Is he spotted red and black?  
Does he look a splendid fellow  
When you turn him on his back?



Is there any fly can rise him,  
Any hook can hold him tight?  
Is one able to surprise him  
Any time from morn to night?

Stranger, years I've passed in trying  
Every artifice and lure,  
Standing, crawling, wading, lying,  
Casting clean and long and sure.  
Empty yet remains my basket,  
Cramped and weary grows my fist,  
Stranger, in despair I ask it,  
Does the trout in truth exist?

NOTE BY DARBY JONES.—*Merman* in the Gold Cup at Ascot, had no end of a tail behind him.

"BOBSTAYS."—FRENCH, IAN HAMILTON, COLVILL, and KITCHENER.

#### ALL BUT OFFICIAL.

(A Correspondence possible, probable, but imaginary.)

BEG to submit that, as the glass is 90 in the shade, it would be advisable to serve out a hundred cabbage leaves as head-gear.

Z., 2nd Lieut. in temporary charge of F Company, Loamshire Regt.

Seen suggestion, and beg to forward it to General Commanding District.

Y., Commanding Officer,  
Loamshire Regt.

Think this is a matter for Principal Medical Officer.

X., General Commanding District.

There would be no harm in adopting cabbage leaves as head-gear in abnormally hot weather. It might be valuable as an experiment from a scientific point of view. Return it to General Commanding District.

W., Principal Medical Officer.

Have received enclosed. Think this is a matter for your consideration and report.

V., Commander-in-Chief.

Submit that this should have been sent to the Contract branch. Cabbage leaves cannot be regarded under the heading "Discipline."

A. A.-G.

Fancy this must have been sent to this department in error. Try Contracts.

T., Chaplain-General.

No doubt cabbage leaves could be obtained from the recognised providers. But, under the circumstances, it would be better to advertise for tenders. Forwarding the minute on to Financial Secretary.

S., D.G.C.

As the new regulation is to give everything to everybody, see no objection to the serving out of cabbage leaves.

R., Financial Secretary.

(A week passes.)

Have received the cabbage leaves, but now the glass is only a few degrees above freezing point in the shade. Have consequently utilised the green stuff for soup. Trust my conduct will meet with approval.

Z., 2nd Lieut. in temporary charge of F Company, Loamshire Regt.

DEAR ZACKY,—Have shown your last minute to the chief, and he says all right and let's forget all about it.

Yours, in haste. Q., Adjutant.





Bernard Partridge fec

NE bright sunny morning in late September, a powerfully-built schooner of about a hundred and fifty tons was slowly standing in towards one of the lonely isles dotted about that vast, almost unknown, region which we on this side of the habitable globe vaguely speak of as Oceania. The party on board, in addition to the skipper and the crew, consisted of the owner, JOHN SHELDON, a strong devotee of yachting in its more ambitious branches; his wife, almost as great an enthusiast as he was himself; and my humble self, RICHARD BROUGHTON, late Major of Her Majesty's 142nd Regiment, and retired because the sapient ones at the War Office wouldn't have me any longer! You see, I was a little over forty years of age, which, be it known, is a high crime and misdemeanour in the eyes of the authorities.

Two months beforehand, JACK SHELDON and I had sat in the verandah of an hotel overlooking the beautiful harbour of Sydney, discussing my sorry fate; or, rather, he had been silent whilst I poured out my woes into his sympathetic ear.

"Of course," I concluded, bitterly, "as we all know, a man of forty-five is quite useless—good for nothing! and must, perforce, retire, in order to make way for some beardless boy!"

Then I lit a cheroot, and puffed away in savage silence.

JACK looked up good-naturedly.

"Well, old man, it's no use to grumble and 'cuss' at your fate. You are, as you say, 'at a loose end.' Why not come out with us for a long cruise amongst the islands? There's lots of room on the old *Amphitryon*, and my wife'll be as pleased as I shall if you say 'Yes.' It'll do you heaps of good, and we shall very likely come across some 'fearful wildfowl' that'll amuse us. The Service isn't the be-all and end-all of a man's active life, is it?"

And so it was that I came to be aboard the good old yacht, on the day she was gradually making the shores of one of the most

beautiful islands we had hitherto come across in those most beautiful seas.

We slowly forged ahead, our stem cleaving the azure water with even keel, as we neared the palm-fringed shore. Suddenly a native canoe shot out from the centre of the little bay into which we were heading, and was paddled swiftly towards us. It was manned by fine-looking, brown-skinned fellows, packed so tightly together that they almost impeded each other's efforts in the use of the paddles.

JACK SHELDON lit a cigar, threw the match into the sea, and leaning idly over the bulwarks, said:

"We'll stay where we are for two or three days—that is, if the skipper thinks we can lie here safely. We'll send some washing ashore by these people in the canoe. And then, when we're tired of the place, we'll fill up our water-breakers, got in some fruit and some fresh meat, and be off again for——"

"Lee, oh!" shouted the skipper, who always attended to the steering in *propria persona* when we were approaching land. "Hold on yet, boys. Now, let her come. Haul in your foresheet. How much nearer would you like to go in, Sir?"

"Oh, I should think we might stand on for another two or three minutes before you let go your anchor," replied SHELDON, indifferently.

The skipper nodded, and as we stood on the canoe altered its course and paddled directly towards us. About a couple of minutes elapsed, and then our Captain spoke again.

"Now, stand by, boys, and get your hook" (an anchor was always a 'hook' with old RUGGLES) "ready. BEN and TOM there, stand by them foresail halyards—now, some of ye to main halyards and peak. That's it. Now!" he cried, hauling the tiller over and throwing the yacht up into the wind.

"Down jib, down foresail!" And a moment or two later, "Let go your hook!" and a resounding splash in the pellucid waters preceded the concluding portion of the skipper's speech:

"That's all serene. We shall lie here quiet enough, as long as this wind holds, and I don't see no sign of its changin' yet awhile, anyhow."

Directly our anchor was down, the natives in the canoe redoubled their efforts and soon shot their light, narrow craft up alongside the yacht.

Until then we had not taken much notice of the Islanders,



but now, looking over the side of the *Amphitryon*, we were somewhat astonished to see the "get-up" of the man who appeared to be their Chief. Attired ("not too much attired, but just attired enough," as JACK facetiously observed), for the most part, like the rest of his companions, he sported in addition—*O tempora, O mores!*—a false shirt front—known to the profane vulgar as a "Dickey"—and—yo gods and little fishes!—a top hat! This last was adorned at the side with sundry birds' feathers nodding to the breeze like the plumes of a hearse. Mrs. SHELDON incontinently retired below, stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to prevent an explosion of laughter; whilst, in order to guard against any such *contretemps* on our own part, JACK and I advanced with preternaturally solemn faces to salute the Chief as he came up the gangway.

SHELDON extended his hand and the Chief shook it heartily. Then, just as we were preparing to listen to the monotonous, chanting tones of the native language, we were both "taken flat aback," in nautical parlance, by the words which this singularly attired individual addressed to us.

"Say, I reckon yew didn't calculate to meet a real live Pres'dent, and a free-born 'Murrican cit'zen in these hyar parts, eh? Fact. I'm Pres'dent o' the people belongin' to this section, and, as the late A. SELKIRK ob-served, 'Guess I'm monarch of all I sur-vey.' Shake."

SHELDON was the first to recover from a surprise which had fairly taken away the breath from both of us. He again grasped the extended hand, and "shook." Then the Yankee, calling over the side in the native tongue, summoned two of the stalwart rowers to come on board us. They took their places behind their Chief, standing in what dancing masters call "the fifth position," and with one hand raised to the side of their foreheads in a kind of military salute.

The "down-Easter" surveyed them with a look of genuine pride on his face.

"My body-guard," he observed, with an airy wave of his hand. Then, by way of showing off their qualities, he said, addressing the foremost,

"HIRAM P. SLATER (can't stand any o' their fool-language names," he explained to us, parenthetically, "so I call them good, plain 'Murrican ones), I would gargle."

The dark-skinned native, with an imperturbable face which would have done credit to a London footman, at once produced from the folds of his dress a huge brandy flask, and solemnly presented it to his master.

"Gentlemen, will you liquor?" asked the Yankee, hospitably proffering us his "weapon."

"No, no!" exclaimed SHELDON quickly. "You're on my ship, Sir, and we're going below in a minute for the express purpose of tasting some of the stuff I keep there for such an occasion as this. You are my guest to-day, aboard."

The President bowed gravely, as he answered, "And you must be mine to-morrow, ashore. HIRAM P.," he added, turning to his attendant, "we will not gargle at present;" and the flask was immediately "stowed" by the well-trained servant.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON VANDERBILT!" called out the Yankee, and Guard Number Two smartly stepped forward, saluting. "My see-gars;" and immediately a case, about the size of an ordinary portmanteau, was produced and handed to him.

"You see, I make 'em useful. One's my Chancellor o' the Exchequer, and the other—the one with the see-gars—is the Minister for War. Splendidly trained men, and jest de-voted to their Pres'dent. Now, gentlemen, jest you tell me anything you are likely to want which my country affords, and it's yours. Fruit, pigs, yams, bananners—well, I reckon yew're as well 'quainted with the schedule of what grows on these hyar islands as I am. Anything you name shall be aboard yewre old tank quicker'n you could wink."

"You're really too good to us, Mr. President—I think you said President?"

"Correet in once. Pres'dent HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER, late Captain of the *Alabammer* steamship, Port o' N' York."

"Well now, Mr. President, what do you say? Shall we go below to try the champagne, or tell the steward to bring it to us here on deck under the awning?"

The Yankee dry-shaved his chin. "Wal, gimme the deck. Ye see, I ain't much in the way o' being indoors, and I'd feel my lungs sorter crowded down b'low. But, say, 'stead o' the champagne, hev' yew a streak o' Bourbon whiskey aboard? Yew hev'? That's real elegant! Shake." And again SHELDON and the President clasped hands. "Thar's a grip in some o' that old forty-rod lightnin' which champagne, however strong, seems to sorter miss. And—wal, yes, I guess I will take one o' your see-gars, and a seat as well. And now we're camped down an' snug, p'raps yew and yewre friend hyar would like to know jest how plain HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER rose to the proud position of Pres'dent o' this prom'nent Republic? Ef that is so, I reckon I'll jest gargle fust and then tell you the why o' the hull business afterwards."

Of course we both wanted to gratify our natural curiosity on the subject, and promptly settled ourselves into comfortable deck-chairs to listen. How Mr. CUSSNER became President seemed very strange indeed, and reminded me of the old story of how, whilst a stranger sang "There's a wail on the hill" in a mining camp, he was rudely interrupted by a chorus of queries as to how the deuce it—the whale—got there? We wanted to know how Mr. CUSSNER "got there."

The object of our curiosity leisurely bit the end off a cigar, lighted it, and threw himself back in his lounge chair, puffing with evident satisfaction at the Cabana. Then the steward came up on deck, bearing a tray on which stood tumblers, a bottle of the Bourbon beloved of all good Americans, another of champagne, and a supply of soda-water.

"I reckon a splash o' this hyar Bourbon'll remind me of a time when I was in a very different section," said our guest, as he helped himself to a liberal dose of the whiskey, and a very small one of the soda. He swallowed three or four mouthfuls with profound satisfaction, and then—having, with an unconventionality quite charming in so great a man, wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, and solemnly expectorated over the side—began:

"I was cap'n an' part-owner o' the ole *Alabammer* when my stroke o' luck happened me. We had had fair winds an' smooth seas the first two or three weeks out from Borston; then, all of a sudden, the wind begun to get up, weather changed, and things jest went sideways. My chief mate got drunk so frequent that it became, as yew might say, mo-notonous, and the crew was about the durndest, cussedest lot yew ever struck. One ha'f didn't know their work, and the other ha'f wouldn't do it. Presently it begun to blow great gee-wilkins, and kep' on blowin' so long that we was driven hundreds o' miles outen our course. The mate was always too drunk to take an observation, and I never did reelly understand much about navigation, nor sextants, nor any o' them sort o' things. So, yew see, we felt kinder cornered, and begun to get real nervous. Wal, to cut it short, one dark night, not knowing I was near any land, I ran on to something and piled up the ole *Alabammer* on these hyar rocks" (with an airy wave of his hand towards the island). "She broke up, and I come ashore—not in any style, but on a hen-coop—"

"You were wrecked?" asked SHELDON.

"Some. Wrecked! Well, I should smile. I reckon there wasn't enough *Alabammer* left by morning to make a chore o' kindlin' wood of. Heaps o' cargo come ashore, luckily for me. I b'leeve some o' the crew got away in one o' the boats—but none o' 'em ever come ashore hyar, dead or alive. They was jest the hardest lot ever I struck; an' ef they all went straight



to Satan at once, I reckon he'd want to work overtime to keep the stokin' up to sample. But I o-pine that even he draws the line somewhere, and wouldn't admit 'em 'cept in small instalments.

"Wal, soon as I floated ashore the natives come down on to the beach, jest as friendly as pie. Guess they saw I was a cit'zen o' the U-nited States; and all the world over the latch-string's hangin' out for 'most anyone sailin' under the star-spangled banner, as yew gentlemen know. We got right along together from the start, me and the natives. Their King (he's my Prime Minister now—I call him CÆSAR J. THOMPSON—most useful man, and cleans out my block, the White House, once a week, and does it real well), wal, he took to me, right off, rigged me out in a soot of his own, consistin' mainly of some big feathers, a few green leaves and a pair o' sandals; but later on, when things that had come ashore from the ship—this hat amongst 'em—was brought up from the beach, I was a man agen. I went to live with the King, who reckoned he'd marry me to ha'f a dozen wives. I reckoned he wouldn't, though! I said I was not strong—which they cert'nly were. Finally, I compromised the thing by takin' two or three of his sisters off'n his hands.

"Wal, Sir, we dwelt together in peace an' un'ty—that is, more or less in peace an' un'ty—until I begun to find every-thing so slick to my hand that life seemed to sorter pall: the life o' the bloaters eater\* didn't seem to suit HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER, and 'peared kinder tame after the bustle an' hum o' N' York an' 'Frisco. So I cast around, an' soon begun to discover that what the natives hyar was jest achin' for—though they themselves didn't seem aware of it—was a Constitootion an' a Pres'dent. Soon as I could sling their one-eyed language some, I unfolded a massive scheme o' Guv'ment to them, p'intin' out the evils an' hardships they was groanin' under—which they'd never seen before, and, to be ex-act, didn't see then; told 'em they was bein' crushed beneath th' iron heel o' the o-pressor, and represented that though their King was a good feller, yet he wasn't good 'nuff. I orated o' the glories o' liberty, o' the wagglin's o' the Bird o' Freedom in the U-nited States, o' the blessin's of a Constitootion. Whereupon these chuckle-headed clams all said they had good constitootions. I p'inted out that they hadn't the Franchise; and they anserd that they didn't want it, as there was plenty of pigs and yams and bananners to live on. I explained that the Franchise wasn't somethin' to eat, but the proud priv'lege of every free-born cit'zen to have a voice in the councils o' the nation. I bulled right along until at last they tumbled and recognised, slowly but cert'nly, that they was the oppressed victims of a corrupt Oligarchy. They didn't know what the word meant. No, more did I; but I reckon it sounded well, and almost as comfortin' as the old woman's Mesopotamia. When at last they was ripe and ready for mischief and felt good an' injured, I said I guessed I would see the King and prevent bloodshed. So I interviewed him in a style that would ha' turned a *Herald* man green with envy. I explained the po-litical position, and told him I reckoned he'd better 'git.'

"'Why?' asks the chucklehead, simple as a young steer in a cabbage grove. 'Do not my people love me?'

"'I guess not,' I anserd; 'that is, socially they may, but politically they want your blood.'

"'But they were always peaceful, contented, and happy,' he went on in a kinder helpless, bewildered way.

"'So. Until they recognised that you had withheld from them that priceless blessin'—the Franchise. That, Sir, is the birthright of every free-born man.'

"'What is this Franchise? If they require it so much, let us try to get a supply from the next ship which puts in here,' he says.

• Lotus eater?

"He was a well-meanin' cuss, but political rights didn't seem his line as it were.

"'You make me tired,' I said. 'You evidently don't understand as much of the Constitootion of a State as a Prov'dence River oyster. An' what's wuss. I reckon I might set right here tryin' to explain it to you till my pants showed signs of wear. No, and even then you wouldn't get the hang of it. But I tell yew straight, Royalty, the people are ready to rise and throw off the yoke.'

"'What yoke?' he asks, still all simplicity an' betel-nut.

"'Oh, I guess some time, when I've a year or two hangin' heavy on hand, I'll explain,' I says, sarcastic. 'But jest now, I reckon I got to act. See here, I tell yew what I'll do, if you agree to the terms. You shall remain King, I'll be Pres'dent, and the People shall hev their Constitootion; then we shall all be satisfied, an example for the hull o' the civerlized world to foller. How does the scheme strike you, Royalty?'

"He said that was all right. So long as he was to remain King, he allowed he didn't care a cuss who was Pres'dent an' who was Constitootion.

"Then come the moment for me to strike. So I stretched out my legs and yawned, and 'peared sort of drawly and indifferent, an' then I says, ca'm an' quiet:

"'O' course, yew know that a King's only shucks compared to a Pres'dent. I s'pose yew know that much, Royalty, eh? an' that the Kings o' France an' England allus has to remain standin' when the Pres'dent o' the U-nited States is on hand?'

"Wal, the King he turned jest as sick as could be at that. I never seen a sicker nigger'n him. His jaw fell about a foot as he gasped out:

"'You—you are to be placed higher than me?'

"I jest nodded.

"'Some,' I answered, slow an' cautious. I wanted to see how he was goin' to take it, and I made ready to light outen the door, if needful, an' to do it in a hurry too, fer the King stands over six feet two, and has got a touch like the kick of a horse. But the critter seemed kinder dazed fer the moment, an' that moment, Sir, carried the day fer me.

"'See here, Royalty,' I ses. 'I don't want ter be hard on yew. Yew shall be Prime Minister; an' I reckon that if a man that's Prime Minister ain't got a sight more power'n a man that's King, nowadays—well, then, I say that that man don't know enough to come in outen the rain! Is it a whizz?' and I held out my hand, friendly.

"He looked 'round, sorter helpless, and was jest about to shout for the bodyguard, when he must have suddenly remembered this was the one partickler day of the week when the bodyguard was allowed to get drunk—an institution of my own, that, in the interests o' freedom and the rights o' man. Wal, the King, he see the game was up, as he knew the holt I had got on the people, and there was nobody there to protect him ef I raised the mob. He sighed and gave in—reg'lar wilted, as you may say."

The President again paused, and thoughtfully expectorated over the bulwarks as he helped himself to a second tumbler of the old Bourbon. Then he resumed:

"The change, Sirs, was e-fected without bloodshed or trouble of any sort: a reg'lar *Coop de Tar* as the French call it. I reckoned it would make things lighter for the King ef I told him I'd already been President o' the U-nited States, England an' Ireland—so I done it, and he seemed good an' pleased and looked up to me as a man who was rather doin' this little ant-heap a favour in takin' on the gov'ment, which is, in a way, true. An' now the King, he jest worships me. I've taught him euvre and seven-up, and even condescend to win a bit off him sometimes. I don't put on no frills, though I am



a Pres'dent and he only a black man. What's more, I've lately married three of his relatives who lived at his hut—which must be a relief to him, jedgin' by the amount o' naggin', an' sassin', an' hair-combin' they've trans-ferred from their late protector to their present husban'.

"My first act o' State was to carry out my sollum pledged word that the people should hev' the Franchise. It soothed 'em all to think they'd a voice in the conduct o' public affairs, and it didn't matter a cuss in reality! Every man, woman, an' child was at once put on the list o' voters, an' I made 'em a speech explainin' what a proud po-sition it was. Every three years we shall hev' an election for Pres'dent, and all they hov' to do is to vote—for me. Ye see, they're setch a simple people you must treat 'em to simple ways. Ef they was told 'you can vote for this crank or the other,' or for the free silver ticket (we ain't got no silver here as a matter o' fact), or for the Democratic candidate or what not, they'd get kinder confused. An' ef the candidate o' one section got beat, that lot would jest raise Cain an' make things hum fer the rest. But by my plan everybody's satisfied. We shall jest enounce

#### ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

VOTE FOR

C U S S N E R,

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND!

Wal, there's the hull business in a nutshell: there's nobody else to vote for—therefore they'll all vote fer me. I shall be returned, an' the voters'll go home pleased as pie that *their* candidate has run in fer Pres'dent."

The Yankee solemnly closed one eye as he said this, and I felt profoundly impressed with the delightful simplicity of his scheme. Also, I wondered how long the guileless native was likely to stand it—and him.

"And the King? How does he get on as Prime Minister?" asked SHELDON, repressing a strong inclination to laugh.

"Fust rate, I reckon. Oh, the King's a daisy: should guess he's never been so happy before as he is, jest now. I've brought his country right up to date. We've got a def'nite system o' taxation, even. Six o' the biggest natives hev' been app'inted tax gatherers, and each one travels around collectin' with a thick club. They gets a percentage on what they ken raise, an' no limit's placed on the sum to be demanded: if our tax-man sees a chance o' gettin' a bit over, why he jest goes fer it like a trout at a fly. The system's a durned sight better'n any I've ever struck in civerlized countries. What's a Judge's summons compared to a thick club?

"Next, I organised the standin' army. We got twenty-three men in our army—that is, includin' my bodyguard, HIRAM P. SLATER and GEORGE WASHINGTON VANDERBILT, who you see on board. I'm Field-Marshal and General Commandin'-in-Chief, an' the King he's Major-Gineral. We're thinkin' o' getting uniforms fer the army somewhen, but we can't do it right now, because we're too busy raisin' a navy—eight canoes, Sir, and useful ones, you bet—for service agenst the incur-sions o' foreign States.

"Gentlemen, your old Bourbon an' see-gars hez done me a ton o' good; likewise to hev' a talk in my own native 'Murrican—that has raised my sperrits a sight, too. Anythin' you want on my island is yours. Jest send around an' collect anythin' you should take a fancy to. Never mind the owner, he don't count, hyar.

"An' now I must git. I've kep' the King coolin' his heels an' waitin' around fer me all this time on the beach. He was real mad I wouldn't let him come aboard. But a body ken hev' too much o' Royalty, an' yew ken hev' too much of a Prime Minister. I reckon I was jest beginnin' to sour a little on the King.

"I hope, gentlemen, yew're goin' to stay around in this section, awhile? There's some re-markable things to show yew on my island. I call it my island now—seems to come natural, as it were. Now and agen I feel as ef I should like a crawl around town—jest for a piece; an' sometimes I'd like a look at a *New York Her'ld*. But yew don't ketch me leavin' my present lo-cation—not by a long chalk—you ken betcher boots. I reckon I know a soft thing when I see it. And though Royalty hez a great respect fer me while I'm on hand, I don't seem to feel certain but what he might change his mind if once my back was turned on the island. Dessay the critter feels that what was once his might be his agen; but in that re-spect he'll hev' to reckon with Pres'dent HOBOKEN T. CUSSNER! Say now," he added, suddenly changing the subject of conversation, "what'll you trade off some o' that Bourbon at? We can't get any but native liquor hyar, an' that's apt to cause a man internal sufferin'."

SHELDON laughed.

"My dear Mr. President," he said, "I'm not a trader, but it will give me the greatest pleasure if you will allow me to send ashore a case of a dozen bottles as a personal present."

The Yankee bowed gratefully, as he rose and prepared to go over the side into his canoe.

"Sir," he said, "yew hev' conferred a favour upon the Pres'dent o' this State which he will be slow to forget. True gentlemen are very scarce, I reckon, an' so's Bourbon whiskey. My address is the White House—like to keep up the old 'Murrican tra-dition, ye see—First an' Only Avenue. An' now, gentlemen, it would give me un'dult'rated an' real, genuine pleasure ef yew two will dine with me an' Royalty to-morrow, mid-day. Mostly we dine plain, but fer this mem'able o-casion, we shall en-deavour to throw a bit o' style into our banquet. I don't ask your lady, as Royalty's manners is hardly up to sample. He means well, but is sorter crude at meals. Farewell. To-morrow at noon I shall be ready to receive you at the White House. Don't forget the address—First an' Only Avenue—at mid-day. Pork and yams will be on the tab—floor, I mean—at twelve fefteen, sharp."

*Fox Russell*





### A PUBLIC DANGER.

Jack. "SEE THAT CHAP, MOTHER! HE'S THE ONLY PRO-BOER IN OUR SCHOOL!"

### A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

"Owing to the evictions which have been taking place in Southwark, we are confronted with the problem of numerous houseless families. The tenants of the dwellings, which were in an unsanitary condition, were given notice to quit that the premises might be done up."—*Daily Paper.*

WHAT is this weeping of women and wailing?  
What is this cry of the children I hear?  
What is this moan of the sick and the ailing,  
That shiver and cough as the night draweth near?  
Why are these houseless ones huddled together,  
Their outraged Penates flung down in a heap,  
With never a roof betwixt them and the weather,  
And never a hole where the weary can sleep?

Nay, hush, O ye women, your impotent crying!  
Ye terrified children, be comforted too!  
And cease from your moaning, ye sick and ye dying!  
'Tis only your good that the Law has in view.  
Her motherly heart, with solicitude swelling,  
Is shocked at your dens with disease over-run;  
And rather than see you in such a poor dwelling,  
She saith in her wisdom, "Lo, ye shall have none."

Oh, tender devotion! Oh, love unrestricted!  
Ineffable kindness! Down, down on your knees,  
And pour out your gratitude, O ye evicted!  
What! Have ye no thanks for such blessings as these?  
Still tears, bitter tears, and black grief and repining  
And wrath in your hearts, and indignant despair?  
What though ye be cold and your little ones whining?  
The Law in her mercy has given you air.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*To the Healing of the Sea* (SMITH ELDER) contains vivid descriptions of the New York Stock Exchange in moments of frenzied excitement. Mr. FRANCIS HARDY has evidently studied the subject on the spot, and is most successful in reproducing it for the edification of milder-mannered citizens. All the chapters relating to Stock Exchange transactions are written with a master hand. When Mr. HARDY takes some of his characters to the healing of the sea, provided by a passage to Southampton in an ocean liner, he becomes conventional. My Baronite recognises in him a man of dauntless courage. He boldly tells, and spoils in the telling, the story about the Red Indian, who, seated for the first time in his life at a civilized dinner table, ate the contents of the mustard-pot. When, presently, tears of agony rolled down his untwitching face, and his host asked him what was the matter, he made answer he was thinking of his late grandmother. It is a little startling to have this ancient story resuscitated in the conversation glittering through one of the latest of the six-shilling novels.

In *Fate the Fiddler* (CONSTABLE) Mr. H. C. MACILWAIN realises most admirably the experience of two English squatters in the comparatively early days of Australian development, before the discovery of gold. If the author's processes are somewhat leisurely, he justifies himself, according to my Nautical Retainer, by effects which could not otherwise have been obtained. We are left with a firm impression of the unconscious modifications of character which are the inevitable result of a life removed from all conventions; its tendency, in particular, to accentuate original differences in natures thrown upon their own resources.

The book is less a novel, in the accepted sense, than a study of the influence, physical, moral and social, of circumstance and locality. His Australian types—the squatter, active or retired, the bushman, the money-lending capitalist—he represents with the authority of intimate knowledge; and to this he brings the added charm of a finely artistic sense of colour, a loving appreciation of detail, a studied reserve of literary strength. In his sketches of types whose features are less exotic he perhaps exposes his limitations; certainly the character of the English BARBARA, whose action so largely determines the course of his hero's destiny, is very inadequately defined. On the other hand, when he portrays that delightful colonial, Mrs. FENTON, his heart is obviously in his work. B. DE B.-W.

### ENGLISH HISTORY FOR FRENCH SCHOOLS.

EDITED BY HENRI TROPFORT.

WHAT happened after the death of the last French King?

Under the descendants of the Belgian, JEAN de Gand, the English were fighting always against the French. HENRY V. gained a temporary advantage by a treacherous attack by night on the French, at Azincourt, and actually conquered a part of France. The English call him a hero; it is evident that he was but a brigand.

Could HENRY VI. retain the French provinces seized by his father?

No. The English were soon driven from France, and retained only Calais. The name of this town was mysteriously tattooed on the left side of each sovereign, over the heart, until the reign of Mary I., who revealed the secret before her death. The tattooing was then discontinued. During the reign of Henry VI., London was taken by JOHN CAD. Even at present the name "Cad" enrages a Londonian. After the struggle between the two towns of York and Lancaster, now extremely peaceable, we come to the reign of EDWARD IV., in fine, an English King, although after-grandson of EDOUARD III. H. D. B.

THE *Daily News* informs us that Mr. JOHN TWEED has just completed his colossal statue of Mr. CECIL RHODES. Appropriate, "The Colossus of Rhodes."





### A PAIN(T)FUL JOKE.

*She.* "WHAT AN AGONISED LOOK SOME ARTISTS SEEM TO GIVE THEIR PORTRAITS."  
*He.* "HEM!—ER—YES. SORT OF DRAWN EXPRESSION!"

### ALMS À LA MODE.

SCENE—A Ladies' Club. Philanthropists discovered in conversation.

*First Philanthropist.* It should be the biggest thing of the season. We can have tableaux vivants.

*Second Phil.* Yes, I have kept my dress that I wore in Godiva's ride. And then TOM is capital with a banjo song.

*Third Phil.* And I can do some skirt dancing.

*Fourth Phil.* My *métier* is to sit as a milkmaid selling butter.

*Fifth Phil.* I know, dear; but you never attend to business when the Brigade turn up.

*Fourth Phil.* No chance of that, darling; they are all at the front.

*Sixth Phil.* Of course we will have any number of stalls. And the saleswomen must appear in national costumes like Earl's Court, or more so.

*Seventh Phil.* First rate. We can get the goods if we advertise the firms on a souvenir.

*Fourth Phil.* Which we can get written and illustrated for nothing. BLANCHE knows a number of "interesting people."

*Third Phil.* Is there anything else to be remembered?

*First Phil.* Well, of course, we should get a good list of smart people—duchesses for choice.

*Fifth Phil.* I knew we had forgotten something? Here you are, arranging all sorts of diversions, and yet you have overlooked the *raison d'être* of the festival.

*First Phil.* Have we? As how?

*Fifth Phil.* Well, of course, you will do it for a charity—which one?

*First Phil.* The charities are far too prosperous!

*Fifth Phil.* May be so, but what's to be our particular charity?

*First Phil.* Oh, don't bother about that. The charity is quite a detail.

(Curtain.)

### THE PRESIDENTS' DUET.

(After "The Burghers' Battle.")

*Steyn.*

THICK rise the rooineks o'er the land  
 That erst the burgher bore;  
 Lord ROBERTS smites with heavy hand,  
 And we return no more.

*Krüger.*

From Rand and reef more strong will flow  
 The stream of ruddy ore,  
 But Uitlanders the swag will stow,  
 And we return no more.

*Steyn.*

What peace or joy will bless their gates?  
 What wise man bring them lore?  
 What Wessels sail for distant states,  
 Now we return no more?

*Krüger.*

What President the Raad will lead  
 Which I have ruled of yore?  
 What pots de vin shall be his meed,  
 Now we return no more?

*Steyn.*

The Briton will not beat or kill  
 (Unlike his brother Boer)  
 The Kaffirs at his own sweet will,  
 When we return no more.

*Krüger.*

The wicked flourish for a day—  
 So take we, grieving sore,  
 Two singles, Delagoa Bay,  
 Since we return no more.

*Steyn.*

Remember how, all rash and vain,  
 You spoke the word of war,  
 And sowed this harvest of the plain—  
 That we return no more.

*Krüger.*

Ja, Ja! So, Providence knows best.  
 True, the old days are o'er—  
 Yet have we feathered each his nest,  
 Though we return no more!

[Exeunt—via Delagoa Bay.]

"Up goes the price of 'Gas'!" or it might be stated as more nearly approaching the exact quotation, "Up goes the price of met-er!" Sixpence extra a thousand! We burn with just indignation.



## THE NEXT BENEFIT.

(Preliminary Prospectus.)

IN aid of the Fund for the Distribution of Money amongst the Undeserving Rich, a performance will be given at the Theatre Royal Advertisement, of which the following will be the chief items:

Twenty-two tragedians will recite.

Twenty-four comedians will tell stories.

Twenty-six ladies will dance.

Twenty-eight ladies will sing.

Thirty music-hall artistes will entertain.

Scenes from a dozen metropolitan successes will be given.

The whole will conclude with SHERIDAN'S masterpieces, GOLDSMITH'S comedies, and the entire series of SHAKSPEARE'S works.

Commence at 7 A.M. Terminate when it's over.

## A BUNTING SONG.

(By A. A. S.)

[During the recent rejoicings, a vast number of Union Jacks have been flown that were made in Germany, and incorrectly designed, or else hung the wrong way up. Many, also, of the cheaper Royal Standards exhibit the Harp in the second or upper outside quarter instead of in the third or lower quarter next the mast. It is noticeable, too, that the Tricolour has been very largely adopted, in spite of the fact that, vertically, this is the French flag, and horizontally the Dutch, while by another arrangement (white uppermost, blue and red) we have the Russian flag. And as a further compliment to our friends the enemy, we displayed the Transvaal "four-colours," when wearing the green with the Union Jack on March 17.]

## I.

"THREE cheers for the Red, White and Blue"

Sing Britishers loyal and true;

We hoist it in glory,

And roar, Whig and Tory,

*Hooray*

*For French and for Kimberley Day!*

(But if closely you view,

The Flag's upside down or askew!)

## II.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Pro-Boers are futile and few—

We run up the bunting,

All traitors confronting,

*Hooray*

*For Cronjé and Paardeberg Day!*

(But the flag that you view

Is oft a French tricolor new!)

## III.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue"

And the flag that on Patrick's day flew!

When the "green" we were flaunting,

Of WHITE we were vaunting—

*Hooray*

*For Buller and Ladysmith Day!*

(But our vierkleur in view

Seemed to flatter OOM PAUL and his crew.)



*L. RAVEN-HILL*

Policeman. "'ERE, CLEAR THIS OUT OF THE WAY."

Little Girl. "GAEN WITH YER! YOU WAS IN ONE O' THEM YERSELF ONCE!"

## IV.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

We mafficked for all that we knew;

Yards of ribbon we sported

And buttons assorted!

*Hooray*

*For B.-P. and for Mafeking Day!*

(While the colours you'd view

Were the drierkleur of Hollanders, too!)

## V.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

Khaki for campaigning will do,

But 'tis too unobtrusive,

For joy that's effusive!

*Hooray*

*For Bobs and Pretoria Day!*

(But 'tis odd that we view

In London each Muscovite hue!)

## VI.

"Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!"

One more when the Peace is put through!

In our German-made Standard

The Harp has meandered—

*Hooray,*

*When it comes, for Victoria Day!*

(Let us carefully view,

And the wrongly-set Ensign taboo!)





NOW, IN JUNE, AN OLD MAN'S FANCY  
LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF—ER—THE MAY-FLY.  
(Home-made too.)

### OPERATIC NOTES.

*Saturday, June 16.*—A grand performance of *Tannhäuser*! Personally conducted by Herr MOTIL. Venus, the Strong woman, —Süss an' STRONG—wrestled gloriously with the wayward *Tannhäuser*, putting forth all her strength and sweetness, but with so shifty a character as the hero the art of a Sandow would have been unavailing, and he escaped. The opera here ran into a tunnel, and on emerging after the manner of the Biograph at the Palace Theatre, *Tannhäuser* found himself in a charming German landscape, whence all but he had apparently fled. On an inaccessible kopje to the left, however, and quite out of sight of one side of the audience, Fräulein OLITZKA was present in strength, and disguised as a youthful shepherd she fascinated a delighted house with the exquisite legend of Holda. The second act introduced us to Mdlle. TERNINA as *Elizabeth*, and a very delightful acquaintance she proved to be, singing superbly throughout. Comic relief was plentiful when the aristocracy and gentry of the neighbourhood arrived for the local Eisteddfod. One little military gentleman, who brought his daughters, could hardly be induced to leave the "presence"; he was plainly entranced with M. PLANÇON'S costume, which rather suggested Nebuchadnezzar. *Wolfram* (M. VAN ROOY) opened the competition with a song quite perfectly rendered, and we mentally awarded him the bardic gold medal, or its equivalent in leeks, but the proceedings being hopelessly broken up soon after by the rowdy behaviour of *Tannhäuser*, the distribution of prizes had not yet been reached when we left the building at 11.45. M. PLANÇON sang gloriously all through, and his German was flawless.

*Mem. at the end of evening.*—What exquisite music can be produced by casually patting a harp on the strings with the open hand every few minutes or so—when the idea occurs to

you. The odd thing is that it goes on just the same, whether you remember to do so or not! Enables you to devote all your attention to your singing!

*Monday, June 18.*—*Les Huguenots*, EDOUARD DE RESZKE came out strong as *Piff-Paff Marcel*, the sturdy old Hug-me-not soldier, while SALEZA, as *Raoul de Nangis*, his master, was simply triumphant. PLANÇON good as *St. Bris*. LUCILLE HILL, better at finish than starting, came up to time and tune in the great duett with *Saleza-Raoul*, which went magnificently, as did he "with leaps and bounds" out of the window to join in the scrimmage below. *Marguerite de Valois* found a more than satisfactory representative in Mlle. MIRANDA, who in her great song won her laurel crown. Delightful part this! Only to appear in one act, just at the best part of the evening, sing one brilliant cadenza and then—exit, having charmed everybody and pleased yourself! Miss EDYTH WALKER ['Tis a pretty way of spelling Edith this—yet wherefore the "y"? Also, could not WALKER have been freshened up as "WARKUR"? But this is asking too much,] acted as well as she sang, doing both to the heartily expressed satisfaction of a crowded house. Altogether a good performance, notable for SALEZA'S *Raoul*, which is a record. Than Mlles. BAUERMEISTER and McCULLOCH (as it is no longer exclusively the Royal Italian Opera, we get sweet singers of all nationalities) there could not be two more superior Maids of Honour. They were evidently "to the 'manner' born." Honours easy to them. We are now half-way through a season, that so far seems to have been an exceptionally good one.

*Wednesday, June 20.*—*Don Giovanni* in Italian. Crowded house to welcome MOZART'S masterpiece. "Alliteration's artful aid," accurate on this occasion. Signor SCOTTI not the ideal Don, about as good as anyone can be in that rôle. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKI capital as *Leporello*—in good voice and, as always, in "great" form. M. GILBERT loutishly comic as *Mazetto*. *Il Commendatore* represented by M. JOURNET with distinction. As the statue he looks in excellent health—quite a colour. Miss SUSAN STRONG powerful as *Donna Anna*, and Miss MARGUERITE MACINTYRE doing her best with poor *Elvira*. *Zerlina* bright and coquettish, thanks to Mlle. SCHEFF. Everyone pleased to once again meet the familiar melodies. WAGNER out of it to-night. As there's a Week o' WAGNER, will there ever be a Month of MOZART?

### THE INSPECTOR'S LAMENT.

["The lower babies' mental arithmetic leaves much to be desired."—School Inspector's report, quoted by Sir John Gorst.]

WHAT will become of England if things go on this way? There's hundreds of poor infants learning nothing day by day. They fairly set my hair on end with every kind of blunder. Ah me! the hopeless ignorance of babes of three and under!

A problem in arithmetic of quite a simple kind Seems past the comprehension of the shallow infant mind; They fail to grasp—for want, I fear, of proper education— The obvious first principles of ratiocination.

Of science or of history they hardly know a word; Of Latin, Greek, or Sanskrit some have never even heard; And when a searching question I occasionally try, Instead of smartly answering, the lower babies cry.

How long am I to plough the sands? How long am I, I ask, To be a School Inspector and to ply this weary task? Until the matter's mended, I again can only say, What will become of England if things go on this way?

LORD MORRIS, having power to add to his number, has taken the title of Lord KILLANIN. He is now "Lord MORRIS AND KILLANIN," i.e. an excellent Hibernian example of Sheridan's "Two single gentlemen rolled into one."





### THE PUZZLED KANGAROO.

"WELL, I SUPPOSE IT'S WHAT I WANTED; BUT I'M HANGED IF I KNOW *WHAT* I'VE GOT!"





He "I LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART, WITH ALL MY MIND, MY EVERY THOUGHT, MY —"  
 She (interrupting). "YES, I KNOW. BUT ALL THAT MEANS SO LITTLE!"

#### "ARS EST 'MONSTRARE' ARTEM."

No doubt of it. The art of Arts is to display works of art to the very best advantage. To do this "well and truly," as the Masons have it, needs a veritable Master of Arts, or several Masters of Arts. Translate *Ars est celare artem* properly, and it means "It is genuine artfulness to hide away your treasures." Undoubtedly, this collection at Hertford House, shows what art they had who arranged the present and permanent exhibition. These Masters are to be congratulated.

What a sight! What a show! What a splendid collection of snuff-boxes, bric-à-brac, ivories, miniatures, porcelain and faience, illuminations, china, bronzes, jewelled ornaments, armour and arms, oil paintings and water-colours by all sorts of masters, great and small, bequeathed to the nation by Lady WALLACE, and here permanently housed. Why, as the poet sings,

"Stayed you here throughout a month,  
 From the very first to the thirty-one'th,  
 Never by any chance going away,  
 Up all night and about all day,  
 Could you master a twentieth part  
 Of this collection of rarest Art?"

And the answer is emphatically, "No, you couldn't; not even were you personally conducted by clever Claude Phillips, the Curator, who could tell you all about everything." Yet, though the house as now arranged makes an admirable museum, and is to all intents and purposes in a fairly central situation, the lover of art, who is the visitor here to-day, cannot but feel a bias towards the proposition of Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A. (who remained in the respectable minority of one, on certain

points, as against the other seven members of the Committee—"seven more obstinate men I never saw," as the jurymen declared who held out for "not guilty" against the other eleven), which was, that "great advantage would result from the Wallace collection being installed in a new building, to be constructed in the vicinity of the National Gallery." Everybody in town and country knows where the National Gallery is, but we should say that the majority (including Provincials of course) have yet to learn the locality of Hertford House.

"'Arford 'Ouse?" repeated our hansom cabman, quite an average specimen of his "rank." "Where's that, sir?"

"'Arford 'Ouse?" inquired another equally sharp hansom driver. "Let's see—ain't that where Sir WILLUM WALLIS were?"

The substitution of "WILLIAM" for "RICHARD" showed historical knowledge, recalling "Scots wha hae" and so forth. These are facts. But no doubt the locality will soon be discovered, as has, I am informed on good authority, been the case with the Tate Gallery, which is out of touch with most omnibuses and with Metropolitan and District Stations; likewise it has no pier for steamers. It possesses, however, a cab-stand limited.

To do more than chronicle the opening of the Wallace Collection to the public is here impossible. In another visit, and another after that, we may hope to give to town and country some idea of what there is to be seen in this unique collection. Everyone to his taste, and assuredly everyone will be individually gratified. For ourselves, give us a few gems by VAN DER HELST, some VAN OSTADES, a couple of CUYPS, and as many as you like by ROMNEY, ROBERTS, COROT, and marvellous MEISSONIER; a nice pick from Flanders; just something to go off with from Spain and Italy, and have a van at the door appropriately ready to cart away the Dutchmen to our private residence, and we'll never trouble Hertford House, nor any gallery again, that is when Detectives are on duty. But till then Hertford House will be on our visiting list, whenever in town, for some time to come. We forgot Gainsborough; so, while the cart is at the door, just put in No. 42, Portrait of Mrs. ROBINSON, and Sir JOSHUA'S No. 35, and pack 'em off to

OUR OWN COLLECTOR.

Wednesday last was the Press day. Guardians and police on the alert: very curious as to what impressions the Press-men might carry away with them. Never saw a place so guarded and so police'd! Friday a High-and-mighty day. Mr. Punch and other distinguished visitors had the honour of meeting their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES, being thereto specially invited by the Earl of ROSEBURY, Sir JOHN MURRAY-SCOTT, and Mr. ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD, representing the trustees of the Nation's Treasure, who, by choosing Hertford House have, undoubtedly, secured certain "immediate advantages" for the grateful public. Mr. Punch, on behalf of the Nation, tenders the trustees his heartiest thanks.

#### SUGGESTED RULES FOR THE G. P. O.

1. LETTERS intended for the Provinces must be posted half an hour before they are written.
2. There will be no "too late" stamp for letters that are intended to go by a delivery that does not arrive.
3. Papers, if posted in the London office, will not be despatched by the Provincial office until notice has been given to the parties interested.
4. In order to secure the convenience of the permanent officials, letters will be ignored unless they contain stamps to the amount required by the regulations not yet formulated.
5. In case of complaint the public will have the option of writing to St. Martin's-le-Grand or Mount Pleasant, and upon the non-receipt of a reply from one of these offices are requested to write to the other, and in the event of obtaining no satisfactory explanation to begin again.





Phil May  
1900

### SUNDAY AT THE ZOO.

Mr. Murphy. "EXCUSE ME, SORRY; BUT CAN YE DIRECT ME TO THE GOIN' OUT INTRANCE?"

#### MISSING THE 18TH.

THE Veteran passed through Trafalgar Square and found the remains of wreaths and flowers. Some one had not forgotten the date of Gordon Day, and there were traces of decorations near the column. Even CHARLES THE FIRST had been treated with tenderness, and the pedestal of his statue covered with flowers. Go where he would, the veteran had the same experience. By this time he had returned to Hyde Park Corner.

"My statue as it has ever been! No wreaths, no flags, and yet this is the 18th of June!"

"Waterloo Day," cried the street urchin.

"We don't want flags to remember that battle, Sir."

"ARE YOU ANSWERED NOW?" asks SHY-LOCK; and so also demand the clever correspondents who have guessed the riddle in the last number. Why, certainly; if it isn't "Mandrake," what can it be?

### KUMATI POORT.

[Written in intelligent anticipation of events.]

Air—"Excelsior!"

FAR off the cannon faintly popped  
As in a railway-station stopped  
A special train (propelled by steam)  
Which bore a party labelled "OOM,  
Kumati Poort."

His hat was high; his brow (beneath)  
Carried it bravely like a wreath:  
"Ticket!" the Station-master cried;  
He simply answered "Right inside!  
Kumati Poort!"

He saw, as in a doubtful dream,  
His Dutchman getting up her steam;  
He saw her lights across the bay  
Which he was making for, via  
Kumati Poort.

"Try not the track," the porter said;  
"They're blowing up the line ahead!"  
The Chieftain answered "Shut the door!"  
And inly murmured, as before,  
"Kumati Poort!"

"Stay!" cried the burghers, "stay, O  
stay!"

Don't take the Capital away!"  
"Fight on, my braves, fight on!" said he;  
"And note my next address will be  
Kumati Poort."

"Beware the dynamiter's bomb!  
Beware the perilous pom-pom!"  
That was the porter's last goodbye,  
Which drew the following reply:  
"Kumati Poort."

\* \* \* \* \*  
A horrid crash—a sudden leap  
From ambush on his beauty sleep;  
And somewhere down a rude abyss  
A solemn voice that asked "Is this  
Kumati Poort?"

There at the bottom, safe and sound,  
The aged Capital was found,  
Still grasping, underneath the van,  
A bullion-box whose legend ran:  
"Kumati Poort."

Aloof he lay without a sigh,  
Until his headpiece caught his eye;  
Then said, "I loved that ruined hat!  
And now I'll never wear it at  
Kumati Poort." O. S.

GRÂCE AUX MESSIEURS A.—Messrs. AGNEW & SONS are now exhibiting "Les Fragonards," i.e. the decorative canvases by Fragonard, formerly at the Maison Malvillain (what a terrible name!) at Grasse. No wonder that this artistic firm in Bond Street, who know so well—none better—how "to make hay when the sun shines," should have got in these treasures of Grasse. "L'Amant Couronné," "La Poursuite," "L'Escalade on le Rendez-vous," all charming, and thanks to the generosity of the exhibitors the visitor will take away "les souvenirs" with him.





Guest. "THIS IS A CAPITAL GLASS OF PORT!" Host. "AH, MY BOY, IT'S NOT A PATCH ON SOME THAT I'VE GOT IN MY CELLAR!"

#### THE SONG OF THE SUNSHADE.

["The Adjutant-General is at work on a sunshade."—Mr. Wyndham.]

FOR many, many years,  
'Mid a thousand hopes and fears  
I've toiled by day and night  
To design a sunshade neat,  
Yet effective and complete,  
But I've never, never got it right.

I thought, when I began,  
'Twas an easy thing to plan,  
And dreaming that the task was brief,  
I selected as my model  
For protecting Tommy's noddle  
The simple cabbage leaf.

It had points, beyond a doubt,  
But, of course, Pall Mall cried out  
In horror at my homely art:  
"Such a shade may save the men  
From a blazing sun, but then,  
Of course, we must have something smart."

So I started on new lines,  
And I made some fresh designs  
For bushies, helmets, forage-caps and such;  
But none of them were right,  
For some were far too light,  
Some shaded you too little, some too much.

I have not succeeded yet,  
For the question is beset  
With obstacles by no means small;  
And I'm very much afraid  
That this elegant sunshade  
Will be never, never made at all.

#### EX CATHAY-DRA.

WE charitably assume that our correspondent in China (? Fleet Street) has suddenly become, like the June air, "balmy," but we append his note, for what it is worth:—

*Han-Well, Friday, Moonlight.*

THE Imperial pints—troops, I mean—have now openly joined the Boxers, and the Boxers mean "going for the gloves." The foreign Admirals said to the Chinese Forts, "We will Taku," and they did. General LI-ING-TUNG has been degraded for allowing his troops to be defeated, but later in the same day was promoted for having induced them to fight at all. This evening he was again degraded, but as, at the same time, he received a message conferring on him the Order of the Poached Egg and Peacock's Feather he hardly knows what he is, or

who he was, and is now seated in the Yamen, wearing straws in his hair and softly crooning "'E dunno where 'e are" in the Chinese tongue.

I am now about to join him.

MORE ANON-SENSE.

#### A RONDEAU OF THE INEVITABLE.

NEIGHBOUR JONES, for years a score  
Daily we each other bore  
At the street in Camberwell,  
Where at number two you dwell,  
(I reside at number four).

When I joined the rifle corps,  
I confess to feeling sore  
That you volunteered as well,  
Neighbour JONES.

Yet I felt it even more  
That, when by the sad sea shore,  
Life's dull tedium to dispel,  
I sought out this distant cell  
Here I find you, still next door,  
Neighbour JONES!

NOR AN ADVERTISEMENT.—Who's to rule South Africa after he War? "MILNER'S safe."





## A LEGACY OF DISCORD.

CHINAMAN, "YOU ALLEE CHOP-CHOP ME NOW, BUT WELLY SOON FORRIN DEVIL CHOP-CHOP FORRIN DEVIL!"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 18.—  
 "Parliamentary life, dear TOBY," PRINCE ARTHUR sighed in my sympathetic ear, "would be endurable only for the Question hour. Putting questions to a Minister is the cheapest form of advertisement open to borough or county member, and he avails himself of it accordingly."

PRINCE ARTHUR's emotion stirred just now by PICKERSGILL. P., with his provoking air of sleek gentility, wanted to know whether it is intended to accelerate registration of Parliamentary Voters, so that, in the event of Dissolution in late autumn, the General Election may be taken on new register. Hard to say whether PRINCE ARTHUR were more surprised or puzzled. Dissolution! Late Autumn! General Election! He stared across House at PICKERSGILL, marvelling whether too lavish use of hair-oil on Sundays had made him mad.

"The Hon. Gentleman," he said, "apparently has access to information about the Dissolution which is not at my disposal."

PICKERSGILL not nearly so innocent as he looks. Question craftily drawn with intent to extract information on burning topic of date of Dissolution. PRINCE ARTHUR, perhaps unconsciously following Apostolic example, once declared that upon a particular question he spoke as a child. He often does, as far as innocency of manner goes. But his lapses into childhood have about them something reminiscent of HUCKLEBURY FINN.

DON JOSÉ had his little trouble also at Question time; took it in quite different form. Not seen much of BASHMEAD-ARTLETT since he came back from his most recent travel. Understood to be deeply engaged in business arrangements connected with latest concession obtained from Queen of SWAZILAND. Forget whether it is to light the royal palace by electricity, to carry an overhead railway through the capital, or to introduce system of modern sewerage. BASHMEAD's large sympathies with monarchs in difficulties usually takes a practical form.

Had on paper to-night Question suggesting that Colonial Office has failed in its duties with respect to strengthening and relief of British garrison at Kumassi. Having written up accusation on Order Paper, BASHMEAD ran away. Most Ministers would, in such circumstances, have ignored him and his imputations. That not Don José's way. Touch him, however lightly, from safest end of umbrella or other weapon of offence, and out goes his right arm, the assailant finding himself in attitude of temporary repose. Insisted on answering the Question though it was not put; triumphantly vindicated his department.



Father Neptune. "BUST MY BULKHEADS AND SHIVER MY COMPARTMENTS, HAVE I GOT TO LEARN GERMAN AT MY TIME OF LIFE!"

**Business done.**—Stirring news from China. Genuine surprise of the Forts. "We'll Tak'u," they said, dropping into the Scotch vernacular at sight of the cosmopolitan men-of-war at mouth of river. Whereas the combined fleet took them.

**Tuesday.**—It must be admitted that CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden had rather a cool reception. It was Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES who introduced him, leading him in and walking him round, riding two bare-backed steeds after the manner of the circus. House in Committee on Army Estimates. Question of remounts for troops in South Africa under discussion. Cap'en TOMMY, who, ere he went to sea before the mast, served in the horse marines, insisted that Swedish warrior-king's was the only way. "Had two horses to every trooper," said the Cap'en. Consequence was he thought nothing of moving his men ninety miles a day. Till British War Office followed

example of CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden the Empire would have no chance with its enemies at the gate.

Military men, jealous of interference of an old salt in their affairs, pooh-pooed the Cap'en. JEFFREYS said Colonel of British cavalry regiment would be only too grateful if he were provided with a mount for each of his troopers. One man one vote all very well in its way. What JEFFREYS wanted to see established was the rule of one trooper one horse.

The Cap'en forlornly leading away CHARLES THE TWELFTH of Sweden and his two chargers, question of forage cap for TOMMY ATKINS turned on. This brought up FERGOUSON with delightful stream of personal recollection. Across his mind there flashed, as the MARKISS would say, the vision of a sweet little thing of seventeen, in short skirts, disclosing a peep of white stocking (Sir JAMES was particular about the colour) and shoes tied across a high instep with black ribbon. Looking



back over the old pages of *Punch*, we see her tripping thro' John LEECH's pictures. FERGUSSON, who, though he doesn't look it, served in the Grenadier Guards fifty years ago, saw the maiden in the flesh, tripping across St. James's Park.

How she came on the scene this evening in discussion on a vote for £4,680,000 for Army Clothing is a story too involved to trace. Everyone expected austere Chairman of Committees would rule her out of order. Like the rest of us, LOWTHER entranced by the pathos of the incident. In a work-a-day world there was something charming in this spectacle of a veteran, who for more than fifty years has served the State (and himself) in various climes, in divers capacities, babbling with softened tone and dimmed eyes of the short-petticoated nymph of more than yesteryear. *Business done.*—Forty millions voted, and all over by a quarter to nine.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—The MARKISS in uncommonly high spirits to-night. Made two speeches, which, if they could only have been heard, would have been delightful. Been furtively studying the oratorical manner of Mr. WEIR; result not quite a success. Member for Ross and Cromarty has a private hydraulic process, whereby he draws his voice up from his boots. Secret his own: effect curiously thrilling. The MARKISS, trying to adopt the system, proves hopeless failure. In case of Mr. WEIR, after preliminary creaking of machinery is hushed, his voice rolls through House with deep hollow sound that makes the flesh creep. The MARKISS confidentially communicates his good things to his own chest, and there they remain locked up. Now and then he lifts his head, opens his mouth, and the hungry audience hears half a sentence, the MARKISS provokingly dropping his head on his chest just when he's coming to the point.

Made two speeches to-night. One understood to be distantly connected with Uganda; the other certainly dealt with monument to OLIVER CROMWELL. That's about all it is safe to assert.

It was on his way home that MARKISS disclosed secret of his jovial mood.

"You fellows are always girding at me," he said, "about my ignorance of anything connected with the People. I remember, TOBY, how you chaffed me when, opposing JOHN LUBBOCK's Early Closing Bill, I catalogued what the wife of a working man usually brought home for tea, including candles, coals, a rasher of bacon, and half a pint of paraffin oil. Thought you were very clever, I daresay, showing up my ignorance. Look here. What do you think of this?"

MARKISS fished out of roomy waistcoat pocket scrap of newspaper.

"A lady reached the mature age of eighty-eight, and, therefore, presumably knowing what she's about, temporarily

withdraws from honourable retirement in the Scarborough Workhouse, and does an afternoon's shopping. What does she bring home? Listen. Here's the catalogue as officially recorded.

Bacon, sausages, brawn, cheese, four smoked haddocks, a crab, a pound of onions, a large jam tart, two teacakes, pastry, biscuits, three lemons, three oranges, two packets of sweets, half a pound of tea, two ounces of coffee, two pounds of sugar, and a small flask of whisky.

Now my list, full and varied I admit, was nothing compared with that. But it was on the same lines, and I hope you'll find an opportunity of apologising for your hasty comments." *Business Done.*—DON JOSÉ carries his Australian Commonwealth Bill through Committee amid salvoes of applause from the Colonies.

*Friday.*—House learns with regret that P. and O. SUTHERLAND means to retire



Sir Thomas Sutherland hoists the "Blue Peter."  
(The signal of his early departure will cause very general regret.)

from the scene at close of present Parliament. It will be a distinct loss in a quarter not too crowded. SUTHERLAND's name not often appears in Parliamentary reports. When he does speak, shows that his habitual silence is not due to incapacity to express himself in clear and forcible language. A man of affairs, as contrasted with a man of words. He is of the kind that gives solidity to the character, weight to the Counsels of Parliament. Haven't too many of his class. House could better spare a more fluent man.

*Business done.*—Committee on Civil Service Estimates. WALTER LONG receives tender but hearty acknowledgment of his national service in extinguishing Rabies. Had a hard time. Pluckily held on and now has exceeding great reward of complete success.

## MIS-DIRECTED MSS.

IV.—*Things (never) seen. The Contributor's Ideal.*

[While not unkind of the delicate literary compliment implied, we would like to remind our correspondent that it is scarcely advisable for him to address his MS. to the Editor of the *Academy* 10, Boulevard Street, E.C.]

THE Editor read through his daily batch of a hundred letters with close attention. He then gave directions that they should all appear at an early date, in leaded type, and in prominent positions. "They deal with uninteresting subjects in a verbose manner," he explained to the sub-editor. "But"—a tear trembled on his eyelash—"they are dear, so dear to their authors. They will be so pleased to see them in print." Then, overcome by a wave of sudden emotion, the chief wrung the hand of his colleague. After a moment's silence—broken only by the distant roar of traffic, the screeching of news-boys, and the murmur of innumerable organs—the Editor said, "How many war poems have we received to-day?"

"Two hundred," was the cheerful reply. "They are falling off in numbers."

"We must publish them in a special supplement," remarked the Editor, decisively. "I suppose they all transgress, as usual, the bounds of good-sense, good-temper and good-taste?" he added carelessly.

"Undoubtedly," said his colleague.

"I'm glad of that," sighed the Editor: "it's always so distressing to have to deal with verse of artistic merit and lofty sentiment. By the way, see that the writers' names are printed in bold, black type, and send a copy of the issue to each contributor together with one of the usual printed forms."

The sub-editor nodded, and smiled with pleasure at the thought of his delightful task. Then he took up a printed form and regarded it thoughtfully. "The Editor humbly requests that the contributor will favour him with as many poems upon trite subjects as the contributor's genius may dictate." Then he looked up. "You know, of course, that the paper is decreasing in circulation at the rate of a thousand copies a week?"

"Yes, excellent," murmured the Editor. "After all, journalism is but philanthropy writ large."

THE soldier lives by doughty deeds  
All told in history's pages,  
Who wages war supplies his needs  
For war supplies his wages.

"THE Man in the Street" has become a crowd. There's no space for another man in this or any other street. Please let us never hear of him again.





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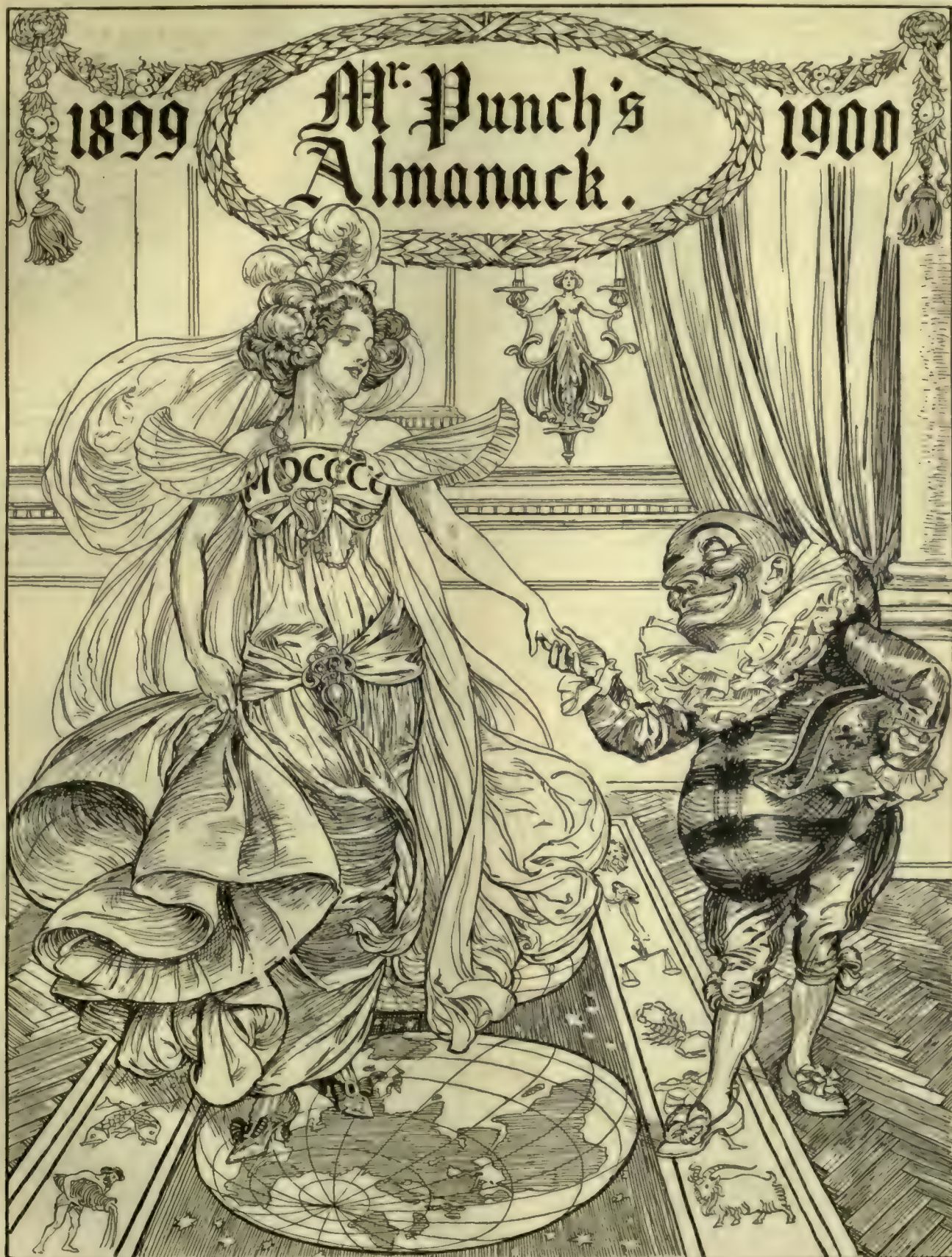
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THE DÉBUTANTE.



MEMS. FOR MONTHS.

THE Merry New Year ushers in the sadly overdrawn account. The bells of Christmas present find a plaintive echo in the bells of Yuletide past.

Children's parties are the heralds of the doctors' approach.

A "final application," promptly selected, lessens the business of the County Court.



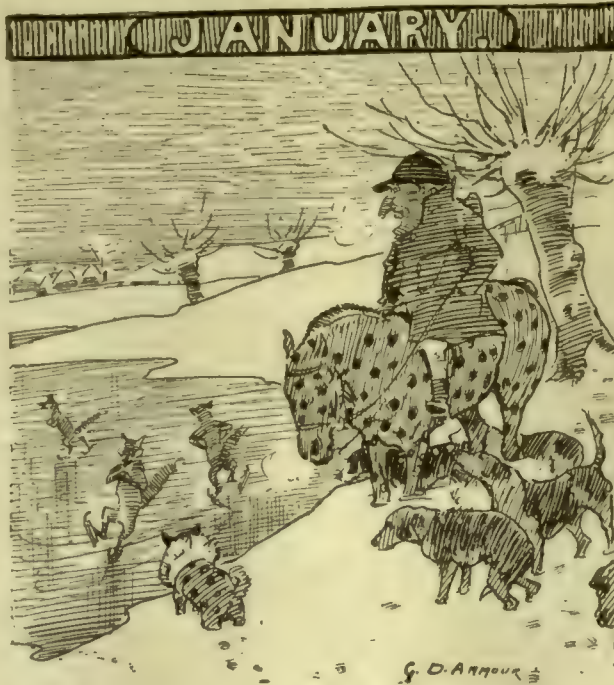
The cloud of "Black Monday" has a silver lining in the quiet of Tuesday spent in peace.

A frozen pipe warms the plumber's heart.

A club subscription, "planked down," saves a name from "boarding."

What is saved by electricity in the drawing-room, is lost by gas in the kitchen's hot-plate.

Economy and Paris can be secured jointly only *en garçon*.



LEADENHALL MARKET IS A SAFE FIND FOR A FOX WHEN THE COUNTRY COVERTS ARE DRAWN BLANK.

MEMS. FOR MONTHS.

You can insure against fire but not a Spring cleaning.

When the broom comes in at the door, the MS. flies out of the window.

Tidying-up in the study is more costly than some kings' ransoms.

When the cook lends a hand to the house-maid, there is no place like home.



When the dining-room is dismantled at South Kensington, there is still a cosy corner in Pall Mall.

French fashions can be studied by a wife, in England, while her husband corrects her impressions from across the Channel.

The home-coming, after a *matinée* at Easter, is often suggestive of the penances of Lent.



"IF YOUR PEOPLE ARE KEEN ON IT, AND HER PEOPLE ARE KEEN ON IT, WHERE'S THE TROUBLE? JUST ASK HER STRAIGHT AWAY. SHE'S CERTAIN TO ACCEPT YOU."

"CONFOUND IT! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M FRIGHTENED OF!"



Voice from the Shore. AREN'T YOU COMING INTO LUNCH? WE'VE ALL FINISHED!"

Voices from the Frozen Deep ("Letting I dare not, wait upon I would."). "YES, WE'RE COMING, WHEN—WE CAN!"



STORIES WITHOUT WORDS.



TALE OF THE TUSKER. HOW IT BEGAN—



HOW IT ENDED.





THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Hostess. Will you please say grace, Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown (a telephone clerk). Are you there? I beg pardon. I mean, For what, etc.

NO VALENTINE!

A VALENTINE he might have sent,  
With that I should have been content;  
The postman passes on his way,  
He does not stop, he does not stay,  
And worn with waiting I lament.



Oh, faithless love! when first he went,  
He vowed that nothing should prevent  
His sending to me every day  
A little line.

My mother, with advice well meant,  
Declares it is an accident;  
That very likely business may  
Take up his time, hence this delay;  
At last to give him I consent  
A little line.

Q. What is the difference between a dunce and an angler?

A. One hates his books and the other baits his hooks.



NEAR THE BULL'S EYE.

Slipper. Well, all these company promoters ought to take the Hawk as their crest.

Tripper. I differ with you. The Robin would be the more appropriate bird.



Fitz-Noodle (who rather fancies himself as the "Black Prince"). "BY JOVE, MISS RENNESLAER, HOW AWFULLY CHARMING!"  
Fair American. "MY! WHAT ARE YOU? CANNED LOBSTER!"



"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE"—



"AND ON THIS!"





## ON GOING OUT TO DINNER.

NOTES FOR A NOVICE.—ENTRÉES.

WE will assume that our young friend is going out to his first dinner. It will not be necessary that he should take with him his card of invitation. Usual, not to say indispensable, in the analogous cases of visiting a theatre or making a railway journey, good society has long dispensed with the observance in the case of private dinners.

Nor need our guest on arriving explain to the gentleman who opens the door the nature of his errand. Even, as in the case under consideration, if he has never been at the house before, it is good



form to walk in as if it belonged to him. Only it will be well to make sure of the number of the house at whose door he knocks. Extremely inconvenient consequences have arisen from failure of this observance.

On entering the drawing-room, the guest should insist on shaking hands with his hostess. It has an agreeable effect to display keen interest in the welfare and health of her family. But it is not necessary to pursue inquiry into the region of collateral relations.

The hostess will present him to the lady whom he is to take down to dinner. It is better not to start off at once, a procedure that would obviously lead to inconvenience. It is usual to wait till all the company are assembled. The host gives the signal for movement by offering his arm to the principal lady guest. The others pairing off and following in close order make impossible such a *contretemps* as that of an unscrupulous couple hurrying off, getting down first, and clearing the table of the choice bits.

Seating himself at the table, our young friend will find a napkin,—“*Servet*,” the wise footman calls it,—folded in artistic form on his plate. Sometimes it is in the fashion of an archbishop's crown, a boat, a fan, a bird's-nest, and occasionally, though this is only in big houses, a four-post bedstead.

Here is an opportunity for one of those tactful movements to mark the accomplished diner out. (See next course.)

## March.

### MARCH MADNESS.

My love is like a March March hare  
Whose wits are apt to fly;  
Her modesty is past compare,  
She is supremely shy;  
When I approach her presence for  
To stroke her coat so warm,  
She stands on ceremony or!  
Sits down upon her “form.”

My love is like a pet pet lamb  
(Compare the close of March),  
That has a chaperoning dam,  
And is so coy and arch;  
But I recall when March was wild  
And wore a killing air;  
So of my heart a wanton child  
Once stole the lion's share.

My love is like a young young bud  
That blows before its time;  
One fear there is that chills her blood—  
The poet's frosty rime;  
If she survive that dreaded doom  
I mean to make her blest;  
For she shall have a chance to bloom  
Upon my open chest!

### MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



#### I.—The Ambitious Actor.

AN Actor who endeavoured to gain the applause of the audience by departing from his author's text, was dismissed from the theatre, took to writing comic operas, and ultimately became a Demon in a Pantomime!

MORAL.—*Facilis descensus Averni.*



FOX - *Log*.  
“MAD - MAD - BUT I SHALL BE NEXT MONTH.”

## ON GOING OUT TO DINNER.

NOTES FOR A NOVICE.—RELEVÉS.

It would never do to thump the table with the handle of your knife, and having thereby attracted attention to yourself, address your hostess in some such fashion as this: “*Madam*, I observe with appreciation and pleasure the artistic conformation of your serviettes. To my mind it is the key-note of a well-ordered feast.



To begin *ab ovo*, as the humourist of the house party said when he threw a bad breakfast-egg at his host's head, when I sit down to dinner, I always scan the formation of the serviette. If it is well done I know the soup will be good, and that there will be no shells in the shrimp sauce.”

Our young friend need not say all this. But catching the hostess's eye, he might look it, and, taking up the napkin tenderly, heave a sigh as he opened it and spread it on his knee.

Our young friend must not suppose that the napkin is given him to hide his talent in. He must talk his best, as well as eat and drink his most. The weather (if there has been any during the day) forms an admirable introductory subject. When that is exhausted, he might say, “I suppose you know every one here?” It is a pleasing remark, assuming that your partner goes out a great deal. It will be useful, too, as probably eliciting some information as to the personality of your fellow-guests.

But the trail must be followed cautiously. For example, don't say, “Who is that bottle-nosed old gentleman opposite who gobbles his turkey as if it were an elder brother keeping him out of the title and the estates.” Or, “Who is the lady next to the gentleman fourth from the top, with a parchment skin drawn over her jaws as if they were meant for a drum-head?”

Your partner might be constrained to reply, “That is my father”; or, “You mean ma?” Which would be embarrassing on both sides.





A MOTOR-HORSE STEEPLE-CHASE.



LINK(S)ED SWEETNESS.

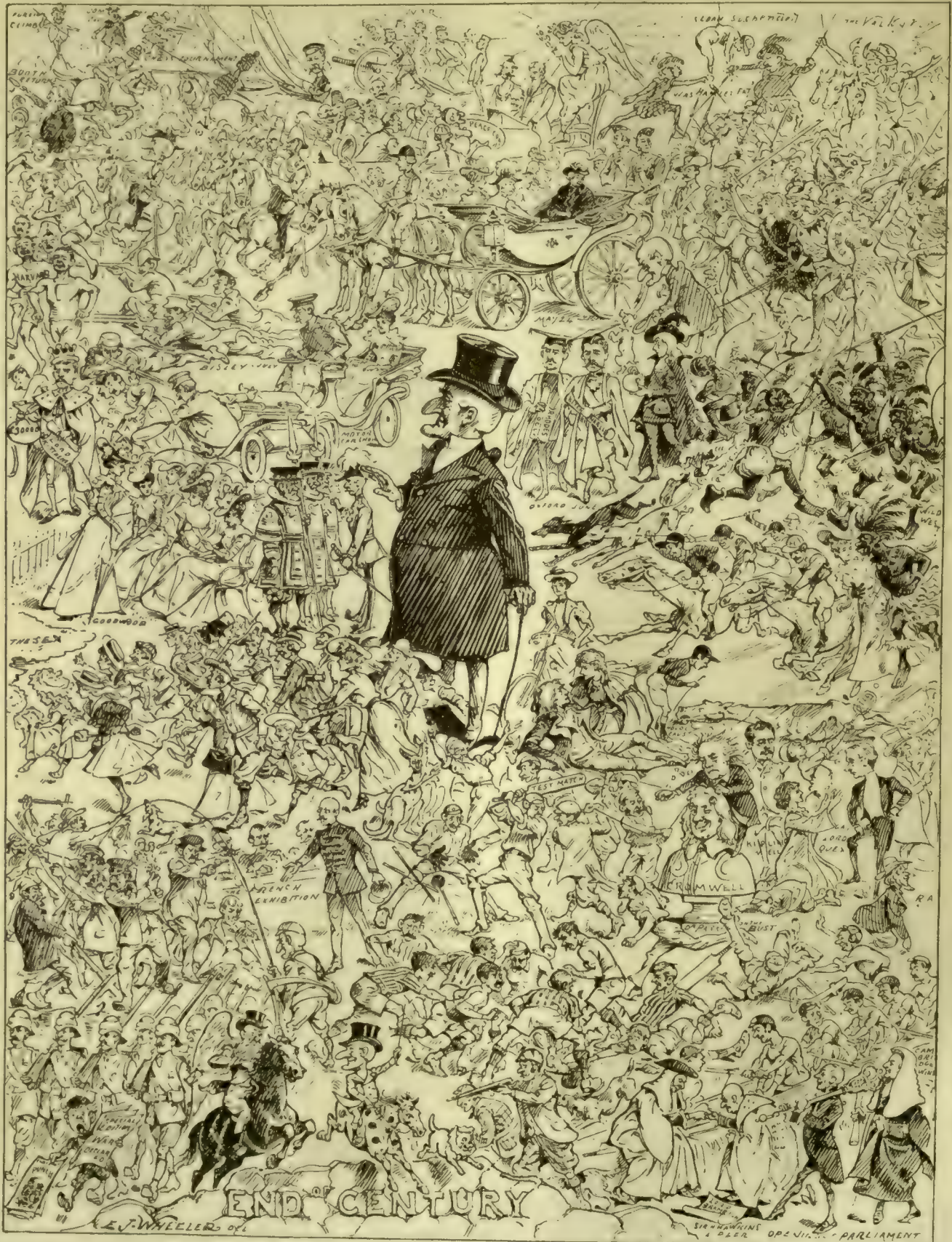
*The Real Cuddie (audibly). "THIS CLUB IS GOING TO RUIN—ALLOWING ALL THESE LADIES TO JOIN!"*  
*Miss Sharp. "THEY EVIDENTLY CAN'T GET GENTLEMEN!"*



TOO SAD!

*'Arry Snicklen (after fishing for three hours without "permission" and never a bite). "WELL I'M BLOWED! AND JIS TO THINK AS 'OW THIS 'ERE'S A LITTLE LUXURY AS ONE MIGHT BE PROSECUTED FOR INDULGIN' ONESELF IN!"*









"PREHISTORIC SCOTLAND" DE-PICT-ED.

(Not by Dr. Robert Murray.)



## APRIL



## DICTIONARY OF DAILY BLUNDERS.

Corrected to date.

DON'T say, "The man was hung." "The man was hanged" is more correct. It won't matter to the man, but it is just as well to be accurate. A picture is hung; a man is hanged—not, perhaps, so many as ought to be. But that is another story.

Among the learned, Asparagus is never alluded to as sparrow-grass. It is true the well-known poet "Anon" gives some support to the vulgarism in a verse perpending a riddle:

My fust 's a little thing vot hops;  
My second brings us good hay crops;  
My whole I eats with mutting chops.

But the weight of authority is, in this matter, against the famous predecessor of Mr. Alfred Austin in the Poet Laureateship.

It is only at sea that it is permissible to pronounce helm as a word of two syllables, e.g., "Port your hellum." You must not say you wish some one, however obnoxious, was buried in "an hellum coffin."

When you are presented to the Queen, do not attempt to lead the conversation. In royal circles there is a deeply rooted prejudice in this matter, it being regarded as a sort of *lèse-majesté* to interfere with the royal prerogative of selecting the topic of conversation. Thus to observe, on being introduced to the royal presence,



"It's a fine day, ma'am," would, though well meant, and, regarded as a matter of fact, unimpeachable, be a breach of etiquette.

## APRIL.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

Now youths who feel the coming of the Spring, their Winter garments of repentance fling. New force from vernal influence recruiting, their fancy turns to thoughts of Summer-suiting, gay suits of dittoes which shall take the eye next term upon the King's Parade or High, tan boots or shoes and giddy fancy socks all parti-coloured and with lovely clocks.

Now too, if Easter be a tardy comer, we see some sports that better suit the Summer. Now to the Queen's Club in successive surges from every quarter, lo, a crowd converges. Parson and sportsman, undergrad. and don, behold them troop to far West Kensington. Of rain or wind they make but little fuss; a runner's wind is what they most discuss. What care have they, although their forms they jam in a perspiring crowd, if they can talk of stamina, note every athlete's form, his



length of stride, foretell the odd event and much beside, and quite forgetful of the hours that pass know each recorded time on path or grass?

Most things I view with an indulgent eye, no mere upholder of the days gone by. Of things that are I am no willing damner, but still I draw the line at weight and hammer. My withers, Sir, bear not the least *cicatrix* to make me wince when blaming both these weight-tricks, good in their way, no doubt, but out of place where only legs should settle jump or race.



And oh ye men of dark blue or of light blue (whiche'er ye wear be sure it is the right blue); ye distance-men, ye hurdlers and ye sprinters, of pluck unsparing and of pace no stinters, ye who with arms outstretched or knuckles grounded, started like greyhounds when the pistol sounded; ye jumpers who with all your young limbs twisted leapt at the bar and either struck or missed it; or sped as by an impulse of despair, flew like winged figures through the whistling air, and, with your eyes a-gleam, your chests expanded, cleared twenty feet or more before you landed,—ye men of spikes, in short, whom fame pursues garbed in your full or in your semi-blues, take it from me, ye much enduring boys, that life can bring you no superber joys than when, released from

tutors and from deans, you swiftly run or greatly jump at Queen's.

Now sixteen youngsters in their pride of muscle prepare at Putney for a fearful tussle. Two puny tyrants of the coxswain-tribe whom threats deter not nor caresses bribe, hold in their hands, those ruthless hands, the fate, each, as he steers it, of his labouring eight. Through the long weeks these men must meekly train, their style as pretty as their food is plain. Primed



with small beer and filled with prunes and rice, they tempt each day the waves of Cam or Isis. Eggs they may eat but not the tasty rasher who to Clayhithe proceed or to the Lasher, and tarts and jams and *entrées* are taboo to those who daily row in either crew.

Their dinner-courses are but few and short; long are their courses of another sort, the sort, I mean, that makes them puff and blow, their faces purple, as they swing and row, while on the bank that pitiless discarder, their coach, shouts:—"Now then, let her have it harder." Lost to the world with growing grief and pain, in one last burst their very souls they strain, till with quick strokes and breath both quick and wheezy, at last they stop, the coxswain calling "Easy."

Transferred to Putney, with their blues awarded, they see their deeds at greater length recorded. The daily papers all describe the crews in full detail and all take different views, and oarsmen, whose tense nerves grow daily tighter purchase the paper and deride the writer. Down Putney's High Street in their coloured coats behold them stride to man their brittle boats.

At last, while crowd to crowd responsive roars, the boats flash by, a gleam of feathered oars. Far in advance the very air is humming with shouts of "Now they're started, now they're coming." Eight doughty oarsmen straining for the lead whom eight more strong or fortunate precede; two arrow-ships for racing well designed; four steamers lumbering tardily behind, a shout, a flash—the vision disappears, and that is all one either sees or hears.

Fill then the wine-cup and, with sparkling eyes, drink to the race and all that it implies. Let whoso will pursue for sordid pelf some petty object, thinking but of self. These men endured, like brother



joined to brother, each for his club and all for one another, intent to be through every change of weather, not eight mere units, but a crew together.





L'ANGLAIS FIN-DE-SIÈCLE.

*First Tripper (in French Picture Gallery). "WHAT O! 'ERB! WHAT PRICE THIS!  
Gardien (who quite understands him). "PARDON, M'SIEUR, EET IS NOT 'WATTEAU,' AND EET IS NOT FOR SALE!"*



PITY THE POOR ACADEMY!

*Artist (rejected—bringing his fist with a bang on the table). "I'LL NEVER SEND ANOTHER PICTURE THERE AGAIN!"*



*Old Gent. (who has recently purchased the property). "NOW, DON'T YOU BOYS KNOW THAT NOBODY CAN CATCH FISH IN THIS STREAM EXCEPT WITH MY—ER—A—SPECIAL PERMIT!"*

*Youthful Angler. "GET AWAY! WHY, MF AND THIS 'ERE KID'S CATCHED SCORES OF 'EM WT' A WORRUM!"*



THE SEASON.

Memorable Facts of the Month.

May 3rd.—At the Exeter Hall Byke-khana, Lady H—, who has le courage de ses opinions, attracted universal notice by her chic appearance in the "free-skirt" competition.

5th.—Rumour is busy, sotto voce, with a projected alliance between a scion of our



haute noblesse, living not a hundred miles from Wellington Barracks, and an American Cow-girl whose ancestors crossed over in the Alabama.

7th.—The health of Mr. H-II C-ne continues to cause his admirers no anxiety.

12th.—The festivities in honour of the vaccination of the infant Lord B. were held, with the usual protest from the young recipient, at the Duke of Johannesburg's Border seat. The boy has his father's nose.

25th.—I saw Mrs. J., the well-known amateur whistler, shopping in Piccadilly last

May.



MR. PUNCH "CUTS OUT" THE LOCAL GENTRY AT THE MAYPOLE.

week. She looked becomingly pale, and had evidently not yet recovered from her visit to the Royal Academy Exhibition.

31st.—We have received from a well-known authoress and intrepid sportswoman a copy of her book, *The Log of the Atalanta*. We shall have pleasure in rolling it at her request.

June 22nd.—All the world and his wife were at the reception



held by Mrs. le P. T. last week at her mansion in Grosvenor Square. Those whose names were not included in the list of invitations may like to have an opportunity of viewing such of the delicacies as could be returned intact to the caterers, Messrs. S. and P. The address of this popular firm is, &c.

28th.—Mrs. de Vere de Vere gave another Small and Early at her place off the Hammer-smith Road. The ices were no worse than before.

30th.—It is whispered at the Rear-Admiralty that the Kaiser's leave of absence from Cowes has been extended for another year.

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



II.—The Dishonest Fisherman.

AN amateur fisherman, whose efforts had been rewarded by the capture of some small fry only, fearing that his reputation might suffer, purchased a fish of large size at a low price, with which to stock his basket. On returning to his friends this artifice was at once discovered by the condition of the fish.

MORAL.—A fish on the hook is worth two at the fishmonger's.

"ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS."

'Twas in the moon of May, Darling,  
(If I remember dates)  
I saw you first at play, Darling,  
Among your blooming mates;  
A ring of eager faces  
We weighed at once your worth,  
The peer of all the Graces  
That ever stepped the earth.

Arms to the elbow bare, Darling,  
You showed a fine physique;  
The South's ambrosial air, Darling,  
Had tanned you on the cheek;  
Your dress of breezy flannel,  
White as the driven snow,  
Betrayed the cheerful channel  
In which your fancies flow.

Eyed like the hawk, and fleet, Darling,  
As is the kangaroo,  
Beneath your bounding feet, Darling,  
The daisies never grew;  
With rivals round you heated  
You coolly kept your style,  
And even when defeated  
Still wore a winning smile.

Alas, but you have been, Darling,  
And gone and left us lone;  
Fresh fields, if not so green, Darling,  
"Down under" claim their own.  
Sing, willow! Ay, our willows  
For Summer sigh in vain,  
While you, beyond the billows,  
Are wielding yours again.

THE HART BOUGHED DOWN.—A stag caught by the horns in the branches of a tree.

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



III.—The Company Promoter and the Flat.

A COMPANY Promoter lurching under a heavy burden of Stock, espied a Flat (seated upon the Security of a Bank) and asked him to hold some for him. This the Flat readily agreed to do, but the Stock falling between them lost the support of the Bank, and neither the Promoter nor the Flat could raise it up again.

THE BEST OF TITLE-DEEDS.—Remission of rent by a lordly land-owner.



A DERBY DAY CONTRAST.



INSTEAD OF A HOT AND DUSTY TIME BY ROAD OR RAIL,



YOU CAN HAVE THE RIVER ALL TO YOURSELF, "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD."



WATER-PARTIES.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

TAKE four pretty girls  
And four tidy young men ;  
Add papa and mamma,  
And your number is ten.

Having ten in your party  
You 'll mostly be eight,  
For you 'll find you can count  
Upon two to be late.



In the packing of hampers  
'Tis voted a fault  
To be rashly forgetful  
Of corkscrew and salt.

Take a mayonnaised lobster,  
A tasty terrine,  
A salmon, some lamb  
And a gay galantine.

Take fizz for the lads,  
Claret-cup for the popsies,

June.



MR. BLUEBOTTLE COMES TO TOWN.

And some tartlets with jam  
So attractive to woppes.

Let the men do the rowing,  
And all acquire blisters ;  
While the boats go zigzag,  
Being steered by their sisters.

Then eat and pack up  
And return as you came.  
Though your comfort was nil,  
You had fun all the same.



MEMS. FOR MONTHS.

CRICKET at Lord's. Stumps  
drawn at dentist's.

15th.—Ball given by Sir G. G.,  
first baronet at third time of  
asking, will be honoured by the  
Hereditary Princess of Bad-  
Pummistein. No fewer than  
three per cent. of the guests  
are said to have been previ-  
ously acquainted with the host.



A SOCIAL AGONY.

First Guest (friend of the Family). "THIS IS QUITE A LARGE PARTY, MISS MARY!" Miss Mary (a little nervous, and forgetting herself and other Guests more or less distinguished). "YES—THIS IS WHAT WE CALL OUR 'WIPE-OFF' PARTY!"





**THE MONSTER.**

TIME—Midday. SCENE—River bank near reported holt of an Otter Hounds have been trying for since dawn.

*Lady Resident.* "SO GLAD YOU'RE COME! I HAVE SUCH GOOD NEWS! MY HUSBAND SHOT THE OTTER LAST WEEK. SUCH A MONSTER! HE'S HAVING HIM STUFFED."



*Aunt Jane.* "IT'S WONDERFUL HOW THIS WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IS COMING INTO USE!"



CRICKET CONSTELLATIONS.



THE SEA-SICK SOLICITOR.

I've wished when waves all dance awry  
Round steamer on the ocean,  
I were a Judge in Chancery  
To overrule the motion.

THE VILLAIN IN MANY A CRICKET MATCH.  
—The Wicket Uncle.

July.

A RELIC OF JULY.

I SAT upon the river's bastion'd marge ;  
A solemn peace possessed the torpid air,  
Save when a few strange oaths from off a  
barge

Lifted my hair.

Sweet haven from the Chamber's human  
hum,  
Here to this spot, with light refreshment  
spread,  
The heated legislator loves to come  
And cool his head.

"Breathless with adoration"—ay, to me  
The phrase applied as well as Words-  
worth's nun—

I watched them on the Terrace, taking tea  
And toasted bun !

Oft' had I pictured their heroic make  
Who keep Britannia going on the blue ;  
And now I saw them, eating currant cake,  
Like me and you !

Think, if a mortal brushed against a god  
Under Olympus, how his heart would  
glow !

But if the gracious presence even trod  
Upon his toe—!

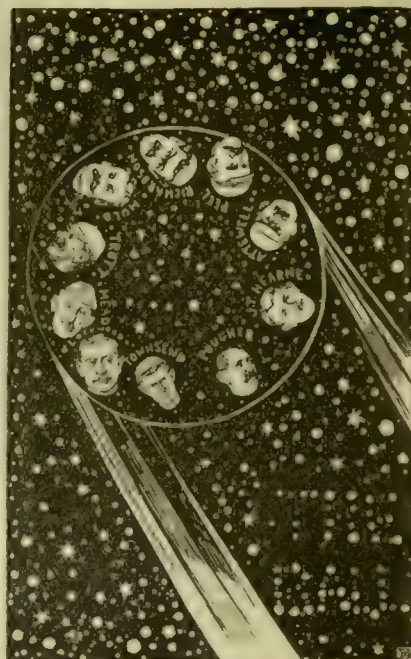
It was a Minister who stood on mine !  
Mere joy, for all my anguish, held me  
mute ;  
And now I worship, in a Trilby shrine,  
That shattered boot.

My burning heart supplies its vestal flame !  
Calverley, when he viewed with venial  
pride

His Prince's cherry-stones, had much the  
same

Feeling inside !

CRICKET CONSTELLATIONS.



EGGSECRABLE.

Patient. Are eggs indigestible, doctor ?  
Facetious Specialist. Only when they are  
ova-boiled. [Patient collapses.]

MEM.—The costume for an evening fête  
(especially at the Botanical Gardens) is  
never complete without a waterproof.



Enthusiastic Skipper. "AHA ! MY BOY ! YOU CAN'T DO THIS SORT OF THING ON SHORE !"





OUTSIDE A CAFE



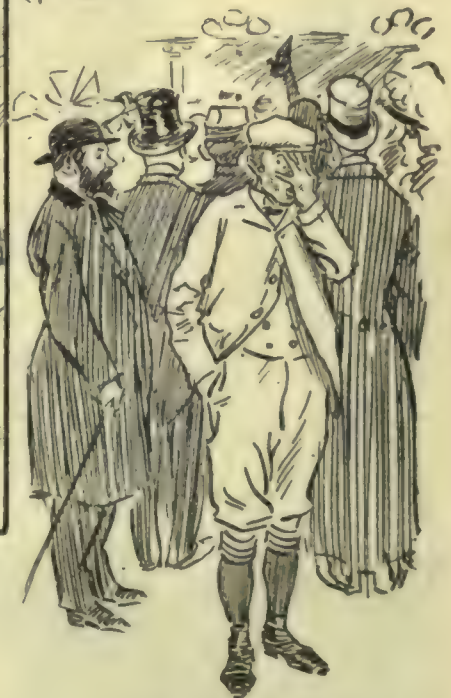
WHAT A 'AT'



HE VISITS A CABARET IN MONTMARTRE



'ARRY IN 'PAREE'



AT THE MOULIN ROUGE



THE SPY MANIA.



JUSWEE TOOTARFAY FRONGSAY  
HESPAR.



August.



PARLIAMENTARY PROVERBS.

You may bring a deaf and dumb member to the Table, but you can't make him speak.

There's many a slip between nomination and election.



It's a far cry to the top of the Clock Tower.

On advancing towards the Table to bring in a Bill it is the first step that counts. Usually it counts one.

You can't make a silk purse out of Bashmead-Artlett's ear.

Home Rule, like other misfortunes, makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows. (Old Tory saying, attributed in its origin to Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. In a rare manuscript copy, dated July, 1895, there is before "strange" another adjective, here omitted.)

Good Ministerialists, when they are played out, go to the House of Lords.

Don't holloa till you are out of the division lobby. And not then, unless you want to be suspended for the remainder of the sitting.

You can't put a quart of legislation into the pint pot of the Parliamentary Session.

*S'asseoir entre deux selles, le cul à terre:* which Sir Albert Rollit translates, "Between two stools you cover a good deal of ground." A more accurate rendering of the French is suggested in a speech delivered last session by one of Sir Albert's many friends on the Ministerial side. Urging acceptance of a Bill on the ground that it was generally approved, he said, "Hon. gentlemen sitting opposite are in favour of it; hon. members seated on this side of the House support it; whilst the hon. member for South Islington, who tries to sit on both sides of the House, is not opposed to it."



A Bill in the Statute Book is worth more than two on the Orders of the Day.

A PLEA FOR A PLURAL.

You, who in sultry weather  
To Scotland take your way,  
To roam the purple heather  
And bring the grouse to bay,  
Oh, sportsman intramooral,  
Declare, I beg, to me,  
If grouse possessed a plural,  
What would that plural be?

What fairness is there in it  
If other, meaner birds,  
Lark, sparrow, swallow, linnet,  
Have, all, their plural words?  
One grouse we know and cherish;  
It shows but little *vous*,  
When ten or twenty perish,  
To group them all as grouse.

No matter what intention  
Inspires them, I accuse  
Of poorness of invention  
These paltry single views.  
If men may dwell in houses,  
Why deem it a disgrace  
To speak of grouse as "grouses"  
Whenever there's a brace?

This word I note with pain, Sir,  
Is hard to your mind;  
You bid me try again, Sir,  
Some better term to find.



Well, "grouses" I abandon;  
Since mouse gives birth to mice,  
I take my final stand on  
The missing word as "grice."

With this new word provided,  
Go, let your sport be good.  
Shoot, shoot as oft as I did,  
But hit—I rarely could.  
Yet count not ere you grass them  
Your grice as in the house.  
How oft your pellets pass them  
Is singular—like grouse.



FLOWER SHOW AT THE ANCIENT GREEK TEMPLE GARDENS





**STORIES WITHOUT WORDS.**

STORY OF THE BORROWED GUN, AND THE CARTRIDGES THAT DID NOT FIT!



**NARROW ESCAPE.**

(On the Scarborough Sands.)

"NOW, SIR, I'D LIKE TO KNOW, SIR, WHAT THE DOOCE DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY VERY NEARLY RIDING OVAH ME IN THAT MANNAH?"



Miss Giddie. "IT'S AWFULLY SWEET OF YOU, MR. CUNIOUS—(coquettish pause)—IMPEY, TO ASK ME TO MARRY YOU. OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU LOVE ME; BUT I HOPE THAT PEOPLE WON'T SAY THAT YOU MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY!"

Mr. Impey Cunious (in a state of utter collapse after an elaborately forced proposal). "MY DEAR MISS GIDDIE—ER—FLOSSIE, I ASSURE YOU THAT I SHALL NEVER MENTION IT!"



"NUNC PEDE LIBERO."

It is the month of toils mature ;  
The stooks are off the stubble ;  
The weary gourmet goes to cure  
His gout or liver trouble ;  
With peace the earth is overlaid,  
Save where the worried partridge  
Devises methods to evade  
The stuffing of the cartridge.  
This is the time that rightly calls  
For rural beans ; this is  
The season when the tourist falls  
Down horrid precipices ;  
When tooth-and-knife at table-d'hôtes  
Fat Germans join their forces,  
Roll Lager down their crusted throats  
And eat aloud like horses.



Statesman and bishop, star and beak,  
All take the hour and pluck it ;  
They sally out with rod and cleek  
As once with spade and bucket ;  
Grave men, whose features day by day  
Have figured in the journals,  
Now romp at large in loose array,  
Regardless of externals.  
They think not how their moon must wane ;  
Ah, no ! they cannot bear to ;  
Soon, soon shall Time renew the strain  
Of ills that flesh is heir to.  
Drink while you may ! too quick recurs  
The hour for growing sober ;  
The Autumn threats of publishers  
Fall due about October !

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



IV.—The Inflated Author.

AN author of moderate capacity was induced by his friends to believe that he was a great genius. In this belief he published a new volume, but his friends, to his surprise, failed to purchase it, and the unsold copies found their way ultimately to the buttermilk.

MORAL.—The only "butter" of intrinsic value is the Buttermilk.

September.

ST. PARTRIDGE.

1. HE DROWSES THROUGH THE SUMMER DAYS, AND DREAMS A DREAM OF BLISS.



THE AWAKENING.

2. "HELLO ! BY GEORGE ! FIRST OF SEPTEMBER !"

ON A DANGEROUS SHOT.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

He seemed an inoffensive man  
When first I saw him on the stubble ;  
Made on the self-same sporting plan  
As those who shoot with ease or trouble !  
The average men, in fact, whose skill  
(A thing of luck far more than habit)  
Tempt them at times to go and kill  
The hare, the partridge and the rabbit.

He rushed not and he did not lag ;  
He kept the line when we were walking.  
He had a useful cartridge-bag ;  
And was not prone to useless talking.  
He smoked an ordinary pipe ;  
His guns were hammerless ejectors ;  
He wore a fairly common type  
Of patent pig-skin leg-protectors.



He told a story now and then,  
Some ancient tale of fur or feather,  
That sportsmen love to smile at when  
On Autumn days they come together.  
In fact he seemed to outward view,  
In all his gunned and gaitered glory,  
Just such a man as I or you,  
Except—but that's another story.

Except (I'll tell it) when he shot :  
Then, then he did not care a cuss, Sir ;  
He blazed as if he hadn't got  
The least regard for life or us, Sir.  
Our terrors left him unafraid ;  
He tried for full-grown birds and  
cheepers,  
And, missing these, he all but made  
A record bag of guns and beaters.

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

(News Agency Special.)

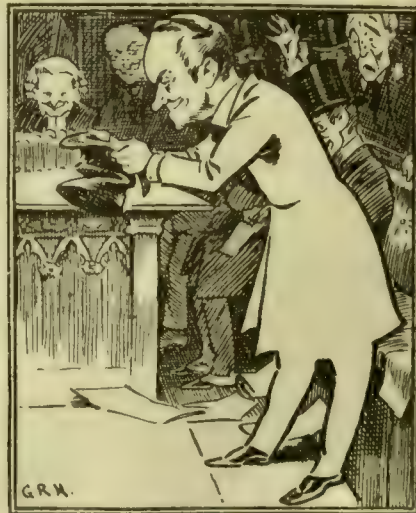
THE Cabinet Council held yesterday was notable, amongst other things, for the effulgency of the gathering. There was, indeed, quite a plethora of Ministers. In other words, the attendance was full to the numerical limits of the Council. Or, to put it even briefer, every Minister was present.

The meeting, probably destined to be historical, was, as is not unusual, held in Downing Street. The precise number of the house in the street is equivalent to a tithe of 100. Space and the sordid habits of the sub-editor, who, whilst gauging the world-wide interests of our communications, mentally tots up the accumulated pence per line, preclude our dwelling at adequate longitude on the memories that batten in the commonplace chamber where Cabinet Councils have for more than a century met to make history. We may, nevertheless, mention that Our Representative has reason to know—information quite accidentally obtained—that whilst it is impossible to approach within sight of the keyhole of the Council chamber, there are double windows to the outlook upon the umbrageous garden.

The importance of the crisis, testified to by the large attendance of Ministers, was paralleled—or, if we may coin a useful word, parallelogrammed—by the concourse of men in the street, a body of our fellow-citizens whose political acumen has become, so to speak, a bye-word among nations. The Cabinet Council was summoned to meet at high noon, or, as some have it, at 12 o'clock. For fully sixty minutes in advance of that hour the stately thoroughfare resounded to the tramp of

(Continued on p. 25.)

MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



V.—The Wise Statesman.

A STATESMAN about to make a speech in the House, hurriedly took possession of a hat that was not his, and (carried away by his own eloquence) concluded by sitting down upon it. Learning this fact, upon examination he returned this damaged head-gear to the hat-stand, and possessed himself of his own.

MORAL.—It's a foolish man who sits down on his own hat.





Extract from Letter—Angelina to Maud May:—" . . . CLOUDY MORNING. AUNT, GOING WITH US, SAID RAIN SPOILT HER COMPLEXION AND PUT HER HAIR OUT OF CURL. IT RAINED—SHE BOLTED. I COULDN'T LET HER GO ALONE, AND FOLLOWED HER—(AHM). THE MEN COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, AND TOLD US AT DINNER THAT WE LOST THEM A WHOLE COVEY."

many feet. The interval of waiting was wiled away by conversation Our Representative, in spite of systematic effort, found himself constrained to overhear. Picturesque and informing, it would make a good half-column. But for a reason indicated above, its communication is withheld from the public organ of hearing.

In our next edition we shall describe the arrival of the Ministers, with notes taken on the spot calculated to throw a flood of light on a complicated episode in the history of this country.



The first Minister to arrive was Mr. Goschen. As became the First Lord of the Admiralty, he travelled as far as route permitted by water. Quitting the penny steamboat at Westminster Bridge, he steered his way through the perilous passage of Parliament Street, porting his hellum when he found himself abreast of Downing Street. It was observed that the right honourable



IT IS NOT IN SELF-DEFENCE THAT HIPPOLYTA HAS DRAWN HER HAT-PIN, BUT TO IMPRESS UPON AN IGNORANT ITALIAN THAT HER TYRE IS PUNCTURED!

gentleman, who was closely gloved, carried a gingham umbrella by means of a hook forming the handle, which was suspended on his extended forefinger. It was agreed that this looked bad. The First Lord of the Admiralty was evidently prepared for stormy weather.

Viscount Cross—"Grand Cross," as he was spoken of by a friendly familiar crowd—arrived on the stroke of noon. With the object of reaching his destination he had chartered a hansom cab. This led to an incident that may have considerable bearing on the situation. Alighting from the vehicle, which has been aptly



termed the gondola of London, the Lord Privy Seal pressed a coin into the readily extended hand of the cabman.

"Hi! hi! Wot's this?" said the Jehu of the so-called nineteenth century.

Evidently he did not recognize the noble viscount, a circumstance which it may be

(Continued on p. 28.)



October.

MEMS. FOR MONTHS.

THE "merry month" is usually a lucrative one to the coal merchant.

The Private View at the Royal Academy is the public inspection of the dressmakers' most costly productions.



The chairs in the Park before Midsummer Day would be more satisfactory if they had a compliment of foot-warmers.

The early drawing-rooms often require the later kitchen fires.

A single swallow is of no special significance to the modern clerk of the weather.

May, from an atmospheric as well as a verbal point of view, is full of possibilities.



Convalescent London goes to the seaside in June to shake off the remains of scarlet fever and the whooping-cough.

Apartments furnished beside the waves include many matters of professional interest to the doctor.

Chaperons doze while débütantes dance, but sit shoulder to shoulder during supper hour.



The House is a safe refuge for those who find the home without attractions.

The question "Who's for home?" can be answered practically in a satisfactory sense by a confirmed clubman.

When May is cold and June is wet, your coat and umbrella ne'er forget.



THE XANTHIPUS PALACE OF VARIETIES. THE CHARMING SISTERS THYADES, THE BACCHIC DANCE ARTISTS.



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS. A GAME OF POLO AT JACULANSILLA.





**HEARD AT NEWMARKET.**

*Jockey whose horse has broken down). THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS AS GOOD AS A WALK OVER?"*  
*Trainer. "WELL, AIN'T YOU WALKIN' OVER?"*



**FORETHOUGHT.**

*Algernon has been very severe with two Tramps.*

*Winifred. "OH ALGERNON, DARLING! DON'T BE HARSH. YOU NEVER KNOW. WE MAY BE JUST LIKE THEM SOME DAY!"*



November.

remarked in passing justifies the familiar assertion that the world knows nothing of its greatest men.

The crowd gathering closer round the cab awaited with breathless interest the issue of the unequal contest.

"Wot's this?" insisted cabby, holding out the coin, which looked uncommonly like a shilling.

The noble viscount, adjusting his spectacles and jerking his head on one side with gesture familiar in the high court of Parliament, sternly regarded his interlocutor.

"My good man," he said, "are you not aware that the oath of a Privy Councillor imposes upon him conditions of the strictest secrecy? I am not able to convey to you information on any question, howsoever immaterial it may appear to the casual observer."

The Lord Privy Seal quickly stepped within the portals of No. 10 Downing Street. The cabman, after gazing reflectively at the coin, put it in his pocket and drove off. His remarks were unfortunately not suitable for promiscuous circulation.



The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain closely followed the Lord Privy Seal. It was noticed as the open-windowed vehicle passed through the increasing crowd an odour of tobacco-smoke seemed to permeate the atmosphere. It should at once be said that no political significance attaches to this incident, since the Secretary of the Colonies was smoking what is colloquially known as the fragrant weed. In the buttonhole of his morning coat flamed an orchid of crimson hue.

"Ah," said the Man in the Street, who beguiled the hours of watching with some really pungent remarks, worth at least eight lines apiece, "Mars is in the ascendant."

At five minutes past twelve, Mr. Arthur Balfour arrived. The right hon. gentleman wore a tweed suit, a soft felt hat, and, as he sauntered up the street, lightly swung in his right hand a walking stick, which it was observed he carried by the point end.

The First Lord of the Treasury's attention was arrested by a round pebble, nearly the size of a golf ball, in the middle of the road. The right hon. gentleman, who was evidently in a fit of deep abstraction, stopped, grasped his stick with both hands, and swung up the curved handle over



his right shoulder, his eye meanwhile fixed intently on the unobservant pebble.



### COVERT LOVE.

HERE, where the woodland's flanking lines

Have left a little space of blue,  
Between the shadows of the pines  
With beating pulse I watch for you

With beating pulse, yet unafraid,  
I wait you in the silent glade!

I shall not hear your footstep fall

Upon the matted mossy ways;

A stir of branches, that is all,

A flutter through the threaded maze;

My heart will know that you are near;

Be sure I shall not miss you, dear.

What sound is that of severed leaves

Across the depths of sylvan dark?

Is it a dream that fancy weaves,

Or do her angel pinions— Hark!

I hear the sudden warning ring,

"Hear forward!" —, I've missed the thing!

### MR. PUNCH'S ÆSOP.



#### VI.—The Vain Host.

A SERVANT dispatched to procure a bottle of wine from the wine-cellar, betrayed the vanity of her Master by returning empty-handed, with the confession, in the presence of the guests, that the wine-seller (round the corner) refused further credit.

MORAL.—In vino vanitas.

Remembering himself, and conscious of the crowd of onlookers, a slight blush mantled his ingenuous countenance, and straightening himself, altering his grip of the stick to the handle, he walked on to his official residence. It was a simple incident. But study of it may help our readers to a closer grasp of the political situation.

Lord Salisbury deprived the crowd of pleasurable excitement by furtively approaching Downing Street, driving through the Horse Guards Archway, and so gaining unobserved his private entrance to the Foreign Office. The Chancellor of the Exchequer (who wore a silk hat) walked up Downing Street apparently absorbed in abstruse calculation. Mr. Walter Long, stepping out of a four-wheeler, was observed to carry a dog-muzzle in one hand, and a bulky roll of MS. in the other. This last was reported to be one of the innumerable sermons forwarded to him by grateful clergy profiting by the Relief Bill of last session carried under his management.

Last of all the Duke of Devonshire came also—only twelve minutes late, a striking proof of the gravity of the situation. His Grace journeyed on foot from Devonshire House, and crossed the park. Those inclined to see in this incident proof of the fidelity of the Cabinet to the policy of the "open door" in the Far East are not mistaken.



"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"





*Extract from the Muddleton Mercury*:—"PROMINENT AMONG THE FOLLOWERS OF THE HOLDUM HARRIERS, ON MONDAY LAST, WE NOTICED THE MAHARAJAH OF BUNDAPORE, WHO ATTRACTED A GOOD DEAL OF ATTENTION."



*Little Jones (to Lady who has just collided with him).* I-I-I-I BEG YOUR PARDON! I-I-I HOPE I HAVEN'T HURT YOU!"



CHRISTMAS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Messrs. X., the well-known caterers for the million, invite inspection of their catalogue of gifts, entertainments, &c., suitable for the convivial season.]

**Merrie Englands.** We are now arranging to supply suburban and other back-gardens with our Olde Englishe Christmas scenery, real snow, live robins, &c.

**Ghost Department.** We have thoroughly overhauled our psychical stock. Ordinary Christmas ghosts, family spectres, bogey-men, &c., provided at shortest notice. References to Mr. Andr-w L-ng and other connoisseurs. *Bleeding nuns* a speciality.

**Monte Carlo at Home.** We are prepared to offer roulette-tables for the family circle, including instructions how to win on our new infallible system. Will nevertheless, if required, undertake to run the bank, bringing our own staff of croupiers, &c.

**Crackers** fitted with mottos to taste. Large assortment of tame poets kept on premises.

**To Noblemen and others.** We are now putting on the market our new Christmas number with

December.



"UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGH."

complete novelette, entitled *Aphrodite of the Inner Circle*. No previous or subsequent intelligence required of reader.

**Humour for the Domestic Hearth.** We have now a renovated stock of Christmas-pudding repartees. No two sets alike. This class of goods cannot be sent out on approval, as they are apt to be damaged by exposure.

Have you seen our Noël lightning-camera pince-nez? As supplied to the French Headquarter's Staff.

Ask for our Yule-tide chest-expander. No exertion needed. Goes in the breast-pocket. Will refund the money as soon as a two-inch decrease of girth can be proved as the result of employing our developer.

Inspect our stock of seasonable stories for sending to the papers. Midwinter strawberries at John-o'-Groats. Cuckoos in the Midlands on Boxing-day, &c.

To Fathers of Families troubled with Christmas waits, madrigal-singers, &c. See our new line in bull-dogs.

For the entire Christmas Vacation. Our animated photographic film, representing mobilization of a British Army Corps; five weeks long.



QUITE A FANCY ARTICLE.

*Customer.* BUT WHAT CAN IT BE USED FOR?

*Salesman.* "WELL, I REALLY COULDN'T SAY, MADAM BUT I THINK IT'S INTENDED FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT!"



'ARRY TAKES HIS 'OLIDAY ABROAD.

①



'Arry pays a visit to MARKEN, and persuades one of the picturesque natives to pose for her portrait

②



But her family seem to object.

③



When he has finished them (the members of his family) he obtains a really good negative.

He returns to Rotterdam and foolishly gives one of the children a coin and is mobbed in consequence.

④



⑤



and has to run for his life

⑦



Next morning he leaves for home

⑥



He doubles down one of the many passages and evades them. Only to be met by a gigantic Dutchman who springs out of a doorway and flourishes a curiously carved club. 'Arry thinks his last minute has come! But the man only wanted to sell some of his wood carriage.

'In future, says 'Arry, 'London is good enough for me'





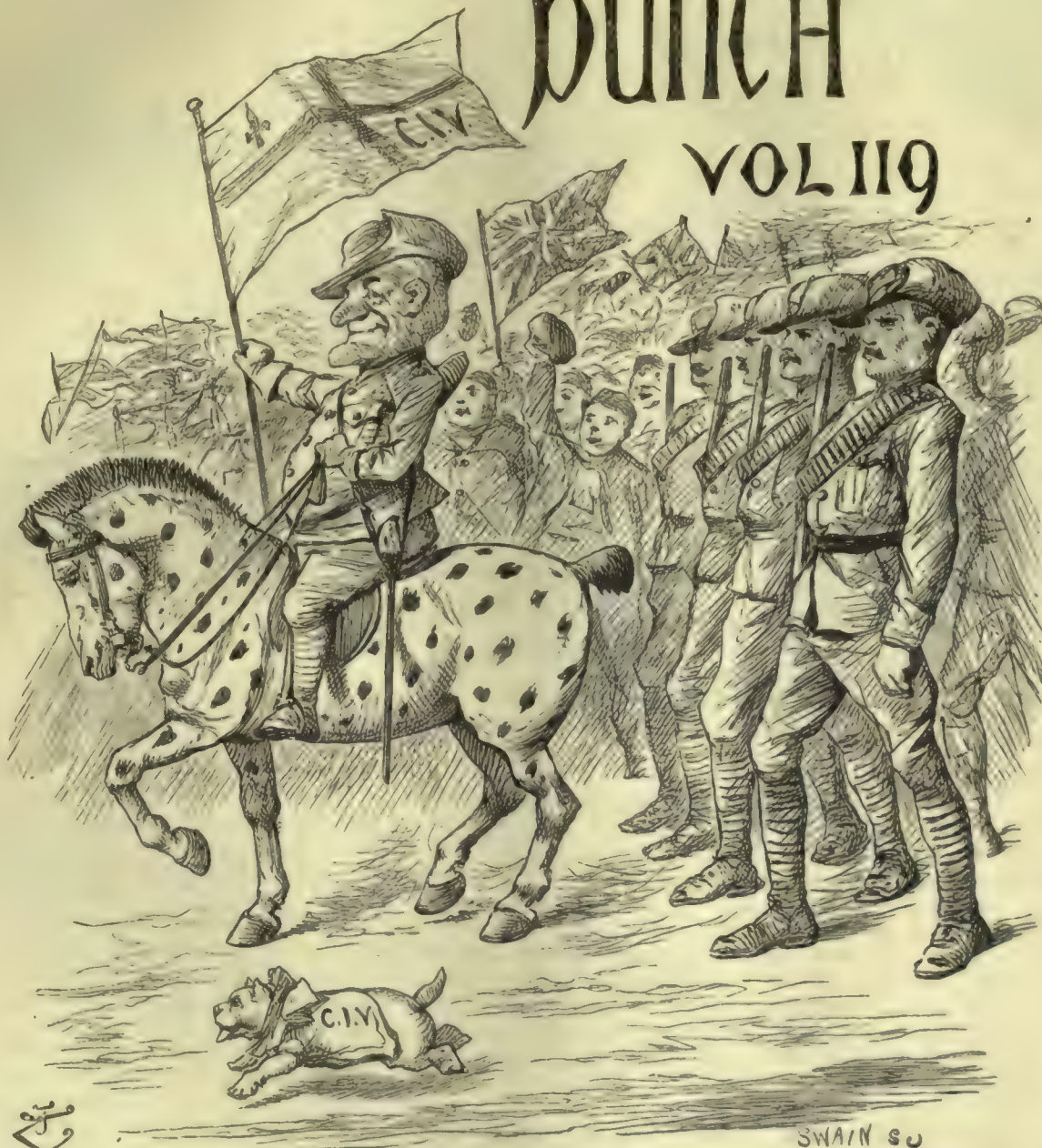
Bernard Partridge.

:WATCHMAN: WHAT OF THE NIGHT?



# PUNCH

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1900

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AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1900.









AT the first touch of rosy-toed Aurora, the Imperial Maid had risen to the occasion, the same being unique. Its peculiar features were three; and only two of them could ever meet again. First, it was New Year's Day; but this recurs, roughly, with every thirteenth moon. Next, it was the opening of the New Century; but every hundredth year we may enjoy the repetition of this splendid event. Lastly, it was the day for proclaiming the Federation of Australia; and this could only happen once in the history of the world.

Fresh from a studied toilette, the Maid emerged into sunlight not more dazzling than herself. The air was heavy with fortunate omens; the soil paved with spotless resolutions. Over these last lightly bounded her faithful bodyguard, the kangaroo, always finding himself in one or other of his elements. Comely by grace of nature, and dressed to distraction, she passed trippingly, yet with majesty, to the playing fields of Mars, a very Atalanta for advance. As she assumed a posture of dignity at the saluting base, the punctual bugle rang; and at the head of his troops forth rode the Veteran of Bouverie Street. Traces of pallor shewed about his cheek, for he had seen the New Year in on native Burgundy, a wine that needs its Bush; yet was he full of movement, and mounted on a charger that caracolled superbly.

Behind him marched the flower of Britain's chivalry, a specimen bouquet of all arms, spared from the long war-harvest, and still leaving a few behind where they came from. Sabre, lance, and cuirass, those discredited tools of a by-gone age, now relegated to pension and pageantry, shone bravely under a dazzling top-light. Onward they came, the thousand and one knights, war-like infants, massed in quarter-column, and not a soul among them seeking cover.

So, with sword at the salute, the Veteran led his legions past our Lady of the Southern Cross.

Marked by a minimum of casualties, the Review was over. The Generalissimo had sheathed his blade, and sprung to earth on bended knee before the Imperial Maid.

"Madam," he cried, "we have brought you of our best to gild your peaceful pomp. Remains our debt of war, the debt we owe for the strong arms you lent us at our need. And long may it remain unpaid in kind. Yet when, if ever, you stand in just such need, doubt not the Great Mother will remember!"

"Remote, indeed, must seem that peril on this day of days that binds her sons to one another (and, by consequence, to her) with bonds not lightly to be loosed. There is a fable of a parent who called his sons together, and shewing them a bundle of sticks——"



"I know it," said the Maid, "I know it well. It keeps cropping up like the Chicago Phoenix. Kindly pass on to the next item."

"If," replied the Veteran, "you are already cognisant of this apposite illustration, I will waive it, and proceed to drop into original poetry." And he pulled out a finely-engrossed parchment from up his tunic-sleeve. "Yet not strictly original either"—he corrected himself—"for somewhat similar expressions have been attributed to a certain Oriental Monarch whom our Only Dramatic Poet has lately popularised. But *he* was supposed to be mad at the time (meaning Herod), whereas your obliged servant is nothing if not sane. With your permission?"

Here the Veteran re-arranged his tonsils and broke into a throaty recitative

"I heard a cherub sitting up aloft  
Cry——"

"Thank you; but may I take it as about to be read some other time, if you please?" said the Lady. "There is a good deal to be got through to-day; and I am rather expecting some local odes. One must support native industry, you see,"

"Madam," replied the Veteran with much *aplomb*, "I had not actually foreseen this gracious interruption; yet, in fear that the reporters might not be equal to the strain of following me, I have taken the precaution of putting my composition into print. In the New Year's Gift (which my orderly has already laid at your feet) you will find it enshrined (p. 457), and, a little further on, a succinct sketch of my present interview, composed beforehand so as to avoid inaccuracies. In the collected work, of which these fragments are a part, there is a deal of valuable advice, and condensed food for thought. It is widely recommended for use in the Councils of the Empire; and, if it were becoming in me to say so, I would suggest that in your new Federal Parliament House a few duplicate copies of the work should be kept for reference. During very dull speeches, someone might perhaps give readings from it in the Lobby. I merely throw out this proposal, leaving the details to be filled in to taste. *Toby*" (turning to his orderly), "unveil the work in question!"

"Dear Mr. PUNCH," replied AUSTRALIA, as she read the superscription, "I thank you. If any fresh guarantee were needed for the harmonious working of our Federated Units, it would be in the common possession of such a store of Wisdom (made by and for the Wise) as lurks within the covers of this noble tome, your

## "One Hundred and Nineteenth Volume."







### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*A Sportswoman in India* (HUTCHINSON) is a narrative of personal adventure and experience of travel in known and unknown parts of the great Empire. The authoress, ISABELLE SAVORY, is a mighty huntress. Anything comes handy to her—the wild boar, the leopard, the red bear, the black bear, the panther, the tiger, the cobra, and eke the crocodile. She made their personal acquaintance at close quarters, and generally got the better of them. Not less exciting than her shooting and stalking experiences are her exploits in the way of mountaineering in the mighty Himalayas. The narrative is written in sprightly fashion, with prevailing tendency here and there to indulge in a break-down and a snatch of song, RUDYARD KIPLING for preference. But that is the effect of high spirits happily communicable to the reader. There are many illustrations, the most attractive to my Baronite being a photographure of the authoress in most becoming, workmanlike dress.

In anticipation of the General Election—mere reference to approach of which surprises Mr. BALFOUR—the Liberal Publication Department, whose office is in Parliament Street, have issued a Handbook for the use of Liberals. It summarises the results in home affairs of five years of Tory Government. My Baronite, imitating the lofty reserve of the signator of this column, reckons nothing of politics. All the statements contained in this little volume may be baseless, albeit for the most part they appear as quotations from the speeches of members and supporters of the government. Regarding it simply as a work of arrangement and condensation, it is admirable. As an electioneering engine it is a veritable pom-pom. If there is any corresponding Publication Department in the other camp they would do well to get their batteries into position and try to silence it.

That the Wonderfully Winsome Wicked Wily Woman who is the Leading Lady in WINIFRED GRAHAM's excitingly dramatic novel entitled *The Beautiful Mrs. Leach* (WARD, LOCK & Co.)

should be suddenly delivered up, all alive O, to Justice, and should entirely disappear from the scene, is decidedly hard upon the seasoned reader of sensational fiction, who will already have experienced a sneaking kindness for the dazzling demon or fascinating fiend (whichever you like, my little dear), the hardened heroine of this mysterious melodrama. This is bad enough, but that the insipid, say-nothing-to-nobody, meek-and-mild, bread-and-buttery Miss, the second walking lady in so sensational a story, should be allowed to hold out to the end and come up fresh, smiling, happy, glorious and victorious, posing in the last chapter as the Bold Baronet's Bride,—having, mind you, done nothing whatever to deserve so great a reward (for it means money, lands, title, and position)—is a literary misdeed only pardonable as a first offence on no account to be repeated "in her next." As to the story of the *Beautiful Mrs. Leach*, it is interesting, exciting, well told, and, as possessing these qualities, the Baron recommends it. The scene with the terrible telephone or fearful phonophone (which, is not quite clear—though the voice is) would have been rendered less improbable had the speeches of the invisible avengers been considerably abbreviated, more to the point, and less theatrically declamatory. The fascinating enchantress ought to have been supplied with that bottle containing a poisonous pill which she, as quite a young girl, was wont to carry about when taking her share in burglarious enterprises with her elder companions in crime. Thus she would have been freed from the inglorious commonplace of capture by police. But evidently this method of putting an end to the heroine had escaped the novelist's memory at the last and critical moment.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

How FIX HIM?—He was married three times: never divorced: never a widower: his three wives all alive at the same time, but none of them alive to his deception. Is this man a bigamist or a trigamist? Well, perhaps the best description of him would be "Liberal Unionist."





"YOU LOOK VERY BORED, BOBBIE. CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING TO DO?"

"NO. I WISH I COULD. IF I COULD THINK OF SOMETHING I OUGHT TO DO, AND WASN'T DOING IT, I SHOULD FEEL MUCH BETTER!"

### A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

["Certainly, if the death-rate be taken as a criterion, then London ranks high as a health resort, with its annual range of between sixteen and seventeen per thousand."—*Daily Express*.]

AGAIN you ask me, DAPHNE dear,

As looms in sight our short vacation,  
Where shall we bend our steps this year

In quest of annual relaxation,  
And find some sweet salubrious breeze,  
Free from all taint of dire disease.

Then health reports by scores I scan,  
Statistics of each spot comparing—  
Wales, Margate, Aix, the Isle of Man—  
Before upon our journey faring,  
And through the catalogue I run,  
But to reject them, one by one.

Till, DAPHNE, but one place remains  
(Since some defect mars all the rest of  
them),

Where ever low the death-rate reigns,  
One health resort, by far the best of  
them;

Yes, search the whole world, far and near,  
You'll find no place like London, dear.

Then still in London, DAPHNE, stay,  
Where no unwholesome ills alarm you,  
Let its perfections, day by day,  
In health and vigour hold and charm you;  
While I, alas! at Duty's call  
Must go to Paris after all.

### OPERATIC NOTES.

**Saturday, June 23.**—Now ancient operatic history. But it can't be helped. Exigences of press, printing and publication. As sung the ancient songster,

"Things isn't now  
As they used to was  
In my old uncle's time."

Suffice it, then, to say that T.R.H. Prince and Princess of WALES, so constant to the opera this season, were again present, that the house was full, and everyone generally pleased with Wagnerian *Walküre*, and specially delighted with Herr VAN ROOY as Wotan, "Who," sings the Hibernian poet, "is the broth of a Boy."

**Monday, 25.**—*Das Rheingold*. "First performance of the Second Cycle." All Cyclists present. SUSAN STRONG, as *Freia*, a tower of strength, and *Erda* in splendid voice. Praise due to Stage Manager, whoever he may be, for scenic effects in Act 1 of the Three Nymphs, represented by the Fräuleins HIESER and OLITZKA, and one Madame, yeleft SOBRINO, Watchers of the Waterburied treasures, each one was a diva, and each part went swimmingly. Herr VAN ROOY again excelling as Wotan, and all the others combined to "give satisfaction."

**Tuesday, June 26.**—*Die Walküre*. Encore Wotan. Wot an encore! It is VAN ROOY as Wotan that does it. Likewise Fräulein TERNINA as *Sieglinde*, who vocally and histrionically is perfection. Fräulein GULBRANSON as *Brünnhilde* comes next, and Fräulein EDYTH WALKER of *Die Walküre* as *Rossweisse* "very nice." Royalties present: first-rate house. If the War has "cast a gloom" over society, it is not visible on the faces of either the operatic patrons nor on those who crowd the restaurants and hotels where supper parties do mostly congregate. Madame CALVÉ commandeered to Windsor for Calvé-lleria.

**Wednesday, June 27.**—Herr SLEZAK as *Siegfried*. His Slez-

aking all that could be desired. Herr BREUER as *Mime* (with out the "Panto," which Wagnerian properties supply), and Herr FRIEDRICHS as *Alberich*, both as good as anyone, not exorbitant in demands, could wish. Herr BERTRAM as *Der Wanderer* rather dull, but this, may be, is not to be wandered at when you come to think how hard it must be on "BERTRAM" to separate him from "ROBERTS." Wrench SPIERS from POND, tear FORTNUM from MASON, divorce IND from COOPE, and would any one of these compulsorily separated ones be in so lively a humour as to be able to divert an audience in any operatic character, let alone that of *Der Wanderer*? Miss EDYTH (why with a "y"?) WALKER (why not WALKYR?) as *Erda* "not so good," WAGSTAFFE says, "as when last he 'eard 'er." But all put right, and H.R.H. the Princess of WALES, with Princess BEATRICE of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, evidently greatly delighted with the splendid *Brünnhilde* of Frau GULBRANSON, who raised our spirits, and brought down the house. Finally, everyone not present, but interested in Wagnerian Opera, will be delighted to hear that to find a better "*Stimme des Waldvogels*" (pretty this, isn't it?) than Fräulein FRITZI SCHEFF, would be a task not positively simple. Then, as RICHARD THE RHYMER writes,

"To end with a grand  
Satisfactory tottle,  
Give praise to the Band  
Sub-Conductörë MORTL."

**Thursday 28.**—*Lohengrin*. JEAN DE RESZKE, announced to play *Lohengrin*, didn't. He was not well enough, and so Herr DIPPEL did it for him. Now, however good the DIPPEL may be, and good he was, he is *pas de Reszke*. ("Is he?" inquires the apparently innocent WAGSTAFF. "Dear me! I didn't know he was so old as to be *pa' de Reszke*. Turn him out! *A bas WAGSTAFF!*") Frau GADSKI powerfully dramatic as *Elsa*, and that she sings divinely goes without saying.





### A LITTLE HUSBANDRY AT THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

*Portly Widow.* "Now, SIR THEOPHILUS, YOUR CANDID OPINION. WHICH DO YOU CONSIDER THE MOST CHARMING—ER—PRODUCTION HERE TO-DAY?"  
*Sir Theophilus (fixing his glass).* "MY DEAR MADAM, CAN YOU DOUBT?"

The Prince not present, nor Princess. Herr MOTT and his merry men in the orchestra, especially those representing "the wind," very naturally looked up ever and anon to the Royal Box, where sat the Chief of all the Fifes. The house was crammed, which in itself is sufficient proof that DE RESZKES, or only one DE RESZKE (namely EDWARD "of that ilk," playing and singing the part of *Heinrich der Vogler*, as only he can play and sing it; but he may *vogle* as much as he likes, he can't get t' other singing bird out of his nest), or even with no DE RESZKES at all, this Opera's the thing wherewith to catch the custom of the M. P., or Musical Public. Congratulations generally to the Opera Sing-dicate.

*Friday.*—Grand Wagner Night. *Götterdämmerung* commenced 6.30, timed to conclude at 11.40. Ahem! Gave stall to dear friend. Haven't seen or heard of him since. Have I lost dear friend?

### KENTISH AND IRISH COMPLAINT.

SIR,—I can't do much in readin' and spellin' line, so get thi<sup>s</sup> writ for me. I'm reether annoyed. Here's the KAYDEEVY with party at Windsor, with CHAFFET Bey (an amosin' chap this must be) and AZ-IZ IZ-IT Bey (a sort of answer and question gent), KORTSKY Bey (a very fine fellow, I should say) and YAWER Bey (rather a lardy-dardy sort, eh?), all forriners, and not a single other Bey, English or Irish, to meet his Highness! I ain't aware as either Morecambe Bey or Dublin Bey is a-writin' to you to purtest, but it's another grievance to Ireland, as it is a slight upon your well-known loyal old Kentish friend,

PEGWELL BEY.

P.S.—Down goes the price of shrimps.

### CHORUS OF GENTLEMEN.

["Of course, no gentleman wears the same collar two days running."  
*The Gem.*]

WE trace our devious ways through life by many varied courses,  
 For some of us exist by cards and some by means of horses,  
 And some of us have figured in illustrious divorces,

And never pay our bills—but then  
 Though tradesmen grow importunate, though vulgar duns be  
 dunning,  
 Though Scotland Yard be watching us with all its wicked  
 cunning,

We'd never dream of putting on a collar two days running—  
 All of us are gentlemen.

The pious prudes may prate to us of virtue and of morals,  
 As if we were mere infants who were chewing at our corals,  
 And talk about the wickedness of matrimonial quarrels,

Gambling, debts and such—but when  
 You look into their linen you will find that while they're  
 shunning,  
 According to their own accounts, all kinds of crime and cunning.  
 They wear their collars regularly two or three days running—  
 None of them are gentlemen.

AND AFTER?—When the war is over it has been wisely suggested that our soldiers should be encouraged to turn their swords into reaping hooks, and become proprietors of farms and lands in the Transvaal, let to them at merely nominal rents. It is to be hoped that a large number of our TOMMIES will become speculators in such property, and invest largely in South African Plough-Shares.



## SIC ITUR AVERNO.

["The Government refused to grant special facilities for passing the Bill for the prevention of the sale of intoxicating liquors to young children." *Daily Paper.*]

Oh, whither are you toddling,  
Little man, little man,  
Oh, whither are you toddling  
With your can?  
By your haste and looks intent  
On some errand you are sent;  
'Tis on business you are bent,  
Little man.

Scarce a twelvemonth since to toddle,  
Little man, little man,  
Scarce a twelvemonth since to toddle  
You began;  
You are three, perhaps—not more,  
Yet you've often been before  
To the jug and bottle door,  
Little man.

True, babies had their bottles,  
Little man, little man,  
True, babies had their bottles  
Ere they ran:  
But the bottles that you know  
Do not very often flow  
With mere milk and water—no,  
Little man.

You are learning many lessons,  
Little man, little man,  
You are learning many lessons  
With your can,  
And the Government—the friend  
Of the brewers—don't intend  
They should prematurely end,  
Little man.

## A REAL TREAT.

THE summer weather was no sooner upon us than I made an appeal to my wealthier parishioners for funds to provide a school and choir treat. As a Curate of nearly a year's standing, I flatter myself myself that I am rather an authority on the subject of school treats. I seem to have a natural gift for organising everything, and people are always saying nice things of my powers in this direction. So kind of them. Having raised the necessary funds, I arranged for a certain number of third-class carriages to be reserved for our party, and a beautiful (oh, so balmy!) morning, saw us all assembled on the platform of Brixanmortar Station. The party was in charge of the Head Mistress of our Voluntary Schools—oh, such nice schools!—and the two pupil teachers—such dear creatures!—and I was in supreme command of all. Well, we got out into the country—charming place called Fallowfields—just about 10 o'clock, and although the dear children had made rather a noise coming along, and had been somewhat rough in their pretty horse-play (one old gentleman, who got into my carriage by mistake, was re-

moved in convulsions by the guard at the next station—so silly of him!). Yet we all derived a certain measure of enjoyment from witnessing others' happiness. Yes, it was so, although I could have wished, personally, that happiness and ear-splitting yells had not been interchangeable terms with them—dear things!—and when we arrived at the scene of our day's enjoyment, Miss ROSE DEW, the junior mistress, assisted me—oh, so kindly!—to start a cricket match, and running races, and oh, so many things. Such fun and frolic as you never knew.

I have always considered Miss ROSE DEW—charming name, so sweet, so fragrant, so poetic!—an attractive personality, and have even approved of her method of teaching, on more than one occasion, in the schools; but, really, this day she surpassed herself. The dear good creature had brought her bicycle, and



after riding it from the station, she—so silly of her!—persuaded me to try it, and I really got on very well until I fell off. After this she actually challenged me to join with her in a game of rounders! So pastoral! I consented, and for an hour or more we gave ourselves up to—amusing the little ones. And, judging by their hearty and somewhat boisterous laughter at our capers, I think we succeeded.

The day was full of incident, for we were twice ordered off the field for trespass, then warned by a constable—such a stolid, unfeeling creature—that if our “noise” continued we should certainly kill an invalid lady, living within half a mile of the scene of our simple sports, and finally, having adjusted the quarrels and pacified the would-be combatants in seven different projected fights amongst our little friends, we packed up the remains of our hampers, threw away the empty ginger-beer bottles all over the field (an act which, I afterwards heard,

greatly annoyed the owner—selfish man!) and trudged off on the road to the railway station, so weary, but ah, so happy, after our harmless frolic in the lanes and green fields. One of the boys was deputed to lead Miss DEW's bicycle to the station, whilst she herself walked with me—so flattering!

And then it was that the serpent entered into the garden, the fly—nay more, it was a bluebottle!—into the ointment. For Miss ROSE DEW, half way to the station, made the alarming discovery that she had left her new parasol lying on a grassy bank. I, as in duty bound, offered to return for it. She, dear, sympathetic creature, refused to let me go alone. And so there was nothing for it but that we should both return for the—what I once heard a rude man describe as a “mush.” We were tired, and I suppose walked more slowly than we should have done. We reached the field, recovered the naughty parasol—which I insisted upon carrying—and then after a two-minutes' rest, started off to overtake the others.

Let me cut short the rest of this unhappy adventure. When we reached the station the train had gone. And it was the last train!

Oh, the long-drawn agony of the fateful moment which witnessed the callous utterance of the fustian-clad and evil-smelling porter! Never will it be erased from the tablets of my mind!

“Las' train gone? Yus, took the bloom-in' school treat; that's right. No, there ain't no way o' gettin' to Brixanmortar till termorrer mornin'. Wot yer to do? Why, sleep 'ere I s'pose: there ain't nothink else to do.”

And then he whistled—ah, how appropriately—the “Absent-minded Beggar.”

I turned to Miss DEW. “This is a horrible situation,” I said, as the cold perspiration gathered on my brow. “If you take a bed at the Inn, I will walk into Brixanmortar—that will—that will—er—be better—er—be the best plan.”

She assented through her tears, and I conducted her to the little hostelry, bade her a farewell, and set out on my lonely walk.

Next morning I arrived, dishevelled, dirty and worn out: arrived—with the milk! But it was all of no use; my nocturnal tramp had been in vain; the busy tongue of scandal, as exemplified in the person of Mrs. MCVIPER, said, “There is but one thing for the Reverend Walter WORMLETTE”—that is my name—“to do. He must marry Miss DEW.”

And I—miserable man that I am!—I am engaged to the niece of my Bishop!

F. R.

SCIENTIFIC EXAM.—What is a Spectroscope? Ans. A glass too much by the aid of which you see spectres.

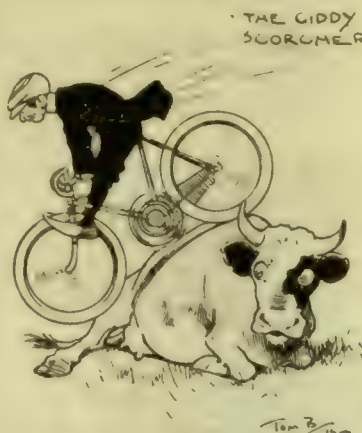


**NOTICE TO QUIT.**

*The Fairy Electra (to Steam Locomotive Underground Demon). "NOW THEY'VE SEEN ME, I FANCY FOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED."*

[Centre of London Electric Railway opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Wednesday, June 27.]





### IF THE TELEPHONE WERE WORKED BY THE G.P.O.

*First Voice.* Why can't I speak to my wife? I have given you the number!

*Second Voice.* I must be hitched on to my stockbroker. It's more than a matter of life and death! When will you see to it?

*Third Voice.* Can't I tell the meeting, who are waiting for me as their Chairman, that I have missed my train?

*Fourth Voice.* Will you put me on the Specialist? Pray attend to this at once. Our doctor says the symptoms are most serious. Can't you do it?

*Fifth Voice.* It is imperative that I should communicate with my leader writer. The news is most startling. When will you let me talk with him?

*Sixth Voice.* I want to see my lawyer. He must hurry to find me alive. I wish to alter my will. When can you attend to me?

*Seventh Voice.* Pray, let me speak to EDWIN. I am ANGELINA. Pray, let me tell him that I forgive him before he goes abroad. When can you attend to me?

*Eighth Voice.* Let ANGELINA know that I am really leaving this time. I am EDWIN. Pray, attend to me.

*Voices (in chorus).* Pray, attend to me.

*Official Voice (after a pause).* The Department can do nothing for you. It's against the rules of the service.

### THE DINNER-HOUR.

(A Prophecy.)

A WORKMAN was admiring the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Another workman was "doing" Trinity College, Cambridge.

A third artisan was inspecting SHAKESPEARE'S Monument at Stratford-on-Avon.

A fourth was having an interesting time of it at Walmer Castle.

A fifth was at Chatham.

And the last—keeping nearer home—was spending a spare half-hour at Hampton Court.

There was a whistle, and in five minutes everyone was engaged on his London work.

"How was it done?" asked RIP VAN WINKLE, new to modern ideas.

"By electricity," was the prompt reply.

### QUACKERY.

[If chicks seek shelter, it will be wet. When ducks bathe and quack, there will be rain: when they are quiet, there will be a thunderstorm.—*Science Siftings.*]

If a man would sift his science  
With the requisite appliance,  
And would separate the fiction from the fact,

Let him shake a common riddle  
Till there's nothing in the middle  
But the reason for some ordinary act.

Thus a duck's vociferation,  
To the ear of education,  
Is portentous with a prophecy of rain;  
And the preference of chickens  
For a shelter is the dickens  
Of an omen to a cultivated brain.

The countenance seraphic  
Of the maiden in the Graphic  
May be eloquent of weather "settled fair,"  
But they take umbrellas, chuckling,  
Who have marked the downy duckling  
Pale and pensive at the thunder in the air.

And so Science is uplifted  
On the rubbish it has sifted,  
While our ignorance, despairing of the knack,

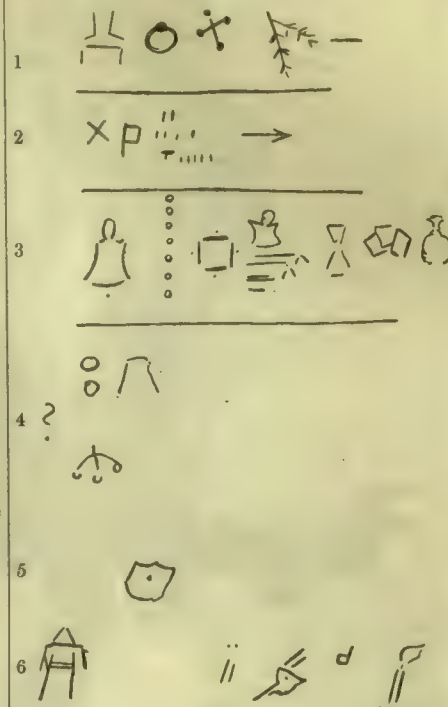
Can but pen a panegyric  
On a method so empiric  
That it gives a new importance to a quack.

### SOME STRANGE NOAH'S-ARKIVES.

(To the Editor, *Punch's* Head Office.)

SIR,—In the *Athenæum* for June 23 appear some interesting inscriptions, pictographic and hieroglyphic, sent by Mr. ARTHUR J. EVANS from Crete. Gracious Evans! it's very kind of him. To correctly decipher them is far from impossible. I beg to send you, sir, a few specimens of a collection, placed now among my Noah's-Arkyological treasures, never before submitted to the public. I secured these when inspecting the upper part of Mount Araratatat (I'm quite "up to the knocker," you see), which, soon after my visit, as you may be aware, was lost in that great and memorable storm that deprived some of the highest mountains in the world of their tops, and consequently so many hard working mountaineers of their one simple amusement and exercise. Spinning tops being no longer possible for them, they have come down from the hills, to gain a precarious livelihood by telling plain tales, and by the industry of yarn-spinning. A subscription was got up for these simple moun-

taineers in which I had no little share. But though money can do much, yet not all the Lowther Arcades and toy shops of Europe could restore the mountain tops my poor friends had lost. However, 'tis not about *them* I am writing; yet, I may add that if any subscriptions are still due, or if any charitable person wishes to send a few notes, gold or silver, address them to me, and I will answer for their being laid out to the very best advantage. The following form of hieroglyph, probably a kind of Cretan, or Discretan, shorthand diary, will be found most interesting as illustrating the habits and manners of a rather uncertain period.



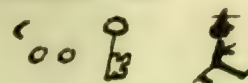
I subjoin the absolutely correct interpretation, only arrived at by years of most severe study.

1. Chair-ring, cross, branch, line.
2. Ex, p(ress), 2 45, sharp.
3. Dinner, seven, party of four, coffee, pipes, cigars, cigarettes, gambling, cards, no end of drinking.
4. Cash, all lost (purse upside down empty.) Query? (What to do?) Go to Pop-shop.
5. Re-filled purse.
6. Back, to, wife, de-lighted.

In number 3, the bell, as significant of dinner, is peculiarly ingenious. Also the bottomless wine jar is most suggestive. Yours excavationally,

H. P. DESTRIUN.

And hieroglyphically,



Strandend, Lowther Arcadia.



## AN (UNFINISHED) BALLADE OF MID-SUMMER DAY AND NIGHT.

(JUNE 24, 1900.)

(With apologies to Mr. W. E. Henley.)

It's pouring in torrents, it's raining in streams,

It's drenching the meadows, it's drowning the hay,

The sun's ashamed of his wintry beams,  
Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!

The morning's sombre, the evening's grey,

The sodden woods are a dismal sight,

The moon has a pallid, sickly ray,  
Midsummer Night! O Midsummer Night!

The cuckoo in dumb depression dreams

Of the horrible cold he has had since May,

On the lawn the draggled peacock screams,  
Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!

The squirrels are far too wet to play,

The barndoor cocks are too wet to fight,

The barndoor hens are too wet to lay,  
Midsummer Night! Ugh! Midsummer Night!

\* \* \* \* \*

Envoy.

And it's O! for the poet with nothing to say,

Midsummer Day! Midsummer Day!

It's O! for the poet with nothing to write,  
Midsummer Night! Bah! Midsummer Night!

St. J. H.

## THE CENTRAL LONDON RAILWAY.

OUR sprightly contemporary the *Londoner* calls this line "The Twopenny Tube." Why jeer at "Twopenny"? 'Tis the price of the *Londoner* itself.

It is almost worth twopenny to see any absolutely clean building in London. When that building is a railway station, it is the more surprising. If we add that it is a railway station without a single advertisement, it is evidently a marvel.

But this will not last long. So walk up, or rather walk down, or lift down, ladies and gentlemen, and see a station at present without puffs, not even puffs of smoke, where the Society for the Propagation of Encouragement to the checking of the Abuse of Advertising by Private Persons or Others in Public Places, or the Association for Abusing Advertising, or whatever its name is, might be quite happy.

Sixty feet, or more, below the level of the ground, westward from the Bank, one may find these reposeful spots. The air is countrified, for it came by the last train from Shepherd's Bush. The temperature is equable, not only cool in summer, as the upper air so often is, but warm in winter. The station is a glittering tube of spotless white tiles, bearing only one inscription—its name. It is so strange to be able to distinguish the name of a railway station



*Stout Party.* "NOW, BOY, WHY DON'T YOU BE PERLITE, AND GET UP AND GIVE ONE OF THESE YOUNG LADIES A SEAT!"

*Cheeky Boy.* "NOT ME! WHY DON'T YOU GET UP, AND GIVE THEM BOTH A SEAT!"

anywhere that, at first, passengers will probably not see it at all.

Here is the train, ladies and gentlemen, so please step in. The carriages, made in England, are very comfortable. The seats are divided, and at first sight the space allotted appears rather small. Eighteen inches, or thereabouts, is ample if you are thin, but what if you are plump—nay, more, stout—nay, even more, fat?

Why, the company has provided even for you; and you will find transverse seats, in the middle of each carriage, where a DANIEL LAMBERT in a fur coat, with a few parcels at one side and a handbag at the other, could sit comfortably. It is not quite certain that he could get through

the little gangway between the seats, but he might be hauled over the back by the other passengers.

So here's success to the new railway. It will not interfere with existing means of transport; it will relieve them. A bicycle or two less in Oxford Street would never be missed.

H. D. B.

O, LAW!

*Judge.* Now, Prisoner at the Bar, have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

*Convict.* Well, my lord, I have been looking through the crime statistics, and I chose my particular transgression to keep the class up to the average!





### A QUAIN T SUGGESTION.

*Miss Ingénue (at her first Polo Match).* "How tired THEY MUST GET OF JUST GALLOPING ABOUT AFTER THAT SILLY BALL! COULDN'T THEY HAVE SOME FENCES ACROSS THE GROUND TO JUMP OVER!"

### MODERN ROMANCE OF THE ROAD.

"It is said that the perpetrators of a recent burglary got clear away with their booty by the help of an automobile. At this rate we may expect to be attacked, ere long, by automobilist highwaymen."—*Paris Correspondent of Daily Paper.*

It was midnight. The wind howled drearily over the lonely heath; the moon shone fitfully through the driving clouds. By its gleam an observer might have noted a solitary automobile painfully jolting along the rough road that lay across the common. Its speed, as carefully noted by an intelligent constable half-an-hour earlier, was 41·275 miles an hour. To the ordinary observer it would appear somewhat less. Two figures might have been descried on the machine; the one the gallant HUBERT DE FITZTOMPKYNS, the other, Lady CLARABELLA, his young and lovely bride. CLARABELLA shivered, and drew her sables more closely around her.

"I am frightened," she murmured.

"It is so dark and cold, HUBERT, and this is a well-known place for highwaymen! Suppose we should be attacked?"

"Pooh!" replied her husband, deftly manipulating the oil-can. "Who should attack us when 'tis common talk that you pawned your diamonds a month ago? Besides, we have a swivel-mounted Maxim on our machine. Ill would it fare with the rogue who—Heavens! what was that?"

From the far distance sounded a weird, unearthly noise, growing clearer and louder even as HUBERT and his wife listened. It was the whistle of another automobile!

In a moment HUBERT had turned on the acetylene search-light, and gazed with straining eyes down the road behind him. Then he turned to his wife. "'Tis CUTTHROAT giving us chase," he said simply. "Pass the cordite cartridges, please."

Lady CLARABELLA grew deathly pale.

"I don't know where they are!" she gasped. "I think—I think I must have left them on my dressing-table."

"Then we are lost. CUTTHROAT is mounted on his bonny Black Jet, which covers a mile a minute—and he is the most blood-thirsty ruffian on the road. Shut off steam, CLARABELLA! We can but yield."

"Never!" cried his wife. "Here, give me the lever; we are nearly at the top of this tremendously steep hill—we will foil him yet!"

HUBERT was too much astonished to speak. By terrific efforts the gallant automobile arrived at the summit, when CLARABELLA applied the brake. Then she gazed down the narrow road behind her. "Take the starting-lever, HUBERT," she said, "and do as I tell you."

Ever louder sounded the clatter of their pursuer's machine; at last its head-light showed in the distance, as with greatly diminished speed it began to climb the hill.

"Now!" shrieked CLARABELLA. "Full speed astern, HUBERT! Let her go!"

The automobile went backwards down the hill like a flash of lightning. CUTTHROAT had barely time to realise what was happening before it was upon him. Too late he tried to steer Black Jet out of the way. There was a yell, a sound of crashing steel, a cloud of steam. When it cleared away, it revealed HUBERT and CLARABELLA still seated on their machine, which was only slightly damaged, while CUTTHROAT and Black Jet were knocked into countless atoms!

A. C. D.

### ICONOCLASM.

"A member of the Scottish Archaeological Society declares that OMAR KHAYYAM is a myth and the *Rubáiyat* an unblushing forgery."

*Daily Chronicle.*

AWAKE! for ruthless Science puts to flight FITZGERALD's fame and OMAR's, in despite

Of fashionable fad, and bids us look Upon the Master in another light.

"Whether at Naishapur or Babylon"—Since nought is stable underneath the sun—

Still one by one explodes another myth, And idols keep on falling one by one.

Alike to those the banquet who prepare, And those outsiders in the craze who share,

An expert from the north of Britain cries: Fools! OMAR KHAYYAM'S neither here nor there.

And as for those *Rubáiyat* that you laud, The cult whereof your club proclaims abroad,

Ah! leave them to oblivion, for they Are an unblushing Oriental fraud.

Then cease to wrangle over text and version,

Silence vain iteration and assertion, And cultivate a philosophic doubt If ever there existed such a Persian.





*Cheap Jack.* "I WILL MAKE A PRESENT OF THIS GENOOINE GOLD WATCH—NONE OF YOUR CARROTS—to HENNY LADY OR GENTLEMAN FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS AN' SIXPENCE. WHY AM I DOIN' THIS! TO HENCOURAGE TRADE, THAT IS WHY I AM GIVIN' IT AWAY FOR FOURTEEN SHILLINGS AN' SIXPENCE. LOOK AT IT FOR YOURSELVES, FOR FOURTEEN SHILLINGS! IF YER DON'T BELIEVE IT'S GOLD, JUMP ON IT!"

#### FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

SIR,—Seeing a paragraph in the *Times*, the contents of which I hadn't time to read, headed "Property Market," I wrote, Sir, to inquire whether this is an Emporium of Properties where any theatrical manager or property master can obtain good goods cheap at market prices? If so, where? When?

Yours, as ever, VINCENT CRUMMLES (V.C.).

P.S.—Wasn't there a talk quite recently as to "Shall *Crummles* have a statue? Of course, I am the last person to hear of it or to offer an opinion.

A BIT OF FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THE NEW PALACE STEAMER CO.—*La Marguerite* is a first-rate boat, excellently well found and fitted, and calculated to do a first-rate trip most enjoyably, if there be aboard first-rate company. But should "quantity" not "quality" be the rule, then let the more-or-less fastidious travellers, such ladies and gentlemen as may be desirous of enjoying themselves quietly, be careful to inquire when the fewest "ARRY'S and 'ARRIETS," *et hoc genus omne*, are likely to patronise this vessel. Might it not be advantageous to do a few trips at raised prices? Otherwise, for the quiet and sensitive minority, able to pay for their pleasure and comfort, the ordinary trip with the very ordinary trippers may be rather "a trial trip" than otherwise.

CHINESE LI-EROGLYPHICS.—It is clearly unsafe to place absolute confidence in any news wired from China, under the signature of "Li." There are so many "Li's" about, and to no "Foreign Devil" is to be attributed their paternity. Who is it that gives us the "Li" so frequently? We don't know, but he should have his name changed or added to, and be "Li Hung."

A SUGGESTION.—Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, on Thursday night, intimated that the papers *à propos* of Lord ROBERTS, Lord LANDSDOWNE, Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS, and the sick of S. Africa (who isn't among the "Sick of S. Africa!!"), would be in the hands of the Members within a very few hours. Owing, however, to what the *Times* happily describes as "a complicated system of red-tape which surrounds the Stationery Office, the War Office was unable to rise to the emergency." Consequently, the papers weren't there. Would it not be an opportune moment for changing the spelling of the name of this Government Department, and let it be, until there is a marked improvement, "*The Stationary Office?*"

QUERY FOR THE SPHINX.—You've known a lot of Pashas or Pachas in your time, Ibrahims and Ismails. Did you ever come across Blackmail Pasha?

For the great Sphinx  
Nor nods Nor winks,  
But only thinks.

Naturally, the Pasha made no impression on you, my Sphinx, personally.

A NOTE.—But—"that's another story." This sentence, as a break in sentences, so frequently quoted now-a-days as typical of Mr. KIPLING's style, is to be found in STERNE's *Tristram Shandy*, and was intended to prevent one of the many digressions that interrupted Corporal Trim when reading aloud the sermon, ch. xvii. As a quotation, let it have a rest, with "the Man in the Street."

THE Boer General who ought to know how to make provision for a rainy day:—"DE WET."





*Benard Partridge fecit*

Winnie. "DICK, WHY DO THEY PUT G.C.B. AFTER LORD ROBERTS'S NAME!"

Dick. "OH, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT! THAT MEANS 'GENERALLY CALLED BOBS.'"

#### HINTS FOR HENLEY.

(For the use of Visitors. Male and Female.)

TAKE an umbrella to keep off the rain—unopened.

Beware of encouraging burnt cork minstrels, or incurring their resentment.

Remember, it is not every house-boat that is sufficiently hospitable to afford lunch.

After all, a travel down from town in the train is better than the discomforts of dawn on the river in a house-boat.

Six hours of enforced company is a strong order for the best of friends, sometimes leading to incipient enmity.

A canoe for two is a pleasant distraction if the man is equal to keeping from an upset in the water.

Flirting is a not unpleasant accompani-

ment to an *alfresco* lunch with well-iced liquids.

If you really wish to make a favourable impression upon everyone, be cheery, contented, good-natured, and, above all, slightly interested in the racing.

#### SUMMER SALES.

(By a Victim.)

My wife dislikes the ocean wave,  
The slightest breeze will make her quail,  
Yet now long voyages she'll brave  
In order to go for a sale.

No matter where the bargains lure her,  
By present "buy-and-buys" I'm poorer;  
The counter skipper keeps on "saling,"  
It pours, not rains, when he is hailing  
A pirate without shame or fear,  
His only aim to command dear.

#### THE MEMBER FOR KIMBERLEY.

(To the Patron of his Borough.)

CECIL, your cosmic influence, like a star  
(Of late, perhaps, a little dim),  
Is not confined to lands of which you are  
The empire-making eponym.

Rhodesian streams reflect your living form;  
Your sculpt Colossus sails the sea;  
And in your ample pocket, safe and warm,  
Lies the elect of Kimberley.

Time goes his course with regulated foot,  
Yet 'tis but five short months or so  
Since there were those who boasted they  
would put  
Our CECIL in a travelling-show.

And here I pace the old familiar pitch,  
That held its own when all was blue,  
Thanks (as the others said) to KEKEWICH;  
Thanks (as I think you said) to you!

Meanwhile, beneath these very self-same  
skies  
De Beers have made there profits up,  
And primed with salmon, pledged your  
sombre eyes,  
Over the jewelled loving-cup.

A stormy petrel, you have swept the  
main;  
On London stones a moment stood;  
And now are back at serious work again,  
After the war's light interlude!

But what a change from those insistent  
guns!

From prospects of a public cage!  
Of feeding through the bars on burghers'  
buns

Seasoned with burghers' badinage!

Me, too—with me has captious Fortune  
played

A curiously giddy part,  
Dating from when I launched the little  
raid

That spilt my CECIL's apple-cart.

A patriot—roses flung about my feet!

A theme to start the Laureate's lyre!

A name to conjure with about the street,  
Or set a titled breast on fire!

And then the quick oblivion of the Town!

And suddenly an unearthed grave;  
Red war, and I, a by-word up and down,  
Cursed for a solemn fool or knave.

Which terms (though I adopt the former  
view)

Fail to impose themselves on me,  
Because I chance, just now to be the new  
Member-elect for Kimberley!

It seems that I shall strengthen Milner's  
hands,

And be a kind of fairy wand;  
A moral force in these misguided lands  
To bind the loose, and loose the Bond.

O.S.





“RUBBING IT IN!”

JAPAN (addressing the Powers). “DELIGHTED TO JOIN YOU, GENTLEMEN; BUT PERMIT ME TO REMARK THAT IF SOME OF YOU HADN'T INTERFERED WHEN I HAD HIM DOWN, IT WOULD HAVE SAVED ALL THIS TROUBLE!”







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 25.—Life is full of illusions. Like another sufferer, long withered from the scene, I never knew a young gazelle, but when I came to know it well, it went and married a market gardener. Now there's HORACE PLUNKETT. If ever there was a high-minded, straight-forward, simple-hearted, unselfish person, he's the man. Comes along COGHILL with the abhorred shears, and slits the mask from his face. For some years PLUNKETT been working out practical scheme of Home Rule for Ireland. No meetings in Committee Room No. 15. No Conventions in Dublin; no interchange of compliments about "gutter-snipes" and the like; no broken heads, and no weekly salaries paid with more or less regularity. Just been getting the Irish farmer to wake up and do business for himself direct with the consumer.

Immense impetus given to agricultural business throughout country. PRINCE ARTHUR, seeing possibilities of extending good work, created Agricultural Department in Ireland, and made HORACE PLUNKETT Vice-President. New Minister nominated T. P. GILL, sometime active member of Parnellite Party, to paid office in Department. COGHILL sees it all at a glance. Another Kilmainham treaty!



The Hon. Member for the Marazion Division.  
Mr. O'ghill.

PRINCE ARTHUR, disguised as a Quaker, met one of many leaders of United Irish Party and struck bargain. If HORACE PLUNKETT might quietly take Vice-Presidency of New Department, GILL should be put in as Secretary, or something with

snug salary. COGHILL a good Ministerialist. This more than he can stand. Writes to papers, and blows the gaff—whatever that may be.

Whilst I am still mourning over this broken idol, up gets BUTCHER and straightens things. Quite accidentally puts Question to First Lord of the Treasury "of which I have given him private notice." Reads COGHILL's paragraph in the papers. "Is there," he sternly asks, "any foundation for this suggestion of corrupt bargain between Government and Irish Nationalist?"

As a rule, PRINCE ARTHUR hasn't seen the papers. Moreover, objects to have questions sprung on him without notice. Trounced BASHMEAD-ARTLETT just now for making the attempt. Curiously ready for this interrogation.

"There is not a shadow of foundation for the statement," he said emphatically.

Irish Members cheered hilariously. COGHILL, the picture of despair.

"BUTCHER-ed," he moaned, "to make an Irish holiday."

Business done.—Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed through Committee.

Tuesday.—Advantage of early military training triumphantly vindicated tonight by BROWN of Wellington, sometime Cornet in Fifth Dragoon Guards. Private Bill dealing with Electric Lighting in Dublin came up on report stage. Cornet BROWN was Chairman of Select Committee dealing with it upstairs. Now supported Bill against onslaught of Irish members, briefed by Dublin Corporation. The Cornet was first discovered on a kopje under shade of gallery below gangway. With many curious contortions of a lengthy body he was understood to deliver a speech, hostile to insistence of Dublin Corporation to be left in undisturbed possession of lighting arrangements of the hapless capital.

Having fired a few rounds of ammunition and sat down, it was understood that his part in the fight was finished. Though still youthful in appearance the Cornet is an old soldier, brim full of strategy. When Debate gone on for half-an-hour and he forgotten, profound sensation created by discovery of the Cornet on a kopje above gangway apologetically wriggling and putting a pom-pom poser to Irish member on other side who was opposing Bill.

Another half-hour sped; no one thinking of the Cornet when JOHN DILLON, on his legs championing the Dublin Corporation, suddenly resumed his seat. Members looking up for explanation discovered the Cornet, this time in a donga below the gangway, wriggling more apologetically than ever, saying something in inaudible voice.

Talk about mobility of the Boer forces, nothing to Cornet BROWN of Wellington Shropshire, when his blood is up. To non-

military men the tactics a little obscure. Usual for a Member to deliver his contributions on current Debate from the seat



"Most offensive these references to 'men of sound common sense'! Lord Roberts ought to know better!"

(Mr. B-rd-tt-C-tta.)

whence he first rose. Cornet BROWN has not studied Magersfontein and the Tugela business for nothing. No frontal attack for him. Hence this rapid manoeuvring, that bewildered the enemy and had something to do with carrying the Bill against powerful Municipal interests leagued against it.

Business done.—Companies Bill and Money-lending Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—Finding time hang heavy on his hands, and wishing to air the latest sartorial triumph of Tralee, Mr. MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN, the other night, took a walk down Victoria Street, terminating at railway station. It being five o'clock Mr. FLAVIN bethought him of taking slight refreshment. There was tea to be had in the adjacent refectory. But tea was fourpence a cup, and Mr. FLAVIN's eye, resting on a penny-in-the-slot machine, discovered the opportunity of obtaining a slab of chocolate for a copper. Disposing of the coin as directed, he pulled the handle. It didn't move. A cloud gathered over his massive brow. His penny had disappeared, and, as he put it in the Question submitted to the Home Secretary to-night, "nothing whatever was had in return."

Still, it might be an accident. The machinery was delicate: unscrupulous boys, rifling their trowsers of buttons, might have feloniously tampered with it. Close by stood another machine, bearing the alluring legend "Butter-Scotch." Mr. FLAVIN's lips watered. He didn't



know what butter-scotch was, but it sounded well. "Butter," as he once informed the House of Commons, "is flip-pence a pound in North Kerry." Butter-scotch was to be had for a penny.

Mr. FLAVIN produced another coin; dropped it in the slot; clutched the handle; tugged away at it, with same result. Bang had gone twopence, and he had neither chocolate nor butter-scotch! Sense of duty ever present with Mr. FLAVIN; question became one of public concern. Would see thing through, regardless of expense.

Not far off was a weighing machine, financed on the same pernicious principle. Business wholly different; would complete full circle of inquiry. Mr. FLAVIN, with head erect, a dangerous light in his eye, marched up to machine; planted himself firmly on it; fixed his eye on the record; dropped a penny in the slot.



Mr. Flavin and the Penny-swallowing Machines!

The dial returned his fiery glance with story stare. Nothing stirred but Mr. FLAVIN'S bile.

"Me country," he said, "me bleeding country; for a century the Saxon has wronged ye in the matter of proportional payment of imperial taxes. He has so fixed up the form of tender, that it is teetotally impossible for an Irishman having an oat weighing forty pounds to the bushel to get a look in. Every year he exacts £37,000 from the Corporate towns of Ireland in the shape of quit rents. Now he has set these mantraps in every railway station. Three blessed pennies have I dropped in the slot, and divil a farthing's worth of good have I got. But they'll find that MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN is not to be trifled with."

Returned straightway to House, and put down Question which Home Secretary feebly fenced with to-night.

*Business done.*—Irish Tithe Rent Charge Bill read a second time.

### LOOKING FORWARD.

[An Evening Paper has declared that it is not the ultimate absorption of China by Russia that is to be dreaded, but the ultimate absorption of Russia by China.]

IN the year 3,000 A.D., the Great Powers found themselves face to face with great difficulties in the East. The Chinese Empire was again making a determined effort to expel all foreigners from its dominions. Riots had occurred in the Treaty Port of St. Petersburg, and British gun-boats had to patrol the Nev-tze-kiang or river Neva to protect the lives of the missionaries and traders in that district.

In Mos-kau, the Capital of the Empire, the outlook was even more alarming. The Foreign Legations were said to have been attacked by "Coxers" (a corruption of the old-fashioned "Cossacks"), and there were fears of a general massacre. It is true that the Emperor NI-KO-LAS had issued an edict repressing the "Coxers," and calling upon the Mandarins to exterminate them, but it was known that his Council viewed the disturbances with considerable favour, while his Prime Minister, LIE HANG SHOOT was himself a "Coxer."

The position of the Embassies, therefore, was a perilous one in spite of the Foreign Guards, and an expeditionary force consisting of detachments from all the Powers was sent in hot haste from St. Petersburg to their assistance.

Meanwhile, the wildest rumours were in circulation. Mos-kau, as a correspondent of *The Times* hastened to point out, is divided by thick walls into several parts. There is the Chinese City, the Tartar City, the official quarter, and the Pink or Forbidden City, the Krem-lin. The Legations are all situated in the official quarter, but they are commanded by the guns of the Krem-lin. If, therefore, it should be true that the army itself, and especially the foreign drilled troops, was in league with the "Coxers," the worst consequences might ensue.

Nor were things better in the country districts. From the Yellow Sea to the Black Sea, from Port-ar-thur to Ba-tum and the Kri-mir, came reports of rioting. The railways were torn up in all directions by roving bands of "Coxers," and large numbers of native Christians had been murdered. Under these circumstances, energetic action on the part of the Powers could hardly be avoided, and it was even feared that, for any final settlement of the difficulty, a partition of China would be inevitable.

### ON HENLEY BRIDGE.

I LOUNGE upon the balustrade—  
I'm rather lazy, I'm afraid—

But I note,  
Beside the "Lion" lawn that you—  
Are calmly waiting for the Crew  
Of your boat!

A sweeter little Skipperress  
Was ne'er, I honestly confess,  
Seen afloat:

But now you doubtless feel irate—  
At finding you're compelled to wait—  
In your boat!



To hear you talk last night was grand,  
Of croquet, conquests, khaki and  
Mr. CHOATE:

But now you're silent, glum, and sad,  
For where's the Crew—it is too bad!—  
Of your boat?

The sun is hot, the wind is fair—  
You're wearied out with waiting there;  
And you vote

Your Crew disgraceful, and declare  
He never more a place shall share  
In your boat!

\* \* \* \* \*  
At last, the Crew!—most grieved no  
doubt—

Whom you resolve, with smile and pout,  
To promote:

He's now first mate, and, blithe and gay,  
I watch you, laughing, drift away—  
In your boat!

SUCH THINGS WILL HAPPEN.—Mr. Mc-TURK, London Correspondent of a certain North Country Journal, is the recipient of a number of letters which, when in open envelopes, Mrs. Mc-TURK, née Mc-STINGER, is at liberty to open. Thus it happened that Mrs. McSTINGER-TURK came upon a card whereon was printed, "THE BATH CLUB. Ladies' Night—Press Ticket." Mr. Mc-TURK had to explain that "it was only an invitation." "Hum!" said Mrs. Mc-TURK, née McSTINGER, "I consider the invitation as rather too pressing." Mr. Mc-TURK was not present on that occasion.





## REGATTACA FESTA HENLIANA.

(From a rare old Roman Frieze (not) in the British Museum.)

## THE MILLENNIUM.

["If the temperance party were backed by a Christian paper, I should hope to see the millennium in a decade."—*Rev. Mr. Sheldon.*]

I DREAMED a dream. I seemed to dwell  
In ages yet to come,  
The palmy days of Mr. SHELDON'S pet millennium,  
When Vice did hide her head and fly  
To some dark cave infernal,  
And every one did flock to buy  
Good Mr. SHELDON'S journal.

I purchased, and expectant ope'd.  
The Drama is my rage,  
And here would be, I fondly hoped,  
Some news about the stage;  
But when I sought some simple facts  
Of Zazas and of Tesses,  
I found instead improving tracts  
Of pious Mr. S'S.

The Parliamentary report  
I next perused; but lo!  
There was no word of any sort  
From SALISBURY to JOE;  
MORLEY was silent, dumb C.-B.,  
ARTHUR forgot to rate 'em;  
One speech, one only, could I see—  
'Twas SAMUEL SMITH'S, verbatim.

In wrath I flung the paper down  
And trampled it. Ah, why,  
Why did I waste my dusty brown  
On tracts and sermons dry?

Have men such nincompoops become  
That they can read these pages?  
If this be the millennium,  
Give me the darkest ages.

## FASHIONS FOR BAZAARS.

(From the Note-book of a Male Impressionist.)

*How to represent the Army.*—Long skirt of gauzy material, parasol tied with tricolour ribands, silk blouse with epauletted sleeves and a Crimean medal pinned on to a bunch of flowers. High-heeled shoes. Regimental levée scarf worn over the left shoulder. Tiny cocked hat attached to the hair by two long pins and a small silk flag.

*How to represent the Navy.*—Short skirt decorated with brooch anchors. Garibaldi with naval collar. Bag hanging from waist-belt with silver letters H.M.S. Coquette. Hair built up à la Belle of New York surmounted with a small sailor hat decorated with streamers.

*How to realize Britannia.*—Classical tailor-made gown. Gants de Suède, with eighteen buttons. Pasteboard helmet. Large Union Jack shield—to be left in a corner after a quarter of an hour's use. Trident ditto. Fan, powder puff, and long-handled pince-nez. And, perhaps, at the end of the day's arduous labours, a tiny Egyptian cigarette.

## THE SWORD VERSUS THE LANCET.

(An Echo from the Front.)

"Now, can you tell me something interesting about your regiment?" asked the interviewer.

"Don't call it a regiment, my dear sir," replied the warrior. "We are a corps—a Royal corps—and as such entitled to wear blue facings."

"Of course, you have military rank?"

"I should think so! And why shouldn't we? We can form our men into companies, and teach them to get into fours. If we can do that, why should we not be Colonel, Majors and Captains?"

"Quite so. Will you tell me something about your last engagement?"

"With pleasure. We had a grand time of it. We got into column, and then advanced in echelon from the right."

"I see. But how about the hospital tents—how about the patients?"

"Of course, most interesting cases—but in time of war everybody at the front is a soldier, and must behave as such."

"But, surely a surgeon is a surgeon first, and a soldier afterwards?"

"A false idea, my dear sir, a false idea; England expects every man to do his duty."

"But, surely there are tales about the hospitals not pleasant reading?"

"A detail, my good friend. And—excuse me, 'that's another'—anecdote!"





**M**ONDAY.—Late for breakfast, as I couldn't get new boots on. Left foot absolutely impossible. Shall return them to LAST, and speak to him like a father. Big batch of letters. Complaint from PORKSTON's farm. PORKSTON says my hounds ran over his young wheat on Thursday, and adds that "forty pounds ain't nothin' to do with the damage done." Asks shall he "County Court" me, or will I pay damage? Will see him dam-aged first! Note from Mrs. LITTLEPIG to say that a fox eat five turkeys on Saturday night. Seems large order, this—that fox must have fairish appetite. Shall have to send cheque, I suppose. Letter from Hunt Secretary saying subscriptions don't come in fast—will fall very far short of outgoings, this season. Just my luck. Shall have to supply deficit myself, of course. Sir FUSSELLING GUNNING writes request'g me not to bring hounds to Cartridge Hall, next Thursday's meet, as he and a few friends will be shooting the coverts. Confound the man! why couldn't he let me know before this? Throw letters into fire, and start for meet. Blowing hard and raining. Have to wait half an hour for Lord GILTEDGE, my biggest subscriber. Draw four coverts blank. GILTEDGE murmurs something about being sick of this pack, and going out, in future, with the West Bottle-shire, my rival. More complaints, verbal, this time, from farmers as to riding over wheat. Begin to hate the sight of wheat. Feel that something must be done, however, to prevent this form of damage, so ride up to man I don't know and order him peremptorily off some young barley he is riding over. Fellow grins, and, with some heat, I repeat order. Fellow then says that he shall ride over the barley as much as he likes. In furious rage, and just about to use violent measures, when he informs me that it is *his* barley. I collapse, and retire hastily. Wind and rain increase. Hat blows off, and Miss CRASHINGTON's horse puts his foot through it. Idiotic schoolboy "larking" over small fence jumps on my best hound. "Go for" him wrathfully, when GILTEDGE bawls out, "He's my nephew!

How can you expect a boy like that to know any better?" Draw three more coverts blank: then chop a fine vixen. Use up whole of English language, and give the order for home. Wet through, and return thoroughly out of humour. Retire to my room, get out of wet things, ring and order hot bath. "Please, Sir, the plumber's been to mend the kitchen range, and he says we sha'n't have no hot water till to-morrow."

Thursday.—Fine day. Meet Cophorn Green, ten miles from here, so must start early. No unpleasant letters. Most extraordinary circumstance. Just mounting my hack, when saddle slips round. Fall flat on back, in mud. Groom says, "Very sorry, Sir, forgot to tighten girths." Draw long breath preparatory to swea—saying things. Suddenly remember I shall be late, so have no time for luxuries. Rush upstairs and change into another "pink" (brand new one), and make fresh start. Canter along smartly, and splash boots all over. New pink horribly uncomfortable, "girts" under arms, also too tight across sto—chest. Confound SNIPSON! if he dares to say I'm growing fat, shall leave him at once. SNIPSON always thinks the man should be made to fit the coat, instead of the coat the man. Arrive Cophorn Green, two minutes past eleven. GILTEDGE, punctual for about the first time in his life, bawls out, "You're pretty late to-day: bad example for a Master to set, hey?" GILTEDGE may be a lord, but is certainly not a gentleman. Ride off and encounter PORKSTON, the ever-querulous one, who begins in doleful tones, "Beg pardon, Sir, but that there barn roof o' mine—" Say, "But surely, my good man, foxes don't eat barn roofs?" "Well, no Sir," he reluctantly admits; "but, you see, it's like this—your 'ounds runned over moy land, and frightened moy cows, and *they* runned out and frightened moy dorg, and he runned out and frightened the cat, and she clomb up the barn and—" Here I hastily adjourned the meeting. Say, "Next time I've whole week to spare, I'll go into this matter: ramifications really too intricate for present solution." Nod to WILL to move off, and draw first covert. Thrash it through for half-an-hour, but no fox there. Move off to next, awfully long trot, and am on execrable hack (though fine hunter). Talk to the pretty Miss FANSHAWE, in succession of gasps—this brute jerks all the breath out of my body. Reminds me of old days in Camel Corps. Camel riding decidedly acquired taste. Miss F. (delightful girl) tells me she loves these pretty lanes and "could ride on, thus, for ever."



Say nothing, but reflect bitterly that about ten minutes more of this sort of jolting would find me with just about strength enough left to fall off. Confound all hunters which are not good hacks, say I. "Isn't it all lovely?" she asks. "Ye-ye-yes," I gasp, "ch-ch-charming!" Hounds rush in to next covert at one end as fox goes out at the other. "Gone away!" I shove my horse into a gallop, grateful that the agonizing trot is done with *pro tem*. Fox goes away over splendid line of country, and for five minutes I thoroughly enjoy myself. What Elysium! a good horse, hounds well settled on the line, nice clean fencing on sound old grass, a— Miss F. calls piteously to me to ask if I should very much mind pulling up, as she has lost her stirrup-iron? Evidently one of those infernal things with a spring, which "goes off" just when you don't want it to. Stop and try to look pleasant. Fail. Hunt after the beastly stirrup, execrating ladies out hunting, stirrup-makers and stirrup losers. Can't find it. Agony! and hounds running like destruction, all the time! Oh, was ever man so cursed, so— Hah! here it is. Slide off horse and dash at it. Miss F.'s brute won't stand to let me fix it. I dodge round and round in pursuit—jam the beast up against tree—ah, I have him now. Miss F., to facilitate matters, throws her knee over pommel, hitting me severely on nose, at same time horse jumps forward, and Miss F. shoots off saddle. Next moment, Miss F. is in my arms and I am on the ground. Situation perfectly awful. Miss F. very red, both of us horribly embarrassed. After delay of at least five more precious minutes, we are both ready for the field again. Miss F. says she will return home—chuckle secretly, as now I can go my hardest to catch hounds again. Ride my horse's tail off, for twenty minutes. No sign, nothing to see but the hoof marks in the wet ground. Hope they've checked, but feel they haven't; toil doggedly on after hounds (seems room for joke here—doggedly, and hounds) for half-an-hour longer, then give it up in sheer despair, horse pumped clean out. Sigh and produce cigar. Find I have forgotten to bring lights, so can't even smoke. Start disgustedly for home. Half way back am overtaken by PHIL POUNDAWAY, radiantly, gloriously, idiotically happy. Knew by instinct what he was going to say before he had even opened his lips. "We've had the best run of the season, old chap, the red-letter day! Where did you get to?" Only needed this to complete the measure of my woe. Feel inclined to resign to-morrow and go to Monte Carlo for rest of season.

Friday.—Off day. No hunting. Look over my letters. PORKSTON, like the poor, is ever with us—writes that he has seen his "Sellisiter," who advises him to "County Court" me for damages. Note from JERKER, J.P., of Suddenjump Park, warning me from bringing hounds on to his land—the idiot hasn't got fifty acres altogether, and every bit that's wired. Kennelman comes in to say he's afraid dumb madness has broken out; at least three cases he "doan't loike the look of, at all." Sigh, and say I will come and see them on my way to stables—visit stables. PERKS, the studgroom, meets me. "All well?" I say cheerfully, but with somewhat sinking heart. "Yessir, yessir, quite well, Sir." Breathe freely again. "Leastways, there's the brown 'oss you was on yesterday, Sir, he ain't very grand"—heart sinks into my boots—"s'pose you 'ad to ride him very 'ard, Sir? He's terrible tucked up this mornin', Sir. Ain't looked at his grub ever since he come 'ome, Sir, but I don't think he'll die,"—dismal man, PERKS. "No, Sir, I should think he'd get over it,"—most encouraging, this. "And the grey?" I asked, trembling. "Oh, he's lame, Sir. Off 'ind leg—very lame, 'e is, leg's as big as 'is 'ead; 'owever, we must 'ope for the best. S'pose you'll be buyin' another couple to take their places, Sir? That new young 'oss, Sir, I've 'ad 'im over 'arf-a-dozen fences but 'e seems to lose 'is balance" (shall lose what's left of mine, if I have to buy many more hunters, I'm thinking!), "'e seems to land on 'is 'ead, as it were, and when you ride him to-morrer, I should look out, Sir, if I was you, that 'e don't come down a

reg'lar buster with you." This sounds cheering, especially as I am so short of horses that I must ride him to-morrow. "All right," I say feebly; "I'll ride him for second horse." "Beg pardon, Sir, 'adn't you better ride 'im fust 'oss? You see, Sir, 'e'll probably fall before 'e's got very far, and 'e might damage SHORT" (SHORT is my second horseman), "and SHORT's so useful in the stable, and we bein' rather pushed for 'elpers, just now—" I wave him away. Evidently my neck quite secondary consideration in PERKS's eyes. Delightful creature, PERKS; so frank. Say, "And the black for second horse, then." "Oh, the black 'oss, he's in physie, Sir. 'Ad to give 'im a ball, last—" "Well, then, I'll ride Kismet." "Kismet's got a wrung back, Sir." "Then what the d—ickens am I to ride?" I cry, in despair. "Well, Sir, I thought you'd 'ave one o' the Whip's 'osses up from the kennels, Sir, for your second 'oss." "Oh, anything you like," I murmur resignedly; "and remember that the Point to Point races come off next week. For goodness sake, try to let me have something fit to gallop the course, anyhow." "Yessir, certainly, Sir. P'raps you'd like to run the new 'oss? Of course, in a manner o' speakin' 'e's rayther likely to fall on 'is 'ead, but—" "D—ash the new horse!" I cry, exasperated, and flinging myself out of the yard. PERKS seems positively hurt.

Visit kennels. It is not dumb madness! Kennelman is an ass. Give him directions how to treat affected hounds, and retire to well-earned luncheon.

Monday.—MARY, Queen of England, commonly reported to have said that "Calais" would be found written on her heart (probably a lie, but no matter). Am perfectly certain "Bicycle" will be found not only on my cardiac arrangements, but plastered all over me, when I die. On road to meet, "scorcher" whizzed past and my young horse shied right into brambly hedge. Just after arriving at covert side, whole cohort of bicyclists came tearing down lane and round corner, right "into the brown" of the equestrians. Awful scene of cursing and confusion. Felt that our mother tongue was hardly able to cope with situation. Tried my hardest, however, on leading bicyclist. Got clear, at length. Casualty list: one "buckled" wheel, three cyclists more or less contused from falls: one horse dead lame from kicking at bicycle, one rider bruised and shaken, from horse suddenly bolting and shooting him over its head. Vast expenditure of wrath and language. Several reputations for "gentleman-like conduct" hopelessly shattered in eyes of fair sex present, by reason of indiscriminate use of swear-words.

Most unlucky in finding foxes. Not until three o'clock in afternoon that second Whip, who had clapped on to down-wind side of covert, holloas a fox away, and, full of joy and sandwiches, we hurry-skurried off, right on the tails of hounds. Over a beautiful post and rails, which took a bit of doing, and "sifted out" many—that ass GILTEDGE amongst them. We raced along, fox in full view. He was a white tagged one, and such a "traveller." Ran like fury for seven or eight minutes, and then—and then, just as he was about to cross the main coach-road, evidently shaping for Worple Earths, five miles distant, and over a glorious grass country, he suddenly stopped and doubled back. What had turned him? How had he been headed? Chased by cur or sheep-dog? Frightened by man at plough, or hedger-and-ditcher? Oh dear, no! None of these. Only a cloud of about thirty bicyclists "scorching" down main road, and looking as pleased with themselves as though they had really done something clever. "What 'o, Mister!" bawls out one, "I see 'im turn back, jest 'ere. Your dogs ain't goin' the right wa-a-y." Felt freezing as I sat there, glaring at him. Then relief came. I froze no longer. On the contrary, I suddenly thawed, and talked to that cyclist. When I had finished, and turned to rejoin the cruelly disappointed field, I overheard the "scorcher's" commentary on my own brief address. "Well, so 'elp me, BILL, I thought I could do a bit in that line myself; but gimme a bloomin' toff for



reely expressin' of 'is feelin's!' Would like to hunt in mountainous district where even ubiquitous "bike" cometh not; and even *there*, I suppose, the unfortunate M. F. H. could be harried by balloons!

**Tuesday.**—Entries close to-day for Point to Point Steeplechases, one event for Hunt members and one for farmers. Am giving silver cup in each. Letter from old GROWLHURST, objecting to the course crossing his dirty little two-acre meadow. Must ride over to pacify (and probably bribe) him. Entries satisfactory. Several farmers enter horses for the wrong race, must write to each one, pointing out error. So worrying. Luncheon caterer calls to consult about arrangements and worries me still more. GILTEDGE writes patronizing note, saying that he will only give subscription to race fund on condition that the fence out of the lane is done away with. "The worm will tread upon when turned;" I mean "the tread will worm upon when —" oh confound it! I mean "No" I will not alter any part of the course for GILTEDGE, will see him d— anywhere first! Finish with entries and then walk over the course. Farmer FOODLE accosts me and says he does not approve of racing. Express sorrow and hope that we shall not hurt his feelings by racing on adjoining fields. Looks disappointed, and says he thought we were coming over his fields. Evidently that conscientious objection not unconnected with pecuniary compensation. Score off him neatly, when I add, "Of course, as you disapprove of racing, no good to send you luncheon tickets for the day!" Nod, and leave him smiling in very sickly fashion.

**Thursday.**—Meet at Barnsley cross roads, seven miles off. Nice country, but too near big town to make sure of sport. Arrive punctually, to find enormous crowd of "operatives" on foot, on bicycles, and crammed into those inventions of the Evil One, motor cars. Could run any of these last by scent (paraffine), with ease. Nice, genial souls, these pedestrians. "Ullo, Bill," shouts one; "I jest come darn 'ere to-day, to see these 'ere toffs ride. 'Ope one or two 'll come a buster and break their bloomin' chevys." Bill, *loquitur*, "Yus, 'ope so. Wot's become o' Jim Cracklesy?"—"Oh, ain't you 'eard? 'E's got seven stretch for borrowin' of a gent's clock. If one o' these 'ere coves was to git 'urt to-day, me and you might jest run our 'ands over 'im and pick up a bit, eh? Well, any'ow, you stick by me, and we'll foller 'em up close and see if we gets any luck." Not re-assuring, this. Give order to move on as soon as possible, and try to shake off crowd. Miss FANSHAWE just ahead—ride on, and join her. Miss FANSHAWE very apologetic for having spoiled my gallop last week. Reply that it really didn't matter a bit. What awful Leyds—I mean Lies—one has to tell occasionally! Miss FANSHAWE evidently delighted at hearing this, and says archly, "I'm not sure my stirrup leather won't break again, to-day!" Seize earliest possible opportunity to get away—not going to have another fine run spoiled by that sort of thing, if I can help it!

Draw first cover vainly. Yelling horde of "operatives," bicyclists, and motor-car fiends, enough to drive every self-respecting fox a hundred miles off. Trot on to next cover, and the next, in despair. Success at last! Reynard is at home, and away we go over most delightful country. Am riding what PERKS calls the "new 'oss." Agreeably surprised to find that he does not (as genially predicted) "jump on to 'is 'ead." Twenty minutes without a check—delightful—then, after a bit of cold-scenting work, hit it off again, cross the Faringford Brook which the "new 'oss" jumps beautifully, and on to Cold Horton earths. Really think this the run of the season, and am confident of finishing with a kill. Hounds want blood badly. Then they suddenly throw up their heads, and come to a standstill. GILTEDGE comes up five minutes later, and draws out, "Awfully sorry, my dear chap, but I met old DIGGORY, and told him not to stop these earths, yesterday, as I really didn't think any fox would be likely to run this way!" I look at GILTEDGE, and speech fails me. Two minutes ago, I had wished

to assist at our fox's obsequies—now, I could cheerfully have superintended—someone else's!

**Saturday.**—The Point to Point day. Naturally, as it is being kept as general holiday, it is blowing hard and raining at frequent intervals. Just my luck! Go over to course early, to superintend tent erecting, bringing up commissariat, etc., etc. Have tent up by 10.15. Wind has it down again by 11. Re-erect tent. Lay out long table in middle, with fine display of hams, tongues, chicken, cold beef and various other delicacies, too numerous for mention. Give finishing touches to table myself, most kindly assisted by Miss FANSHAWE, who has come over on purpose to arrange the flowers. Say, "I really don't know how to thank you enough, Miss FANSHAWE, for your —" Sudden and awful collapse of tent! Miss FANSHAWE and I again in most embarrassing position, amidst struggling crew of waiters, grooms and the local policeman, all writhing together on the ground and half suffocated by folds of canvas. Arms and legs showing in struggling heap. Help from outside at length extricates us, and literally and metaphorically also, we breathe again. Am full of apologies to Miss FANSHAWE. Miss F. again turns ruby red and says she will go back home—seems to be her universal panacea for all the ills of life, this. After desperate strugglings with gale, succeed in establishing tent on firm basis, luncheon wreckage salvaged, and restored to long table. Set waiters to work to pick out bits of broken glass from beef and blanc-manges. Fear we shall be very short of crockery after this general smash. Miss half box of cigars, diligent search brings them to light in lobster salad. Have doubts as to whether either cigars or salad will be improved by their brief association. An hour's work makes things more ship-shape. People begin to arrive. Hurried message sent up from local printer, apologising for absence of race cards; he thought races were for next Saturday, not this, but "would use best endeavours to deliver them by Monday." So useful. GILTEDGE arrives in bad temper and makes himself generally unpleasant, especially about absence of cards. Luncheon tent soon crammed. Lunchers ditto. Bell rings for first contest, I act as starter, the faithful PERKS having ignominiously failed to evolve one sound horse from my much battered stud which I could ride in the race. Eighteen competitors go down to post. Seems much more difficult to get them into anything like a line than I should have thought possible. Drop my flag, at last, and see nothing more of contest. Office of starter rather over-rated. Struggle across to finish, arriving long after horses have passed the post. Most unsatisfactory. However, have to repeat performance for farmers' race. Awful row at start between young MANGOLDS, riding his father's great roman-nosed brown, and BARKINS on a grey. Each declares the other is not qualified, and they appeal to me. Wish they wouldn't, so embarrassing. Suggest compromise; offend both, and then they appeal to rest of competitors. Fear general row, so drop flag at once. All start, except MANGOLDS and BARKINS, who make no attempt to move, but continue quarrelling. They dismount and engage in mortal combat. I leave scene of battle precipitately. Raining harder than ever and course almost under water. Retire to luncheon tent. Meet Miss FANSHAWE's eye. At remembrance of morning episode, she turns scarlet; I turn scarlet. Pass on to table, nothing left to eat except wet sandwich. Overhear remarks in all directions to effect that races have been miserable fiasco. Return home thoroughly disheartened with everything. Wish I had resigned cares of office and spent season in comparative calm of fighting the Boers.

*Fox Russell*





### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LOOKING over a pile of books, my Baronite was, for two reasons, attracted by *The Prison House*. First it is published by ELACKWOOD, a promising sign. Second, and more irresistible, it purports to be written by JANE JONES. Whether that be a *nom de plume* or a genuine family possession does not lessen the attraction of its grim simplicity. This method of ratiocination may not be defensive on strictly logical principles. It certainly was rewarded by discovery of one of the most powerful novels of the season. It is advertised as the work of a new writer. If that barely describe the fact, JANE JONES was equipped at birth with the art and resources of the most practised novelist. The story is the old familiar one of a man marrying the wrong woman, and finding the right one when it ought to have been too late. But it is freshly and boldly treated. The conclusion, quite unexpected, is not the least masterly bit of workmanship.

We have not so many sporting novelists among us as to be able to allow Mr. FOX RUSSELL, author of *Outriden* (EVERETT & Co.) to stray away from the racecourse and hunting-field into the mysterious paths of Adelphi melodrama, however alluring he may find those paths for himself and however attractive he, following the lead long ago given by FRANK SMELLEY and CHARLES LEVER, may contrive to make them for his readers. Likewise it is advisable for so thoroughly English a sportsman as Mr. RUSSELL, closely to adhere to the language of his own native land and thus avoid the pitfalls of occasional French. Better far to say that in the opinion of the county "it would not be long ere" a certain fascinating widow married again, than to write "ere the deceased Colonel's place was taken en seconde nocés."

The printer has ordinarily much to answer for, but, as the immortal Box remarked to Mrs. Bouncer, that "he did not believe it was the cat," so I am not altogether inclined to attribute "*en seconde nocés*" to typographical carelessness. In Latin too, "as she is wrote," the Baron does not remember

having seen "*persona grāta*" thus printed. Apart from such trifles (which to notice may be hypercritical), Mr. RUSSELL's style in this novel is easy, his characters are clearly defined, and the dramatic situations so thoroughly stimulating as to carry the reader on without a check from a good start to a most satisfactory finish. The scene on the racecourse is capitally described, and the excitement as to the race is kept up in masterly style until the very last line of a first-rate chapter. One most original character, to whom the reader must not become too strongly attached, is the General's Chinese manservant. As far as the Baron is aware, this personage here makes his first appearance in English fiction, though, of course, in works of American humour the "Heathen Chinee" is a very old friend. That *Fun Li* (not a happy name) should have been allowed to sneak out of the story, when he had been so amusing and ornamental, is a distinct mistake which the Baron finds it difficult to excuse. The explanation may be that the author is reserving this figure of fun for some future novel. At any rate, it is to be hoped that we shall hear more of *Fun Li* among the "foreign devillee," and that it will not be long ere we have another genuinely humorous sporting novel from the author of *Outriden*.

From the moment when, Nancy buying her hunters, "Black Bess lay back her ears and showed the whites of her restless orbs," the merest tyro in novel reading knows the mare carries with her the destinies of the hero and heroine of *The Thorn Bit* (HUTCHINSON). Before and since WHYTE-MELVILLE, novelists of a certain turn are prone to drag in horses—just as if they were VELASQUEZ. But DOROTHEA CONYERS knows her horse as few who write about them do. Her management of Black Bess is superb in its ease and originality. The first idea in the mind of the shrewd reader is that the mare will throw Nancy, and so bring about reconciliation between the cleverly estranged husband and wife. After awhile, this conclusion being only feigned, the reader cherishes the illusion that DOROTHEA, having invented and carefully trained Black Bess, isn't going to use her at all. That would have been good; but DOROTHEA does something much better, gaining all the effect without conventionality of treatment. The secret wilder mares than Black Bess will not draw from my Baronite. The reader is advised to go to the book, which he, and she, will find full of life and character, including some of the best fox-hunting ever written. Also the pictures of garrison life in an Irish town, across which the man-hunting *Murphy* girls flit, are delightful.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

### APUD FLACCUM.

JULIUS, thou hast given oft to Gades  
Weather that suits Her Majesty (God bless her!)  
Yea, and to Margate—hast thou met in Hades  
Thy predecessor?

Sure at thy entry thou wast there abiding,  
Where we had exiled long ago your brother,  
Pray, if the sun be dead, and not in hiding,  
Make us another!

Fill us with warmth, and energy, and vigour,  
Make us forget the horrors of the climate;  
Too long has rain oppressed with equal rigour  
Curate and primate.

Julius, June's misconduct was atrocious;  
Be not, like him, for malcontent a target,  
Shine hot again from regions Capadocious  
Even to Margate.

ON THE RIVER.—Distinguished Foreigner (after inspecting his hotel bill). But, I pledge my sacred honour, Monsieur le propriétaire, dat my name is not KRUGER nor LEYDS!

[Bill not discounted, however.]





### QUITE IN HIS ELEMENT.

BROWN HAS BEEN ASKED TO DINNER. ALL THE OTHER MEN FAIL TO TURN UP. HE FINDS HIMSELF ALONE AMONG THE LADIES. THE CONVERSATION IS FALSE FRINGES!

#### K. T. A. POEMS.

(Poems to inculcate "Kindness to Animals.")

##### I.—THE PIANO ORGAN-GRINDER.

BENEVOLENCE should be your aim  
And all sufficient guide,  
Or conscience will not cease to blame  
And stir you up inside.

It's very wrong to hurt or kill  
The organ-grinding pest,  
Who turns his handle with a will,  
And does his little best.

He thinks his melodies deserve  
Your pence and praise to gain,  
And little dreams your every nerve  
Is racked with mortal pain.

What though his din might wake the dead!  
He stands and sweetly smiles,  
And drives a rivet through your head  
With most engaging wiles.

For clatter, clatter, clash and bang  
His awful organ goes,  
But don't you sally forth and hang  
The author of your woes.

Don't clutch him blindly by the hair,  
Don't blast him with a frown;  
Just gently smile, and speak him fair,  
And give him half-a-crown. F. E.

#### VERY (MOUNT) PLEASANT.

WHY were those two seats at Mrs. LEO HUNTER'S most carefully thought-out dinner parties vacant?

Why did Mr. M. S. SCRIPT fail to receive his proofs in time to return them corrected for publication in his most important literary paper?

Why did Paterfamilias stay four days longer in Paris, at a ruinous rate of expenditure, than was necessary?

Why did Materfamilias worry herself nearly to death because her youngest son's last received letter said he was not well?

Why did the Bishop use such unclerical language ("Oh dear me!" "Most annoying!" and the like) on failing to hear whether his advice had been taken by the Rural Dean?

Why did the celebrated firm renowned for punctuality fail to execute that important order?

Why did the best dressed man in town keep from the Row in the absence of a parcel from his tailor?

Why was Henley deprived of several "dreams" in the shape of feminine costumes?

Why has there been a season of disap-

pointments, serious inconveniences, blessings and (is it deeply regrettable that this should be the case), swearings?

Answer to all the above queries. Because there has been a fine muddle at the General Post Office!

#### LODORE (NEW STYLE).

["One of the visits of the Geologists' Association this year will be to Lodore."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

HERE they come chattering,  
And there they go battering;  
Here chopping and chipping  
(Excuse for cheap tripping),  
Geologists throng and hurry along.  
Now raising a clamour,  
Now wielding a hammer,  
Lodore's basal braccia they revel among.  
Flirting and fitting,  
Volcanic rocks splitting;  
Spouting and frisking,  
Their precious lives risking  
With climb and with bound;  
Collecting, disjecting  
The stones from the mound.  
Tugging and toiling,  
And ruthlessly spoiling  
Fragments of andesite lying around.  
And rocking and shocking,  
And skipping and slipping,  
And wrangling and jangling,  
And shaking and breaking,  
And hopping and dropping,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And smashing and crashing,  
And striving and driving and riving,  
And jumbling and rumbling and  
tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and  
shattering,  
And prying and trying and spying and  
buying,  
And meeting and greeting and eating and  
treating,  
And jamming and cramming and dramming  
and—dashing  
(The genuine scientists one in a score),  
And that's how geologists go to Lodore.

#### LORD'S AND COMMONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—There used to be a cricket ground known as Lord's, where it was possible to witness the National game. Judging by my experience at the Oxford and Cambridge match, I should suggest hat the letters M.C.C. no longer signify Marylebone Cricket Club, but Make Coin Confederation. I suppose just to remind them appropriately of *Tom Bowling*, the mess gang were sent aloft while the balls were flying far below. The B. P. gives the M.C.C. a good many benefits during the season. Isn't it about time that the M.C.C. should give the B.P. the benefit of seeing wickets as well as turnstiles?

Yours indignantly,

INFELIX BATSON.





### WAKING UP HER MAJESTY'S FORCES.

*Officers' School of Instruction.*

*Instructor.* "AS Y'WARE! NOT A BIT O' GOOD YOUR MOVING IN SLOW TIME, GENTLEMEN, AS IF YOU WERE ASLEEP. OFFICERS MUST TAKE POST IN DOUBLE TIME, ON MY WORD OF COMMAND. CHANGE—RENKS!!" *OFFICERS*  
[Tableau!]

### THE BOXER TO THE PRO-BOER.

["I would sooner be a Chinese Boxer than a British Jingo."—*Remark attributed to Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*]

SILENT so long? Does none of you propose  
To prove aloud how excellent our case is?  
Where, then, is Little England? Where are those  
Who hold a standing brief for alien races?  
Why couches Honest JOHN beneath the rose?  
Why do the Liberal Forwards hide their faces?  
Chivalry lies asleep; Oblivion rocks her;  
If she discerns no beauty in a Boxer.

A nation "rightly struggling to be free,"  
That rose in holy wrath and dared to measure  
Its strength against the foes of Liberty  
Who came and batted on its buried treasure—  
Concessionaires who traffic over sea,  
Or speculate at home in bloated leisure—  
Behold our pure and single-eyed desire!  
What more could LABOUCHÈRE himself require?

Kindly compare us with your brother-Boer.  
Did we not both contrive to drug suspicion,  
They with their franchise, we our "open door,"  
While steadily compiling ammunition?  
Did not Intelligence Departments snore  
While Teutons taught us warlike Erudition?  
And who devised, for each, this little plant?  
They had an Uncle? Well, we had an Aunt!

These various points, with others I could name,  
Suggest an incidental similarity:  
Our "China for the Chinese," as an aim,  
Seems to imply a more essential parity;  
But there's a stronger plea by which we claim  
Some of your well-known sympathetic charity:—  
If hate of England makes the Boer your kin,  
Then ope your hearts and let us also in!

Silent so long? Nay, hear! a human cry!  
LAWSON, this is indeed a pleasant shock, Sir!  
This crystal utterance spouting clear and high,  
Like soda-water from a weary rock, Sir!—  
"Sooner than be a British Jingo, I  
Would far, far rather be a heathen Boxer!"  
Well done, dear friend! 'twas very nobly said!  
And may Confucius bless you on the head!

### PAYING THE PIPER.

LAST week a concert was given by the School Board, the programme consisting of a portion of *Judas Maccabæus*. Lord REAY, who presided, congratulated those present on the fact that all performers were connected in some way with the School Board. As the *ménù* of the music was very successful, it would seem almost ungracious to complain of the choice of *Handel* in preference to other composers. In spite of this consideration, it is obvious that there are a couple of items that ought to be included in the next festival. "Where the money goes" would make a most instructive "part" song, and no concert of the School Board can be entirely appropriate without a setting of the song with the refrain of "Pay, pay, pay!"



## OPERATIC NOTES.



Arlequina Pagliacci.

satisfactory, including reports of JEAN DE RESZKE's "health and song."

Tuesday, July 3. *Present and Retrospective*.—When was my first introduction to *Lucia* after meeting her in Sir WALTER SCOTT's novel? *Ça donne à penser*. Was it at some date when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary? "With my little eye," as the fly says in the nursery rhyme, retrospectively, I seem to see the handsome face and elegant figure of Madame BOSIO distractedly singing—or, stay, was this in *Ernani*? Alas! my first *Lucia*! My first, but not my only *Lucia*! who was your representative, and who subsequently were your representatives? I cannot recall. "For O, for O the hobby-horse is forgot!" How familiar is all the music to those who once learnt the airs from some "arrangement for the piano for beginners," by WILLIAM HUTCHINS CATHCART. I can vouch for the christian names; but as to the surname, was it CATHCART? In 1880 I heard it with GRAZIANI and ALBANI and SABATER. But though clearly recalling GRAZIANI, and Mme. ALBANI still with us (how well I remember her *Lucia*!), I cannot for the life of me remember SABATER as *Arturo* alias Lord Arthur Bucklaw, nor, indeed do I recall any SABATER at all. "Such is fame!"

Now it is Madame MELBA who, as the heroine, *prima donna assoluta*, is superlatively splendid. The announcement that MELBA was to be the *Lucia* drew together a crowded house. There sat our music-loving Prince, thoroughly appreciating the performance and welcoming with pleasure the old familiar tunes, for "tunes," the tuniest tunes, they emphatically are. M. SALEZA's *Edgardo* it would be difficult, if not impossible, to beat. MELBA and SALEZA triumphed, duettically, in encores. Once again my memory recalls a good-looking man with heavy black moustache, a green and gold coat, big shiny boots, white gloves, and a profusion of lace about his neck and wrists, playing this part of *Edgar* in English. His living presentment was in all the music-sellers' windows, and do I not remember his rendering of "*Fra poco*"? Well, that's just the point; do I? I remember the picture (this speaks well for pictorial advertisement), but a speaking likeness doesn't sing, and I doubt if ever I heard SIMS REEVES as *Edgar Ravenswood*. And if I did, who was the *Lucia*? Give it up. At all events, she couldn't have been better than MELBA on this lovely night in July, when at last, thank the Heavens, it is no longer raining as we leave Covent Garden, puzzling ourselves with our bad memories of good things.

Just a glance before retiring into that delightful old translation. Ah, unfortunate *Lucia*!

"He who feels not for her sorrows  
In him holds a tiger's heart."

And then *Edgardo*, almost as love-sick a loony as *Lucy*, sings—

"Now pierce my heart—and let my silent corse  
Over these nuptial rites preside."

Terrific picture! recalling the story of *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene*.

"My ghost at your wedding shall sit by your side  
Shall tax you with perjury, make you his bride,  
And bear you away, IMOGENE!"

But no more at present from yours truly. Long life to the oldest Operas! and may their *libretti*, as translated, be immortal!

Wednesday.—Reappearance of JEAN DE RESZKE announced. Wary old opera-going birds believe only when they see, and venture their own opinions only after hearing those of others. Once "caught by chaff," ever after shy. But JEAN *did* appear, looking all that could be wished, perhaps a trifle more, reminding one of the drapers' advertisement imploring customers to "Try our stout jean." But what of that? The more there is of JEAN DE RESZKE, evidently the more valuable must his services be—if measured by weight. Ah! 'tis the voice, that's the first thing, then the dramatic talent; and as to "appearances"—well, think how uncertain, as a rule, are those of a delicate-throated Meistersinger, and let the lover of music, who may be compelled to be economical in luxuries, act always on the proverb "Don't trust to 'appearances.'" JOHN was not up to the mark. This may sound as if the present writer were about to deliver a divinity lecture: but far be it from him, very far. He goeth not in divinity beyond a Diva, say MELBA, TERNINA, or ZELIE DE LUSSAN, and asketh no more. Sufficient for to-night is the Master Singer thereof. How merry was WAGNER, how he chuckled, how light-hearted he must have been when he wrote this overpoweringly comic opera! (Ahem! with an accent on the "overpoweringly.") Some of the characters, as for instance, *Beckmesser*, played by Herr FRIEDRICH, are decidedly comic, though perhaps rather more than less farcical; likewise the gratefully heard, but only once seen, *Nightwatchman* of Mr. PRINGLE. VAN ROOY was excellent as *Hans Sachs*, and good was Herr KLOPPER as *Vert Poynd*. Frau GADSKI and Fräulein HIESER, as charming *Eva* and nice nurse *Magdalene*, respectively, were excellent. After the Quartette in Second Act, enthusiastic applause. But 'tis a long drawn out bit of humour, this comic opera, from 7.30 till nearly midnight. WAGNER's Waggeries, undramatic as they are, must be taken seriously, and let us be thankful that he wasn't always in the cyclist vein. Not a word against WAGNER when waggish. As *Hans Sachs* sings:—

"Disparage not the Master's ways  
But show respect to Art."

And so say all of us included in a house as crowded as enthusiastic! *Vive Wagner*!

Friday.—Were there within the walls of the Opera House, Covent Garden, a small Theatre, an *imperium in imperio*, as there was, not so very many years ago, in the block known as Her Majesty's Opera House, Haymarket, it might probably have been so arranged as to have been devoted to the performance of small operas, such as *La Bohème*. The Evening Fête scene would necessarily be shorn of its present proportions, and but a third of the Orchestra would be required for *La Bohème* in reduced circumstances. Amusing and interesting little opera; still it is little, though there are some good histrionic opportunities, of which not all at Covent Garden avail themselves. That, with the exception of the duett—in which, a first-rate tenor like Signor LUCIA has the best of it—there is nothing great enough for MELBA is evident. Prince and Princess present, perfectly pleased.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—Q. Why should the German Emperor always do well in deep water? A. Because he never wearies of too much Kiel.

SUITABLE RESORT FOR A BI-METALLIST.—By the Silver Sea.





"POSTE RESTANTE."

"Like the *Herald Mercury*,  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."—*Hamlet*, Act III., Sc. 1.  
Mr. *Punch*. "NOW THEN, SIR! WAKE UP! THIS SORT OF THING WON'T DO!"





### IN THE ROW.

Mr. Noker (a modern millionaire, to noble M.F.H.). "I WANT TO GET HOLD OF A DOZEN OR SO FOXES FOR MY LITTLE PLACE IN CHESHIRE, SIR 'ENERY. DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY TO SELL?"

### HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER.

(July.)

HAVING followed carefully my previous hints, you may now expect (if yours is a sanguine temperament) that your garden will be a vision of beauty. Perhaps you will even aspire to exhibit at the local flower-show, so I will give you some advice on this subject. In order to secure a prize the necessary materials are gum, a box of paints, and a few bottles of dry champagne. It is an important point in show-flowers, I am told, that their petals should be perfectly flat. This can be managed easily enough with the help of the gum. Again, some of your blooms

may seem rather commonplace in colour. By the judicious use of the paint-box you will be able to introduce some interesting new varieties. Even a large green apple can be made quite decorative by the application of a little vermilion. I need hardly mention the use of the champagne. It is meant, of course, for the consumption of the judges, whom you will invite to lunch with you on the day before the show. Should all these precautions fail to win you a prize, you will wander through the tents explaining to everyone that the judges are hopelessly incompetent. All the other unsuccessful exhibitors will agree with you.

If you can't find any suitable flowers in your garden, obtain some fine specimens

from a florist at the other end of the country, and send them to the show labelled "not for competition." Then you will remark in public that you don't care to compete at these little local shows, and your hearers will conclude that you generously wish to give smaller growers a chance of a prize. And if they choose to assume that the flowers marked "not for competition" were grown in your own garden, that isn't your fault.

In order to keep up your reputation, you must be careful what you say when you are being shown round a friend's garden. Never ask the name of a flower; it may be some quite common thing which you ought to know. There is a regular ritual to be observed on such occasions. First, you dig your walking-stick into the soil, and observe: "Ah, a nice useful loam, I see." (This remark applies to almost any soil, so it is quite safe.) Then you may ask whether the wall has a south aspect. "I should cut back those trees a trifle more," is another sentence which is recommended. When your friend takes you to inspect his roses, or grapes, or cucumbers, your expression should indicate tolerant approval. You will contrive to suggest that, while these are all very well in their way, they are vastly inferior to those which you grow in your own garden. It is a good plan to learn up the Latin names of a few common flowers. "Not a bad specimen of *Reseda odorata*," you observe casually, pointing to your friend's mignonette; and he is hugely impressed.

I will conclude with a few cultural notes for the month. (They are carefully modelled on the style of those published from time to time in ladies' journals, and will be found quite as useful.) July is a warm month, but the nights are often colder than the days. All routine work should be attended to, and everything kept in good order. Dead geraniums, pansies, &c., may be removed, for it is improbable that they will continue to grow. Transplant roses, asters, and hollyhocks, either now or within the next eleven months. In certain circumstances, a top-dressing of nitrate of soda and lime—three parts of soda to one of lime—may do more harm than good. Water freely, but not immediately after a heavy thunderstorm. A shrewd old gardener put me up to this wrinkle, and it is worth remembering.

A. C. D.

**A VEGETABLE BOS.**—A vegetarian journal states that a fungus has been discovered, which, when cooked, cannot be distinguished from roast beef. After this, we shall be on the look out for vegetable-marrow bones.

THE REAL MEANING OF THE LETTERS "G. P. O."—Great Procrastination Office.



### THE LAMENT OF MAN.

["At the University College, London, the ladies have carried off all the principal prizes in the various faculties."—*Daily Paper*.]

FAREWELL to the dreams that my infancy cherished,  
Farewell the ambitions I can but deplore!  
Like the glories of Tyre, they have faded and perished!  
Like the splendours of Sidon, their place is no more.  
I thought to be one of the Empire's creators,  
Or fondly I fancied myself in the van  
Of the legal profession, a Bishop in gaiters,  
A peer in a coronet—I, a mere man!  
But, hey! for the dreams that are vanished and fled,  
And lack-a-day me for the hopes that are dead!

Exams. I attempted in endless succession,  
But failure on failure was all that could be.  
What else could I look for when every profession  
Was crowded with women? What prospect for me?  
Vain, vain my endeavours to cope with mathematics,  
'Twas all to no purpose that I would perplex  
My brain with Greek, Latin, or problems in statics;  
'Twas useless to ape the superior sex.  
Ah, hey! for the rack of exam-tortured head,  
And lack-a-day me for the hopes that are dead!

Professions were closed to me. How get existed  
Mid the fierce competition of feminine churls?  
Methought as a Jagers I might have enlisted,  
But even boy messengers have become girls.\*  
No, nothing was left me, if single I tarried,  
But want, destitution, unspeakable woes,  
So when my wife asked me to marry, I married,  
And now I look after her buttons and hose.  
But, hey! for the needle, and ho! for the thread,  
And lack-a-day me for the hopes that are dead!

\* A Company has been started in Bayswater to supply girl messengers.

### "CAUGHT TRIPPING."

As it is not yet vacation time not a single one of our G.P.O., i.e. General Punch's Own, ought to have been "tripping"; still less ought he to have been caught at it. But so it is, and Mr. Punch has only to thank a well-read correspondent for having most politely drawn his attention to a slip of memory on the part of a literary lieutenant in last week's issue, whereby the familiar quotation concerning "two single gentlemen rolled into one" was attributed to SHERIDAN. What was in the writer's mind, among many other things in store, was, of course, Mrs. Malaprop's question, put to Captain Absolute, "You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?" And by the same trick of memory the line "Two single Gentlemen rolled into one," an inspiration that came to GEORGE COLMAN (the Younger), poetically, was given, prosaically, to Mrs. Malaprop. For the line in question overhaul *Broad Grins*, by aforesaid GEORGE COLMAN, and when found make a note of it. Here it is:—

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;  
But WILL was so fat he appeared like a ton:—  
Or like two Single Gentlemen rolled into One.

By the way, as far as versification goes, if the above be taken as a fair specimen, the author of *Bab Ballads* can give GEORGE COLMAN (the Younger—always the Younger) a lot, and then beat him on his own private Pegasus fitted with wings from the Savoy stage.

So, henceforth be it known to all men by these presents that the quotation about "two single gentlemen" being "rolled into one" does not come from SHERIDAN's Mrs. Malaprop, but from COLMAN the Younger's *Broad Grins*. Also note that "Like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once," belongs to SHERIDAN's Mrs. Malaprop.



Tommy. "I WONDER WEDDER DIS 'ERE IS A PLUM OR A BEETLE?"  
Bobby. "TASTE IT."

### STAGE-COACHING 'EM.

ON May 25, of this year, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE addressed the Oxford Union Debating Society on *The Staging of Shakspeare*, which lecture has been recently published by Mr. COURTNEY, in *The Fortnightly Review* for July. Undoubtedly Mr. TREE scores several points. Undoubtedly he proves that, when there is a stage whereon to represent the plays of SHAKSPEARE, and when there is a public which pays its money in order to see Shakspearian plays done on that stage to their taste, such a public ought to get all it can for its money in the way of scenery and acting, or, of acting and scenery. But "Who deniges of it?" as Mrs. GAMP inquired. Is there anyone so lacking in a sense of proportion as to assert that if I, as one of the public, pay sixpence to a public-provider I am not to get my sixpenny-worth in full?

Much is it to be regretted that we have not at the present moment either such space or time at command as could be utilised in giving our support in the main to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE'S Thesis. "The Satirical Rogue" asks "whether the severest sticklers for the methods of Elizabethan days would advocate that *Ophelia* should be represented by Mr. THIS and *Desdemona* by Mr. THAT?" Had he said Master instead of Mister, we shakspearianly fancy the junior title would have been the more correct. No matter: our "muse labours, and thus she is delivered":

"*Ophelia*—Mister This"—the cast's not rich—  
And "*Desdemona*—Mister That," quite pat,  
Or "This" or "That" *Ophelia* must be—which?  
If "This" be witch—Horror!—we can't stand "That."

And finally, we are in accord with Mr. TREE, thinking and saying that SHAKSPEARE himself was by no manner of means satisfied with the representation of his plays. But, then, what author ever was? Ask BROWN, SMITH, ROBINSON, or even JONES. "Fudge!" quoth the poet, dropping into prose.





### WHICH ?

*Skittish Young Thing.* "OH, MR. DANKS, YOU MUSTN'T REALLY; THESE HORRID SNAP-SHOT THINGS ALWAYS GET JUST MY ONE WEAK POINT!"

### IMPROVE EACH SHINING HOUR.

MRS. S. A. BARNETT describes in the *Nineteenth Century* how the children of various schools were examined on their day's outing in the country. Amongst other questions, they were asked: "When sheep get up from lying down, do they rise with their front or hind legs first?"

"Do you think pigs grunt as an expression of pain or pleasure, or both?"

"Have you ever noticed a rabbit wobbling its nose?"

"Why do you think he does it?"

Mr. Punch would like to add a few suggestions:—

1. Does it greatly enhance the enjoyment of your one day in the country to know that you will be examined on what you have seen?

2. Would you rather be a naughty, ignorant little boy, with a healthy appetite

for cake and jam, and similar vanities, or a precocious little prig?

3. Have you noticed that some people are always trying to improve you? Why do you suppose they do it?

4. Do you think bores bore because it gives pleasure to them or pain to you, or both?

5. Wouldn't it be nice to have one day in the year a *real* holiday?

### PALL MALL PROPHECIC.

1900. Painful incident at Aldershot.

1901. New cap considered on completion of rough sketch.

1902. Competing designs for new cap considered.

1903. Cap selected, but found absolutely useless.

1904. Pause in all things military.

1905. "As you were" at the War Office and Horse Guards.

### AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A PET DOG.

O LEARN, good folks of every sort,  
A lesson from my song—  
For dogs, indeed, if Life be short,  
To men may Art belong!

In fair South Kensington (oh, list!)  
There lives a man to-day,  
Who is a true philanthropist  
In his peculiar way.

He spends his time in paying calls,  
His courtesy is such,  
Alike at flats and "marble halls"—  
And ladies love him much.

One fatal day, a year ago—  
So comes the tale to me—  
A lady whom he chanced to know  
He chanced to "draw" for tea.

He stumbled blindly up the stair  
(Having forgot his "spees");  
The servant bade him take a chair,  
And wait for Mrs. X.

Now in that house a dog was found,  
The subject of my song,  
A wretched little fluffy hound  
About six inches long.

The caller peered around the room,  
And spied a cosy seat—  
Alas, for little *Fido's* doom!  
'Twas *Fido's* pet retreat!

Invisible amongst the fur  
That lay upon the chair,  
To *Fido* it did not occur  
That he would sit down there.

The caller weighed some fifteen stone,  
*Fido* was soft and fat,  
One moment, and the deed was done—  
He 'd squashed poor *Fido* flat.

O horror! Instantly the deed  
He sought some means to hide.  
How tell poor Mrs. X. that he 'd  
Committed canicide?

How tear the apple of her eye  
Completely from its socket?  
He bundled *Fido* artfully  
Into his coat-tail pocket.

The lady came and gave him tea,  
His talk was bright and gay;  
She felt quite sad and dull when he  
Departed on his way.

Upon the Underground unseen  
He left his guilty load;  
He dropped poor *Fido's* corpse between  
Earl's Court and Gloucester Road.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The truth the lady does not know—  
Nor will she, I aver,  
Unless she reads these lines—but, oh,  
The difference to her!

The callous caller cheerfully  
A moral draws, and it,  
In all its grand simplicity,  
Is—"Look before you sit!"



## OUR CARNIVAL.

I DON'T know whether you could fairly say that our Carnival at Dulwell was a success or not. Anything in aid of the Khaki Fund is sure of a *succès d'estime*, and this was certainly not denied us. Of course, it was not in our favour that a heavy and persistent rain should have fallen throughout the whole march of the procession—nor was it conducive to enthusiasm that no one at the windows of the houses could see anything of it, on account of the torches refusing to light up, in their wet and sodden condition. On the whole, it might have been worse—but not much.

We had our preliminary meeting, to settle the order of march, at the Vicarage. The Mayor was to ride at the head of the *cortège*, attired in Field-Marshal's uniform—being extremely fat, string had to be freely employed in enlarging the lower part of the chest of his red tunic, and as he could not ride we were reluctantly compelled to agree that he should go in a gig. This, to my mind, rather took off from a Field-Marshal's dignity: however, the rest did not think so, and it was so settled. Then Miss GUSHINGTON eagerly volunteered to aid us. Speaking from the back of the crowded room, she exclaimed: "I will go as Godiva—Minerva, I mean!" she added with a shriek. She meant well, but naturally we felt rather—well—embarrassed, and for a minute or two, no one had any further suggestion to offer. Then the Vicar came to the rescue, and kindly said that he would either carry a collecting box, attired in the dress of the "Handy-Man" (he is the most unhandy man, I know), or form one of the procession disguised as Colonel of the New South Wales Lancers. As he could supply his own mount—the white chaise pony—the latter character was finally chosen. Then came offers of soldiers, sailors, ambulance men, hospital nurses, military blacksmiths, the local volunteer fire brigade, and one or two allegorical cars. The meeting broke up very pleased with itself, and we awaited the eventful day in feverish expectancy and busy preparation.

With the hour came the man—I mean the rain. Not the ordinary shower, but a dull, leaden-skyed, persistent soaker. Nevertheless, at seven o'clock precisely the Mayor led off (later on, he fell off). The gig's wheels had been draped with union jacks, and unfortunately these got entangled in the spokes, delaying our start for some minutes, during which time the Cape Mounted Infantry (consisting of the Butcher, his two assistants and the Livery Stable keeper) got very restive, and were inclined to be uncivil to the Vicar, whose pony could not be kept from nibbling the tail of the horse immediately



'Arriet. "WOT TOIME HIS THE NEXT TROINE FER 'AMMERSMITH?"

Clerk. "DUE NOW."

'Arriet. "'COURSE OI DAWN'T NOW, STOOPID, OR I WOULDN'T BE HASKIN' YER!"

in front of him. These little matters adjusted, we "processed." Clowns, Zulus and other fearful wildfowl ran along beside us, with collecting boxes into which the public were supposed to drop money—and did not. As far as I could see, they only jeered. And when the Mounted Infantry not only hid their khaki under cheap mackintoshes, but absolutely hoisted umbrellas, the crowd became positively uproarious in their disapprobation.

Tickling the noses of "the Force" with peacocks' feathers seemed more to the taste of the populace than attending to the collecting boxes, and when, after a fearfully wet tramp of some three hours in the rain and slush, and dark—for, as I have said, the torches wouldn't light up—we got back and counted the money, it was found that the nett result of our labours and sufferings totalled up the somewhat disappointing sum of seven shillings and threepence.





*Hotel-keeper (who has let his "Assembly Room" for a Concert). "WELL, SIR, I 'OPE YOU FOUND THE ARRANGEMENTS IN THE 'ALL SATISFACTORY LAST NIGHT!"*

*Mr. Bawlingtoun. "OH, YES; EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT. THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO OBJECT TO. I FOUND THE ACOUSTICS OF THE BUILDING NOT QUITE——"*

*Hotel-keeper. "NO, SIR; EXCUSE ME. WHAT YOU SMELT WAS THE STABLES NEXT DOOR!"*

#### A CIRCULAR OF THE DOG DAYS.

[On account of the existence of rabies on the Continent, it is a matter of great importance that dogs from abroad should only be admitted in instances where it has been satisfactorily established that some useful purpose will be served by their admission, or, where otherwise, be separated from their owners for a prolonged period.—Circular of the Board of Agriculture.]

*Examination Paper to (follow.)*

1. Does your dog wait to receive food until it is told that the comestible is "paid for?"

2. Can your dog walk on its hind legs, stand on its head, or carry the letters from the box to the dining-room without eating them?

3. Does your dog bark at the burglars?

4. Are you sure that on the approach of

house-breakers your dog will not keep fast asleep during their visit, or wake up to play with them?

5. Does your dog whine at the names of KRUGER and WILFRED LAWSON, and wag its tail when you refer to BOBS, CHAMBERLAIN and Lord SALISBURY?

6. After answering the above, can you suggest any other satisfactory establishment of the usefulness of your dog?

7. Please say how long would your dog be separated from its owner were you to leave it on the other side of the Channel?

8. Can you produce a medical certificate to prove that such a separation would be injurious to your health?

9. If your application for the admission of your dog is refused, will you write to the newspapers?

10. If your request is granted, will you undertake to say (and publish in other ways) that you consider the Board of Agriculture the best possible Government Department?

#### TRAMPS.

[In spite of the demand for recruits, the number of tramps remains undiminished.]—*Daily Paper.*

WHY does not patriotic fire  
My all too torpid heart inspire  
With irresistible desire

To seek the tented camp, Sir,  
Where Glory, with her bronze V.C.,  
Waits for the brave, perhaps for me?  
Because I much prefer to be

A lazy, idle tramp, Sir.

I toil not, neither do I spin.  
For me the laggard days begin  
Hours after all my kith and kin  
Are weary with their labours;  
The heat and burden of the day  
They bear, poor fools, as best they may,  
While I serenely smoke my clay  
And pity my poor neighbours.

When Afric burns the trooper brown,  
By leafy lanes I loiter down  
Through Haslemere to Dorking town,  
Each Surrey nook exploring;  
Or 'neath a Berkshire hay-rick I  
At listless length do love to lie,  
And watch the river stealing by  
Between the hills of Goring.

Why should I change these dear delights  
For toilsome days and sleepless nights,  
And red Bellona's bloody rites

That bear the devil's stamp, Sir?

Let others hear the people cry

"A hero he!"—I care not, I,

So I may only live and die

A lazy, idle tramp, Sir.

#### CRICKET EXTRAORDINARY.

*Suggestions due in 1901.*

Play to commence at 4 a.m. and to end at midnight.

Should the light fail, the ground to be illuminated by electricity.

When a batsman has been in a quarter of an hour his innings to be declared closed.

An over to consist of eighteen balls, and the change to be effected on wheeled skates.

No luncheon interval to be permitted, and the tea pause to be abolished.

Umpires to be exceedingly particular to give the bowler the benefit of the doubt.

The size of the wickets to be increased by four inches and the bats to be decreased by a quarter of a foot.

The game to be carried through at express rate speed, and no time be allowed for refreshments.

N.B.—By the observance of these rules a first-class match may be brought to a conclusion and a draw avoided.





THE CLOSED DOOR.







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, July 2.  
—Mr. FLAVIN, recovered from depression into which he was plunged last week by the machination of sinful man in connection with penny-in-the-slot business, came to the front to-night, and posed PRINCE ARTHUR with terrible question. "Is it a fact, that in Austria the franchise law is ten years, while Mr. KRUGER's was five years, and if so" (here his voice became truly awful in its sternness) "why did we go to war?"

Why, indeed? PRINCE ARTHUR has the tongue of a ready speaker; equal to most occasions. Shrank from confronting this one. Shifted his position uneasily. Sat as mute as harp that once through Tara's the soul of music shed. Members tittered; only a sort of hysterical movement to cover their uneasiness. General opinion is that Mr. FLAVIN had the First Lord of the Treasury there.

Dreadfully dull. Went off to State Concert at Buckingham Palace. Met PHARAOH, who had been dining at Marlborough House.

"Thank you, TOBY, yes," he said, when I expressed the hope that he was getting on nicely. "I like your country and your climate. Can't imagine anything more delightful than one of your real June days shut up in a steamer at Port Victoria, and feeling a little seedy. This been another thoroughly enjoyable day; raining incessantly since early morning; stopped indoors all day. Quite exhilarating; would be boisterously happy in this gay scene, only can't help reflecting on my true position. Remember, a year or two ago, one of your Members of Parliament passing through Cairo called to pay his respects. Crossing the Tweed early in the century with a threepenny bit in his pocket, he, by shrewd habits and untiring industry, acquired much wealth. Brought a friend with him to the palace, whose

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CARE AND TREATMENT  
OF  
SICK AND WOUNDED  
SOUTH AFRICAN  
CAMPAIGN.  
=

LORD JUSTICE ROMER  
D<sup>R</sup> CHURCH  
PROF<sup>R</sup> CUNNINGHAM



A TROUBLESOME "FOLLOWER"; OR, MISS LEDA BALFOUR IN ONE OF HER TANTRUMS.

"Oh, this insufferable person! I hope it does not show a hard and callous heart, but I have thought nothing of him from beginning to end! He does make me so angry and unladylike!"

name I did not catch. 'Who is he?' I took opportunity of asking. 'He?' said the Hieland gentleman, looking upon his friend with air of proud proprietorship. 'He's the Lord of the Isles, and I have his islands.' Learned afterwards that the possessor of the historic title, wanting a little money, the Hieland gentleman provided it for him in exchange for his patrimony. I, too, am an islandless Lord. I am the KHEDIVE, and you have Egypt."

*Business done.*—Housing of the Working Classes Bill passed Report stage.

*Tuesday.*—There are in the popular calendar several well-known days. There is Independence Day, Dominion Day, and, lately added, Mafeking Day. With us this has been DOOGAN'S Day. In private life Mr. DOOGAN tills the land in far Fermanagh. In intervals between hay harvest and corn he comes to Westminster to look after interests of Empire. To-day put up as spokesman of United Irish Party to move rejection of Gas Order Confirmation (No. 2) Bill. Title not informing, nor did Mr. DOOGAN'S speech elucidate it. What with intensity of his indignation moving him to munch his words as if they were hay, what with succession of blood-curdling pauses, what with disposition of Members to indulge in private conversation, difficult to follow sinuosities of his argument. Thrilling merely to watch him

discourse. Had rolled up tight a copy of the Orders into form resembling a *bâton*, without which, held in right hand, no field marshal of the Napoleonic era ever had his portrait painted. This weapon Mr. DOOGAN, when he came to the more impressive portions of his case, threateningly shook at the Speaker.

It seemed, from snatches of discourse caught here and there, that Dungannon is cursed with a grinding monopoly of a Gas Company. Somebody wants to buy it up; handsomely offers cost price. As market value is nearly double that standard, a mean-spirited trading corporation decline the bargain offered.

Mr. DOOGAN'S sense of this iniquity was marked by an unusually prolonged pause, during which another gentleman rose under impression that the Member for East Tyrone had concluded his remarks.

Far from it.

There was a man somewhere (it was not Mr. DOOGAN) who, in early days, invested £300 in this Gas Company. He is now drawing fifty per cent. "Fifty per cent.!" repeated Mr. DOOGAN, turning round and inadvertently pointing his *bâton* at JOHN BRUNNER, Bart., who never heard of such a thing in his life. Forty per cent. quite good enough for him.

This not to be endured. Gas Order Confirmation (No. 2) Bill had something to do with it. Whether supporting or



Misther Doogan, M.P.



undermining it, Mr. DOOGAN did not make clear. No misunderstanding the righteous indignation with which, beating the *bâton* up and down as if it were the flail in use on the farm at Fermanagh, he, after another dramatic pause, said, "I move that this Bill be read a third time this day three months."

*Business done.*—PRITCHARD MORGAN, believing the Government are failing in their duty in the China crisis, desiring to solve the difficulty by making LI HUNG CHANG Regent, moves adjournment of House. JOSEPH WALTON, wholly differing from him on both points, enthusiastically seconds the motion. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, unexpectedly called upon to make Ministerial statement on peculiarly delicate matter, acquitted himself admirably. An unpretentious affair without note of preparation. One of the best things he has done since he went to the Foreign Office.

*Thursday.*—It is always painful to contemplate Unrecognised Merit. The pang is the more acute when the point of observation is BURDETT-COUTTS. There is something dumbly pathetic in the way he, whilst he addresses the Speaker, feels the fit of his clothes, especially about the waist. The manner in which he gazes on the gas-lit roof, as if in search of sym-

pathy above the head of Man, dims the eye of the most callous. There were tears in his voice as he told to-night how, sometimes in the serenity of Stratton Street, an on in the baronial home at Holly Lodge, he sat expectant, awaiting the summons from a perturbed Ministry that should call him to their counsels. And here was PRINCE ARTHUR smilingly protesting that, "In constituting the Hospital Commission I honestly admit I never thought of the hon. gentleman from beginning to end."

In the family circle B. C. is recognised as the most important factor in public life. He is the Man of the Moment. He has stirred the great heart of the people as none have done since our dear BILLY RUSSELL wrote from the Crimea. By his powerful pen he has put in the shade that historic service to the State. It is his show. He is the pivot on which all turns. And a callous Ministry, nominating a Commission of Inquiry, so far from inviting his assistance, utterly ignored him!

SARK remembers attending a funeral in a suburb of Glasgow. Among the mourners was one whom no one seemed to recognise. Yet he was always in the foreground. He stood nearest the grave of the departed;

joined most loudly in the responses; took a seat in the first coach; when the funeral baked meats were served, he ate more boiled ham drank more neat whiskey than any other. The curiosity of his fellow mourners overflowing, one ventured to ask him who he was.

"Mon," he said with fresh access of self-assertiveness, "I'm the brither of the corp."

BURDETT-COUTTS is "the brither of the corp" in the War Hospitals of South Africa, and thinks he should be treated accordingly.

*Business done.*—Constitution of War Hospital Commission sharply criticised.

*Friday.*—Went to see PHARAOH off after his enchanting stay with us. "Going on to House of Commons?" he asked. "How's my old friend JOHN AIRD? Sent me a picture the other day; myself drawn by one of your young men. Why is JOHN AIRD worse than your Lord JEFFREY? Give it up? Well, you remember how SYDNEY SMITH testified that he heard JEFFREY speak disrespectfully of the Equator. That bad enough; but JOHN AIRD has damned the Nile."

Not bad that for a KHEDIVE.

*Business done.*—Scotch Votes in Committee of Supply.

#### A POLONAISE.

"*Nemo me on pony lacessit.*"

MAD bards, I hear, have gaily trolled  
The boundless joys of cricket;  
Have praised the bowler and the bowled  
And keeper of the wicket.



I cannot join their merry song—  
*Non valeo sed volo*—  
But, really, I can come out strong,  
Whene'er I sing of Polo!

Let golfophiles delight to air  
Their putter-niblick learning;  
And, scarlet-coated, swipe and swear  
When summer sun is burning!  
Let Artful Cards sit up and pass  
Their nights in playing Polo:  
But let me gambol—o'er the grass—  
And make my game at Polo!

On chequered chess-boards students gaze  
O'er futile moves oft grieving;  
With knights content to pass their days,  
And constant checks receiving.  
'Mid kings and queens I have no place,  
*Episcopari nolo*—  
I'd rather o'er the greensward race,  
And find no check in Polo!

Then let me have my supple steed—  
Good-tempered, uncomplaining—  
So sure of foot, so rare in speed,  
In perfect polo training.  
And let me toast in rare old port,  
In Heidsieck or Barolo,  
In shandy-gaff or something short—  
The keen delights of Polo!

#### SOMEONE IN THE CITY?

DETERMINED to be in a position to report all that was said and done when His Highness ABBAS HILMI visited the Guildhall, I elbowed my way through the crowd at the Mansion House and presented myself at the door betimes. "I am from *The Thunderer*," I exclaimed excitedly to the pampered menial. All he said in reply was conveyed by the toe of his boot, and I was quickly translated from the step to the street, of which, it seemed, I was presented with the key. Undeterred by this hostile reception, I again charged up to the door, meaning to pass myself off as an Egyptian. To this end I smoked an Egyptian cigarette, and donned a fez which I had brought in my pocket. "I am OFFENDID PACHA," I said loftily to the

janitor, attempting to pass in. But this man was very firm. He grasped me by the back of the neck and the waistband, and once more I made a sudden entry into the street. I turned to rush back at the door, when two gentlemen who had been engaged to be in attendance on His Highness's arrival took charge of me very kindly—they were BOBBI BEY and Serjeant BASHAW. Between them I was conducted round to a private entrance, treated with every respect, and without even having to send in my name at once ushered into the presence of the Lord Mayor. With the utmost cordiality, he invited me either to contribute forty shillings to the Mansion House Fund or to stay with him as the guest of the Nation—an honour not even offered to the Khedive himself—for seven days. And he meant it, too. And, although SHAKESPEARE tells us that "parting is such sweet sorrow," I did not find it so. Just as I was on the point of asking for change for a thousand-pound note, it occurred to me to mention the name of Mr. Punch as the most honoured of my patrons. You should have seen the effect!!! That I should dare to claim the protection, etc., etc. Alas! they would not believe me. And here I am. Without a *Quid*



IN QUOD.





Bernard Partridge fec.

**A** nonromantic episode came into my life two years ago at Monte Carlo. So devoid is it

of romance and pathos that I will not attempt

to clothe it in flowery language, but simply describe it as it happened.

Those who read these lines shall be spared the description of the gambling rooms, the marble terraces that stretch down to the Mediterranean, the magnificent atrium, with its surging crowd of haggard gamblers, the matchless orchestra, and the general *mise-en-scène* so dear, and so useful, to the novel writer.

I was, financially speaking, pretty well on my last legs when I went there. A long series of undeserved reverses, added to an uncontrollable aversion to work which has pursued me all through life, had left me rather low. Still, I had some money and a little credit. I could confidently get through the winter till the racing season began, unless any unforeseen catastrophe occurred. But it is just when you don't want them that unforeseen catastrophes do occur, and I got mine "straight between the eyes." I had encountered ups and downs at the tables, but for the first month there was a larger percentage in favour of the ups. I was beginning to think how easy it was to win if you only had brains and made use of them. I even affected a certain intellectual superiority over my friends who lost, and smiled pityingly but with infinite good nature when they told me of their misfortunes. I also gave them excellent advice, telling them to abandon the struggle, with a *sous entendu*, that they didn't know how to play, and when they revolted against the suggestion and declared that the luck must turn, I grimly assented that it was not their luck that was at fault, but that their misfortunes arose owing to their manner of playing. I always went to the *Trente et Quarante* table; the giddy *Roulette*, with its scrambling and often dishonest crowd of old ladies, struggling for their five-franc pieces, had no fascination for me. My game was a serious one, requiring thought and infinite patience and calcu-

lation. Consequently, I preferred the sober, quiet game of *Trente et Quarante*. The great rush of people had not arrived when first I began to play. The January racing men, book-makers, touts, pickpockets, and pigeonsshooters were not there, and I attributed my success to the comparative calm of the rooms which enabled me to work out the most difficult problem.

Those who played at this time were for the most part serious players like myself, who were not there to fool away their money but to fight an obstinate, dogged battle with the Bank. During this first month I was always well ahead, and I formed the virtuous resolution to leave off the moment I saw that luck had really definitely turned. I likewise built certain castles in the air, deciding what I should do with my winnings when they had reached a certain sum. I am afraid that I was not going to endow hospitals, or to do much in the way of charity; my daydreams rather took the form of putting aside and sinking a few thousand pounds in a comfortable and reassuring annuity.

I had had a great deal of experience of gambling, and the gambler's ultimate fate of penury had often given me an uneasy feeling. Not that I ever intended to leave off gambling—on the contrary; all that I asked was always to have sufficient money to continue my evil ways. I knew most of the regular *habitués* of the Table who were at Monte Carlo at this moment. There was a certain bond of sympathy between us, united as we were against a common enemy; and yet there was no real intimacy amongst us. The true gambler is not gregarious; he rather has an aversion to society, and likes to take his meals alone. Our only topic of conversation, of course, was the game. The various deals compared with those of the day before, the absolute certainty of loss when a certain croupier dealt the cards, the appalling nuisance of the woman who would cut them, and various other absurd superstitions which have obtained and will obtain to the end of all time.

There was only one lady who sat there all day, and of whom I knew nothing; and, indeed, no one could tell me anything about her. Some said that she was a Nihilist, exiled from Russia, others, that she was a Polish Princess, *divorcée*, and there were people who even asserted that the large sums she staked must have come from some other source, and that she had never been divorced because she had never had a husband. She was handsome in the peculiar Slav style, and possessed irregular features and a not very good complexion, but her



face was full of intelligence and capable of much expression. She spoke to no one, and appeared to take no interest in anything around her. She simply sat at the tables for three or four hours at a time, patiently pricking her card and patiently losing very heavy stakes. She was staying at the Hôtel de Paris, where I also had my quarters, and, as we both dined very late, I used to notice her being joined at dinner by a meek-looking companion, whose tired features expressed no anger at getting her food at such irregular hours. They talked very little. The lady rarely went into the rooms in the evening. She stayed a long time at table, occasionally smoking a cigarette between the courses, and she always looked bored and tired, but never flushed or irritated, even after her heaviest losses. She was not very young—about thirty I should say, and she interested me—on account of the mystery surrounding her, and her evident dislike to making acquaintances.

I had tried once or twice to draw her into conversation at the Tables, but my efforts had met with the most unmistakable repulse. She had answered "Yes" or "No" to my remarks politely enough, but in a manner which clearly showed that she was there to play and not to talk.

Sometimes I fancied she was exasperated at seeing me win when she herself lost so heavily, but this was only conjecture, as she was outwardly impassive to everything that happened at the Tables.

After a month's winnings my luck turned, and I began to fancy that there must be something wrong with my game. I had shown the usual idiotic self-denial in not making the most of it when I could, thinking myself very clever if I win small sums every day by my very superior play, and then, when luck deserted me, I lost in three days as much as I had won in three weeks. Then came a period of terrible losses every day, and the feverish anxiety to put everything I possessed on the Tables. During this time I became on speaking terms with the unknown lady. I had found out her name at the hotel. She was the Comtesse DE KLITZ, the widow of a Roumanian who had left her a very large fortune. Fate had willed it that I should be seated next to her on several occasions, and one day between two deals she remarked that my luck seemed to have changed.

"I was beginning to think your system infallible," she said, "and once on a time I was on the point of asking you to explain it to me."

"It is very lucky for you that you refrained," I answered bitterly. "There is no system possible. People are fools who play on systems."

"There is a more or less intelligent way of playing your money," she said carelessly. "I am sure that I play very badly."

"You have been winning lately."

"Yes, quite lately; but I have lost so much. This summer I lost two thousand pounds at Ostend."

"That is a great deal for a lady to lose. And yet you like it? You persevere?"

"Yes, I like it," she said without any enthusiasm. "I think that it is the pleasantest way of passing one's time."

"I don't think that I should play if I were rich," I remarked. "I can't see what is the use of winning and losing money when you have got plenty."

"That has nothing to do with it," she answered. "One is either born a gambler or not."

"But one can make virtuous resolutions not to play. I have done that sometimes—and I suppose, at last, one could be cured."

"I have never tried," she said, with a cold smile.

And then a croupier said in a tired, monotonous voice, "Qui desire couper, Messieurs?" And we settled down once more to business.

It was a bad deal for me, and at the end I found that I had made another heavy loss.

"No, decidedly you play no better than I," said the

Roumanian, when she saw that all my inspirations were wrong, and that I went for a "run" when the card was "choppy" and *vice versa*.

"I don't suppose that I have lost as much as you," I answered, rather nettled at her frankness.

"But when you were winning you might have won so much more," she continued mercilessly.

"That is a common fault," I replied. "We are all afraid of winning."

"Of course," she asserted. "It is our cowardice which gives the Bank its great advantage. The actual percentage against us is very small, but the Bank makes its high profits out of the weakness of human nature."

"I have heard all that before?" I said with a smile. "I have even tried to impress it upon my friends."

"Without practising it yourself," she answered.

She was certainly not sympathetic, this Roumanian Countess, and I felt all the more annoyed at her sarcastic manner as she continued to win and I to lose.

That day was a heavy one for me, and when I made up my accounts at night I discovered that two or three more like it would leave me stranded high and dry. But there is always the hope of to-morrow. It seemed impossible that I could go on so long, after a week of such infernal luck as I had experienced. And yet the next day was bad, and the following one also. It then became a question of what was to be done. I had only a few pounds left, and I decided to risk them at roulette. If I could spot a few winning numbers, I should soon be afloat again. But the number I spotted came out the next time, which is an exasperating experience well known to all players. So it was the end, and I must leave off unless I could raise some money in England. To be perfectly truthful, I had not much money to raise. I possessed a share in a complicated reversion, upon which I might, perhaps get a thousand pounds, and this alone stood between me and beggary. Then, too, it would require a certain time to carry out the necessary formalities. I was not in a position to be able to wait. I must apply to the Jews and pay any interest they liked to name, for I must have some money at once. But even then I had several days to wait, and waiting for money at Monte Carlo is not an agreeable pastime. The men I knew there were all "awfully short" themselves. If they had a run they would be delighted to lend me anything I liked, but just now it was impossible. I knew those stock phrases so well, having often used them myself, and then there was their chaff to be encountered. How was it that such a superior player wanted to borrow from people who didn't know how to play?

On the first day of my collapse I still hung round the Tables, trying to "lift a loan" however small, but when I saw how utterly futile was the idea I gave up going into the rooms altogether. There is nothing more irritating than the sight of large sums being won and lost when you have nothing to risk yourself. The band at the Café de Paris bored me; I could not stay five minutes in the reading-room opposite the Post-office without impatiently throwing aside every paper as utterly unreadable, and there were three or four days at least to be passed in this miserable state of mind.

One morning I was seated in the gardens, cursing my luck as usual, when I saw Madame DE KLITZ coming towards me in the distance. I rose and went towards her, curious to know how she had been getting on.

"I have been winning," she said, in answer to my enquiry. "And you? Have you been ill? Have you had the influenza?"

"Yes; financial influenza," I answered grimly. "One of its worst forms."

"And so you have left off," she said. "You are wise. It is no use fighting against bad luck."

"I have left off for want of ammunition," I said, pathetically.



"Perhaps your luck will change when the reinforcements arrive," she said with a smile.

"I hope so; but in the meantime it is weary work waiting for them."

"Have you lost much?"

"A great deal more than I can afford."

"That is hard. You should play as I do, simply to amuse yourself."

"I do play to amuse myself, but the amusement doesn't always come off."

"I admired you so much at first," she said, with her peculiar frankness.

"Physically?" I enquired, with an effort to be jocose.

"I admired your play," she answered, unmoved by my flippancy. "I thought that you would always win, that you were one of the few clever people who would be able to successfully fight the Bank."

"And now your idol is shattered."

"Yes; it is terrible," she laughed. "I admired your coolness, the way you played the money, and the intuition you had of knowing when to leave off. And now I see you impatiently waiting for reinforcements. It is a terrible fall."

"And a very common one," I added.

"Oh, yes; it is common enough. I suppose that it is the real fascination of gambling, to be rich one day and penniless the next," she said.

"There is nothing more hateful than waiting for money," I replied, in a burst of candour. "Have you ever experienced it?"

"No; I don't think I ever have," she answered. "I take my precautions. As long as I want to play, I play. When I consider that I have lost enough, I leave off and go home."

"Do you live in Roumania?" I asked.

"No; I live in Paris," she answered shortly.

And then, after a pause, she said, "Why should I live in Roumania?"

"Are you not Roumanian?"

"No; my husband was. I am Polish."

She spoke French and English equally well, and I told her so, adding, that it was impossible to discern her nationality by her accent.

"It is easy for us to learn languages," she said. "Our own is so difficult."

"Do you stay here all the winter?" I asked.

"I don't know. I stay as long as I enjoy myself, or as long as I do not lose too much. And you?"

"Oh, I have no idea. It will depend entirely upon circumstances—I mean, money."

"Have you no money left to play with now?"

"No; not a brass farthing."

"Would you like some? I can lend you a few hundred francs if you want it."

The temptation was great—only the hardened gambler, deprived of playing can realise how hard—but I am happy to say I resisted it.

"You are very kind," I said; "but I cannot accept your offer. I must say it is a very courageous one to make to a man of whom you know nothing. Suppose I never paid you back?"

"It would be like losing it at the tables," she said, indifferently; "you need not mind accepting, if you really care to play. I am not a philanthropist, but I am sorry for people who are natural gamblers and have nothing to gamble with."

"Morally you are wrong," I said. "You should rather do your best to discourage them."

"I suppose so, but I am not a moralist. I am really a philosopher; I accept the inevitable."

"And you think that the inevitable in my case is that I must always play?"

"Of course you will; you will never be cured."

"Until I am 'broke.'"

"You are that now, according to what you tell me; but the

broken gambler rises again and again to the surface. His ingenuity and energy are inexhaustible in procuring money."

"You are complimentary to the broken gambler," I laughed; "but, please, don't forget that I have just refused your offer."

"You refused it because you are sure of receiving money from England to-morrow or the next day; but if not?"

"If not, I should still have refused."

"I don't think so. I do not mean anything unkind by this, but it would be like offering drink to a drunkard."

"Do you really think the one vice is as bad as the other?"

"Quite; and in my case I have it in its worst form. I only care for gamblers—all the other people bore me. That is peculiar, is it not? Drunkards do not care for each other; but really, frankly speaking, the only people in whom I can take the slightest interest are those who pass their time at gaming tables."

"It is a strange admission to make. Was your husband a gambler?"

"Yes, and a very lucky one. He ruined several young men in St. Petersburg one winter; one of them shot himself. It wasn't my husband's fault. Somebody would have ruined him probably; but it affected him, and he used to say he felt like a murderer, and he had no peace till he died."

"What a tragic story!"

"Yes; it was a pity. He took an exaggerated view of the case. He had to leave Russia, and even in Roumania we were not kindly looked upon. So we drifted into this sort of life, with a few months in Paris in the spring."

She said all this very simply, without any attempt at effect or complaint, and as if her story was one of the most natural in the world.

"I wonder it did not cure you of gambling," I suggested.

"On the contrary, it gave me a taste for it," she answered.

"I knew nothing of gambling until I came to Monte Carlo some years ago, and now I care for nothing else."

"Nothing?"

"Practically nothing. I used to like music, and I was a fair musician myself. Also, at one time, I read a great deal. But now—well, I change my dress two or three times a day, and and play Trente et Quarante the rest of the time."

"It is not a very elevating life, is it?" I remarked with a smile.

"I don't know. The little meannesses of Society are not much better. Trying to know people better than oneself, and being rude to people who are not quite as good, petty struggles and disappointments, and empty triumphs have no charm for me!"

"And love?"

"Ah, yes; there is love," she laughed; "but one can't fall in love to order."

And then she added—"You are keeping me away from my only love—the Tables. Then you won't have my money to-day?"

"Neither to-day nor to-morrow," I answered; "but I am grateful, all the same."

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand.

"It is a pity you only love the Tables," I said, sentimentally.

"Of course you are moral on the subject having no money to play yourself!" she said. "We will discuss the question of love to-morrow. I will come and see you here at the same time."

"Shall I not see you at dinner?"

"Probably not; I am going to hear MELBA. I shall dine early."

And then she left me, and walked swiftly across the Casino.

I wondered if her story was true.

She had told it very naturally, and as if she did not care whether I believed it or not. There was nothing very disreputable about it, after all. She despised Society, and she was the widow of a lucky gambler, and, moreover, a very strange and fascinating woman. Her outspoken frankness was almost refreshing in these days of hypocrisy. She seemed absolutely



callous to the world's opinion. All she cared for was gambling, and she did not hesitate to say so. Also, there was undoubted originality in her offer to lend me money and her indifference as to whether I repaid her. In the face of my previous disappointments, with people I had known for years, it struck me as one of the most original things I had ever heard. And yet I was very glad I had not accepted it. Of course, I could have paid her back in a few days, even if I had not won; but my affairs in London might take some time to arrange, and in the meantime she might lose and want her money, and I should be in a very awkward position. I saw no more of her that day; but the next morning I took up my usual position on the terrace, and awaited her arrival. I had had no news from London, and I was in a very dejected frame of mind. She came sweeping along the terrace in one of her smart Paris dresses, and with her usual sarcastic smile on her lips.

"You have not received your money," she said. "I can see it in your face."

"It seems to amuse you," I answered gruffly.

"Of course it amuses me," she said. "It is all so childish, when one comes to think of it. The money might really be counters for all the good it does us, and we play with it like children play with marbles."

"All the same, it is extremely inconvenient when one has no counters."

"Yes; we fret and fume—still like children; but then, years hence—one year perhaps—what will it matter how much you have lost at Monte Carlo?"

"It will matter a great deal. I am not a rich man."

"Then you can't lose much. There are compensations in all our misfortunes."

"You speak very lightly of these misfortunes. Is there any compensation in being ruined?"

"Is it as bad as that?" she asked, a little more seriously.

"It will be, unless matters take a turn; but tell me about yourself. What did you do yesterday?"

"I won a little. In the evening I did not go into the rooms. The croupiers' voices would have jarred upon me after MELBA's crystal notes."

"And to think I could not afford MELBA's crystal notes!" I ejaculated.

"I could have offered you a place. My companion was ill; I had to go alone," she said.

"How do you get on with your companion?" I asked. "Is she agreeable?"

"Well, I don't know," she answered doubtfully. "I engaged her to entertain me when I felt dull, but I fancy it is I who have to entertain her. She is not lively, but she is respectable; and I suppose some of the respectability is reflected on me, which is necessary in a place like this."

"Have you no friends here?"

"No, none; and very few elsewhere. I have already told you I don't like friends."

"Oh, yes; I forgot. And we were going to talk about love to-day."

"Were we? I am afraid I don't know much about the subject."

"Have you never been in love?"

"What an impertinent question! Yes, I was in love with my husband. At first we got on very badly; but, later, when I took to gambling, we were very happy."

"That, surely, requires explaining," I said with a look of surprise.

"The explanation is very simple," she answered. "At first I used to be angry at his leaving me, at his coming in at all hours to meals; and then when once I began to play myself, I sympathised with him, and we lived in perfect harmony."

"You are very unconventional."

"Do you think it unconventional to share one's husband's pleasures?"

I did not answer; I looked at her in wonder. She was so marvellously matter-of-fact and unemotional.

"I was so sorry I had been unkind to him at first," she pursued. "I regretted all the little nagging 'Where have you been?' 'Why are you so late?' 'The dinner is uneatable,' &c., &c., but I made up for it after my first season here. We dined when and how we liked, and we never asked each other where we had been, because the answer was so obvious."

"It must have been a very happy life," I observed, dryly.

"Of course it was," she answered; "it is the only one possible. I don't believe in contrasts marrying; it inevitably results in their pulling different ways. A man and woman must have sympathetic tastes to get on well together."

"Do you think gamblers are ever happy?" I asked.

"They are the happiest people in the world," she said with conviction. "All happiness is prospective, is it not? Well, gamblers have more illusions regarding the future than anyone."

"You have quite a little philosophy of your own."

"I suppose I have," she said, and, after a curious hesitation, she pursued: "If I had the chance of marrying again, I would do so on two conditions only. My husband must be a gentleman and a gambler."

"Some people consider the combination impossible," I said, laughing.

"Oh, only people who know nothing of the world," she answered. "It is an ideal not difficult to find."

"And you have not found it?"

"There must be a little love too," she said; "that adds to the difficulty."

"A little love on both sides?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she answered with hesitation; "at any rate, a little make-believe. I should like the man to *pretend* that he loved me."

"Surely that would not be difficult for him," I said, getting a little nearer to her.

"Are you going to pretend?" she asked, with her most sarcastic expression.

"I am afraid I have not sufficient eloquence," I answered.

"It is sincerity that is wanted," she said; and then she continued almost as if to herself, "Yes, I am tired of my present life. Poor old Madame RIMMA is very dull, and she doesn't even understand the difference between 'Couleur' and 'Inverse.' I think I should be happier married."

"I am sure you would," I said with increasing fervour; "and so should I!"

"You are poor, are you not?" she said brusquely.

"Yes, very poor," I answered frankly.

"It is a drawback, but not insurmountable to me," and she looked at me searchingly for a second, and added, "I wonder what sort of a husband you would make?"

"I should think a very good one," I answered modestly.

"We will resume this conversation to-morrow," she said suddenly, rising from her seat; and the next day we were engaged.

It was a topsy-turvy engagement from beginning to end. It lasted all through the winter, during which time I lost the remainder of my fortune. When the spring came she jilted me, which was in perfect accordance with her having been the one to propose. She was capricious, neurotic, and, I rather fancy, indulged in morphine. I don't think I regretted her much. Apart from our common love of gambling, we were scarcely what you would term "Sympathetic Souls."

*L. C. Philips.*





### MORE REFORMS WANTED.

*Guardsman.* "I JUST TOLD ONE OF THOSE VOLUNTEER OFFICERS THAT HE MUST NOT COME ON PARADE WITH HIS POCKETS UNBUTTONED, AND THE FELLOW HAD THE DEMMED IMPUDENCE TO SAY HE WAS SORRY HE COULDN'T OBLIGE ME, BUT HIS CORPS HADN'T BUTTONS!"

### BY THE BRITANNIA-METAL OCEAN.

#### WHIFFSTABLE.

WHIFFSTABLE is now very gay, and the season may be said to have fairly commenced. Thousands arrive by excursion trains every day, and the local police force has just been doubled—an undoubted sign of prosperity. Unseasonable shell-fish is a good market—crabs being particularly strong in the hot sun—whilst shrimps are booming, and there is a regular "corner" in winkles.

#### DRAINMOUTH-SUPER-MARE.

This popular resort keeps well abreast of the times, and already the new hospital for enteric and kindred troubles is nearly full, although August is still far from us. A steam merry-go-round, with peculiarly forceful organ attachment, has, it is calculated, doubled the number of excursionists and reduced most of the respectable residents to a state of semi-imbecility. The Municipal Band is quite obsolete now, the steam organ having entirely superseded it.

#### SMELLBOROUGH-ON-SEA.

To the busy brain-worker who requires distraction this is one of the choicest of Nature's spots. Most people come out into spots after staying here a brief time. The Beach Minstrels—a most distinguished troupe, who have, it appears, been patronised by all the Crowned Heads in Europe—play most industriously, one might almost say continuously, from 8 A.M. until far into the summer night. One or two captious visitors have, indeed, suggested that a weekly half-holiday from their unceasing strains should be instituted, or that if they must continue like an eight-day clock, that they should work

it off in front of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum outside the town. In addition to this, the man suffering from brain-fag can go distracted—get distraction, that is—over the fine selection of barrel-organs, gramophones and amateur concertina players so constantly encountered on parade, beach and street. No one can know a dull moment in Smellborough.

#### ST. JUSTBUILT-ON-SEA.

This rising sea-side resort is now rapidly filling. The handles have just been affixed to the doors of most of the elegant villa residences, which the enterprising firm of JERRY AND SCAMPTON commenced erecting, nearly four weeks ago; whilst the heaps of mortar and brickbats are to be positively removed from the back gardens in the course of the summer. A lime tree has been planted in the main street, and negotiations have been entered into with the Railway Company, to run cheap trips from all the manufacturing districts within a hundred miles. This will make things quite lively.

#### 'ARRYTOWN.

The sunshine of yesterday was taken full advantage of by the visitors to this favourite resort, and the pier and promenades presented quite an animated appearance. "Ticklers" are in great request, whilst the gay strains of concertina, mouth-organ, barrel ditto, and the untrammelled vocal efforts of the tripping contingents, as they reel up and down the streets, all lend their aid in making one sparkling, though erratic, whole. No less than sixty excursion steamers arrive and leave daily, and most of their passengers land here in the highest of spirits, the gentlemen, as often as not, wearing the ladies' hats and vice versa. Roundabouts, penny-in-the-slot machines, and wheel stalls do a roaring trade, and the fines at the police court are almost sufficient to keep the Town Band going.

#### DIGNITY FOR DOGS.

QUIDA has great sympathies for the canine race. Perhaps the following table of dog-precedence may be useful to the talented authoress—

Dogs that collect money in boxes for charitable objects.

French poodles (naturalised) that know a dozen amusing tricks.

Dogs that play with children and warn off burglars.

Dogs that play with burglars and warn off children.

Dogs that never eat the backs of books but are partial to patent leather shoes.

Dogs that draw the line as to feeding nowhere.

Dogs that are safer in their muzzles than out of them.

Bad dogs. Worse dogs.

Degraded dogs that are no better than their masters.





*Baker.* "I SHALL WANT ANOTHER HA'PENNY. BREAD'S GONE UP TO-DAY"  
*Boy.* "THEN GIVE US ONE OF YESTERDAY'S."

### THE KNIGHT OF PORT D'ARTHUR.

A Fragment, showing how Sir URSE DE BAR-LE-JAP, the Knight of Port D'Arthur, found himself in company of Sir SOL FLAMBOYANT of the Isles.

(See Cartoon.)

THERewith Sir SOL FLAMBOYANT of the Isles  
 Rode armed to break the heathen *cap-à-pie*.  
 For he, of all the knighthood, knew the way,  
 Having been there, or thereabouts, before,  
 And overthrown their strength and made an end  
 Most inconclusive, seeing there were those,  
 Unscrupulous, who espoused the weaker cause,  
 Not moved of chivalry, but with intent  
 To spare the spoil thereof against a day  
 Whereon the heathen, waxing fat again,  
 Should, at the psychologic moment, kick;

And they that once espoused the weaker cause

Should sit full heavily upon the same  
 (That other standing by) and make it pulp,  
 And the inheritance be theirs, not his.

But they, the heathen, being whole again,  
 And waxing fat before the hour was ripe,  
 Kicked prematurely, asking no man's leave.

Thereat the knighthood called aloud to arms;

But there was none conveniently near,  
 Or, being near, that had the wherewithal,  
 Save him that having smote them for himself

And seen his proper guerdon rapt away  
 Was like to answer coldly, being informed

What chance was his to serve the common need.

Yet—for in that same peril some there were

His folk by blood and birth, and others still,

The kin of them whose friendship touched him close—

Forgetful of the hurt his honour had,  
 Careless of envy, careful for the law  
 Whose silent mandate bids the noble knight

Strike to redress the wrongs—he rose at need,

Summoned his might to swell the avenger's ranks

(Impotent else to face the whelming odds  
 Of half a world in arms), and went to meet  
 The Dragon of the great Li-Dracship,  
 For joy of battle, naming no reward.

So he, Sir SOL FLAMBOYANT of the Isles,  
 Rode armed to meet the heathen *cap-à-pie*.

But with him rode—for so by Fate's caprice

These two were linked in outward-seeming love—

Port d'Arthur's knight, Sir URSE DE BAR-LE-JAP,

Smilingly; but when his fellow looked away,

Watching him under brows of gathered hate.

For he, with other two, for private ends,  
 Then when the monster first was under-foot,

Had stood between the victor and his spoil,  
 Grudging a neighbour's gain, and spared its life

And let the Dragon have another chance;  
 And now was sore divided in his heart

As one that needed aid, but not too strong,

Mistrusting him that lent it; so he rode  
 Smiling; but, when his fellow looked away,

Watching him under brows of gathered hate.

Then to himself—"I fear him, bringing gifts,

This foe of yesterday, my friend to-day,  
 My foe to-morrow when the need is past.

I would his aims were innocent as mine,  
 If mine were all that Innocence believes."

But he, Sir SOL FLAMBOYANT of the Isles,  
 Though many salient truths occurred to him,

Said nothing audibly, but thought the more.

So they rode on suspicious, each of each.  
 O. S.

SHAKSPEARIAN'S SOCIETY'S NOTE.—There are still some excellent meaning persons who would Bowdlerise SHAKSPEARE. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* the name of the principal clown they would alter to *Stern*. But how on earth he could be any longer comic while remaining *Stern* is "past the wit of man": "a kind of thing," as the late Lord Dundreary used to say, "that no fellow can understand."

QUITE CORRECT.—Salmon cheap to-day. Fourpence a pound. No deception. Fish weighed in its own scales.



## OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

["An American lady of ninety-eight is about to be married to a youth of seventy-five. It is said to be a case of love at first sight."—*Daily Paper.*]

COME hither, maid entrancing,  
Thou fairest of the sex!  
I see the love-light glancing  
Behind thy gold-rimmed specs;  
I long to have thee near me;  
Come, sweet-and-ninety, hear me!  
I'm constant—never fear me!—  
I am no gay Lord Quex.

Come let us talk together,  
As lovers—Ah! you groan?  
This damp, rheumatic weather  
Has chilled you to the bone?  
I know a cure I think 'll,  
Work wonders in a twinkle;  
But thou dost need no wrinkle—  
Thou'st plenty of thine own.

I, too, have pains infernal,  
That shoot from side to side;  
But love still springs eternal,  
Within the human hide.  
My heart was never shielded,  
Against the arms you wielded:  
I came, I saw, I yielded,  
My centenarian bride.



"O, WHO CAN HOLD A FIRE IN HIS HAND  
BY THINKING ON THE FROSTY CAUCANUS!"

*Richard the Second, Act I., Scene 3.*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"AN exceptional occasion," quoth Mr. *Punch's* Special Messenger, as with a courteous bow he hands to the Baron at breakfast-time the first half-yearly volume of 1900, representing what, in a certain limited sense, may be described as "the first six months of the new departure," which, however, for the matter of that, is not absolutely "a new departure." The Baron emphasizes "May be described," seeing that in the early days, Mr. *Punch* had always favoured serials and, the Baron mentioning no names, nor dates, nor titles, nor numbers, these serials had so mightily prospered in Mr. *Punch's* hands as to have become "familiar as household words." Then Mr. *Punch* was generous; now he is lavish; and so the extra pages, with whatever may fill them—be it stories short, with other light material, or stories long, running over the full measure and "continued in our next," have become as prominent a feature in Mr. *Punch's* number as, with all respectful admiration be it said, is Mr. *Punch's* remarkable nose or Mr. *Punch's* striking countenance. The Baron, who, could he not honestly praise, would not have said a word on the subject, hereby begs to heartily congratulate Mr. *Punch* on the first-rate appearance of this present volume. It is *Punch* plus *Punch*, and, therefore, *Punchier* than ever! The Baron thanked the Presenter, and the Deputation then withdrew, leaving the volume in the Baron's hands to study at his leisure.

To quote Joe Gargery's song, in *Great Expectations*, addressing it to Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, author of *Some Notable Hamlets*, (GREENING & Co.), the Baron sings with Joe Gargery:—

"With a thump and a sound!—Old Clem!  
Beat it out, Beat it out!—Old Clem!  
Hammer Boys round!—Old Clem!"

But "Old Clem" doesn't hammer any of "the boys," not a bit of it; he makes it all smooth for them, and the criticisms are beaten out so as to be spread over a fair-sized volume. Years hence they will be marvellously useful to some future historian of the English stage, who will find how SARAH BERNHARDT, was "imaginative, electrical and poetical;" he will also learn

what she did well, and what she did ill, what she overdid, and what she omitted to do. There are plenty of incidental anecdotes wherewith the judge's summing up, always more or less favourable to the histrion on his trial, is considerably lightened for the entertainment of all readers. There is a rather spectral likeness of the author on the frontispiece, a funny one of SARAH, and a quite remarkable one of HENRY IRVING, with half his face blacked. Did he ever play it thus made up? Did he on that occasion tamper with the immortal dramatist's line and say, "Tis not alone my inky face, good mother?" Odd. But there it is, and, what's more, according to these "living pictures," WILSON BARRETT did it too! Here's W. B. with one side of his face as black as your ordinary London hat! Is this supposed to be "like his cheek?" Let the actor who essays *Hamlet* be certain of "an honest chronicler as GRIFFITH," i.e. CLEMENT SCOTT, to keep his honour from corruption," and to place him on a pedestal in a gallery with *Some Notable Hamlets*. Will Mr. SCOTT follow it up with a "Depreciation," to be entitled *Some Not Able Hamlets*?

*The Footfall of Fate*, by Mrs. RIDDELL (WHITE & Co.), may possibly remind some elderly readers of *Oranford*; that is, in its admirable reproduction of the very small talk in a very small place, where everybody knows everybody else, and all hunger for something new in scandal. *Miss Courtland*, a delightfully natural character, tired of the prosiness of her life, unwittingly "drops into verse." She says:—

"Who probably dress,  
If they dress at all,

Like ADAM and EVE  
After the Fall."

A discovery that may, perhaps, surprise no one more than the author of *Miss Courtland's* being, yeapt Mrs. RIDDELL. The dialogues, which are a trifle protracted and interspersed with some fine old stock stories, become somewhat wearisome to the reader eager to penetrate the secret. The surprise, however, comes in artistically just towards the finish. *Verb sap.*

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"FAS EST AB HOSTE DOCERI."—Read MICHAEL DAVITT's personal notes on the Boer Commander-in-chief in *Freeman's Journal*.



## OPERATIC NOTES.



Saturday, July 7.—Memorable for the return of JEAN DE RESZKE with his voice, and for the conducting of *Lohengrin* by M. EMIL PAUR, his first appearance in this most responsible part. Can he conduct? Can't he!! "Oh no, not at all; not neither!" as Mr. Bailey, Junior, might most emphatically have expressed it. EMIL PAUR—"more Paur to his elbow"! (though truth to tell, he requires no strengthening) makes the conducting of *Lohengrin* a violently physical and musi-

cal exercise. Doesn't he pop up in the air, with the sudden energy of a jack-in-the-box, in order to shake his *bâton* at the singer, or singers, as he spots the parties then and there, and brings 'em up to time, or it may be back to tune? And, then, doesn't he with marvellous rapidity disappear from our gaze entirely, utterly, as though he had never been, having apparently dived down head foremost into the orchestra, to come up again to the surface, retrieving, perhaps, some lost notes or dropped *tempi*, as a diver brings up chalk eggs from the depths of the stream? Doesn't he play the fingers of his left hand on, as it were, the heads of such of his orchestra as are within mesmeric touch? Does he not rise to the occasion, dance to it, and shake all over with impassioned fervour as he seems at one time to cajole, at another to implore, at another to threaten or imperiously command? "Now, then, all together—principals, ladies and gentlemen of the chorus! Forward!!" That's it! Ah, M. EMIL PAUR knows how to worry WAGNER! It's a grand sight to see EMIL PAUR conducting *Lohengrin*! *Et après?* When all has gone well, when the final stupendous effort has been crowned with success, when the *tempi*-ature has gradually dropped to normal, then to see him sink down, mopping the inspiration PAUR-ing from his noble brow, smiling, modest, silent, satisfied, content! Then he effaces himself. "PAUR's off!" Congratulations to the Orchestra if, henceforth, for *Lohengrin* they can truthfully say, "The PAUR we have always with us!" EDWARD DE RESZKE was a magnificent King, Miss EDYTH WALKER a slight but vicious *Ortrud* (quite a *Becky Sharp*) and Frau GADSKI, as *Elsa*, a very fine maiden who would evidently have given anything for a quiet life, had she been permitted to make her own choice. Personally, I have never so thoroughly appreciated *Lohengrin* as to-night. And this, as one may fairly believe, is mainly due to Conductor PAUR.

Monday (July 9) is always more or less of an off-night. The Saturday-till-Monday people are tired, and some have extension of leave till Tuesday morning. Then the sudden outbreak of fine weather is *pour quelque chose*. Thus it happens that Fran GADSKI, kindly undertaking the rôle of *Elizabeth*, owing to the indisposition of Fräulein TERNINA, and doing it uncommonly well, and SUSAN STRONG, putting all her strength into *Venus*, appeal to a Poor House! which sounds like a very distressful state of affairs. Yet not much poverty in this House, poor though it may be, if you just look around and sample the brilliants. "Rich and rare are the gems they wear." M. IMBART DE LA TOUR a good *Tannhäuser*, but not altogether *de la tour de force*. PLANÇON "always the same," as *Darby* was to his old wife Joan. Herr BERTRAM, as *Wolfram*, in excellent voice, and EMIL PAUR keeping up his *prestige* as a lightning conductor, but not quite so flashingly as when he led the *Lohengrin* battalion.

Thursday.—PUCCINI's *La Tosca* produced. Notice deferred until after a second performance. *En attendant*, PUCCINI seems to have scored an opera and a success.

## THE PRIVATE MEMBER.

[According to the *Express*, a number of privates are to be run as candidates at the next General Election.]

COME hither, Tommy Atkinses; console me, if you can! I've been a private; now, alas! I am a public man. I've fought a fresh opponent, and I've given him a beating; But now, instead of meeting Boers, I only bore a meeting.

Of course, it sounds delightful; yet life still hath got its rubs: I once was clubbed with rifles, now I'm rifled with these clubs; Instead of raising funds for me, as used to be their way, Constituents all look to me to do the "pay, pay, pay."

They think, as I'm a soldier, when they stretch their greedy palms,

It is simplicity itself to me—presenting alms; They harass me by night and day; it seems to be their view, As I've been taught to stand at ease, I'll stand a teasing too.

They write to me for cheques and add anticipating thanks; The only checks I ever had were on Tugela banks, And these must have been broken by the run on them, I fear; Those checks were never honoured by the people over here.

Then, too, my colleagues look askance. I held my head up high

When I was in the ranks, but now a rank outsider I. Ah me! I mourn those happy days that long have taken flight, For though we then were drilled all day, we were not bored all night.

## "OWING TO THE WAR."

In consequence of the military manoeuvres in South Africa, strawberries are twopence a pound dearer than they have been for twenty years. The price of charwomen has risen threepence a day. The blind beggars of Regent Street have refused to accept coppers. English lamb has been sold as New Zealand mutton. Ladies of the chorus have demanded two shillings a week extra money for postage expenses. The coalowners have resolved to make their wares dearer than ever. The Marquis of LONDONDERRY has become Postmaster-General. A general rise in railway rates is anticipated. Patriotic songsters are at a premium. The London County Council proposes running Trams to Hampstead Heath. Visitors to the Paris Exhibition are being provided with all the obsolete coinage of the past century.

## "TELL ME HOW TO WOO."

"You've only to ask, to have." Hard task! "I've only to"—that is the *crux*—"to ask!" How do you do it?—and when, or where? At table—piano? By window—by chair? Riding, or walking, or sitting, or standing? Out 'o doors? Indoors? On stairs or on landing? Tell me. I'm thankful for any suggestion That may just assist me in "popping the question."

TO INTENDING TOURISTS.—"Where shall we go?" All depends on the "coin of 'vantage.'" Switzerland? Question of money. Motto.—"Point d'argent point de Suisse."

A CAUTION.—"The Photographic Convention" will do most useful work, but it must beware of producing only conventional photographs.

ARMY CHAFLAINS.—Wouldn't they be all doubly serviceable in time of war if they were all canons?





### A NAVAL ESTIMATE.

*Mr. Punch.* "LOOK HERE, MISTER! I DON'T BELIEVE ALL THESE YARNS ABOUT OUR NAVY; BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW FROM YOU THAT OUR SHIPS CAN BE DEPENDED ON."

*Coastguard Goschen.* "LOR, BLESS YOU, SIR! YOU'VE NO CALL TO WORRY! THEY'RE ALL RIGHT, AND LOTS OF 'EM!"





First Boy. "CAN FISHES TASTE, GEORGIE?"

Second Boy. "I SHOULDN'T THINK SO, OR THEY WOULDN'T EAT WORMS!"

### THE SIX SHOPKEEPERS.

ONCE upon a time there was a queer old customer whose name was CHINA. And there were six Shopkeepers—all very smart and pushing and go-ahead people—competing for old CHINA'S custom. They called regularly at his door for orders, and refused to go away without them, and some of them insisted on supplying him with articles which he did not really require, but which they considered he ought to have, such as opium, and doctrines, and things.

Sometimes CHINA objected, and tried to shut his door in their faces; but, as the six Shopkeepers always armed their representatives with revolvers, and Old CHINA'S sons, though numerous, had no other weapons but pop-guns and bows and arrows, it always ended in his paying their little bills, under protest.

Next door to him lived another Oriental gentleman whose name was Mr. JAPAN. Mr. JAPAN was small, but highly intelligent and progressive. He realised that the ideas and habits of the six Shopkeepers were far more enlightened and civilised than his own, and he soon dealt with them for everything. His very clothes were bought at their stores, and it is said that he even made inquiries as to which were the most comfortable sittings for a Japanese constitution in the various churches and chapels which the Shopkeepers attended.

Now, one day Mr. JAPAN and Old CHINA quarrelled across the garden wall, and all the Shopkeepers were sincerely sorry for poor little Mr. JAPAN, because it happened that they had lately—merely in the way of business—sent Old CHINA in several capital pea-rifles at store prices.

Unfortunately Old CHINA had a fixed idea that the natural ammunition for a pea-rifle was peas, and that the proper way to

clean firearms was to pour a cup of cold tea down the barrel. So that he didn't hurt JAPAN particularly, while Mr. JAPAN drove him and his family indoors and smashed all his windows; for Mr. JAPAN was clever enough to use real bullets in his rifle, and he actually threatened to break into the house, and smash Mr. CHINA'S best crockery.

JAPAN'S notion was to make an arch in the party-wall between the two houses, so that he could use Old CHINA'S ground-floor whenever he liked, and leave Old CHINA and his family the basement or the attics, where they would give little or no trouble to anybody.

But the majority of the Shopkeepers didn't like the arrangement at all. Mr. CHINA was one of their best and oldest customers, and it shocked them to think of his domestic privacy being invaded, and his household gods threatened by a little whippersnapper like Mr. JAPAN.

Besides, it was clear that poor Old CHINA was breaking up fast, and most of the Shopkeepers were privately considering how his house (which was exceedingly roomy and convenient) might best be converted into a general store. However, they said nothing of these dreams to one another, and sternly ordered Mr. JAPAN to respect the integrity of Old CHINA, to keep inside his own dwelling, and not to fire across the garden wall any more, on pain of their displeasure.

So Mr. JAPAN obeyed, feeling that they were better educated than himself and probably knew best.

Now the six Shopkeepers, being deeply concerned about CHINA, and afraid that JAPAN might have another go at him before they were ready themselves, instructed their representatives to point out to their old customer the folly of being so behind the times. They assured him that peas were quite obsolete as serious projectiles, and invited his attention to



their cheap lines of defensive weapons and ammunition. More than this, they threw in instruction gratis, so that Old CHINA and his numerous children could fire the guns without blowing their fingers off with too dangerous frequency.

And Old CHINA, though a sleepy, Conservative old person who only wanted to be left alone, was now fully alive to his danger, and gave some capital orders, out of which most of the six Shopkeepers made a handsome profit, while they had the gratifying reflection that they were assisting the spread of civilization.

Soon, as it became clearer than ever that poor Old CHINA was too feeble to keep his own house in order, the six Shopkeepers very kindly (for it was not strictly in their line of business) arranged to do it for him, each firm to undertake a particular set of rooms.

But here a difficulty arose, because every Shopkeeper wanted the best rooms for himself, and they couldn't agree which should have which, or whether their doors should be open or closed to one another.

Somehow Old CHINA managed to hear of these disputes, which were not exactly conducted in a whisper, and he mentioned the matter to his sons, who attacked all the representatives of the firms they could find in the house and forced them to barricade themselves in a cupboard.

Nothing could have been a greater surprise to the Shopkeepers, who had never imagined for a single moment that Old Mr. CHINA could possibly be annoyed by such a trifle, and were quite unprepared at first to take any steps to rescue the prisoners. Of course there was Mr. JAPAN next door, who had got the better of his neighbour before, and who was quite ready now to get over the wall and compel Old CHINA to set his captives free.

But one or two of the Shopkeepers didn't care to be under an obligation to Mr. JAPAN, and were afraid that he might charge too heavily for his services. Besides, if he once got into Mr. CHINA's house, he might stay there—and then none of them would be able to make it into a branch establishment for himself.

So they determined to have nothing to do with Mr. JAPAN, but go in procession to Old CHINA themselves, and insist on his ordering his family to behave themselves and release the prisoners.

But, naturally, there were many things to be settled first: 'Should they go in single file, or two by two, or how, and which should head the procession? Should they make it a personal grievance with Old CHINA, or should they explain that the quarrel was only with his sons? Should the spokesman be the nearest neighbour, the oldest established firm, or the firm which had the largest orders? And when they got inside the house, what were they to do next?

All these points had to be carefully



*Sarah (to Sal). "LOR! AIN'T 'E 'ANDY WITH 'IS FEET!"*

argued out, which, as they were all keen men of business, took time, and, finding they could not arrive at any agreement, they decided to go in first and quarrel about it afterwards.

Well, they got to the gates and had pulled down some of the railings, to show that they were not to be trifled with, when, to their horror and dismay, they saw at each of the windows one of Old CHINA's sons covering them with a breechloader of the newest pattern! One of the Shopkeepers happened to know that the breechloaders were deadly, because he had supplied them himself and, being a conscientious person, had furnished a first-rate article at very little more than he would have charged a European customer. Another had equally good reasons

for believing that the ammunition was of the best quality, while a third had taught the young Chinamen so ably that they were now very fair marksmen indeed.

So the six Shopkeepers retired to their several backparlours and talked it over once more, and, at last, they agreed that—at any expense to their dignity—they must invite Mr. JAPAN to join them.

Mr. JAPAN, who was much too sensible to remember old scores, readily agreed; and, at last, they all started once more, and this time they were really determined to sink their respective differences and work together with a will. And then . . .

(Mr. Punch must leave the Powers to finish this story for themselves—and he only hopes they may find it possible to make it end happily.)





### SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

*Mr. Marsh.* "I'VE JUST HAD QUITE A LONG CHAT WITH YOUR THREE CHARMING LITTLE GIRLS, MRS. ROOPE."

*Mrs. Roope.* "NOT MINE, MR. MARSH. I HAVE NO CHILDREN."

*Mr. Marsh (very surprised).* "NO CHIL— ARE YOU SURE!"

### THE PUBLISHER.

(A Suppositious Study in Contrasts.)

TIME—Spring, 1900. SCENE—Publisher's sanctum.

*Publisher (addressing distinguished Poet).* Very sorry. Your last volume is really splendid. But it's impossible to accept it. You haven't any martial verse, I suppose—something about drums and Tommy—eh? Only some silly lines you wrote for a smoker, you say. Capital! the very thing. What! Absolute doggerel. Ashamed to sign them? Nonsense. We'll print a first edition of half-a-million copies. You won't have it! Well, don't be rash. Think it over.

[Exit D. P. Enter a distinguished Novelist.

*Publisher (addressing D. N.).* Extremely regret I must decline your last novel. Quite agree with my Reader that it's a masterpiece. Shows genius and all that sort of thing. Unfortunately, you don't refer to the War in South Africa, and the word "khaki" isn't even mentioned. Now, if you could have transplanted the story—you won't? Well, if you will fly in the face of Providence!—Good day.

[Exit D. N. Enter a War Correspondent to the Daily Trumpet.

*Publisher (addressing W. C. D. T.).* Ah! that account of yours, dealing with the siege of Ladyking is admirable. The fact that it has no literary merit doesn't matter in the least. I'm glad you've mentioned the fact that it knocks the siege of Lucknow, and, in short, all other sieges in the world's history into a cocked hat. By-the-way, turn the five hundred pages into a thousand, will you? Yes, we're binding it in khaki, and hope to sell at least twenty editions.

TIME—A few months later. SCENE—The same.

*Publisher (addressing D. P.).* Your poems are first-class. There's only one thing. Could you omit that small martial ballad? You see, the public have been so dosed with war poems that anything—About the Trojan war, you say! Yes, but people are so silly, they're sure to think that Troy is in the Transvaal. Well, think it over. [Exit D. P. Enter a D. N.]

*Publisher (addressing D. N.).* Your novel is very fine. Only one point to raise. It's this: the hero shoots the villain. Now shooting is too suggestive of war-fare, and the public have been so dosed with war stories that—Eh? An essential part of the plot. Sorry, but can't risk it. Well, think it over.

[Exit D. N. Enter a W. C. D. T.]

*Publisher (addressing W. C. D. T.).* Couldn't possibly print another volume. Look here. (Throws open door, disclosing a room packed from floor to ceiling with books.) Those are books on the war. So (grimly) don't think I can well venture again. Good day.

[Scene closes in.]

WELL EXPRESSED.—Sketch had a picture last week representing "Group taken during one of Sir BENJAMIN BABER'S visits to JOHN AIRD'S Big Dam Works at Assouan." It's a polite way of putting it, of course. "The Big Big D," within a couple of years' time, will be in every one's mouth.

RIVER GAMBLING.—"Punting," says the *Daily News*, "has become a very fashionable form of amusement on the Upper Thames." So it is at Monte Carlo. Punting is given up by all who find themselves in hopelessly low water.



## THE BOER DELEGATES.

SCENE.—The Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Paris. M. DELCASSÉ at his writing-table. Secretary awaiting instructions.

M. Delcassé. Les délégués boers? Ah, c'est embêtant! Que faire? Eh bien, il faut leur dire des choses banales, à la mode de MACKINLEY. Vue sur le Potomac. C'est ça. Faites entrer.

Enter the Delegates.

M. Del. Enchanté, chers messieurs. Veuillez vous asseoir. Vous parlez français?

Mr. Fischer. Neen. I speak English.

M. Del. Perfectly. What beautiful time! How finds you Paris?

Mr. F. We wish to ask your assistance—

M. Del. To visit the Exposition? With the most great pleasure. I give you three tickets of entrance.

Mr. F. No, no. The South African Republic—

M. Del. Ah, I have seed your Pavillon, so charming, and your farm—

Mr. F. Desires to know the views—

M. Del. Ah, you are amateurs of views! How finds you this view on the Seine? As beautiful that the view on the Potomac?

Mr. F. Oh, yes. But the South African Republic, while there is yet time—

M. Del. Ah, cher monsieur! You speaks of the time, and I recall myself that it is the hour of the Council. I must render myself to the Elysium. I am desolated. Au revoir, à tantôt! [Exit Delegates.]

SCENE.—The Hotel de Ville, Paris. Président du Conseil Municipal, and Councillors.

President. J'ai appris quelques petites phrases. Ah, voilà nos chers amis. Ils n'ont pas l'air très distingué, hein?

Enter the Delegates.

Pres. Goeden morgen, mijnheer.

Mr. Fischer. Bon matin, mon monsieur.

Pres. Ik—ik—Diable, je ne sais pas le mot! Ik parle hollandsch.

Mr. F. Et je français.

Pres. Il faut essayer le discours en hollandais. C'est terrible. Allons donc! Wij, de conseillers municipaux van Paris, wij—wij—en effet, wij—ah, sapristi, je l'ai oublié! Mais vous parlez français?

Mr. F. Je? Non. Parlez hollandais?

Pres. Pas du tout.

Mr. F. I speak English.

Pres. And me also. I have learned him at the school.

Mr. F. Then we can speak it.

Pres. Comment? Vous désirez—you desire to speak the language of Sir RHODES, of Sir CHAMBERLAIN, and of the others bandits of Over Sleeve?

Mr. F. I do not quite understand. Why not speak English? It is the only language we both know.



Cyril (aged five). "I SHALL NEVER GET MARRIED, MAMMA!"

Mamma. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE SO FOND OF ETHEL!"

Cyril. "YES; BUT SHE BELIEVES IN FAIRIES, AND I DON'T!"

Pres. Jamais de la vie! Président du Conseil Municipal de Paris, est-ce que je parle la langue des brigands de Fachoda? Impossible! Non, cher monsieur, mille fois non! Mais je vais vous dire en français que la France désire témoigner sa plus vive sympathie, que l'héroïsme de vos compatriotes est digne de—de—en effet, de l'admiration du Conseil Municipal de Paris, c'est à dire, de la France, et je vous serre la main, nobles représentants d'un vaillant peuple, luttant contre l'infâme rapacité des tyrans britanniques, en vous priant d'agréer l'assurance des mes sentiments—c'est à dire, de nos plus chaleureuses félicitations, en vous offrant, au nom du Conseil Municipal de Paris, en effet, de la France—nous sommes la France—ce verre d'orangeade. Vivent les Boers!

Mr. F. I don't understand a word. Je comprends non.

Pres. Tant pis! Au revoir!

Curtain.

WRIT IN ERROR.—Sir FRANCIS JEUNE has rightly protested against the aspersions cast by the *Guardian* on the reporters in the Divorce Court and for which full apologies have been made. Was the writer a special co-respondent?

NOTE BY A CHINESE POLITICIAN.—He who scratches a Briton finds the Tar-tar.

THE BEST DE WET BLANKET.—The C.I.V. covering.





## AMENITIES OF THE ROAD.

*Robert.* "NOW THEN, FOUR-WHEELER, WHY COULDN'T YOU PULL UP SOONER? DIDN'T YOU SEE ME 'OLD UP MY 'AND!'"

*Cabby (suavely).* "WELL, CONSTABLE, I DID SEE A KIND OF SHADDER PASS ACROST THE SKY; BUT MY 'ORSE 'E SHIED AT YOUR FEET!"

## NINEPENCE.

[*"Ninepence will give a child a day in the country."*—*Fresh Air Fund, Henrietta Street, W.C.*]

## NINEPENCE!

It's a orful lot o' money, don't yer see?  
An' I ain't a-got no friend  
Wot is likely fer to spend  
Sich a thumpin' sum o' money upon me.

The country!—

They tells me, them as went there wiv  
the treat,

That theer 'sgrors as green as cheese,  
Wot yer walks on if yer please,  
An' the birds is 'oppin' rahnd  
In the trees an' on the grahnd—

Not in eiges wot they 'as in our back street.  
Then theer 's flahrs, they tell me, wot's  
Growin' wild, an' not in pots,  
Dysies, buttercups they finds,  
And theer ain't nobody minds  
Though they sets to work and picks  
'em,

Yus, they actially nicks 'em,  
An' theer ain't no bloomin' copper never  
comes along an' licks 'em.

In course I knows they're kiddin' me.

I ain't not quite so green

As ter swaller all them yarns o' theirs  
as if they 're Gospel true;

But I'd like ter see a bit o' wot them  
other chaps 'as seen,

An', s'elp me, if I'd ninepence, don't  
I know wot I would do?

## KINDNESS-TO-ANIMALS POEMS.

## II.—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THERE is a beast which seldom makes  
A great amount of fuss;  
He lives in rivers, ponds, or lakes—  
The hippopotamus.

Now let me give a warning word  
To little children, who  
May think the creature too absurd,  
When visiting the Zoo.

Although his rind is rather thick,  
His love you will not win  
If you should beat him with a stick  
or prick him with a pin.

So gently pat him on the head  
And do not pull his tail,  
He may on peppermints be fed,  
Or buns, if they are stale.

If new the buns that you have bought,  
They need not make him ill,  
For indigestion you may thwart  
By giving him a pill.

Admire his extra-massive jaw,  
His little twinkling eyes,  
When into his capacious maw  
You empty your supplies.

If you can see the creature blames  
His keeper or his luck,  
Try calling him endearing names—  
An "angel" or a "duck."

And he will love you (well he may!)  
With love that does not cloy,  
And all your life will fleet away  
In happiness and joy.

ANY BUT A TONIC SOL-FA.—The tropical  
weather.





## TO PEKIN!

JAPAN. "EN AVANT!"  
RUSSIA (aside). "I DO HOPE HIS MOTIVES ARE AS DISINTERESTED AS MINE!"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, July 9.

"When I die," said RITCHIE, trying to look as like the late Queen MARY as

Undersized Fish Bill at same time last year. Observing JEMMY LOWTHER egging the CAPTAIN on to-night I asked him what he was doing.

"I'm throwing a sprat to catch a whale," he said, glancing from the trim

on Ministerial benches. Anxious to get the Companies Bill through Committee, he moved innocent-looking motion giving Grand Committee on Trade permission to sit every day, and, if it pleased, all day. With thermometer at 85 in the shade, this too much even for Members accustomed to sacrifice themselves on altar of duty, GALLOWAY led the attack. That Cap'en TOMMY should seize opportunity of sticking pins in fresh places on author of Undersized Fish Bill a matter of course. More serious was interposition of the Blameless BARTLEY, with pained inquiry as to whether a member of a Grand Committee, other than the Chairman, might submit such motion?

As the storm spread, RITCHIE—his heart lacerated, so to speak, with the razor-edged bones of Sprats and other undersized fish—sat on Treasury Bench with air and attitude of an Early Martyr. The whole thing quite unexpected. Had consulted Clerk at Table, who provided him with copy of Resolution usual in such circumstances; moved it, with this disastrous result.

If he persisted, a division would show some awkward figures. To withdraw the motion would be an act of surrender, following too closely on PRINCE ARTHUR'S capitulation in matter of War Hospital Committee. Finally whittled motion down till it became quite undersized; as such passed through the sieve of discontent on back benches.

Pretty to see AKERS-DOUGLAS instinctively feel in his pocket for his foot-rule, with impulse to measure the truncated resolution, as if it were a sprat or a whitebait. Such is the force of habit.



THE SPRAT AND THE WHALE;  
OR, THE BOLD BEHAVIOUR OF AN "UNDERSIZED FISH."  
(Cap'en T-mmy B-w-l-s and Mr. R-tch-e.)

possible, "you will find Sprats engraved on my heart."

This, of course, a hyperbole. But Sprats play considerable part in disturbing digestion of President of Board of Trade. Last year he brought in Bill designed to preserve the precious lives of juvenile fish. For occult reasons, JEMMY LOWTHER and Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES took objection. Succeeded in so obstructing measure that it was dropped. RITCHIE lay low and said nuffin. Acceptance of defeat only apparent. Measure of last year known as "Undersized Fish Bill." On early day in present Session, RITCHIE strolled in with look of superhuman innocence on his face, bringing with him what he called a "Fisheries Regulation Bill."

For a time all went well. Leave given to introduce and print it. Then came thunderclap. The CAP'EN, casually turning over leaves with mailed fist, thought he had somewhere seen something like the operative clause. On closer inspection, discovered the pious fraud.

Fisheries Regulation Bill nothing more than Undersized Fish Bill, with its tail painted and the fins slightly twisted.

TOMMY tipped the wink to JEMMY, and the Sprats were in the frying pan. Fishery Regulations Bill no forrader at this advanced period of session than was the

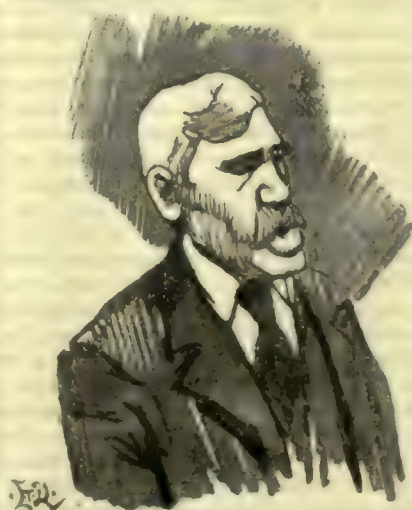
figure of TOMMY to the Leviathan unsuspectingly reclining on Treasury Bench.

Up got the CAP'EN and asked President of Board of Trade if he was in a position to state approximately how many Sprats there are in the sea between the Needles and Lands End? RITCHIE said the Question was one that evidently required notice. SPEAKER sustaining this objection, JEMMY and the CAP'EN subsided; only temporarily.

Meanwhile, Select Committee engaged in investigating the whole question. Easy to know what room they occupy by flavour of Billingsgate that pervades the passage. RITCHIE has come to hate the whole business. Curious how interest grows upon one. To see the President of Board of Trade and the First Commissioner of Works (neither undersized) on their knees over a basket of Sprats with a foot-rule in hand, engrossed in measuring contents, you would think their personal fortunes and the existence of the Ministry depended upon exactitude.

Business done.—House sat till daylight did appear, driving Irish Tithes Bill through.

Tuesday.—Troubles never come singly. RITCHIE having yesterday sorely suffered for the sake of small fish, to-day finds himself made occasion of serious revolt



Looking on the "Brightside" of Parliament.  
(Mr. M-dd-s-n prefers legislation to garden parties.)



*Business done.*—Agricultural Holdings Bill considered on Report stage.

*Thursday.*—Met the DOOK of DEVONSHIRE among the brilliant throng at Lady SASSOON'S party in Park Lane to-night.

"Heard about the revolt against the Government?" I asked.

"In the Lords, do you mean?" the Dook said, beginning to yawn.

That, of late, such common occurrence as to be monotonous. Peculiarly trying to temperament so sensitive to boredom as is the DOOK'S. Regarded matter more seriously when he learned that mutiny broken out among young bloods of the party in the Commons.

HUGH CECIL, a modern PRINCE HENRY, was at the bottom of this well-concerted attempt to snatch the crown from the sovereign head of his sleeping Father. Agricultural Holdings Bill proposes to give tenant privilege of allotting three acres of his holding to the making of garden, orchard, and osier-bed.

Earl PERCY, fresh from Chevy Chase, led the attack. As it is written in SARK'S private edition of the *Reliques*:

The Persé owt of Northombarlande,  
And a vowe to God mayd he,  
That he wolde oust from Holdings Bill  
These very acres three,

In manger of doughté WALTER LONG  
And all that with him be.

With PERCY rode PRETYMAN, a very pretty speaker; that high agricultural authority Squire VICARY GIBBS, who re-



"A definite matter of urgent public importance."  
(Sir Th-m-s Esn-nde.)

garded with despair prospect of osier-bed made in front of the Bank, E.C.; BETHELL, who hoped that, at least, Ministerial Whips wouldn't be put on to coerce his young friends; LAURENCE HARDY, whose old-world park in Kent is hospitably open to wayfarers; and HUGH CECIL, the exquisite phrasing of whose short speech was as good as anything his father, the MARKISS, ever did.

WALTER LONG, in charge of Bill, sat unresponsive on Treasury Bench. It was a risky situation. If Opposition were to pull their forces together and fling them into division lobby with Ministerial malcontents there was possibility of Government being defeated. That sort of ambush common enough in Fourth Party days. Out of fashion now. When division bell rang Opposition to a man went out to save the Government, Mr. FLAVIN walking shoulder to shoulder with PRINCE ARTHUR, Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, going slightly ahead of HANBURY, as sometimes on calm days in the Channel one sees afar a bustling tug towing a stately three-master.

*Business done.*—Agricultural Holdings Bill passed Report Stage. Half a hundred young Tories representing landed interest mutiny.

## "WHERE TO GO."

No. I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—That awful question again crops up at this time of the year, namely, "Where to go" for one's holiday, and I am writing this letter to you hoping to get your valuable advice on the subject. Curiously enough, many of the sea-side resorts that I like my wife has a loathing for. I am sure this difference of opinion must be the exception to the rule of married life. So, as we found it difficult to agree on the places we had previously visited, my wife suggested that we should explore new ground, and, for a change, try the Norfolk Coast. So it was decided that I should take my bicycle, and ride from one place to another, staying at cheap, old-fashioned inns, which would be a far greater saving of money than if we all went together to search. I may mention that things not being over prosperous with us this year, we were desirous of not expending more than twelve or thirteen pounds for our three weeks' holiday, including the railway fare for my wife and self and the two children. There would be no occasion to take the nurse, as she having casually mentioned that she had an invitation to stay with some friends at Bow I strongly urged her to accept it, making one mouth less for us to feed.

So last Saturday, with a small bag and my bicycle I started, and took a week-end ticket to Hunstaysay, "which the guide-books described as a quaint old sleepy sea-side village," with "excellent fishing and boating." The journey seemed extra long, for I was looking forward, like a child, to seeing this ideal fishing village. Then imagine my disappointment on arriving to find that Hunstaysay simply consisted of a few streets of absolutely modern red brick houses, built on some fields adjacent to the sea. In vain I looked for the quaint old straggling High Street, and the fishermen bustling about in their oilskins, but there was nothing of the kind. There was no harbour, and only a pier made of iron pipes, with advertisements all the way down the side. I looked for the quaint old inn, with the red-faced, cheery landlord, but couldn't find it, so

was obliged to stay at the Shoddingham; when, on making my entrance, I heard the head waiter (a German) say "Cyclist!" as he turned away to attend to a "gentleman" who had just arrived, dressed in a frock-coat and a white yachting-cap.

I was at last received by a lady who emerged from the office, and I apologised to her for my rather dusty condition; she replied, "Oh, never mind; the *table d'hôte* is at seven, and as it is not continuous, you had better go in at once." But at the risk of sacrificing the soup, I obtained her permission to wash first.

I pined for a chop or cut of cold meat; but no, I had to have the *table d'hôte* or nothing. It consisted of brown soup, fish (I don't know what) with brown sauce, and *entrée* with brown sauce, roast beef, and a small sponge cake with brown sauce over it. After dinner I adjourned to the smoking-room, and chatted with a most charming gentleman who was smoking a large cigar, and most courteously offered me one; I accepted on the condition that he would have a whiskey and soda at my expense. He accepted with great charm of manner. He was a very good-looking middle-aged man, with a slightly pointed beard. As he seemed to know the neighbourhood so extremely well, I was prompted to ask him whether he, like myself, had come down for the week-end, or whether he lived in the neighbourhood. He replied, with a smile, "In the neighbourhood. I live in a park close to here, called 'Sandringham.'" I started from my seat at once and took off my hat, thinking for the moment it was —. But it wasn't. He laughed at my embarrassment, and replied, "No, no; I'm only in the Electric Department." His conversation was so entertaining that I did not notice how many glasses of whiskey and soda I had ordered, but in my bill next morning, which to my horror came to £1 10s., I was debited with whiskey and sodas, 10s. 6d. They must have been eightpence each, and I have never paid more than sixpence.

Going on to Sherrytounge to-morrow. Will resume notes. Most interesting and useful, aren't they? Yours,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."



## NEW REGULATIONS FOR LORD'S.

(Hourly expected).

1. MEMBERS of cricketing county elevens will be charged a guinea ahead gate money daily.
2. Umpires will pay a fee of five guineas a match of three days.
3. Balloons passing over the ground will be expected to pay a shilling a second during the passage.
4. Residents of houses surrounding the ground by paying five guineas per annum can avoid the erection of view-impeding boardings, and thus secure a splendid view of the matches.
5. A small charge (2/6 per person) will be made for the use of the ground during the luncheon interval.
6. Competing county elevens requiring the pitch to be rolled will pay five shillings a time between the wickets or three times for twelve and sixpence.
7. After rain saw-dust can be secured at four shillings an ounce.
8. Should the crease require re-marking, pipe-clay can be obtained at ten shillings a brush full.
9. The scoring boards will be erected in a tent, and the public will be permitted to examine them at a shilling a peep.
10. Tickets for gentlemen of the press will be issued at a guinea a day, and accommodation will be found for the ticket-holders behind the chimneys of the grand stand.

## CHARITY IN DISGUISE.

(Page from the Diary of a fair Organiser.)

*Monday.*—"Breakfast Burlesque" in aid of the Distressed Charwomen. Quite a new idea. Start tea and coffee in costume at 11 a.m., and carry on until it's time to dress for dinner.

*Tuesday.*—"Triviality Tea" to the Members of the Society for Pleasing the Charity Paupers. A variation of the Breakfast Burlesque. Costume last century. Ineroyables. Liqueurs supplementary to temperance drinks.

*Wednesday.*—"Lunatic Lunch" in aid of the Summer Holiday for Skate Fasteners. Somewhat similar to the last notion. Everyone in most eccentric costume conceivable. Manners—go as you please.

*Thursday.*—"Display Dinner" in aid of the Starving Sweepers. Evening dress—not much of it—with invaluable lace and jewels. Starving sweepers admitted to the gallery to see the feasting.

*Friday.*—"Saucy Supper" for the benefit of the Octogenarian Pew Openers. Unconventional "Boy and Girl" Meal. Boys elderly—girls with considerable experience. Great fun—kept up well into the next morning.

*Saturday.*—Recovering from the Saucy Supper. Resting and thinking of something novel. For the moment originalities used up.

## THE SCORCHING SKETCHER.

As gaily I glide on  
And go where I like  
I paint, as I ride on  
My metalsome bike,  
Such matchless "impressions,"  
In greens, reds and blues;  
Such graceful concessions  
To 'Pressionist views!

Though drawing be painful  
And colours don't please,  
You'll find me disdainful  
Of trifles like these!  
I mount up the mountain  
And glide through the glade;  
And frisk by the fountain,  
And sketch in the shade!



"Peinture à l'wheel."

My technique, though thinnish,  
I cannot gainsay,  
The pictures I finish  
Would fill the R.A.!  
They're worth the Gold Medal—  
Don't tell me they ain't—  
I paint and I pedal,  
I pedal and paint!

I whirl through the parish  
And limn the whole shire;  
The desolate marish,  
And tramps by the fire:  
The cottager's humble  
And picturesque porch—  
I scorch and I scumble,  
I scumble and scorch.

## BUTS AT BISLEY.

(Compiled by an even-minded enthusiast.)

THE shooting could not be more satisfactory but for the customary "accidents."

Everyone would make a "bull" but for the haze and the shiftiness of the wind.

The catering is in every way excellent, but heavy meals scarcely assist in getting on the target.

It is delightful to entertain visitors—

especially ladies—at the camp, but champagne-cup and provisions generally run into money.

It is healthy to sleep under canvas, but when the thermometer marks ninety in the shade or the rain pours down in torrents a bed in an inn is preferable.

Bisley is a beautiful place, but Woking cemetery is a dismal neighbour.

Distinctly it is nobly patriotic to spend a fortnight with the N. R. A., in the cause of the Fatherland, but is it quite worth the trouble?

## ON THE WING.

(A page from a Diary.)

*Monday.*—Fancy we ought to go to Paris. See the best Exhibition of modern days. Everyone full of it. Still, English unpopular and board and lodging exceedingly dear. Think over the matter to-morrow.

*Tuesday.*—Ought to get beyond France. Run through Switzerland. Over the Simplon. See Florence, Rome, Naples, and back by Monte Carlo. Shall settle it to-morrow.

*Wednesday.*—Why not "do" Scotland—the Trossachs, Skye, and Loch Maree, the Crinan and Caledonian Canals? Wish I could make up my mind.

*Thursday.*—Why not America? Might visit New York, 'Frisco, and Canada. Do the whole thing in a month. Really worthy of consideration.

*Friday.*—Might look up the Colonies. Only to get to the Antipodes. Persuade my wife to come—if possible. Should be a very pleasant change.

*Saturday.*—Had arranged all details for self and wife to personally conduct ourselves round the world. Suddenly wife decided against it. Wife dotes upon sea air. So we give up all ambitious schemes of foreign travel. Under marching orders for some quiet English watering place. Fancy it will be Southend!

## HINTS ANENT THE COMING HAT.

*Khaki.* Why not the slouch hat worn at South Africa? Good many about—why not sample it?

*An Enterprising Inventor.* Why not try the Anti-Everything Sunshade patented by myself?

*Nelson's Statue (Trafalgar Square).* Might do worse with the hat I wore at Trafalgar. Why not use it?

*Wellington's Statue (Hyde Park Corner).* Military better than naval. Why not try one like mine.

*Palmerston's Statue (Westminster).* Always liked the Albert Hat myself. Caught on with the police. Why not with the soldiers?

*Blue Coat Boy.* Why have a head-covering at all? I do without one. *Verbum sap.*





**T**HE girl was fooling along, neglecting her business, and looking up absently at the green

boughs over-arching the beautiful road, when suddenly the inevitable happened, and with arms wildly waving above the metal steed that staggered drunkenly under her, she took a smart header into a ditch containing five feet of black mud, and a little water, while her bicycle lay comfortably down in the road, glad to be rid of her.

Plop! The black ooze closed round her as she stood symmetrically on her head, then was sucked down into a sitting posture, whence she floundered up, and tried to climb out by the side of the ditch, but the slime that streamed down her face, and caked her hair, and fell in rivers from her hat, weighted her too heavily, and she slipped back and back, apostrophising the senseless and grinning cause of her sorrow, a thing without bowels or intelligence, as the most bucking brute of a horse never is.

"And if I do get out, I shall have to walk through the village, where everyone knows me, looking like a sweep who has been ducked in a horse-pond," she soliloquised, fishing out a sodden black handkerchief that lay alongside a sodden purse, "and when I have been giving myself such airs about learning a bike so quickly, too!"

She tried to arrest the black runnels down her face and remove some of the caked filth in her hair, then thrust out a lamentable head level with the road in time to hear a man's cheery whistle approaching round the bend of the lane, and she clutched the weeds delightedly, for at last help was coming; and from a man, too—a woman would have been of no use!

The man stopped at sight of the prone bike, then his astonished glance sought the ground, and fell on the crushed hat with the Royal Yacht Squadron ribbon half smudged out, and the zebra face below it, and hurrying up, he stretched out both hands to pull the girl out, instead of which she all but pulled him in, and for a breathless moment it seemed as if the greedy ditch would hold two soused persons instead of one.

"There!" he said, as she stood on dry ground with cascades of inky fluid pouring from her garments, and, indeed, there was not one stitch of anything that was not black upon her; then, looking hard at her through her disguise, he almost shouted out "GWYNNE!"

"Well!" said the young woman, coolly, and, indeed, the dip had mightily refreshed her, and she felt game for anything, even so unexpected a meeting as this. "And why shouldn't it be GWYNNE? Give me your pocket-handkerchief, it's bigger and drier than mine." He gave it her; then he began to laugh, irrepressibly, tried to pull a straight face, and asked anxiously if she had hurt herself. Then, as she wiped her muddy eyes, and rubbed the roots of her curly hair, began to laugh again; then finally gave up the attempt at gravity, and fairly roared.

"Yes," said GWYNNE, energetically rubbing at her cheeks. "wasn't it awfully clever of me not to swallow any? We little thought when we last parted—in the way we did, that——"

"We should be able to say, We met—'twas in a ditch!" concluded JOE, cheerfully. "And, 'pon my word, 'twas very lucky, for it's rather an unfrequented lane, and you couldn't have got out by yourself, you know."

"And, pray, what are you doing here?" said GWYNNE, turning an extremely pretty, if smeared, countenance on JOE; and the girl who could look even decent under the circumstances must have possessed claims to distinct originality, both of looks and of character.

"Oh, just having a walk round," he said vaguely; "but you mustn't stand about in these wet clothes," he added, and took her arm authoritatively. "There's a lodge not far off; I've no doubt they'll act the good Samaritan to you there."

But GWYNNE drew the black muslin-covered arm (that had been white when she started) sharply out of his, and picked up her bike as if she meant to use it as a means of escape from him there and then.

"You can't ride back like that," he urged, keeping his eyes averted from her deplorable figure lest he should laugh again.

"Let me take you to the lodge." And as she desired nothing so much as to hide her disgrace from the village, she swallowed her pride, and walked beside him.

"It is my favourite ride," she said; "nearly a mile under green boughs—I come here every day; and that"—she nodded to a half-seen great house sitting proudly in seventy-two acres of park—"is just a place one would love to live, and to die in."



"You like it?" cried JOE quickly, and with a flash of keen interest in his eyes.

"Yes, if I had the money I would buy it—look, it's for sale," she said, pointing to a great board that set forth all the glories of an historical house built by INIGO JONES, but without mentioning how much more beautifully Nature had done her share by the grounds.

"It was sold yesterday," said JOE, in an odd voice. "Look at the date—to-day is the 14th."

"And no doubt some horrid *parvenu* has bought it," cried GWYNNE, indignantly. "How I shall hate him! The very thought of him will spoil my ride round his estate. For this lane is his—and—"

"And the ditch," said JOE gravely; "and of course he may object to you drowning yourself in his ditch, and thus spoiling it, for it practically amounts to *felo de se* when a girl who can't ride a bike goes careering all over the country alone."

"How dare you!" cried GWYNNE, and turned a look of hate upon him. "You have never seen me ride, so how can you know?"

"Good riders don't fall into ditches," said JOE drily. "A bike is a tricky thing—you think you know it, and it kicks you off at the first opportunity." He was looking with fresh interest at the stately house, that at a bend of the road came suddenly nearer; the lodge, too, was well within sight, and desirable as a haven of refuge.

"I ride so well," said GWYNNE witheringly, "that I can ride with one handle—"

"Just now you appeared to ride without either," said JOE unkindly; then, with a sudden change of tone, "poor little girl, I do hope you won't catch cold, and if you'll tell me where you are staying, I'll cut off to your maid and bring you some dry clothes in a jiffy."

"If I tell you, you'll promise not to call till I ask you?" debated GWYNNE.

"Honest, GWYNNE. How long have you been here?"

"Oh, ever since I saw you at Hurlingham. The boys are mad on boating, you know, and they just rushed me along, before the season was half over."

"And the *mater*?"

"In town, of course! What do *maters* and *paters* want on the river? Two young people under a red umbrella in a backwater are all right, but—"

"Oh!" said JOE shortly. "Well, I don't call careering about the country alone—and—and the red umbrella without a chap-erone, at all the thing for Miss EDEN."

"No?" said the girl, provokingly. "I wonder what you would have said to see me last week, brought home by a man I'd never seen before in my life?"

"What!" shouted JOE.

"You know I never learned a bike in town—father wouldn't let me—that's why I was a duffer at first here. Well, I picked it up quickly—the rudimentary part—you know, not the graceful, how and where to fall off—"

"In a ditch," remarked JOE drily.

"Now, that is mean," flashed out GWYNNE; "but what I do love, is to ride on level roads after dark, only the lights twinkling to guide one—it's just like flying! And we have a perfectly delightful young landlady—such *esprit*; about the smartest woman I ever knew—can bake and bike, and wash and cook, and wave my hair; and is game for anything—and I was out with her, and she heard a trap coming behind, and told me to go slow—and I did—but there was a rubbish heap at the side, and it jerked me clean under the horse's feet—and a man who was passing on his bike, whipped off and snatched me out in the nick of time. Cyclists are awfully good to one another when they come to grief," concluded GWYNNE earnestly. "Why, the other day, I dug a postman out; he had his parcels slung on his shoulders, and lost his balance, and there he lay, like a donkey with his panniers, and his bike on the top of him—of course, he couldn't move."

"But the man who took you home?" cried JOE grimly.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? It was my landlady's husband, come to look for her. He adores her, you know; and they have two lovely children. But what are you doing here," she added abruptly, "wandering about country lanes and neglecting your duty to your country?"

"Didn't you know?" he said. "I've sold out; my uncle," he paused, "wanted me to go in for the life of a country gentleman, and by way of beginning"—he pulled up, and again his eyes sought the INIGO JONES house that seemed to smile back at him in its own stately way.

"You will grow fat, and lazy, and horrid," said GWYNNE, scornfully. "Too much money is infinitely worse than too little!"

"I've tried the too little," said JOE, "and I don't like it. I shall probably like the other—for a change. Here we are," and he propped up the bike, and held the side gate of the lodge open for the dripping girl to pass in.

"Ours is called the White House," she said. "Send my maid—please don't trouble to come back," and she disappeared ungratefully over the flags beneath the veranda before he could reply.

Following her nose she came to a delightful kitchen, where a sweet-faced little woman was busy ironing, and in no way surprised at the apparition at the door; indeed, the mishap seemed a very small one to the experienced person who had received four or five badly injured cyclists within those walls, and would doubtless receive many more, as GWYNNE'S favourite ride was close to four cross roads, one of which led to a race-course. It was only when GWYNNE saw her clothes in a black heap in the neat bedroom, and found herself viewing various misfits that would require abundant safety-pins to secure them at all, that she found time to ask herself, why was JOE here? Not to see her evidently, as he did not know her address; was it—was it because a certain horrid woman . . . So many horrid, unrepresentable women came to the river, and with such smart men, too—the laxity of the air seemed exactly to suit the laxity of their morals . . . Well, if that was so, he should not come to the White House . . . Then suddenly an idea struck her, and she laughed delightedly. Huddling on the clothes offered her, and ramming down over her eyes and caked hair the weird hat provided, she ran out into the kitchen, and said, "Give my clothes to my maid when she comes—I will return yours, and thank you so much." Then putting some money in the woman's hand, the girl flew to her bike, and had mounted it, and was away by the road to the left, just as JOE, bearing a large bundle, appeared, running fleetly, at the end of the road facing the lodge.

He just saw the dowdy, flying figure; but it could not be GWYNNE, he said to himself rather half-heartedly, for he knew her tricks, only to find on reaching the lodge, that it was.

"Little devil," he said to himself under his breath, then laughed, for anyway she would have to go back to the White House some time; and then he did a rather surprising thing, for having put down the bundle, he walked straight up to the house, just as if it belonged to him, the woman thought, with sudden intuition, and her heart sank, for she loved the family that had lived so long in the house that was sold yesterday, and could not bear the thought of new faces.

An incredibly short time later, leaning back on the rose-coloured silk cushions that matched her parasol and the carnations at her belt, which made the one point of colour in her white toilette, feeling moreover that a punt fulfils one's utmost dreams of luxury, and gives you more pleasure than any other thing on earth does for your money, GWYNNE meditatively remarked to the brother who scientifically wielded the pole, "You wouldn't think, would you, that half an hour ago I was standing on my head in a ditch of black mud?"

REGGY looked enquiringly at the delightfully airy and cool vision before him, and then at her hair, considerably darker than usual, and partially hidden by a veil (veils on the river



are barbarous, and out of the picture), then remarked, brutally, "I thought I smelt bilge water somewhere. Didn't I tell you, when you were bragging at lunch to-day that you could ride with one handle, that you'd get carved up directly?"

"But I didn't—mud washes off—and my bike never turned a hair. It sat down in the road when I took to flying."

"H'm! Who pulled you out?"

"JOE. He—he happened to be there, you know!"

"You're not ragging, are you?" enquired REGGY suspiciously.

"Course not! He left me at the lodge, and went to our place to get my clothes—and I just got off by the skin of my teeth before he came back—in the old woman's togs, you know. They wouldn't meet anywhere. I was safety-pinned to death, and there was next to no brim to her hat; not a soul in the village knew me as I scorched through."

"Don't break your neck with the mater away," grumbled REGGY; "I won't take the responsibility of a funeral. 'Spose you know JOE's come in for a fortune? And one condition was, he must buy back Brimber Court—that rattling fine place, in a big park, built by some swell buffer."

"In I go JONES!" said GWYNNE pertly. "The very remark I should have made, if I had wit enough, when I headed into JOE's ditch; I suppose it is his ditch?"

"They were talking about it in the billiard-room last night," said REGGY, bringing the punt up under their favourite willow; "said it was bought by some young chap—probably it is JOE's by this time."

"And never, never, never will I take any more mud out of his ditch!" cried GWYNNE, sitting erect, and clenching two angry little fists.

"What's the good of having plenty of mud if your friends can't roll in it?" said REGGY. "Help yourself, by all means—and use his lodge for cleaning-up purposes, and send him like a lackey for your clothes, then sneak off round a corner when you see him coming. He's too good a chap all round for you, GWYNNE, and you know it," concluded the boy indignantly, as he stuck the pole in the bottom of the river to secure the punt, and picked up his coat to hunt for tobacco.

But GWYNNE was beginning to unpack the tea-basket, and spread the contents out on the board before her; and this was a task that she loved, and her face grew peaceful as she filled the kettle. For to be in a punt, with dancing shadows of green leaves patterning her frock, and a cool breeze to ripple around her, with the certainty of a good novel to enjoy presently, and the hope of tea and sandwiches in the immediate future, was her nearest idea of heaven here below. And if sometimes, lately, she had sighed, and wished her cushions were shared by JOE—well, JOE was not far off now, and perhaps. . . .

A watched pot never boils, and while she waited, GWYNNE looked away to the sunbeams that filtered in a never-ending cascade of light down the reeds on the opposite bank, and, as she looked to the landing stage a little way below, there came a quaint and striking procession that at first puzzled her, and seemed to plunge her into the times of WOLSEY and ELIZABETH, and, indeed, with WOLSEY's Palace well within sight, it was not easy to forget either of those proud and potent rulers of men.

First there came a boat displaying a flag, bearing the effigy of a swan, together with a large ensign, with a gold crown and the royal initials in red letters; the rowers wore scarlet jerseys and white swan quills in their hats, and a cheer rose from the gazers, for this was the Queen's boat, which always took precedence of the others, and close behind came three others, also having the swan sign, and manned by men in blue jerseys, who wore an air of great responsibility, not to say alarming dignity. For these were the swan-uppers, and, in the course of their upstream journey, they chased and captured every swan on the river, for the bird has to be "upped or marked with a small undulation or "nick" on the bill. It is a painless operation, but an enraged swan is

a dangerous and powerful adversary, and only really harmless when on shore where, an unwieldy, waddling beast, she seems to lose her courage with her elegance, and falls an easy prey to the "nicker." The Queen's birds receive a single nick, the Vintners' swans have two, and the Vintners Company three, possibly because Mr. VINTNER has so few left. When at last the procession of boats had passed, making their way up river to Datchet, Bray, Maidenhead, Marlow, Henley, Goring, and Abingdon, the kettle had boiled over, and GWYNNE came back to herself with a start, to meet JOE's eyes as he punted in a leisurely way past them, and as he coolly raised his hat, she said to herself that he had not wasted much time—and had, indeed, been almost as quick as she. On the yellow cushions of the punt reclined a faded, once lovely, woman, who looked keenly at GWYNNE—for each knew the other well enough by sight, and breathlessly GWYNNE asked herself how dared JOE—how dared he?

Plop! splashed the water into the teapot, and GWYNNE thought of that other and much larger splash she had made an hour earlier in JOE's ditch, and out of which she had been ignominiously pulled by JOE's unworthy hand.

"Poor chap!" said REGGY. "It's rough on him to have a sister like that; and as Lady MACLAREN, they say she was the prettiest woman in London."

"His sister?" exclaimed GWYNNE, grown suddenly white as she remembered the insults she had heaped upon JOE at their last meeting, when he had tried to explain (only she would not hear him) how he had come to be driving about town with a woman "of a certain class," as with unmaidenly frankness she had told him. And it was on account of his—sister—that there had come the rupture of their engagement!

"Didn't you know?" began REGGY, who was fishing, but at that moment got a bite, and stopped talking; and GWYNNE stopped making sardine sandwiches, and looked at the golden ray of sunshine dancing on the reeds by the river, and its gladness stole into her very soul, and smoothed out all the pain that had been in it for the last four weeks.

"Sir PETER gave her everything, they say," went on the boy rather shyly. "Position, money; everything but love. He wasn't unkind to her, only severely let her alone. And another man cut in, and Sir PETER divorced her—and she and the other man married and—parted. They mostly do, and JOE's the only one who has stood by her. Sandwiches? Rather. That tea looks beastly—and there's no sugar in it," he grumbled, then forgot everything as he got another bite, and played his fish.

\* \* \* \* \*

GWYNNE had wrapped a lace scarf about her head, and stolen round after dark to her favourite ride, and as she stood peering down into the black water whence JOE had pulled her that afternoon, she sighed, for she had been such a beast, and he such a dear.

Suddenly a man loomed up out of the gloom, and brought her heart to her mouth, and as she turned to fly, his strong arms went tightly round her.

"Darling," said JOE's voice in her ear, "it's our ditch, won't you share it with me? You know now about poor ALICE. . . ." and GWYNNE stretched up her arms of her own free will, and clasped them about his neck, and her soft little mouth did not shun his.

"I might have known it was your lodge," she said quaveringly, "when they were so kind to me in it. . . ." But though the night was dark, and many lights were shining beyond them in Brimber Court, neither could see them for the love-light in each other's eyes.

*Helin Mathers*





C. L. SYMONDS

"WHY WAS THAT MAN'S FACE SO BLACK, MUMMY?"

"HE'S A NIGGER, DEAR. IT WAS MADE LIKE THAT."

"WHAT WAS IT MADE WITH, MUMMY?"

### MY PATENT.

NOR long ago a brilliant idea occurred to me. It was that of a double button-hook to fasten both boots at once. It came to me like a flash of inspiration, and my first impulse was to tell MONTGOMERY JONES about it. He is fond of mechanical inventions. Then wiser counsels prevailed, and I resolved to take out a patent before telling anyone.

Now I had not the faintest idea how to take out a patent. I concluded that it was done at the Patent office. I would consult Whitaker. Everything is there.

I search the index, and find "Patent Office." It is in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, so I jump into a hansom

and go there. On the way I meditate on my idea, and am more than ever convinced that it will yield a fortune. Imagine the saving of time in these hurried days. The old-fashioned single button-hook was well enough when the stage coach waited at one's door. Now, when one must run to catch the electric train, something more rapid is needed.

I spring out, full of enthusiasm, and discover that the Patent office no longer exists. In its place there is a heap of rubbish, surrounded by a boarding. All my magnificent scheme is dashed to the ground. I could weep. I could even gnash my teeth, if I knew how to do it. Why the British government should destroy the Patent office at the very

moment of my inspiration is more than I can explain.

A policeman strolls up. "Why," I cry, in a voice of anguish, "why has the Patent office been pup-pup-pulled down?" I finish with a sob. "Patent Horface," he answers; "through the gardening."

Then it still exists. I rush into that garden, I hurry up the steps, I burst in at the door, and I meet a tranquil official. "I want a patent, please," I say; "where do I get it?"

"Not here," he replies. "You search the indexes in the library—just now in Bishop's Court; then you get a form at the Law Courts, write a specification in duplicate, get the form stamped—costs a sovereign—bring it here, get a receipt, get an acceptance. Then you've got Provisional Protection, which doesn't protect you from anything."

I listen in amazement. I thought I only had to go to some office, and get a patent as one might buy a postcard. How shall I get through this complicated arrangement? I walk to the library. I turn out volumes. I search the index. It seems that half the population, at least, invents things and patents them. I begin to despair. I will consult JONES.

So I go and see him, and explain it all. I ask if he thinks I ought to take out a patent, and he says, "Perhaps."

Then I set to work; I get forms, I elaborate sketches, I study dimensions, I prepare descriptions, I write specifications, and one day I pay a pound for a stamp, and deliver my application. I am provisionally protected. I repeat all my efforts and apply for the complete patent, paying three pounds more.

I find it has already been granted to MONTGOMERY JONES. He just forestalled me in each application, and now he threatens to prosecute me for infringing his patent for my invention. H. D. B.

### NOT IMPOSSIBLE.

(Voices that may be heard through the wires some day.)

*First Voice.* Have you received all the ironclads?

*Second Voice.* Yes; England has sent all the stock she had in hand.

*Third Voice.* Have all the guns been delivered?

*Fourth Voice.* Yes, there's not another in Great Britain.

*Fifth Voice.* Has the ammunition reached you?

*Sixth Voice.* To the last cartridge. There is not another shell to be found between Skye and Plymouth.

*First Voice.* Then, my dear colleagues, having arranged our secret treaty, all we have to declare is war against—

*Other Voices (joining in chorus.)* England! War against England!

(Enthusiastic cheering.)





She. "WELL, ARTHUR, DID YOU TELL DAD THAT LITTLE FIB ABOUT THE PROSPECTIVE LARGE SALARY YOU CONFIDENTLY ANTICIPATED YOU WOULD SOON BE EARNING?"  
 He (gloomily). "M'YES." She. "WELL?"  
 He. "HE BORROWED A COUPLE OF POUNDS ON THE SPOT!"

#### THE GENERALISSIMO.

IN reference to the commander of the allied armies to be sent to China, there is reason to believe that the following telegrams have been received at the Foreign Office, from the cities named:—

*St. Petersburg.*—Enchanté général anglais commandant en chef. Crains cependant résistance France et Allemagne. Propose général russe.

*Berlin.*—Admiral proposition général anglais. Cependant France et Russie. n'accepteraient jamais. Généraux allemands tout prêt.

*Paris.*—Immense admiration superbes talents généraux anglais. Mais adhésion Russie et Allemagne impossible. Généraux français très nombreux désirent s'occuper. surtout plusieurs en retraite.

*Rome.*—Avec plaisir. Mais qu'en diraient Allemagne, Russie, France? Généraux italiens à disposition.

*Washington.*—Would willingly agree, but election coming on. If English general born in America of Irish father and German mother, or German father and Irish mother, could be appointed, might be able to consent. Could find here Irish-German-American colonel and make him general. Should prefer this.

*Tokio.*—Would consent, but convinced Japanese general better acquainted country. Suggest, therefore, Japanese general.

*St. Petersburg.*—Si nomination général russe impossible accepterais général français.

*Paris.*—Au lieu général français en cas opposition accepterais général russe.

*Berlin.*—Hostilité envers généraux allemands étonnante. Les meilleurs du monde. Si inévitable peut-être supporterais général italien avec rang allemand, étant nommé Feldherr. Mais préfère général allemand.

*Rome.*—Si généraux italiens refusés accepterais général allemand.

*Washington.*—Rather busy forthcoming election. Don't mind much. Would agree any nationality if of Irish-German descent.

*Tokio.*—Impossible agree Russian, German or French. Propose English. Prefer Japanese.

*Madrid.*—Caramba! Pourquoi no general español.

*Vienna.*—Proposerais général autrichien mais Hongrie demande amiral anglais depuis fêtes Fiume.

*St. Petersburg.*—Evidemment faut trouver commandant de nation neutre. Propose général bulgare.

*Paris.*—Seul moyen nommer neutre. Propose général mexicain.

*Rome.*—Pourquoi pas général roumain?

*Berlin.*—Si nomination général allemand absolument impossible. Peut-être général suisse de canton allemand.

*Washington.*—No time. Election. Have anybody. Provided Irish or German.

*San Marino.*—Guardia civile della Serenissima Repubblica s'offre comme generalissimo.

*Tokio.*—Suggest offering command AGUINALDO.

*Washington.*—Never. Better KRÜGER.

*Paris.*—Toujours opposé. Très agaçant. Propose enfin amiral suisse.

*St. Petersburg.*—Parfaitement.

*Rome.*—Très bien. Si Ticinese tant mieux.

*Berlin.*—Accepte. Mais de canton allemand.

*Vienna.*—Très volontiers. Hongrie même contente.

*Yokohama.*—Yes.

*Washington.*—Yes. Swiss partly German. Should prefer Swiss partly Irish also.

H. D. B.

#### WHEN SHALL THE VOLUNTEERS LEAVE THE KINGDOM?

(Answered by General Intelligence.)

Not when Australia is over-run, because someone must look after Putney.

Not when Canada is attacked, because Herne Bay must not be left unprotected.

Not when India is threatened, because Dalston must have its defenders.

Not when Malta is surrounded, because Southend requires the lads in grey.

Not when the Cape requires more men, because Kew must be occupied by warriors half-disciplined and wholly unpaid.

Then when shall the Volunteers leave the Kingdom?

Why, when England is invaded. Then, and only then, should the Volunteers leave their native shores!



## "WHERE TO GO."

No. II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — Being still on the look out, I rode to the next important town we had put down on the list, Sherrytounge, also in Norfolk. It was the same style as Huntstayan: twenty or thirty houses, of the West Kensington build, erected on a field near the sea. No old-fashioned hotel, so had to stay at the Hotel Metafool, a gigantic house with at least 200 bed-rooms. I was received with some suspicion by the German waiters, who ordered me to take my bicycle round to the shed. I apologised for being a bit dusty, but the head waiter said it didn't matter; but I think it did, for he took me to the far end of the dining-room, so that I shouldn't be in contact with the other guests, some of whom were dressed as if they were going to a ball. I asked if this were the case. The waiter replied, "No but they like to dress at the hotels. It makes a greater change from their home life."

The menu was the same as at the Shoddingham. Brown soup, brown sauce with fish, entrée with brown sauce, &c. The dinner was very expensive, and I told the head waiter so. He replied, the class of people they had there never complained, and he couldn't see, himself, how it could be cheaper, as they had recently spent £5,000 on re-decorating the hotel. The dining-room paper was certainly very fine. It was a rich crimson and gold stamped paper, in imitation of stamped leather, the same as at the Shoddingham.

I had a bad night's rest; the bed-room curtains, being made of some cheap flimsy material, didn't keep out the light, and the bed faced the window. Why do they always place the beds facing the light?

I rode on to Crumer, which my wife said was an old-world place and sure to suit us. But I found it to be precisely the same as the other towns, only worse.

Two or three hundred modern mansions built on the fields, with the regulation iron-pipe pier and concrete parade.

I explored the town, but the few apartments that were to let, were £8 a week. Feeling hungry, I wandered in search of a cheap dining-place, but not one could I find.

The Hotel de France (which, like the others, was occupied by Germans) I dare not enter with my bicycle. So I went to a smaller one, about the size of Stafford House. I was about to enter, having lifted my bicycle up the steps, when the door was barred by a lady, dressed in rich black silk, who, on seeing me approach, had flown to the entrance and was shouting "Not here, please!" I replied, "Is there anything catching?" She seemed much alarmed, and said, "Mind the paper!" The hall, I may mention, was papered in crimson and gold, the same as at the Hotel



## SORROWS OF A SUBALTERN.

"CURIOUS WAY THAT BOY HAS OF SALUTIN'. DON'T BELIEVE IT'S CORRECT!"

Metafool. I apologised, and when a boy had taken the bicycle she permitted me to enter, and allowed me to have some light refreshment, which cost five or six shillings.

I enquired of the waiter (a German) whether there was any boating or fishing! He replied that he didn't know; he wasn't a regular, he was only an extra, and had come down with "a week-end ticket."

My next move is to Oldborough. You shall hear next week.

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

## OUR TRAVEL BUREAU.

(Hints to intending Holiday-makers, re Desirable Countries to Visit, and their Respective Attractions.)

France.—Lessons in idiomatic French with independent cabdrivers. Collection of obsolete coins, by way of small change, from waiters. Study of Nationalist

newspapers. Visits to the Boer Pavilion at the Exhibition. Possibility of meeting Dr. LEYDS. Army manoeuvres in the north.

Belgium.—Home of judges who acquitted SIPIDO. Opportunity of fraternising with anarchists and their legal patrons and abettors. Lessons (gratis) in equity and gratitude.

Holland.—Cousins of Brother Boer. Locale of the last Peace Conference. Ideal place to celebrate peace on conclusion of the war.

Germany.—Staple commodity, post-cards complimentary to the British.

Russia.—Passports. Dvorniks. Isvost-chicks. Muzhiks. Interest displayed by officials in one's whereabouts, movements, and private correspondence. Collection of visas. Cold soup. Fish soup. Cabbage soup. Ham soup. Tart soup. Mud soup. Omnibus soup. Passports.



## OPERATIC NOTES.



La Tosca, en Bicycliste.

and the success of each is just in proportion to its poetic merit. *Hamlet* as an opera is heavy; so *Othello*. All the merriment was taken out of the *Merry Wives* by the composer, who hit only on one catching melody which rejoiced us in the overture, and then "was heard no more." Even taking *Roméo et Juliette* as an exceptional success, what is there in it that has achieved popularity except the waltz, the Page's song, and the duet?

To illustrate the action of a drama with music, i.e. with "melodrame," is one thing, for here the music is part and parcel of the drama's success. But to pull to pieces the plot of a well-known stage-play, to substitute verse for its prose, to introduce into it subjects for song, and invent opportunities for concerted pieces and chorus, is a labour so fraught with danger both to the success of the new musical entity thus galvanised into existence, and to the popularity of the original, that it had better never be attempted.

SARDOU's strongly dramatic, but repulsive, play of *La Tosca*, ought to have been severely left alone by Messrs. ILLICA and GIACOSA, nor should M. SARDOU have been so ill-advised as to sanction the work of librettist and composer. As an Opera the character of the drama is left unchanged, and not all the skill of the composer, whose worth will come to be more and more appreciated by musicians, can relieve the material gloom, nor in any perceptible degree elevate the revolting character of a tragedy which probably would never have existed but for the influence of the Sara-scenic BERNHARDT over the sensation-loving French dramatist.

The *Floria Tosca* of Fräulein TERNINA is vocally (with so little worthy of her) and dramatically excellent. SCOTTI, as Scarpia, did his very best as singer and actor, and exactly the same may be said of Signor LUCIA, as *Cavaradossi*. If among my readers there be any old playgoers who can recall PAUL BEDFORD, in the good old Adelphi days of TOOLS, and before him of WRIGHT, they will find in M. GILBERT, as *Il Sagrestano*, the old "I-be-lieve-you-my-boy PAUL" redubious. The resemblance in face and physique is very striking, and his acting in this character is very much as "little PAUL" would have rendered the part, singing included, for PAUL was a full chorister first and something of a droll after. The scenery by Mr. BRUCE SMITH and assistants is excellent, but the property man and stage-manager rather marred the otherwise fine effect of the church scene. Church and stage never do get on well together. The opera, the public is informed, has been "produced with great success in the principal cities of Italy and South America," and, as far as I am concerned, those places are welcome to keep it to themselves as an opera. As music, there is much I should like to hear

Saturday, July 14.—Hot weather. Thermometer up to anything. Just the night for an Egyptian Opera. Frau GADSKI sings and acts with great feeling as *Aïda*, and LOUISE HOMER is vocally satisfactory. IMBART DE LA TOUR and Frau GADSKI highly appreciated; while SCOTTI as *Amonasro* the success of the evening. PLANÇON majestic. House thin and, so, cooler than otherwise it would have been.

Monday, July 15.—*La Tosca*, by G. PUCCINI, Second Performance.—In my humble opinion, to turn a successful modern acting play into an opera, is to court failure. Eight times out of ten the attempt at operatizing a drama is a clever mistake. *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Merry Wives* and *Hamlet*, have all served for libretti,

again. The season is now finishing. A few nights more, then up go the shutters, and away fly the song birds.

Pleasant to record as the last note of the season that at Windsor. After the performance the QUEEN graciously presented her photograph mounted in, says the *Daily Telegraph*, "a beautiful silver frame to Mlle. BAUERMEISTER." And this was after seeing her only as *Martha* in *Faust*! What form, worthy of her remarkable talents, would not the royal reward have taken had the QUEEN seen and heard her as *Juliet's Nurse* as *Carmen's Companion*, as *Cupid*, as *Alice* (not the sweet one that Ben Bolt didn't remember, but LUCIA's *Alice*), as *Turiddu's Mother* (in *Cavalleria*), *Giovanna* (in *Rigolletto*), an attractive priestess *Una Sacerdotessa* (in *Aïda*), and in many other characters, young and old, comic and tragic, with a voice to suit everything and satisfy everybody! Bravissima, BAUERMEISTER! As Mr. Cyrus Angelo Bantam, M.C., would have exclaimed, "Re-markable!"

## WISDOM WITHOUT WIGS.

"[At the Kent Assizes, Mr. Justice MATTHEW and the Counsel transacted justice without their Wigs.]—*Daily Telegraph*."

SAYS Mr. Justice MATTHEW, "In full fig, I won't appear this weather. Dash my wig! Why not sit only in our gowns? Forsooth, Our duty is to learn the naked truth. If *Nuda Veritas* be here, she ought To be well hidden in the well of Court. Let her come forth unclothed! She will not mind. Justice, as Madam Truth should know, is blind, So let's be free and easy all together.

Next case—say iced champagne. Oh—phew! What weather!"

## "WHO WOULD BE FREE!"

SIR,—I am a lover of freedom. I hold that everybody ought to be free, and anyone who differs from me on this point, I would have locked up. "An Englishman's house is his castle." I would insist on all castles being thrown open to the public. If there be an Englishman who differs from me on this point, let him be locked up in his own castle or house, as the case may be. Only, how am I to lock him up anywhere if I insist on Open Houses and Open Doors everywhere? I don't quite see this. And, mind you, if any inquisitive person comes poking his nose into MY house unasked and uninvited—out he goes, neck and crop. Sir, at the next Election, let us rally round the Flag of Freedom! Those who won't rally must be made to rally.

Yours, A TRUE BRITON, F. AND I.

AS IT OUGHT TO BE.—Professor CUNNINGHAM was objected to as a Transvaal Hospital Commissioner because of his somewhat remote connection with the War Office. But, points out "H.W.L." in the *Daily News*, it has escaped observation that Mr. HARRISON, of the L. & N. W. Railway, more recently appointed on this commission, has been for some time on the War Office Advisory Council (as to transport service), "a capacity that confers on him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel." Of course, he is emphatically in the first rank as a soldier of the line. (L. & N. W.)

POETIC JUSTICE. HORACE AND A LITTLE ODE.—Mr. HORACE SEDGER, well-known in the theatrical world, is certainly to be congratulated on his having got out of what seemed to be a very tight place, though, in reality, as his solicitor, Mr. RUBINSTEIN, observed in a letter to the D.T., "That the magistrate held there wasn't even a *primâ facie* case against him," or as Sir F. LUSHINGTON might have expressed it: "He had never before heard of SEDGER case!"





PROFIT AND LOSS?

*French and Russian Admirals. "Ah, CE CHEER JOHN DOOLY! HOW KIND TO SELL US ALL THIS COAL WHEN HE WANTS IT SO MUCH HIMSELF!"*





### BETWEEN DEVIL AND DEEP SEA.

A SOLILOQUY.

Trainer (teaching his Apprentices the new style). "IF I LET 'EM SIT ON THE SADDLE, I SHAN'T HAVE ANY RACES, AND IF I DON'T, I SHAN'T HAVE ANY LADS!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

If it's old-fashioned melodrama you want, read *The Mystic Number*, by ANNABEL GREY (SIMKINS), and you'll very soon have enough of it. The sanguinary situations are led up to with some skill, for never would the guileless reader imagine when he first makes the acquaintance of *Miss Glen Daile*, burlesque danseuse and popular favourite, that he will soon be in the company of such old friends as gipsies and stolen children, that he will once again meet the bad baronet, and be soon up to the eyes in murders, mysticism, marriages, and madness! If only the reader, in whose hands fate may place this book, be an accomplished "skipper," then in a few minutes he will have satisfied whatever curiosity the authoress may have skilfully aroused.

Reading *Robert Orange* (FISHER UNWIN) my Baronite sighs for the sweet simplicity of *The Sinner's Comedy*, for the succulence of *Some Emotions and a Moral*. The story is hampered at the outset by the fact that it is a sequel. That is not an insuperable difficulty, for in *The Virginians* we find some old friends met and loved in *Esmond*. Still there is (up to now) only one THACKERAY. A more marked failing in the latest work of JOHN OLIVER HOBBS is that that brilliant writer has unhappily been led aside from her own path to tread the carpeted and tinselled platform DISRAELI built for himself. The worst thing about DISRAELI's novels is their affected style. It handicapped even a supreme genius. Borrowed, it is simply odious. Towards the end of the story, about the time we get rid of *Lord Reckage*, a painstaking echo of some of DIZZY's political personages, JOHN OLIVER casts her borrowed trappings and is herself again. The scene between the *Marquis of Castrillon* and his valet, all the business of the comedy in which *Mrs. Parsflete* appears, above all, the challenge to the duel are excellent. The best writing in

the book, alike in style and matter, are the letters—*Agnes to Lord Reckage*, *Brigit to Orange*, and even DISRAELI to "My dear F." This last comes nearer to life than any other passage in which DIZZY is carried in clothes-horse-wise, with intent to hang on him a few glittering phrases. *Brigit* is delightful, but occasionally incomprehensible. *Robert Orange* is often incomprehensible and rarely attractive. A man who, immediately after his wedding, drags his bride off by a night boat to St. Malo, really deserves, when he arrives, to find a telegram mentioning that her first husband happens to be still alive. In the duel scene alluded to, it is stated that "the interview took place in French." But "à l'outrance," twice printed on the same page, is not French; neither is "il faut marchez" on page 354; nor is "Milles tendresses" on page 257. This may be JOHN OLIVER's subtlety. Her great exemplar, DIZZY, was woefully weak in his French, and these apparent slips may be touches of perfection in the way of imitation.

MESSRS. GAY & BIRD have added to their charming Biblot Library, *Sydney Smith's Wit and Wisdom*, and *An Elizabethan Garland*. These dainty volumes, so near in their literary charm, so far apart in form, will greatly increase the value of the collection. In *An Elizabethan Garland* the Editor, MR. POTTER BRISCOE, has bound some rare (in the sense of being little known) wildflowers, gathered in a rich and olden field.

MARIE CORELLI's new story, *Boy* (HUTCHINSON & Co.), would alone suffice to establish her reputation among the very best of our novelists whose works English readers would not willingly let die. Among the rather large family of boys who will ever hold their place in our literature, such as little *Oliver*, little *Mas'r David Bo'*, *Tommy Traddles*, little *Paul*, *Pip*, and little *Lord Fauntleroy*, the last comer, this new *Boy* of MARIE CORELLI's, will not only hold his own, but to him will be assigned, by the Baron at least, the very first place in the above



distinguished category. We may be very proud of *Our Boys*, so far, and, doubtless there are many more names that, for the moment, escape the Baron's memory. This story of *Boy* is simply charming. It is true to life, genuinely humorous, and powerfully pathetic. The poor little chap's well-born, suddenly-drunken father, and his "jelly fish" of a mother to whom "it was useless to talk about anything but the merest commonplaces," are convincing studies of character drawn to the life by a masterly hand. These, the evil geni of *Boy*, are admirably contrasted with the equally true types of goodness, represented by the kind-hearted, loving, faithful spinster, Miss Letty, and her honest, upright admirer, Major Desmond, who is worthy to march side by side with our dear old "Cod Colonel," Thomas Newcome. Than this no higher praise can be bestowed. The juvenile hero of the tale runs great risk of becoming a spoilt *Boy*. He will be invited everywhere, fondled, petted by all. He will be smiled upon, hugged, wept over, taken up lovingly, again and again, cherished and then parted with, for a time, most reluctantly. Often, in years to come, will he be brought down from his resting-place in the library, to become acquainted with new friends and admirers, or to be welcomed by those in whose hearts the memory of *Boy* will be ever kept green. The Baron is inclined to pronounce this a work of genius. As to its success, that is already assured. THE BARON DE B.-W.

#### SELF-DENIAL.

"The instinct of compassion led them to believe that, provided they gratified that instinct, they were certainly doing good. Their work was to teach men that this instinct was wrong, and to educate men in this great truth. Benevolence might easily degenerate into selfishness."—*The Bishop of London to Delegates of Conference on Charity Organisation.*

My needy friend, as sick you lie,  
And hungry at my gate,  
Your sufferings as I pass you by  
Make me compassionate.

My itching fingers to my purse,  
As if by instinct, stray;  
I yearn to send you leech and nurse  
Your sufferings to stay.

Thus, as with sympathising breast  
On to my house I go,  
My bosom tingles with the zest  
Of self-approving glow.

Ah, hateful feeling—I perforce  
With bitterness confess  
The motive urging to that course  
Is purely selfishness.

Then, lest a false benevolence  
My selfish bosom guide,  
I close my pocket, keep my pence,  
And pass the other side.



*Policeman (to slightly sober individual, who is wobbling about in the road amongst the traffic). "COME, OLD MAN, WALK ON THE PAVEMENT."*  
*Slightly Sober Individual. "PAVEMENT! WHO DO YOU TAKE ME FOR! BLONDIN?"*

#### A PACK OF LI'S.

SCAN the papers every day,  
Search and puzzle as you may,  
O'er the Boxer Movement poring,  
Reading rumours of the warring,  
Massacres and plot's infernal  
Chronicle in every journal;  
Yet to-morrow you will see  
All will contradicted be,  
And the why it seems to me  
Is not difficult to see.

For the Chinese nation's made of  
People who are not afraid of  
Owning they have long ceased trying  
To refrain from wholesale lying:  
And enunciate the same  
By adding Li unto their name.

So with YUNG Li's, Old Li's *ad lib.*  
Li's of HUNG CHANG (Chinese for *ab*)  
Li's of every rank and station  
Perfect in prevarication.  
Life to them is not a riddle  
But a thumping tarradiddle.

But the Powers eight uniting  
Now against the Chinese fighting  
Mean to touch the Boxer host  
Where they think he'll feel it most  
So, as Truth they do despise  
We must fight them by Allies.

#### A NEW TERROR.

Johnson. Hullo, THOMPSON, you look  
peekish. What's wrong?

Thompson. The vibration of motor car-  
ring has got on my liver.

Johnson. I see, automobiles!

"THE MASSES AND THE CLASSES."—Five-  
sixths of the masses, and six-sevenths of  
the classes, are asses.

A PERSON NOT ALWAYS APPRECIATED IN  
THE HIGHER THEATRICAL CIRCLES.—The  
Ibsen-minded beggar.

IN THIS TROPICAL WEATHER.—A visit to  
"Loch Swilly." What a delightful place!  
The Duke of CONNAUGHT is going there.  
From Cork to Swilly! Take out the Cork  
and the Swilly's all right.





SCENE.—A Pro-Boer Meeting. Riotous Opposition making itself felt.

Orator. "GENTLEMEN, WE DO NOT DISGUISE FROM OURSELVES THE FACT THAT OURS IS NOT A POPULAR CAUSE. BUT THAT DOES NOT DISCOURAGE US. WE SHALL CONTINUE TO STAND UP FEARLESSLY TO THE LAST, TO BATTLE FOR THE THING WE BELIEVE TO BE RIGHT." (Uproar) \* \* \* (hastily to his Neighbour) "QUICK—TELL ME, WHICH IS THE BACK DOOR TO THIS HALL?"

#### QUIS CUSTODIET?

[Mr. FLYNN: It is a fact that these fashionable toothayers are visited by Bishops]

Sir M. W. RIDLEY: All the more reason why they should be prosecuted.—House of Commons.]

THE apron does not make the saint.  
Alas! our gaitered Bishops ain't  
Invariably free from taint

Of being sometimes human;  
The heart episcopal beguiles  
Its idle moments with the wiles,  
And nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles  
Of woman, lovely woman.

Yet is their only crime, I ween,  
Mere innocence; no harm they mean.  
They seek the fortune-telling queen,  
And, sitting down beside her,

Are charmed with tales of some great  
Of fortune, and fair ladies' eye— [prize  
They little guess that they, poor flies,  
Have flown unto a spider.

Must they, so webbed, be left a prey?  
Perhaps you know as well as they  
How hard it is to fly away,

When once the spider hath you.  
You save the guileless nursemaid. Then  
Protect these still more simple men,  
And from the fatal Siren's den  
Deliver them, Sir MATTHEW!

MOST "REGRETTABLE INCIDENT."—Some-  
how the Boers, when even utterly routed,  
invariably contrive to get off with their  
guns. We have only captured one big gun  
—and he is out at St. Helena.

#### "CHRONIC!"

[Temperature, on July 16th and 19th, over 92° in the shade.

N.B. — In popular phraseology the term "Chronic" appears, in defiance of the dictionaries, to have acquired the meaning of *extraordinary* or *excessive*.]

THE papers give advice ironic,

How to keep cool in all this blaze,

When (to repeat a 'busman's phrase)

"The temperature is something chronic!"

"Keep cool," I read with glance sardonic,

"By bidding all your worries cease!"

I might in piping times of peace—

To-day 'tis piping hot, 'tis "chronic!"

"Keep cool," and take a mental tonic

By thinking how Cooked Tourists toil

Round Paris, and New-Yorkers broil!

But our shade-readings still keep  
"chronic!"

"Keep cool, and drink no beer Teutonic,

Nor alcohol in any form,

And seek no port, until a storm

Shall clear the atmosphere that's  
'chronic.'

"Keep cool; avoid the histrionic,

The omnibus, the underground

Wear flannels, bathe the whole day  
round,

And then you'll feel the heat less  
'chronic!'"

I can but, in reply laconic,

Observe that all things have an end;

This sultry weather soon will mend

However hot, it can't be *chronic*?

AT THE LYCEUM.—On the 28th Sir HENRY's season terminates. If the thermometer be, as lately, at 95 in the shade what a warm reception he will have! He is to play *Shylock*. Antonio will lose pounds of flesh in this heat before *Shylock* "can say knife." And the programme is to be gone through twice on that day! Poor Sir HENRY! What will be left of him!

FASHIONS FOR JULY.—Straw hats are being worn in London. Straws show which way the wind blows—would they had a chance of doing it!—but, anyway, straws show how tropically hot it is. So do the straws in Sherry Cobbler. My ice! what weather!

FIDES BELGICA.—"Directly the verdict in the SIPIDO case was known at Ostend the Kursaal hoisted the Union Jack." Of course this was in honour of the British sovereign, always rapturously received in Belgium.

AN UNHAPPY FACT.—The "Mailed Fist" in China was met by the Boxers.

NOTE.—Jersey and Guernsey riflemen Bisley engaged all last week.













# THE AVENGER!







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 16.—PRINCE ARTHUR endeavouring to state arrangements for public business recalls the good man struggling with adversity. To-night became his duty to announce definitively what Bills Ministers intend to proceed with in what remains of the Session, and which must needs be dropped. Approached task with accustomed smiling confidence. For what has been regarded as Session wherein attempts at legislation must needs be limited, list amazingly long. Members seemed to hear for first time of Bills which lie, more or less, close to Ministerial heart.

In business-like fashion, PRINCE began by dividing the collection into "classes." There was about the procedure echo of Mr. Micawber's immortal formula: "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six; result happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and six; result, misery."

"I will," said PRINCE ARTHUR, looking firmly at his notes, "divide the Bills on the Order paper into a series of classes."

Got along admirably till he lighted on the Oil in Tobacco Bill. This fatally influenced an active, intelligent mind prone to philosophic doubt. What did the Oil in Tobacco Bill propose to do? Did it impose on the retail dealer necessity of steeping ounce packets of shag in oil before handing them across the counter. Or was such custom already established? Was it viewed with disfavour by the Customs and Inland Revenue? and was the Oil in Tobacco Bill designed to check pernicious practice?

PRINCE, looking up, caught Mr. CALDWELL'S eye fixed upon him. No use attempting to generalise. Mr. CALDWELL doubtless had the provisions of the Bill at his finger ends; attempt to deceive House would result in shamed discomfiture. PRINCE ARTHUR'S mind made up in a moment. Best thing to do was to make clean breast of it.

"In Class I," he continued, "comprising Bills introduced since Government asked for full time of the House, there is the Oil in Tobacco Bill. I confess I am not personally possessed of full information of its purport, but I have no doubt it is an excellent measure."

This what might have been expected from a man of PRINCE ARTHUR'S upright, honourable character. Scorned to deceive the House; might have slurred the matter over: might have ignored the Oil in Tobacco Bill. Not that kind of man. As they say on the golf links, PRINCE ARTHUR, strong in his brassie shots but off his driving, played a fine approach off a hanging lie, got down an awkward putt



ALI BALF-OR AND THE FAULTY FIVE.

(He gives them their "quietus.")

for the hole, where he stuck, ultimately becoming dormy one.

His first ball thus driven into the trees and dropped into the lime putt, he never secured the lead. Might have got straight again if there had not been such stages as second and third readings of Bills, not to mention the preliminary process of introduction. These he mixed up in inextricable confusion, only partially smoothed out by JOKIM on one side of him and WALROND on the other, alternately prompting him.

"Yes, quite so," said PRINCE ARTHUR, cheerily, when he had spoken of a Bill not yet introduced as having passed its second reading.

*Business done.*—Irish members made last stand against Tithe Bill, which passed third reading.

*Tuesday.*—THE BRITHER of the CORP to the front again. Elbowed his way through the crowd: stood upon the coffin the better to be seen of men. PRINCE ARTHUR announced names of additional members completing War Hospital Committee. THE BRITHER, decently dressed in black, his voice tolling like a funeral bell, asked whether opportunity would be given for discussing constitution of Committee. "No, Sir," says PRINCE ARTHUR sharply; whereupon THE BRITHER asked leave to move the adjournment.

His manner of performing this familiar office really appalling in its solemnity. Yesterday NAPLEON B. JOHN REDMOND,

returning from temporary retirement at Elba-on-Suir, found that in his absence JOHN DILLON been usurping his functions. Must reassert himself. Nothing cheaper in way of effective advertisement than moving the adjournment. If successful it, at a step, places least important Member in position of precedence over Ministers and ordered business of day. Anything will serve. NAPLEON B. discovered something wrong with Commissioners of Irish National Education. Tossed off in rapid voice his application for leave.

That all very well for him. For one occupying position of BRITHER of the CORP quite another demeanour is the thing. Accordingly THE BRITHER, asking leave to move the adjournment, intoned the formula in time marked by the roll of the minute gun at sea; lingered over each syllable as if he felt he would never see it again; wrung the hand of each preposition; clasped each conjunction to his bleeding bosom.

This naturally occupied time. When performance over, SPEAKER declined to permit repetition of Debate on Hospital Committee raised by similar device of fortnight ago. Whereupon THE BRITHER, cambric pocket-handkerchief held to his eyes, retired to the cloisters, leaning on sympathetic shoulder of SWIFT MACNEILL, who had meant to work in a speech and found himself foiled.

"PRINCE ARTHUR pretty sharp with BURDETT-COUTTS," said SARK. "Good Min-



isterialists sneer at his banality, his egregious sense of his own importance, his general bad form. If they took a juster view of situation, they would get the Lord CHANCELLOR to go on his knees night and morning and thank Heaven for BURDETT-COUTTS. If any but he had brought this terrible scandal of hospital failure to light, even if he had managed to efface himself for half-an-hour in performance of his mission, it would have shaken to its centre strongest government of modern times. Conclusive proof of substantiality of charges is found in fact that, even with BURDETT COUTTS in his worst manner fathering them, the heart of the people is sorely stricken."

*Business done.*—JOKIM consents to have the Belleville boilers examined.

*Friday.*—With a thermometer at 85 in the shade, anything you like—indeed more than you like—in the sun, the House a weary place. Attraction of terrace irresistible. Crowded from end to end: a flower garden of summer frocks. When division bell rings Members rush off to vote; hasten back



A GREAT EXPONENT OF ORDER.

"Quasi lucus a non lucendo."

(Mr. Swift MacNeill.)

To sport with Amyrillis in the shade  
Or with the tangles of Neura's hair.

"Did it ever occur to you," mused the Member for Sark, mopping his lofty brow, "whata luxury it would be in this weather to have a wooden leg?"

It never did. But when you come to think of it, in such circumstances there is certainly one limb that would be pretty cool.

GOOD SAMARITAN (*irascibly*). "You told me, Mr. JINKS, the other day when I relieved your want, that your son was serving the QUEEN, and now I find that he is a convict at Dartmoor."

Mr. Jinks. "Well, Sir, it isn't for the likes of me to question where Her Most Gracious Majesty wishes to employ 'ARRY's services."

Is it true that the next automobile show is to be dignified by the name of the Auto Car-nival?

THE MOST PROMINENT "HARMONISING FACTOR" OF THE DAY.—The Pianoforte maker.

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### VIII.—THE VARIETY SECTION.

JULY 1ST.—Great British Victory. Lord METHUEN routs the Boers. *Evening Patriot.*

2ND.—Great British Victory. Lord METHUEN again routs the Boers. *Ibid.*

3RD TO 5TH.—We have to record another of those regrettable incidents that are apt to occur when it is necessary to maintain long lines of communication. DE WET—after having been frequently routed by Lord METHUEN, who carried the Boer positions at the point of the bayonet, the enemy on each occasion anticipating by flight the impact of our infantry—has succeeded in cutting the railway at three points, capturing a convoy and two mail-trains, along with a few isolated battalions of the Wessex, who found themselves without ammunition or water at the critical moment. The necessity of proper scouting becomes apparent as the war proceeds. Still, these accidents—which are recognised in the highest military circles as being a characteristic feature of irregular warfare—may postpone, but can in no way affect, the ultimate and inevitable issue of the war.—*The Military Critic.*

6TH.—The End at Hand. Cordon closing round DE WET.

*Evening Patriot.*

7TH.—The Death-grip. British hold on DE WET tightening hourly. *Ibid.*

8TH TO 10TH.—Great disappointment has been experienced among our troops in the Orange River Colony, the now familiar name which the ex-Free State received at the time of its submission to our conquering arms. For months the cordon had been closing round the diminishing and disaffected forces of DE WET, and it was confidently supposed that he would be compelled to surrender yesterday, thus putting a period to the usual guerilla warfare in which the dying flames of a vanquished people are in the habit of flickering out. The annoyance of our Generals may be imagined when they discovered that DE WET had broken through the British lines during the night with all

his guns, having previously sent on his commissariat the night before. The cavalry are now in hot pursuit, but their efforts are greatly impeded by the difficult nature of the ground and the almost total absence of horses. Our hospital arrangements continue to be all that can be desired.—*The Military Critic.*

11TH.—Last phases of the struggle. Five hundred Boers surrender their arms. *Evening Patriot.*

12TH, 13TH.—It would seem that our clemency is misunderstood. The humane system under which we have accepted antique fowling-pieces and other military curios as a token of *bona fide* submission, giving a free pass in return, has been greatly abused. If this sort of thing goes on for another six months it will be necessary to adopt sterner measures in the case of those who have on more than, say, three occasions been proved to have returned to their commandos after surrendering muzzle-loaders and being reinstated on their farms.

*The Military Critic.*

14TH TO 16TH.—"I'm sure Eton will win," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON oracularly. "Look at their colours; it's a struggle between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, like the war in China."

"They can't exactly win," said Lord GOSLING; "you see, it's a tie already."

"You were always so practical and prosaic, GOSLING. But if it's a tie why aren't they satisfied to stop, instead of running about in the sun and making everybody feel so hot, and noisy?"

"Ties are made to be broken," said Lord TOMMY. "And yet half the people here want this tie *not* to be broken. It's rather like the different parties in a Divorce Court."

"Unless there's no defence," said Lady WOLVERHAMPTON.

"But there's a very good defence going on at the wickets," said Lord TOMMY.

"Or else collusion," continued her ladyship, "as when WOLVERHAMPTON proposed to me. I wish they wouldn't shout so: it makes you forget the things you were going to say. Oh, Harrow's won, have they? I knew they would!"

*Ell-n Th-rn-cr-ft F-ul-r.* ("The Aldersgates.")

17TH TO 20TH.—"You were very reserved at Lord's the other day, Mr. QUARQUAR," said DEBORAH. "Were you out of dream-sympathy with the rushing world of frivolity?"





### "THE REAL SCORCHER."

["The *Pall Mall Gazette* also thinks that the Commissioners of Police might take pattern by Berlin, and prohibit cycle-riding and scorching in the crowded central thoroughfares altogether."—*Weekly Cycling Paper*.]

"I suppose your fine friends are very brilliant and scintillating, Miss ALDERSGATE?" replied QUARQUAR, bitterly: "but I found their conversation lacking in intensity of purpose. My soul seemed to stretch out to you, across a wilderness of fatuities."

He spoke with that indefinable charm which so often imposes upon the amateur female artist.

"You must not judge them too harshly," said DEBORAH. "Genius, like yours, should be generous to the foibles of others less gifted. It was not their fault that they were born to the purple."

"I glory," said QUARQUAR, "in the fact that I am essentially middle-class without being too obviously vulgar. After all, these blue-blooded worldlings only tolerate you. They would never invite you to share their future, as I, at this moment invite you."

"I admit," replied DEBORAH, "that I find you sympathetic. I respect your artistic talent, particularly in the matter of colour-schemes and back-grounds; and I have the true woman's desire to improve you. But can I, on this account, be accurately described as entertaining a passionate love for you?"

"Assuredly," replied QUARQUAR.

"Then I will take till Michaelmas to think it over," said DEBORAH. "But it upsets all my previous calculations to feel so undecided. Everything seems to conspire in your favour; you paint, you are earnest, you need improving, and you are unmarried; yet—if you don't much mind—I will take the rest of the current quarter to think it over."

*Ibid.*

21ST TO 25TH.—

Oh! listen while the Muse records  
(Don't ask me what it cost her)  
The doughty deeds achieved at Lord's  
By Mr. R. E. FOSTER.

He made a brace of centuries  
Each better than the other;

He gave them Worcester Sauce and is  
A credit to his brother.

And J. T. BROWN was comiffo,  
He punished Mr. JESSOP,  
And so did good old HAYWARD, though  
He knocked a little less up.

They battled till the day was spent,  
And stuck to work like stayers;  
Each player was a perfect gent,  
And all the gents were players!

Then fill the pewter's foaming tide  
High as the Tower of Babel,  
And drink a health to Surrey's pride,  
"The Guv'nor," Cap'en ABFL!

*Mr C-rg, the Poet of the Oval.*

26TH, 27TH.—Stabling my metalled Pegasus at the sign of the "Goat and Compasses" (for Pan is not yet dead, only he plays with scientific instruments to-day instead of the reed-pipe), I stole through the moonlight to the river's bank: shyly, for fear I might disturb Diana at her evening dip. The grey-green petticoats of the aspens quivered bewitchingly; and a breeze out of the dead West lifted them, showing a delicious under-shen, as of white lace-work. I had left my pocket-mirror in the little bedroom with the dainty dimity curtains; but I know that I blushed thrillingly. *Mr. Le G-il-nne's Latest Travels.*

28TH TO 31ST.—*Pelleas*. It is dark, MELISAUNDE. Can you see to work in the dark, MELISAUNDE?

*Melisaunde*. Yes. I can see to work in the dark. But it is not dark, PELLEAS. The limelight goes all round me. Cannot you see the limelight all round me?

*Yniold (at the window)*. There's little papa! there's little papa. I am going to meet little papa! *[Exit.]*

*Pelleas*. Your husband will find us in the dark together.

*Melisaunde*. No; he will not find us in the dark together.



There is limelight all about me. Did I not tell you there is limelight all about me?

[Enter GOLAUD and little YNIOLD, the latter with a wax-candle.

Golaud. You two were in the dark together.

Melisaunde (fretfully). No; we were not in the dark together. There is limelight all over me. Cannot you see the limelight all over me? I called the attention of PELLEAS to it just now; but he keeps on forgetting about it.

Yniold. I have brought a candle. Oh, look, little papa; she has been crying! Little mamma has been crying!

Golaud. Do not hold the candle under her eyes!

Melisaunde. I do not mind the candle if he likes to hold it under my eyes. The candle is of no use whatever. The candle is less than the limelight. Anybody can see by the limelight that I have been crying.

Golaud. I do not like the look of things. Still, there is the limelight, as she says. The limelight must have somebody to work it. I will go and ask some questions of the limelight-man.

Maeterlinck (R-y-ity Theatre Version). O. S.

### THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

*Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.*

By F. ANSTEY.

*Translator's Note.*—The compositions of this philosopher have, as all Orientalists are aware, long enjoyed a considerable reputation in their native land. Of the author himself, little is known except that he was born on the 1st of April, 1460 (old style), and filled the important and responsible office of Archi-mandrake of Paraproedokian. Many of his so-called proverbs are in the nature of short parables or fables, though the text of the "applications" is frequently so corrupt that even a conjectural reading can only be hazarded with the utmost diffidence. The translator has not hesitated to commit a few slight anachronisms whenever he considered that they would render the original meaning more intelligible.—F. A.

#### I.

THE Butterfly visited so many flowers that she fell sick of a surfeit of nectar. She called it "nervous breakdown."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Instead of vainly lamenting over those we have lost," said the young Cuckoo severely to the Father and Mother Sparrow, "it seems to me that you ought to be very thankful that I am left to you!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am old enough to be thy grandfather!" said the Egg to the Chicken. "In that case," replied the Chicken, "it is high time that thou bestirredst thyself."

"Not so," said the Egg, "since the longer I tarry here the fitter am I for the career I have chosen."

"And what may that be?" inquired the Chicken.

"Politics!" answered the Egg.

And the Chicken pondered over the saying.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is only one thing that irritateth a Woman more than a Man who doth not understand her, and that is a Man who doth.

\* \* \* \* \*

A certain Artificer constructed a mechanical Serpent, which was so natural that it bit him in the back. "Had I but another hour to live," he lamented, "I would have rendered its action yet more perfect!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The Woman was so anxious to remain independent of Man that she voluntarily became the slave of a machine.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Singer had a small mole behind her ear, which spoilt its symmetry—but she would never have known of it had it not been for her relations.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Idol went on smiling, rather than tell the priests that the flowers were making its head ache.



### QUITE A DIFFERENT THING.

*Vicar's Wife.* "WELL, MRS. BLOGGS, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOUR HUSBAND HAS GIVEN UP DRINKING. I HOPE HE'S ALL THE BETTER FOR IT!"

*Mrs. Bloggs.* "OH, YES, 'M, THAT HE BE. WHY, EVER SINCE 'E TOOK THE PLEDGE, 'HE'S BEEN MORE LIKE A FRIEND THAN A HUSBAND!"

"She used to be so fresh; but she's gone off terribly since I first knew her!" the Slug observed of the Strawberry.

The Ass heard the Lion roar, and exclaimed: "The Plagiartist!"

Someone said to the Mole: "What a splendid sunset this evening!"

"To tell you the truth," he replied, "sunsets have so much deteriorated from what they used to be in my young days that I have long given up looking at them."

"A cheery laugh goes a long way in this world," remarked the Hyena.

"But a bright smile goes further still," said the Alligator, as he took him in.

"I trust I have made myself perfectly clear?" observed the Cuttlefish, after discharging his ink.

The Cockney was told that if he placed the Sea-shell to his ear, he would hear the murmur of the Ocean-waves. He heard not the waves, but he distinctly caught the melody of the negro-minstrels.

"It is some satisfaction to feel that we have both been sacrificed in a deserving cause," said the Brace-button to the Threepenny Bit, as they met in the offertory bag.





**H**OMB exploded on the breakfast-table of Captain and Mrs. CARAWAY, just as Mrs. CARAWAY

was pouring boiling water upon the Indian tea.

"JANE!" cried the old gentleman; "I'm called out! They want me at the depôt."

"GEORGE! it's impossible! Oh, they can never be so cruel!"

"They want me immediately," he made answer. And then his wife burst into tears.

You see, Captain CARAWAY was in the carpet-slipper period of life. He had never been a keen soldier, and with his twelve years of service accomplished, and his pension attained, the gentle-souled little man had laid by his uniform and retired into civil life with a glad heart. On his pension and a small income enjoyed by Mrs. CARAWAY, the worthy couple had lived for many years on the outskirts of London, going regularly to church on Sunday and tending their garden and three Persian cats during the week. He envied no general his fame, never abused the War Office, belonged to no military club, and looked back on his soldiering as the majority of undergraduates look back on their schooldays. That he should ever buckle on his armour again was the last thought that ever entered the captain's placid mind.

Now, while Mrs. CARAWAY dreaded the breaking-up of the home more than anything else, Captain CARAWAY, it must be confessed, viewed the order from the War Office in other lights as well. To go back to barracks, meant to him a return to bullying, or, at any rate, to what schoolboys call, "ragging." His Colonel, a man named WATT, he remembered distinctly as a fine dashing Major who loved to make him the butt of mess-room witticisms. If, then, he had been ragged by the Major in those far-away days of his early manhood, how much more would he find himself chafed and teased now that he was in middle-life, and less like a soldier than ever? Thoughts of this kind gnawed at Captain CARAWAY's heart, but he kept them from his wife.

Mrs. CARAWAY was a fine bustling woman. Her first grief over, the good lady insisted on making the old uniform do,

and herself let it out where necessary, arranging for belts and sashes to hide the trail of her needle. "We must save as much as possible," she said, when her husband hinted that WATT was always very particular about kit.

Then the day came for Captain CARAWAY to depart. As he kissed his wife thoughts of all she had been to him, all she had grown to mean to him, surged tumultuously into his heart.

"What shall I do without my pretty JANE?" cried he.

"Take care of yourself," she answered, "and remember to see that your servant airs your shirts and underclothing. Oh, GEORGE, promise me," she went on, "that you will change your boots and socks whenever you have been out in the rain?"

"I promise," he said, a little hoarsely.

"Then it will soon be over," said she, cheerfully, "and you will come back safe and sound. I wrote last night to the Colonel, asking him to see that your bed was aired——"

"JANE!" he shrieked in horror.

"Dear GEORGE. What is it?"

"You don't mean to say you asked the Colonel to air my bed!"

"Of course, I did. Now, none of your ridiculous nonsense about military etiquette. I wrote secretly, because I knew you would be sure to raise some trifling objection of that kind. Your life, my dear, is much too precious for me to stand on ceremony in things of this kind. Good-bye, GEORGE, good-bye; and promise that you will change your boots——!"

And so he departed from London.

It was sunset when he arrived at the country station, and hailed a fly. The train was late, and with a three-miles' drive before him, he was fearful of arriving late for mess. Never did milksop entering school for the first time suffer greater torments than did poor CARAWAY during that drive. The thought that his wife had asked the Colonel—the Colonel!—to air his bed caused the poor fellow infinite anguish. He pictured to himself the fate in front of him. The Colonel would meet him on the steps of the quarters with carpet slippers and a tumbler of warm milk. The other men would be grinning at the Colonel's side, and saying over and over again, "Are you quite sure, Sir, that you've aired Captain CARAWAY's bed?" And his servant would be in the background witnessing his humiliation. The mess-waiters would have heard the Colonel roaring over his wife's fatal letter that very morning at breakfast, and now all the men in barracks would be making merry at his expense. But worse than forfeiting his company's respect



was the prospect of being baited by the young sprigs of subalterns. What would they say to him? What would they do to him? A cold wind blew across the darkening fields. The sun's last beams flickered behind the chimneys of a manufacturing town in the distance. Captain CARAWAY shivered.

He began to remember different points in the landscape, the trees in the hedges, the bends of the road. A few minutes more, and the dust-stained fly would turn sharp to the left, jolt up a narrow lane, and then—the red-brick barracks? He pulled out his watch, and shivered again. It was eight o'clock; he had fifteen minutes in which to dress for dinner!

The fly turned the corner, crawled slowly up the lane, and presently rattled slowly over cobble-stones through the barrack-gates. The sentry, a smooth-faced boy, looked up at the Captain but did not salute. The barrack-square seemed empty. Outside the officer's quarters, a dull, cheerless red-brick building, a civilian was lounging. When the fly stopped, he approached and touched his forehead. "Captain CARAWAY?" said he. "Yes," said our hero. "I'm Private MOORE, Sir, and I'm told off to be your servant. You've got ten minutes to dress in, Sir."

Captain CARAWAY followed his servant meekly up the steps, and climbed with him the echoing wooden stairs. Full as his mind was of apprehension, he yet had room there for thoughts of his home, and the girl he had left behind him. Ah! how greatly to be desired was that little snug villa, with its thick carpets, its pretty curtains, and the three comfortable Persian cats! He looked about him, and his heart grew sick. Here was his room. MOORE had returned to the fly for his luggage, and he stood alone in a big, bare, hideous apartment; a few seedy old wicker-chairs and a dull deal table occupied the larger half of this room, while on the other side of the partition was an untidy dressing-table, a miserable washstand, and a bed. The bed! He took a step forward, his mouth open, his eyes staring from their sockets. The bed! There on the pillow, peeping wickedly out of the sheets, was the handle of a warming-pan. A warming-pan! Poor CARAWAY moved hurriedly across the room, and thrust his hand between the bed-clothes. They were warm, horribly, vilely warm.

When MOORE returned he was prepared for the worst. While the soldier knelt over his boxes, he undressed with a swiftness that surprised himself, plunged his face into warm water, and dried it on towels that were warm too. After all, thought he, it can only be for a few weeks, and I shall soon be back again with JANE and the cats. But his heart was aching very badly when he hurried down the steps and passed out into the open on his way to the Mess. When he opened the door of the ante-room his agony of mind was intense.

"CARAWAY," said a voice he seemed to remember; and the next minute he was shaking hands with the Colonel. "I'm very glad to see you again, my dear fellow. Eh, what? We're a very dull party here, a very dull party, but you mustn't mind that. Eh, what? You must speak up when you talk to me; I'm as deaf as a post—can't hear a single word. Let me introduce you to Major BULLEN. D'you remember BULLEN? After your time, I think. Eh, what?" A very fat old gentleman with two stout walking-sticks in his hand, extricated himself from the depths of an arm-chair, and hobbled over to CARAWAY.

"Very pleased to meet you," he wheezed. "Fear you'll find us a bit dull after town. The Colonel's deaf and I'm lame. Gout. Anything the matter with you?"

"A little sciatica at times," said CARAWAY, wishing to make himself pleasant.

"Sciatica! Cure you in two days. Remedy of my own. Perfectly simple, and no demmed quackery. Come over to my quarters after dinner, and I'll tell you about it."

"And now," said the Colonel, "let me introduce Captain SIMMONDS. He thinks because I'm deaf, he must shout; the greatest mistake in the world. I can hear well enough, if people only talk distinctly."

Captain SIMMONDS came forward. He was a big fellow, boasting a great chest measurement and a deep bass voice.

"Beastly nuisance calling us out," he said. "I believe we shall be here for a couple of years!" And then he burst out laughing. CARAWAY laughed too.

"What does he say?" asked the Colonel.

"He says, Sir," replied Major BULLEN, asthmatically, "that we shall be here for a couple of years."

"A couple of what?" said the Colonel.

"A couple of years, Sir," cried Captain SIMMONDS.

"Don't shout, don't shout!" the Colonel said. "Well, what if we are? We're four now, and that's enough for a rubber."

"You're still fond of whist, then?" CARAWAY asked.

"Eh?"

"You're still fond of whist, he says," bawled SIMMONDS.

"Oh, yes; very. Never lost my love of a rubber. How that fellow SIMMONDS does bellow!"

The Mess-Sergeant threw open the door, and announced dinner. Colonel WAIT took CARAWAY's arm and led him forward. Major BULLEN, wheezing horribly and stumbling painfully along with his two sticks, followed at a respectable distance. Captain SIMMONDS lounged behind, yawning loudly.

"Oh, by the way, CARAWAY," said the Colonel, "your wife was very wise to write about your bed. Directly I arrived here I sent out for warming-pans. A most important point, that. Eh, what? Ah, glad you agree with me. A damp bed is the devil, the very devil. I have kept my bed aired every night since I came here, and BULLEN does the same. SIMMONDS, of course, is young, and doesn't take advice. Never heard a fellow shout as he does," he continued, whispering. "Got a voice like the bull of Bashan. Eh, what?" CARAWAY smiled, and bowed acquiescence. The Colonel, no longer the dashing Major, seemed to him the pleasantest fellow he had ever met. BULLEN, in spite of his groans, was a cheerful companion, and as long as one laughed at his single joke, SIMMONDS seemed harmless itself. This, then, was his return to soldiering. A deaf chief, a lame Major, and a Captain who made one joke and went to sleep after dinner. In his own room that night Captain CARAWAY, happy as a schoolboy, sat down and wrote a letter to his wife.

"MY DEAREST JANE,—Here I am, a soldier again. Much as I like the quiet of civilian life, there is, I must confess it, a certain fascination about the dashing life of a soldier. When I had got into my kit I felt the old glow again, and when I walked into the ante-room I felt all that elation—shall I say swagger?—which an ignorant public associates only with the Blues. The men are charming. Colonel WAIT—you remember what a dashing fellow he was—is just as handsome as ever. BULLEN, the Major, a very good sort, and another man, Captain SIMMONDS, is a tremendous wit, and keeps us all on the roar. One cannot be dull in his society. We are all very gay and jolly. And now, with love to yourself and the cats, ever your devoted husband, "GEORGE CARAWAY."

"P.S.—The fellows were awfully good about the 'bed' business. The Colonel took it quite nicely. I will write more fully next time."

To describe Mrs. CARAWAY's feelings on reading this letter is quite impossible. Over and over again did the dear soul peruse her husband's words, and every time the foreboding at her heart deepened. Finally, she sat down at her modest little escrutoire, and took paper and pen. What she wrote it would be wickedness to divulge, but we may at least disclose the concluding sentence of the postscript:—

"Promise me, dear GEORGE," it ran; "promise me that you will not allow the dashing recklessness of a soldier's life to make you despise our little home."

By the next post Captain CARAWAY gave her the promise.

Harold Baylis





### END OF THE SESSION.

*Troublesome Voter.* "I MUST SAY, SIR, THAT I CONSIDER YOU HAVE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE TO YOUR CONSTITUENTS."

*Young M.P.* "REALLY, MR. BANKS, I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DON'T YOU KNOW; BUT"—(amiably)—"I THINK I CAN MAKE ANOTHER JUST AS GOOD!"

### THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

*Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.*

BY F. ANSTREY.

#### II.

MISTRUST the Bridegroom who presenteth himself at the wedding ceremony with (or without—the Styptic is capable of either interpretation.—*Trans.*) sticking-plaster upon his chin.

"What! is my Original dead?" cried the Statue. "Then have I lost my last chance of becoming celebrated!"

"What is your favourite perfume?" they asked the Hog, and he answered them, "Pigwash."

"How vulgar!" exclaimed the Ape. "Mine is patchouli."

But the Fox said that, in his opinion, the less scent one used the better.

"What a cruel contrivance is that 'Catch-'em-alive-oh' paper!" sighed the Spider, as she sat in her web.

The Parasol fell violently in love with the Umbrella, because he had such a handsome golden head. But when a rainy day came, she saw through him only too plainly.

A certain Pheasant was giving herself considerable airs upon having lately joined the Anti-Sporting League.

"Softly, friend," said a wily old cock, "for, should this

League of thine succeed in its object, every man's hand would be against us and we should rest neither by day nor by night—whereas, as it is, our lives are protected all night by guards, and spared all day by our owner and his guests, who are incapable of shooting for nuts."

"It is not what we look that signifieth," said the Scorpion, virtuously, "it is what we are."

"I have composed the most pathetic poem in the world!" declared the Poet.

"How canst thou be sure of that?" he was asked.

"Because," he replied, "I recited it to the Crocodile—and she could not refrain from weeping!"

A certain vain-glorious Gas-lamp was once exulting over a Glow-worm.

"It is true," replied the latter, "that thy light may be more brilliant than my own—but at all events I do not raise my prices 6d. a thousand feet at the slightest provocation!"

And the Gas-lamp, having no answer, turned blue and whistled with seeming carelessness.

"It is always gratifying to find oneself appreciated!" said the Cabbage, when they labelled him as a Cabaña.

"Don't talk to me about Cactus!" said the Ostrich contemptuously to the Camel. "Inspid stuff, I call it! No, for real flavour and delicacy, give me a pair of Sheffield scissors!"

"I think we belong to branches of the same family?" said the Toad to the Turtle-dove.

"The accommodation is not luxurious, certainly," remarked the philosophic Mouse when he found himself in the trap, "but I can put up with a few inconveniences for the short time I shall be here."

"I cannot understand his conduct," said the Extinguisher of the Candle, "no sooner do I approach than he goes out!"

There was once a Musical Box which played one tune, to which its owner was never weary of listening. But in time he desired a novelty, and could not rest until he had changed the barrel for another. However, he sickened of the second tune sooner than of the first, and so he changed it for a third—which he liked not at all. Accordingly he ordered the Box to return to the first tune of all, and lo! this was an abomination to his ears, and he could not conceive how he had ever been able to endure it. So the Musical Box was placed on the shelf, and the owner purchased a mouth-organ, which played according to his liking.

"I may not have quite the range of a rifle," said the Popgun, "but then see how light I am to carry!"

"Do come in!" snapped the severed Shark's Head to the Ship's Cat. "I'm carrying on business as usual during the alterations, and I daresay I can accommodate you somewhere." "Thanks," said the Cat retreating, "but you don't seem to have a place to put me in just now—so I'll come back when you're more settled."

A certain Sociable Cockatrice entered a Mothers' Meeting, determined to make himself agreeable, but was astonished to find himself universally shunned.

"How particular women are about trifles!" he thought bitterly, "just because I said good afternoon with my mouth full! I shall go back to the Infant School and finish my lunch."





### TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

*Augustus (to fair Cousin, at whose house he is paying a visit). "I HAVE BEEN SPENDING THE MORNING UP AT THE RUINS OF THAT OLD NORMAN CASTLE THAT YOU ALL TALK SO MUCH ABOUT."*

*Fair Cousin. "OH, YES! WHAT A SWEET PLACE IT IS! AND DO YOU KNOW THAT IT IS FULL OF THE MOST CHARMING AND ROMANTIC ASSOCIATIONS!"*

*Augustus. "IS IT? —IT'S A FINE PLACE FOR RATS!"*

### POSTAL PROGRESS.

(From a newspaper of the future.)

YESTERDAY, at the North Kensington Police Court, Miss GRACE GOODHART, aged sixty-eight, was charged under the Post Office Act of 1920, with the very serious offence of infringing the monopoly of the Postmaster-General. It appeared that prisoner, who resides at Bayswater, wrote a letter to a lady living at Notting Hill, that is, in an adjoining street, and then conveyed the letter with her own hands to the addressee's house.

Such a gross abuse of the privileges of the Post Office recalls the worst days of

the District Messenger Service, an almost forgotten corps of boys abolished at the beginning of this century. We believe that, in the last century, not only were these boys permitted to compete with the Post Office—at that time an institution which courted popularity by foolish concessions to public needs—but private persons were actually allowed to convey their own letters. This seems almost incredible now.

The prisoner pleaded guilty. It was urged in her defence that she was hardly aware of the enormity of her crime, having been accustomed, when a young woman, to the easier morality of postal affairs in

those days. The solicitor appearing for the prisoner, incidentally referred to the District Messenger Boys in the course of his remarks. He also urged that the letter was important, as it contained a cheque for a subscription in aid of a postman suddenly ill from overwork in hot weather. Miss GOODHART, a lady of ample means, with no temptations to crime, had carried the letter herself to avoid delay.

Official witnesses from the Post Office stated in cross-examination that an ordinary letter was conveyed from Bayswater to Notting Hill in about 15 hours, an express letter in 14½ hours, and an extra special express letter, with a fee of five shillings, in 14½ hours, supposing that the compressed air motor postal van did not break down on the way, which often happened. In that case the letter would be delivered within three days, but no part of the five shillings would be refunded. A telegram requires nine hours. A message by the electric-magnetic-hydraulic-pneumatic tube, provided the tube is not blocked, can go sometimes in eight hours.

The Magistrate said that these side issues did not in any way diminish the guilt of the prisoner. If persons so abandoned were allowed to break the law with impunity, the British Empire would drift into a condition of complete anarchy resembling that of Germany or Russia. If the Post Office were treated as an institution supported by public money for the public benefit, instead of a magnificent monopoly above all competition, the British Empire would be tottering to its fall. Nevertheless, in view of the prisoner's age, and seeing also that it was her first offence, he was about to inflict an unusually light punishment. She was therefore sentenced to imprisonment, without hard labour, for three calendar months, was ordered to pay a fine of £100, and was bound over to be of good behaviour for fifty years. H. D. B.

### G. E. STRIKE.

(CHORUS—"The Monkey on the Stick.")

COOK! COOK!

Did it all on his own hook,

In a very clever way!

And he wrote to say "The men

Would the Masters meet, till when

Not a word from me, or 'G,'"

"Goodday!"

MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Companion song to CONAN DOYLE'S "Who carries the gun?" will be "How does the gun carry?" appropriate for the shooting season. Perhaps the reply is anticipated in WEATHERBY'S new song "Ever so far away." The patriotic song by CHARLES MACKAY, "There's a Sea!" and "There's Air!"





## HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

## BIG GAME HUNTING.—I.

TIGER SHOOTING IS BEST ENJOYED FROM THE BACK OF AN ELEPHANT. THE BIGGER THE ELEPHANT, THE BETTER.

## LAST OPERA NOTES.

AH, my dear *Barber of Seville*! Welcome, thrice welcome on this tropical night! Light airs refresh us! The sweet melodies of ROSSINI soothe us, enchant us, and bring back some of the very happiest memories of our earliest operatic evenings. Immortal work! Our "heart weighed down by weight of" WAGNER; we drop into poetry and sing—

Wear of WAGNER, MEYERBEER, PUCCINI,  
We welcome sweet, melodious ROSSINI.

From the very first chorus to the very last note, it is all delightful, and delightful in every part. Never for one instant dull, never heavy. All the performing vocalists are singing, saying or doing something that adds to the complications, creates laughter, and develops the plot. A model of a comic opera! Ah, if only all the artistes would play it without clowning! Why degrade genuine light comedy into pantomimic farce? Let us take the goods the gods provide and be very thankful that MELBA is as sprightly a *Rosina* as any young lady of Spain not yet out of her teens could be, and singing so admirably, so perfectly, that not one young lady of Spain, or Italy, or Australia, whether still in her teens or out of them, in a thousand, could come within measurable distance of her. The part, as far as acting goes, suits MELBA: it is sprightly fun, it is intrigue, and she thoroughly enjoys it.

Mr. BENSAUDE is stiff as *Figaro*; he can't skip about naturally, his facial expression is limited, and, though his singing is of the best, yet his tongue refuses to wag rapidly enough for the Ah, Bravo, *Figaro*, while his legs and hands are not those of the nimble dancing barber. Mdle. BAUERMEISTER is charming as *Bertha* (with a song), but too bad of that great big six-foot Basso boy EDOUARD DE RESZKE, as *Basilio*, to romp

about with the fragile little woman all over the stage as if he were a hobbledehoy home for the holidays, and ready for a lark with the nurse or the lady's maid. The performance of Signor BALDELLI, as *Bartolo* was the nearest approach to the requirements of comedy, and his singing was excellent. As for Signor DE LUCIA, his singing as *Count Almaviva*, if not so honey-sweet as the serenade and the love music demand, is otherwise perfect; it is not his fault if he is not the ideal Count; *Almavivas* are born, not made; and can't be "made up." MELBA sang "the mad scene" from *Lucia*, probably as a compliment to Signor LUCIA, who applauded it heartily, and joined with Signor BALDELLI (who justified his name by having his wig removed) in the general enthusiastic request for an encore.

"Sing it again! Sing it ag'n!  
You sang it so sweetly,  
Oh, sing it again!"

Whereupon Madame MELBA, gracefully complying with the spirit but not with the letter of the request, sat down at the piano, and to her own accompaniment, gave us TOSTI's "Mattinata," which, though, as its name implies, a song specially written for *matinées*, would have been most acceptable on this occasion, had it not been preceded by the brilliant song of Sir WALTER SCOTT's lunatic heroine. Everybody delighted with entire performance, and MANCINELLI happy.

MOZART's *Giovanni* was down for Friday, and Monday, the 30th, was announced as the last night. *Sic transit gloria Monday*, "which likewise is the end of" *opere omnia* at Covent Garden. Fly away, song-birds, and return with the spring.

MOST REFRESHING FRUIT IN THIS TROPICAL WEATHER.—  
"Currents—of air."



## A PROPHET'S PROFITS.

MADAME ANGELICA was charged at Bowstring Police Court with fortune-telling. According to an advertisement, she was "a well-known Oriental lady from the land of mysticism."

*The Magistrate.* This is not a very definite address.

Continuing, Counsel said that this lady professed to find lost property, unearth hidden mysteries, make hair grow on the handle of an umbrella, detect crime, or make sense out of a South Eastern Railway Time Table. On one occasion, a housewife consulted her as to the direction in which the rabbit-pie had gone, when the prophetess at once named Constable B. & S. 621, XX Division, as the culprit: on another, she correctly indicated the fate which had overtaken a gentleman convicted of wilful murder. By means of a guinea fee (paid strictly in advance) the mystic had been making an income of about fifteen hundred a year—there was no mystery about that. Counsel then said that he would read a few hundred letters—

*The Magistrate.* Not if I know it!

Then, in that case, he would at once proceed to call his first witness, ALEXIS MACFOODLE.

ALEXIS MACFOODLE said that for no earthly reason that he knew of, except that he wanted a job, he consulted the Sage. He was a young man himself, and as one of the young 'uns, he thought it well to have the Sage and young 'uns mixed—

The Magistrate here observed that this was most irrelevant, whereupon the witness, with fine sarcasm, told the magistrate that he was another. Witness, continuing, said that prisoner did not wish to see his hand. It was rather dirty, and that might have been the reason. The mystic advised him not to put his head anywhere within reach of a prize-fighter's fist; to wear flannel next to his skin, and go to church twice on Sundays. Madame said, "I see water at your feet: this means that you had better go out and get some whiskey to mix with it." She also said that if he carried out his intention of going to Australia, there was a long voyage before him. The mystic added that he, witness, would receive a picture of one of his ancestors shortly, and that if he put his foot through it, it would lose considerably in value. She wound up by saying that talking was thirsty work, and a "gin and ginger" would just about fill the bill.

At this stage the learned magistrate observed that he had heard enough. There would be nothing of a mystic nature in his sentence, which was that the Oriental must part with twenty-five of the best, or remain for a period of one calendar.

## THE SNAWKLE.

*A Fisherman's Story.*

YES! Fishing's a subject I know lots about—

Not snaring of salmon nor fooling of trout,  
Nor pulling out gudgeon, when weather is fine,

Nor playing a pike with a rod and a line:  
E'en fishing for cod, when the day's rather rough,

I candidly own it is not good enough—  
But fishing that's sport is delightful to me;

When Snawkle-fish flash in the Glamorous Sea!

Away in the North—No, I won't tell you where—

Is the sea I have named, with its keen biting air:

Where Snawkle-fish love to meander and play,

And leap, dash, and flounder in search of their prey.



"Haul at Sea!"

With hook like a butcher's and bait like a buoy,

And wire-rope tackle you're bound to employ,

With knives and revolvers 'tis possible we

May catch a stray Snawkle in Glamorous Sea!

He's covered with bristles as thick as a hog;

He blows like a grampus and barks like a dog:

With fin like a foresail and teeth like a shark,

And eyes like port-lanterns that gleam in the dark!

The fiercest of fishes that e'er was afloat,  
He'll bite off your arm or will eat up your boat;

Your lot will be sad, if you happen to be  
Alone with the Snawkle on Glamorous Sea!

The last one I caught it was glorious fun;  
Three miles of the line he took out at a run,

Then quickly returning and howling with pain,

He rushed at the boatman again and again!

He turned the boat over, flung us in the wet:

A battle ensued that I ne'er shall forget.  
I pulled out my pistol! Ere you could

count three,

The Snawkle lay dead in the Glamorous Sea!

## OUR TRAVEL BUREAU.

(Hints to intending Holiday-makers, re Desirable Countries to Visit, and their Respective Attractions.)

*Switzerland.*—Alpine accident season just begun. Glaciers in fine form.

*Turkey.*—Celebration of Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Sultan's Accession. Armenian thanksgivings. Effendis, whose salaries are in arrear, bastinadoed for not having money to contribute to festivities. Inauguration of University at Stamboul. Suspension of Professors. Expulsion of Students. Fireworks. Dynamite. Young Turkey Party. Great Sack Dive in Bosphorus. Sensational Bowstring Act. Effigy of Mr. Punch publicly burned on occasion of the Selamlık.

*Italy.*—Trial of 330 Sardinian brigands. Facilities for investigating operations of Mafia in Sicily. Absence of organ-grinders (all having professional engagements in London). Freedom from tune of "Absent-minded Beggar."

*Spain.*—Riots at Barcelona—opening for special correspondent or pavement contractor. Interview with perpetuator of buried Spanish treasure yarn.

*South Africa.*—Not taking any, till the autumn at any rate.

*China.*—Taking still less. Not a health resort at present.

*Great Britain.*—Excellent locality for the study of the American language and manners, especially at Alexandra Park, Shaftesbury Avenue, and Stratford-on-Avon. Occasionally an aboriginal Englishman can be met with, but such are gradually being ousted by Russian Jews, Swiss and other cosmopolitan immigrants.

A. A. S.

## PEN-SYLVANIANS.

THE *Daily Telegraph* speaking of the members of the Lady-Writers Association, calls them "nymphs of the pen." This expression strikes us as being very sweet and even poetical. We can fancy the fair journalists making Fleet Street beautiful, as they trip from one Pierian spring to another, deftly piercing the hearts of the susceptible male editors with well poised goosequills and flashing Birmingham nibs. Hitherto we have never regarded Minerva as a nymph, but in future we shall look upon her, as more or less of the pen-sylvanian school.





### THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

*Postman.* "HERE, I SAY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE? A LETTER? HAND IT OVER TO ME. YOU'RE MUCH TOO SMART, YOU ARE."  
*Mr. Punch.* "WHAT A SHAME! WHY CAN'T YOU LET THE BOY ALONE, AND DELIVER YOUR OWN LETTERS PUNCTUALLY?"



## DARBY JONES ON GOODWOOD.

HONoured SIR,—Silence, like a public-house tumbler, is made to be broken. This simile may not strike your Magnificent. Yourself reposing, no doubt, under the shade of the Oriental Ice Plant, and fanned by breezes of a Perpetual Punkah, but it is a crystallised fact. His Grace of RICHMOND and GORDON is one of those representative Peers whose ancestry dates back to the Reckless Days of King CHARLES II., a Monarch who promoted horse racing for the good of the Newmarket Ditch, to which we all doff our Tam o'Shanters and Sombreros. But, back to our Southdown Muttons, who browse in birdless groves—not ditches. The Cup is the goblet desired by all Sportsmen because it costs comparatively 0, and means a Great Deal. Waking my Muse, who has been taking Sulphurial Tabloids during the Frying Pan Period, I chortle:

The *Happy Sailor* has a chance  
The *Landlord* well to beat;  
The *Mighty Arc's* electric dance  
May make the *Dalesman* "great."  
But *Liverpudlian vis-a-vis*  
The *Foresters* should grass,  
And *Second Noddy* going free  
Conceded grace won't pass.

I perceive, Venerated Sir, that Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE is at a loss to Nomenclature (word registered) a remarkable School of Young Turfites. I am not much of a godfather, but if Sir J. B. M. will accept some of my Impromptu Suggestions, they are at his service. Here is the list of beauties and my Euchrisma.

Bay filly by Common—Priestess. Druidess.  
Bay filly by Common—Simons Bay. Simony.  
Bay filly by Common—Minting Queen. Copper Pyx.  
Bay filly by Common—Omladina. Sherbert.  
Bay filly by Common—Blue Mark. Washerwoman.  
Chestnut filly by Persimmon—Mazurka. Blue Hongroise.  
Bay filly by Florizel II.—Schism. Split.  
Bay filly by Florizel II.—Bonny Rose. Sweet Petal.  
Chestnut filly by Isinglass—Honey Cup. Jellybag.  
Bay filly by Royal Hampton—Superba. Royal Pride.  
Bay colt by Persimmon—Siffleuse. Persiflage.  
Bay colt by Persimmon—Barbette. En Bloc.  
Black colt by Royal Hampton or Childwick—La Gloria. Wise Child.  
Bay colt by Royal Hampton—Lightfoot. Royal Rout.  
Bay colt by Royal Hampton—Blondina. Sir Peter Lely.  
Chestnut colt by Royal Hampton—Rosybrook. Redsea.  
Bay gelding by Royal Hampton—Donova. Queen's Visit.

Such, honoured Sir, are my humble endeavours to ease sponsors at the Equine Font of the magnate of St. Albans. That the Maple may be syrupy as of yore is the Heartfelt Hope of

Your Incorruptible Satellite,

DARBY JONES.

## "THE LUNATIC, THE LOVER."

["M. MAURICE DE FLEURY, a Parisian nerve specialist, declares that love is a mania to be put in the same category as alcoholism."—*Daily Paper*.]

SWEETHEART, the spell is broken,  
The bond that bound us cracks,  
For hark! the sage hath spoken  
Whose wisdom nothing lacks;  
And he hath stated clearly  
That we who love so dearly  
Are—dare I breathe it?—merely  
Demented maniacs.

This hunger and this craving,  
This longing for my fair,  
Is nothing but a raving  
Insanity, he'll swear.  
Well, well; but then, if we, love,  
Are mad, I'd rather be, love,  
A lunatic with thee, love,  
Than sane with Monsieur there.

## MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.



A Chinese Loving Cup of extremely doubtful design. Believed to belong to the Dowager Empress of China.

DEMORALISING EFFECT OF 90° IN THE SHADE.—"Bathing" says the Bournemouth correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* "is at its height" . . . "Practically mixed bathing is winked at though not allowed by the regulations" . . . Fancy the sort of "winking at" the bathing which has become a bit "mixed" must excite! Where it is allowed by the regulations, as at any "bathing station" abroad, there is no "winking" and nothing to wink at. But when, as at Bournemouth, or at any bathing place on the prim English coast, bathing *en famille* is NOT permitted, then any infringement of the law becomes at once a trifle "risky." What trash! Allow it, or forbid it. But no "winking," if you please.

TROPICAL HEAT! CONGESTED TRAFFIC IN LONDON STREETS.—The only blocks welcome now are Blocks of Ice.

## "WHERE TO GO."

No. III.

I WENT on to Oldborough, but there was no accommodation at the price we wanted, and feeling very hungry and being unsuccessful in discovering any cheap restaurant, I was obliged to have my meal at the Hotel Grand. I addressed the waiter (a German) with great firmness. I said, "Waiter, I don't want a lot of dishes, I am not hungry"—that was not true; "I want one thing only." He suggested lobster and salad, which I thought an excellent idea. He brought a lobster which was about four times as big as a prawn, which I had no difficulty in consuming, and, as I was saving over the food, I indulged in a small bottle of hock, 2s. The waiter then brought some cutlets and peas. I waved my hand, and said, "I couldn't touch it" (that was not true). In a subdued voice, he confidentially remarked that there would be nothing more to pay. So I replied, in that case, that I would have a cutlet. The same rule applied to some hot chicken and bacon, and a gooseberry tart.

I told the waiter I was looking out for a nice quiet sea-side place, and told him of the different places I had visited. He said "Oh, yes, excursion places, trippers, roughs; there's none of that element here, there's no pier to attract them. We have a different class. We see the same faces year after year." I sympathised with him as to the monotony, but said that if they were good-looking faces, it didn't so much matter.

To my horror, the bill for my dinner was 11s. 6d. I expostulated with the lady at the office, who said it was the usual price for the *table d'hôte*, and that I had ordered a lobster, which was a special dish.

I paid the bill and gave the waiter sixpence, which he politely handed me back and told me to give it to the war fund.

In the train coming home I totted up what I had spent in this cheap manner of looking out for a likely place for our holiday, and to my astonishment found that I had spent over £10, so I fear our holiday will have to be curtailed by a fortnight.

I'm thinking of going to the Norfolk Broads. By the way, what is a Norfolk Broad? Can you assist me? Yours, etc.,  
"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

DE-TECK-TED?—"An appointment," says the *Daily News*, "which looks like the removal of an officer from active service at the front" is that of Captain his Serene Highness Prince FRANCIS OF TECK, to be employed in "the Remount Department." Hope the name is of good omen and that he will set up again.





"ERE'S YOUR WERRY GOOD 'EALTH, SIR!

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### IX.—THE MR. DOOLEY SECTION.

AUGUST 1ST TO 5TH.—"I hear-r they'se a gr-reat chanst iv a Gin'ral Diss'lution if th' weath'r on'y kapes on," says th' Sierety iv th' Lib'ral Cork's, in conference with th' Cla-ark iv th' Meech'rollogy Departmint. "They was a plat'f'm onst again th' war-r, but 'tis broke," says he, "an' th' Lib'ral Parthy 's f'r paintin' itsel'f thrue kha-arky. Ivery candydade 's got t' be a sojer or a sailor or a war-r cor-r'spondhont or ilse a horap't'l orderly," says he. Cap. LAMB'D'N 's r-runnin' f'r Newcastle on th' Dimmyeratic tick't; an' th' champeen BADHEN POLE 'll swape th' boord at Hyde Park Cor-rner, th' hotbed iv th' ray-acshun'ry il'ment," says he; "unless he furrst ascinds to th' House iv Payrs," says he. "Th' ole counthry 'll be re-crooted fr'm th' Mull'gan Gyards, an' th' iliction expinses paid be a sprinklin' iv pathrites fr'm th' Ph'lippeens. 'Tis pity th't th' wan Lib'ral Mimber at th' Front 's pr'vinted fr'm attindin' be th' call iv jooty," says he. "I dinnaw what 'll be th' price iv a loan iv a Lion's Skin or a Rid Insign, but they'se a tur-rble sthrain on th' ma-ark't alriddy, an' th' German houses onable t' ex'cute fur-rther ordhers f'r th' prisint," says he.

6TH, 7TH.—"Me an' me frind fr'm Poort Ar-rth'r 'll conthroll th' lines iv commun'cation be rail an thug t' Paykin," says the Frinch Gin'ral. "I 'll not have Adm'r'l SAYMORE intherfeerin' with th' wurruk iv th' thransp't syst'm," says he. "Let th' spalpeen thread on th' tail iv me choon'e," says he, "an' th' distruction iv th' har-rmony iv th' Conc'rt 'll be on th' hid iv 'm. Fash-shooda!" says he.

8TH, 9TH.—"An' what 'll be th' name iv ye'er new wather-choobe boilers?" says th' Pos'mast'r-Gin'ral.

"Bellvill," says th' Fur-rst Lord iv th' Adm'r-lty.

"An' a fine proshpect f'r th' public," says LOND'NDHERRY, "if they'se annything in a name," says he.

"An' what might be th' addhriss iv ye'er new sorthin' off'ce," says Mr. GOOSH'N.

"Mount Plisant," says LOND'NDHERRY.

"'Tis another fine proshpect f'r th' public," says Mr. GOOSH'N.

10TH TO 14TH.—"I 'll not have conser-ription," says th' Undher Sierety iv War-r. "'Tis a free counthry," says he, "an' not wan iv thim slave-dhrivin' European monno-polies," says he. "It 's mesilf th't 's all f'r kindness an' th' Volunth'ry syst'm," he says. "They'se a power iv good Threes'ry goold been squandhered on th' Orxill'ry For-rees, an' they done splendid," says he. "But it 's mighty onconvenient f'r th' Sthrateejans not t' know what la-ads they have t' dipind upon t' fight f'r th' flag again th' naygers," says he, "whin th' squaze comes all iv a suddint," says he. "I 'd have voluntheerin' made com-puls'ry, same 's th' Rig'lars; so 's ye may know whar y' ar-re," says he. "It 'd be conthrairy t' th' undherlyin' princ'ples iv th' sarv'ce," says Mr. ARN'L FORSTH'R. "An' a sop t' Cerbeerius," says SORR HINNERY, "t' give thim th' chanst t' elane the'er dirthy lin'n in privat," says he. "If I 'd on'y known," says th' Undher Sierety iv War-r, "th't me proposh'l 'd cause offince, I 'd 've dhropped it b'fore I took it up," says he. An' he dhropped it.

15TH, 16TH.—"Chiny 's me thrue frind," says the Rooshian Cza-ar; "an' fr'm what I r-read in th' free Press iv me counthry," he says, "th' other gr-reat Powers 're blazin' jeal's iv me succiss in that quarther," says he. "Don't tell me th't th' Chiny Impress 's a monsther iv ingratitude," says he; "though be all appearance she dis-sembles her afflictions. Is't war-r again Sibeery th't she 's afther makin'?" says he. "An' she may that," says he, "an' never do a betther day's wurruk f'r us," says he.

17TH TO 19TH.—"I 'll not intertain th' disthressfull dillygates on mass," says th' Chairm'n iv th' Gr-reat East'n Comp'ny. "Lave thim come be twos an' threes," says he "an' I 'll dishecourse with thim sip'rate," says he. "'Tis a livin' wage they'se shtrikin' for, is it? An' how manny times will I till ye





Mrs. Brown. "WELL, I MUST BE GOING IN A MINUTE."

Mr. B. "WHAT FOR?"

Mrs. B. "WHY, I FORGOT TO ORDER THE FISH FOR DINNER."

th't th' livin' wage 's not th' concern iv th' Comp'ny, nor th' gin'ral con-vanience iv the public nayther," says he; "it's th' inthrests iv th' div'dhends," says he, "same's a Sugar Thrust. They'se some 'd have us ray-form th' thrack," says he, "an' elane out th' ca-ars, an' mop up th' dirt iv Fenchurch St. Depot, an' sim'lar couns'ls iv per-faction. What nixt?" says he.

20TH—23RD.—"An' what 'll all th' flags mane," says I, "an' th' red tape an' th' pathriotic choones an' thransparencies? Is't th' new christ'nin iv Praytoory, or th' jub'lee iv Pa-ardy-berg; or have they caught anny wan on th' inside iv a kyordon?" says I.

"They have not," says a mumber iv the polis; "'tis just a ca-arn'v'l 'n aid iv th' funds," says he.

"An' what funds?" says I.

"F'r th' ray-construction iv th' War-r Off'ce," says he.

"An' what 's wrong with the wurruks?" says I.

"I dinnow," says he. "B't I hear th't th' Gin'rails 're s'lected f'r fam'ly raysons," says he; "an' th' guns not sighted sthaight, an' th' mount'n in-f'nthry walkin' f'r want iv ca-ars," says he.

"'Tis a tur-rble on-ditemint," says I, "an' I hope ye 'll thrun 'em out."

"I hope that," says he.

"An' will ye dhrink t' th' disthraction iv th' syst'h'm?" says I.

"I will," says he.

24TH TO 28TH.—"Were ye iver in a sha-am fight 't Aldershott?" says I, t' a Corp'ral iv th' Inn'skillin's fr'm th' front.

"I was," says he.

"An' does't bear anny ray-sim-blance to th' field iv ca-arnage?" says I.

"Savin' thransp't an' th' sunstroke, it does not," says he.

"Do they dhress y' up f'r it?" says I.

"In invis'ble rid," says he.

"An' do they not larn ye to take cover?" says I.

"'Twud be playin' hide-'n-sake on a golf green," says he.

"An' is they niver an ambushcade?" says I.

"Divvle a wan," says he, "with both parthies knowin' ivery inch iv th' ground be hear-rt, an' th' nixt move rig'lated be th' Gover'mint rools," says he.

"Have y' no wurrud iv difinse f'r th' syst'h'm?" says I.

"'Tis a gr-rand thrainin' f'r bein' kilt," says he. "Thru'e f'r ye; they'se not anny better matarial th'n th' British inf'nthry be rayson iv the-er cour'ge an' dog-headness; but 'tis th' insthruetion th't makes thim th' finest ta-arg't in th' wurrud," says he.

29TH TO 31ST.—"Have ye anny notion iv th' Far-r East'n question," says O'LEARY.

"I have," says I; "but 'tis inthr'cate. Fur-rst, ye see, they'se th' Boxers. Thim's pathrites," says I, "same's th' Moon-lighters; an' be that token, th' Chiny Gover'mint's again thim, an' thrates thim's in'mies. But they'se both again th' furrin divvles, an' 'tis why th' Chiny Gover'mint thrates thim's frinds. An' th' 'lied Powers 're frinds with th' Chiny Gover'mint whin it's again th' pathrites; an' in'mies whin it's not again thim; an' 'twud shoot th' Powers fine t' be frinds again th' common in'my," says I, "if on'y they wasn't nath'ral-bor-rn in'mies iv wan another fr'm th' commincemint," says I.

"Ye follow me argyments?" says I.

"I do," says he; "an' the poor down-throdden crayther has me thrue symp'thy."

"Who's that?" says I.

"Th' Sult'n, iv coorse," says he.

O. S.

#### A FABLE.

A COMPANY of children found A bold cock-sparrow on the ground, And laid their plans with careful thought So that the sparrow might be caught. Lines of attack with skill they trace, And draw a cordon round the place. One faced the bird, devoid of fear, One fortified a kopje near, One, finding thus the foe at fault, Approached the sparrow's rear with salt, When suddenly, to their surprise, Away the "slim" cock-sparrow flies.

#### MORAL.

When cordons round the Boers you draw, Ponder these maxims: "Rats can gnaw," "Don't count your chicks before you hatch them," And "To cook hares you first must catch them."



## THE WASHING UP.

["New Australia, the socialist colony, which started with such lofty ideals, has gone to pieces upon the extremely vulgar question who was to do the washing up."—*Sydney Bulletin*.]

To live for others, sinking self,  
And deeming all the things of earth,  
Rank, title, glory, honours, pelf  
As nothing worth;  
To share alike one common lot—  
So, so we thought to drink the cup  
Of happiness. Ah! we forgot  
The washing up.

The dignity of labour—thus  
The burden of our chorus ran—  
This, this alope should stamp for us  
The nobleman;  
All should be equal, so they worked;  
But ah! when we would dine or sup,  
We all invariably shirked  
The washing up.

To take his brother by the hand,  
And lead him on to higher states,  
Was each man's wish. But none could  
stand  
The greasy plates.  
Some even whispered, "Why not leave  
Them on the ground? Some hungry pup  
Will like them clean, and so achieve  
The washing up."

Ah me! that such a cause, so vain,  
Should wreck so sweet and fair a dream!  
Well, if we ever try again  
A social scheme  
Where all are equal in our view,  
A maid, non-socialist, shall sup-  
plement our household staff and do  
The washing up.

## TOURIST'S ALPHABET.

**A**miens—if you want to stop short of Paris.

**B**oulogne—if you don't mind the Porte.

**C**alais—if you are satisfied with a good buffet minus anything else.

**D**unkirk—if you know how to get there.

**E**tretat—if you prefer it to Dieppe.

**F**lorence—if you are dissatisfied with your own National Gallery.

**G**eneva—if you propose doing Mont Blanc on a bicycle.

**H**eidelberg—if you are fond of climbing ruins.

**I**reland—if you have never been there before.

**J**amaica—if you have a taste for rum.

**K**iel—if you are in doubt about the sincerity of the Germans.

**L**ucerne—if you like to be personally conducted.

**M**argate—if you prefer good air to "smartness."

**N**aples—if you have not seen enough of it at Earl's Court.

**O**uchy—if you prefer comfort to glacier scaling.

*Mr. Tipkins (who has never even SEEN a Cricket Match, and is suddenly called upon to fill up a gap in Mr. Bilbury's Local Team). "WHERE DO I STAND?"*

*Umpire. "OH—STAND OUT OF THE WAY!"*

[To be continued.]

**P**ersia—if you wish to see how the country is getting on without the Shah.

**Q**uebec—if you desire to see Canada.

**R**ome—if you don't mind the cold damp after night falls.

**S**weden—if you prefer it to Norway.

**T**urin—if you can get no further South.

**U**ig—if your heart is in the Highlands.

**V**erona—if you sympathise with Romeo and Juliet.

**W**iesbaden—if you can dispense with play when taking the cure.

**X**eres—if you care for pure wine.

**Y**okohama—if you went to see something of the Chinese War.

**Z**urich—if partial to the local fair waters.

**WIGS AND CONSERVATIVES.**—Mr. Justice COZENS - HARDY, following the sensible example of Mr. Justice MATTHEW, dashed his wig aside and cooled his noble brow. But the Bar in his Court, unlike the learned barristers in Judge MATTHEW's Court, retained their wigs on their heads. We all know the Irish expression of "Wigs on the Green," but few Saxons understand it. Here was an illustration, for how green they were to keep their wigs on when so good an example had been set by their HARDY Judge.

**HEAVENLY DOGS.**—Skye Terriers.







*Mamma.* "Now go and say GOOD-NIGHT to your GOVERNESS, like a good little girl, and give her a KISS."

*Little Puss.* "I'll say GOOD-NIGHT, but I won't give her a KISS."

*Mamma.* "THAT'S NAUGHTY! WHY won't you give her a KISS?"

*Little Puss.* "BECAUSE SHE SLAPS PEOPLE'S FACES WHEN THEY try to KISS HER."

*Mamma.* "Now, don't talk NONSENSE; but do as YOU'RE TOLD."

*Little Puss.* "WELL, MUMMY, if you don't BELIEVE ME,——ASK PAPA!"

[Tableau.]

### OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

*In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country* (FISHER UNWIN) is a record of travel and discovery in Central Africa. The country is not new, since STANLEY was through it years ago and told the world all about it. Mr. LLOYD went as a Missionary, spending four years and a-half in Uganda and the neighbouring region. He modestly disclaims "pretensions to literary ability," but the manner of telling his story has the best of all literary excellencies, simplicity. His progress was full of adventure through strangest pathways. Happily for the work he was engaged upon Mr. LLOYD is of the class of Christian known as muscular. There is a graphic account of his facing a body of his escort, some seventy strong, bent upon thieving. "I dashed at the man who was leading them," writes the reverend gentleman, "seized him round the waist, and gave him the throw, at the same time bringing my stick down across his bare shoulders. Although he was a man half as big again as myself, and carrying a gun, he was thoroughly cowed." On consideration, the remaining three-score-and-nine thought they wouldn't go a-thieving. Missionaries seem planted out all along the line. As Mr. LLOYD writes of one station he visited, "they could not speak of any very marked results of their work" in the way of converts. What these minute results cost in the way of human suffering and loss of life, Lord SALISBURY will be interested to learn. Of the five hundred porters who started with this particular mission from Zanzibar, not more than twenty-five arrived at Nasa. Their sufferings

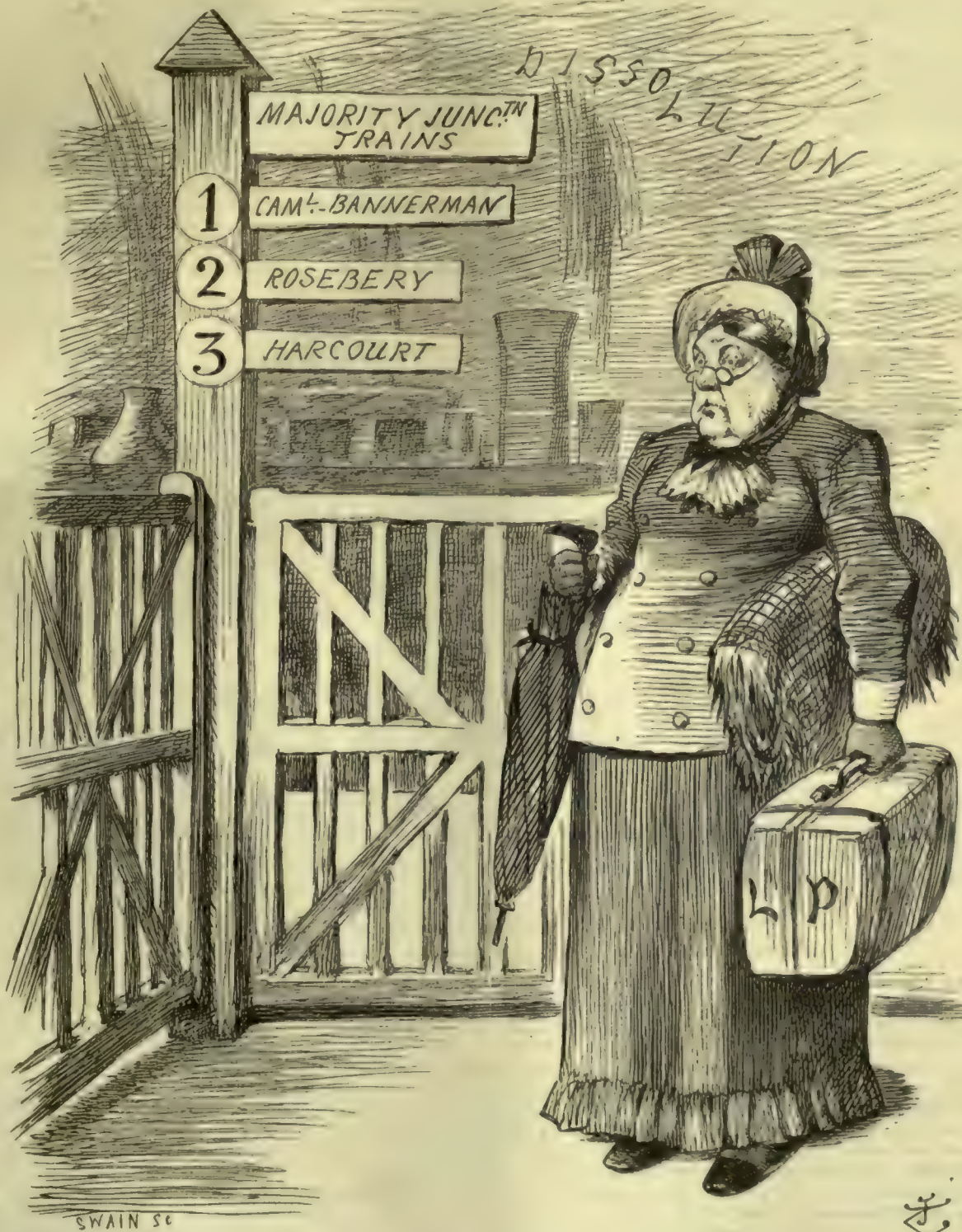
were so terrible, that happier were they who died by the way-side than those who crawled over the last stage of the journey. The value of the book is enhanced by abundance of illustrations from photographs.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HER MAJESTY'S.—In spite of *Hamlet's* having said "Great CÆSAR dead and turned to clay," Mr. BEERBOHM TREE is going to revive him in the autumn. He has also taken Mr. SHAKESPEARE'S Moor for the grouse season and hopes to make some fine bags. We trust these bags will so fill his treasury that he will not be under the necessity of going to the King of the Jews for any temporary assistance. *The King of the Jews* by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS must be a piece of considerable interest, sixty per cent. probably. The King in question, Mr. B. TREE informed his friends, is *Herod the Great*, chief part by Mr. TREE, who will outherod *Herod*. Altogether, fine chance for His Majesty at Her Majesty's perpetrated by one gifted creature and some few talented assistants.

GOOD GRACIOUS, WHAT NEXT!—Imagine the utter astonishment of good Mrs. MUDDLEHEAD on coming suddenly on this line in the *Daily News*—"Mr. Kruger, with the Executive, has visited Balmoral." "Why, then," she exclaimed, "the War's over, and KRUGER'S in the hands of the police and taken before the QUEEN! I do hope——" But here it was pointed out to her that the news came from "Our Own Correspondent" in the Transvaal, and that there were more Balmorals than one.





“SO PERPLEXING!”

OLD LIBERAL PARTY. “OH, DEARY ME! WHICH PLATFORM SHALL I TAKE?”







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 23.—Curious how daily associations affect manner of speech. GEORGE WYNDHAM now been so long at War Office that he quite naturally, in ordinary talk, falls into drill phrases. To-night in Committee on Volunteers Bill, CAWMELL-BANNERMAN having on the second reading approved a particular clause, on further consideration found it iniquitous, and supported opposition led by that famous soldier Captain SINCLAIR.

"I am amazed," said Under Secretary for War, drawing himself up to full height,

pleasantly put the matter in another way.

"You know the old saying, TOBY, which, as Member for Manchester, I am bound to accept, 'What Lancashire thinks to-day, England will say to-morrow.' It's something like this with our genial, really delightful friend opposite. What CAWMELL thinks to-day, BANNERMAN says to-morrow, and vice versa. The arrangement is picturesque and adds a fresh interest to Parliamentary life. But for practical purposes it would be better if the mental process and the consequent action were less remote in point of time.

*Business done.*—Lot of Military Bills advanced on march to Statute Book.

golf links, his right arm supple with practice on the violin, he lightly vaulted across table. About to repeat performance, when became conscious of a glare in the eye of the Lord CHANCELLOR that convinced him he'd better do his fielding round the end of the table. So, when the ceremony of giving Royal Assent to Bills comes on in Lords, the Clerk-Assistant, tightening his belt, literally makes the running.

With thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade, things different. TWEEDMOUTH, who behind a smiling countenance hides strong affection for Lord HALSBURY, to-night endeavoured to bring matters to a head. The deadlock about appointment of third



SIGNS OF APPROACHING DISSOLUTION.

IN FACT, THEY APPEAR TO BE ALREADY RUNNING DOWN TO THEIR CONSTITUENTS.

"at the right-about action executed by the Leader of the Opposition."

The difference between the lay and the military mind is illustrated by this choice of phrase to describe a particular thing. Remember, many years ago, how JOHN BRIGHT protested to a sympathetic House that in particular circumstances of the moment he declined to turn his back upon himself. I fancy happy possessors of back volumes of *Punch*, given away by the *Times* with a cup of tea, will find a sketch of the Radical Leader of those far-off days vainly endeavouring to execute the manoeuvre described. As put by GEORGE WYNDHAM, late Lieutenant in the Coldstreams, the movement 'easy enough. Much fear the remark not kindly meant: designed to insinuate that C.-B. belongs to the tribe of REUBEN. PRINCE ARTHUR

House of Lords, Tuesday.—In ordinary weather very well for the Clerk-Assistant in Lords to double part of the Reading Clerk. On the stage such devices are common enough. Indeed, if thermometer is at normal point, and Clerk-Assistant in pretty fair fettle, the situation has its compensation. To stand at one side of the table and, in the capacity of Reading Clerk, recite the names of Bills awaiting Royal Assent, thereafter to run round end of table, come up smiling at other side, and pretend to be Clerk-Assistant or Clerk of Parliaments, declaring "*La Reine le veult*," is welcome exercise, varying the sedentary character of the afternoon's work.

When necessity first presented itself, the Assistant Clerk, being still lithe, a member of the Zingari, familiar with the

Clerk at the table of Lords is due to LORD CHANCELLOR. He, following familiar kindly instincts, proposed, in the absence of blood relations (all provided for) to induct into snug office a personal retainer. The Peers, who will stand much of that kind of thing, stuck at this particular proposal. Select Committee, considering whole question of House of Lords' offices, recommended that much-prized vacancies at Table should be filled by promotion from Committee Clerks. To that end proposed that appointment of Reading Clerk should be vested in Clerk of Parliaments.

"Oh, no, you don't," said LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR, of course in more judicial language. "It is one of my many statutory perquisites. You may, in spite of the proverb, get a bone out of a dog's mouth. If you get me to give up any



shred of my patronage, my name never was HARDINGE GIFFARD. You take my man as Reading Clerk, or go without."

Noble Lords, not to be intimidated by hardship entailed on two clerks—who, throughout Session, have had to perform the work of three—declined to approve LORD CHANCELLOR's latest little job. Staff of Clerks at Table has accordingly through Session been reduced by one-third. When batches of Bills come over for Royal Assent, noble Lords have had opportunity of seeing what a member of I Zingari can do when a ball is, so to speak, hit for four to square leg.

To-night TWEEDMOUTH, saying what everybody else thinks, that this sort of thing has gone on long enough, moved that the appointment to the vacancy should be made by Clerk of Parliaments. LORD CHANCELLOR climbed down with ingenious minimising of apparent descent. Proposed that LORD CHIEF JUSTICE should nominate Clerk, promising to complete appointment.

*Business done.*—Commons spent sultry night with Companies Bill.

*Thursday.*—C.-B., rising to put prosaic question about order of business, startled by burst of cheering behind him. Began above gangway; ran along benches below it, till whole pack in full cry. Very nice in its way; but poor compensation for what happened yesterday. On Colonial vote whole question of necessity, conduct, and policy of war in S. Africa raised. LLOYD-GEORGE sums up, in a phrase, situation from his point of view.

"You went into South Africa for philanthropy," he says, "and stayed for burglary."

That all very well for a Welshman. On some subjects TAFFY, according to the old doggel, speaks with authority. Different in case of WILFRID LAWSON, who hails his gallant countrymen, fighting for the Empire in South Africa as freebooters, burglars, filibusters, and Boxers. By way of emphasising his peace-loving remarks, moved reduction of vote. C.-B., emphatically declining to associate himself with the patriotic Cumberland Baronet, would not vote for amendment. Not less disinclined to join in vote of confidence in DON JOSÉ, cannot support motion. Accordingly abstains from division lobby.

That may be right or wrong, wise or foolish. Anyhow, it was the deliberate decision of the titular Leader of the Opposition, presumably taken in concert with colleagues on Front Bench, and approved by rank and file. C.-B.'s speech preluded by affecting scene. BOB REID flinging his arms round his neck, straining him to his manly bosom, declared that he was his only leader. Drying his eyes, BOB proceeded to announce that he intended to vote directly against his only Leader, whose conduct in refraining from sup-

porting WILFRID LAWSON's motion laid him open to suspicion of being a freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar, and a Boxer to boot.

Pretty well, to begin with. Immediately after EDWARD GREY, rising from side of revered Leader, announced that he should support the Government in the division lobby. Lest C.-B. should plume himself with reflection that he might at least be right in one direction BRYCE rose from his other side, and protested that he was



"THE DEVOUT LOVER"

(Sir R-b-rt R-d.)

"It is not mine to sing the stately grace,  
The great soul beaming in my Leader's face.

But mine it is to follow in his train,  
Do his behests in pleasure or in pain:  
Burn at his altar Love's sweet frankincense,  
And go and vote while he sits on the fence!"

going to vote for the amendment. There being by this time nothing left in the way of pathway for mutiny, the Leader of the Opposition walked out without voting; EDWARD GREY went into the "Aye" lobby; BRYCE and BOB REID into the "No" lobby. If there had been a fourth course presenting opportunity for flouting the Leader, other of his colleagues would have taken it. As it was, they divided themselves among these three ways.

Pretty to see DON JOSÉ's smile as he watched the scene.

"Nice preparation this for a General Election, don't you think, *cher* TOBY?" he said. "United in their detestation of me, in everything else they are divided."

*Business done.*—Indian Budget brought in.

FOR THIS RELIEF—HOORAY!—Thermometer up to 95 . . . going down a bit . . . then a breeze through open doors—in at windows—"There's air!"

## TO PHYLLIS.

(In Summery Attire.)

O PHYLLIS, cynics of to-day

Have—what I'm more than half afraid is  
Sometimes their due—hard things to say  
About the ladies!

For ways all dark and tricks most vain,  
Heathen-Chinee-like not a few are,  
But, PHYLLIS, gladly I explain,  
How different you are!

You're frank and true, I must believe,  
You're one of those *que fraude carent*,  
You've nothing hidden up your sleeve!  
You're quite transparent!

## THE HEAT OF THE ARGUMENT.

[“During the hot weather some of the Judges dispensed with their Wigs.”—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—Court in Royal Palace of Justice.

PRESENT—Bench and Bar. TIME—When the Sun is most Powerful.

Judge. Really, gentlemen, as I find that the glass now touches eighty-two, I think we may dispense with our wigs and robes.

Senior Member of the Bar. As your Lordship pleases.

[The Bench and Bar disrobe.]

A.Q.C. My Lord, permit me to make an application. My clients in the well of the Court would feel greatly refreshed if they were permitted to remove their coats.

Judge. A very proper suggestion, and one I shall myself adopt. There can be no possible objection to sitting in our shirt sleeves.

[Further disrobing occurs.]

Pleading Counsel. And now, my Lord, to return to the application before your Lordship. I do not understand the affidavit of my client. No doubt he was affected by the heat that at present prevails, when he swore it.

Judge. Quite so—a very reasonable explanation of a rather unusual admission. And now as I notice that the glass has reached 84, I think we may go so far as to remove our waistcoats.

Members of the Bar. As your Lordship pleases. [Further disrobing occurs.]

Judge. You say you do not understand your client's affidavit. I am not surprised that in this hot weather you should have been superficially instructed, or failed to show your customary power of comprehension. If you cannot understand it, I fear I cannot assist you. But I will take the matter into consideration. And now, as the glass has risen to 85, and we have gone as far as we can, with safety, in the direction of obtaining relief by disrobing, I think we may follow the glass's excellent precedent. The glass has risen—the court will also rise. I will take the case occupying our attention to-morrow. Those interested may appear in costumes suitable to the temperature. For myself, I shall deliver my decision—from a shower bath. [Scene closes in upon the glass reaching 92].





LEC LANGTON was wandering uneasily about his chambers in the Temple in a

state of some mental agitation. The reason for

his restlessness was a sufficiently commonplace one. His "Laundress" had decreed that his windows required cleaning, and an unknown man was even then poised perilously on the window ledge playing a wash-leather. But the "Laundress" was nowhere to be found. Could he leave his chambers unprotected, to the ravages of a mechanic?

Had they been ordinary chambers, meagrely furnished with a few bachelor necessities, he might have done so. But LANGTON was a virtuoso; his small—but, he believed, judicious—collection of china and bric-a-brac was very precious to him. A silver cream-jug, *temp.* CHARLES I. shone on his oak dresser. A little bronze hawk damascened in gold stood on his mantelpiece, with some of Netsuke's exquisite ivory figures, while he had one or two really valuable coins. What if the grotesque figure in its shirtsleeves, now engaged in polishing his windows, should appropriate any of these in his absence. The thought was unendurable.

He examined the window-cleaner critically from this point of view. Did he look like a person who was likely to plunder the rooms of a confiding employer? LANGTON had to confess he did not. Respectability was stamped on every line of his features, on every crease in his well-worn black trousers. With his white hair and his mild brown eyes, he looked almost venerable. But then appearances might be deceptive. What was to be done?

LANGTON was not an idle man. On the contrary, his mornings were busy. It was not easy for him to devote one of them exclusively to the task of keeping an eye on a window-cleaner. And it was already half-past eleven. At such a crisis, the presence of his "Laundress" would have been invaluable. Mrs. CRISPER was entirely trustworthy. She would, he felt

sure, have guarded his possessions like an elderly lioness. Why did she not come?

He would give her ten more minutes. Meantime, it was only prudent to lock up the more obviously valuable of his treasures. China and Netsuke would have no attractions for a window-cleaner, but the bronze hawk and the silver cream jug of the time of CHARLES I. might arouse his cupidity. He would lock them up in a cupboard.

He proceeded to do so, glancing the while suspiciously at the window-cleaner; but that venerable person seemed absorbed in his task, and did not raise his eyes. With a sigh of relief LANGTON turned once more to his chambers and surveyed them impartially, wondering what else it would be expedient for him to secrete. His eye fell on the beautiful gold medal which reposed in an open leather case on his bureau. Why had he been so careless as to leave it open? It was obviously gold and, therefore, to a window-cleaner, obviously worth stealing. What if the man had noticed it already?

Swiftly, almost furtively, he stole towards the bureau, seized the case and bore it towards the cupboard.

"You're quite right to put that away, Sir," said a gentle voice from the window.

LANGTON swung round almost as if he had been detected in a theft.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said you were quite right to put that away," returned the window-cleaner, swinging his leg over the ledge and coming into the room. The outside half of his task was done.

"Er . . . yes," said LANGTON, nervously.

"It is a beautiful piece," continued the other in his gentle, melancholy voice. "A very beautiful piece. Rare too."

"It is unique," said LANGTON, the enthusiasm of the collector overcoming the fears of the owner.

"I noticed it this morning as soon as I came," replied the window-cleaner, politely. "I congratulate you, Sir."

"Do you know anything of medals?" asked LANGTON.

"A little," answered the other modestly.

In the presence of a brother connoisseur, LANGTON's fears vanished. How he had wronged this respectable working man!



The medal was unique, but so was the window-cleaner who could appreciate it.

"Would you care to examine it?" he said, holding it out. "It was struck by WILLIAM OF ORANGE when he assumed the English crown. The motto is '*Non rapui sed recepi*.'"

"I remember," said the old man, "Dean Swift said of it 'the receiver is as bad as the thief.'"

The story was new to LANGTON, who relished it greatly. It gave an added interest to his treasure.

"But you were going to put it away," the window-cleaner suggested.

LANGTON blushed. "I thought, perhaps, . . ." he stammered.

"You were quite right, Sir," said the man, replying to his unspoken thought. "In such cases one cannot be too careful."

"Things are so apt to get lost," said LANGTON, apologetically, as he placed it in his cupboard.

The window-cleaner turned to his work again, and LANGTON once more surveyed his room. Another medal in a case lay on a bracket by the fireplace. He closed the case with a snap and was about to place it with the other.

"I hardly think I should trouble about that one," observed the window-cleaner, who had his back towards him and was now busily engaged on polishing the inside of the panes.

"I beg your pardon!" said LANGTON, swinging round again.

"Not at all," returned the other, gently.

"Why do you think I need not trouble about this one?" asked the collector fiercely.

"I have examined it with some care," said the window-cleaner. "It is a forgery."

"What!" shrieked the collector.

"I am afraid an undoubted forgery," said the other, in his melancholy voice. "There are only six genuine ones in existence. They were struck by QUEEN ELIZABETH after the Armada, to give to her admirals. The motto is '*Aflavit Deus et dissipantur*.' There are several copies about," he added regretfully.

"This is not a copy," said LANGTON. "It is a genuine original."

"Pardon me," replied the old man firmly. "It is certainly a copy. It might take in an amateur, but it could never deceive a specialist."

"The design is identical with that of the best known examples," said LANGTON angrily. "I have compared it with them."

"The quality of the gold is different," answered the window-cleaner with quiet decision.

There was a terrible certainty about the old man which appalled LANGTON. He examined the medal nervously. "What do you mean by the quality of the gold being different?" he asked.

"It is a question of the alloy," answered the other, returning to his window cleaning.

LANGTON took out the piece, and gazed at it long and earnestly. Then he put it back in its case, placed it in the cupboard and turned the key defiantly.

"I don't agree with you," he snapped.

The window-cleaner said nothing.

"You seem very certain of your judgments," said LANGTON, irritated at the man's silence, in which, though his back was towards him, he seemed to detect a spice of contempt.

"I am a collector of coins myself," replied the window-cleaner simply.

LANGTON laughed. There was a naive absurdity about coin-collecting as the hobby of a cleaner of windows which appealed to him.

"I should be interested in seeing your collection," he said with elaborate irony.

"I rarely show it to anyone," answered the old man quietly. "I find collectors very unscrupulous."

"You need not be afraid that I should steal from you," said LANGTON haughtily.

"Perhaps not," answered the other, who had now finished his window cleaning and was putting on his coat. "But you would be sure to talk about it. Collectors always talk. And if once my collection were known I should never feel safe."

LANGTON forgot his momentary irritation at the spectacle of the man's obvious sincerity. He was so naively proud of his collection. They were clearly kindred spirits. "I give you my word," he said earnestly. "I will never mention it to a soul."

The man sighed. "I feel half inclined to trust you," he said doubtfully.

"You may safely do so," replied LANGTON.

The man took up his wash-leather and other paraphernalia. He was plainly a prey to indecision, torn between prudence on the one hand and the collector's passion for exhibiting his possessions on the other.

"Come," said LANGTON, laughing in spite of himself. "You may trust my discretion."

"You will speak of it to nobody?" said the other slowly. "You give me your word?"

"My word of honour as a gentleman," replied LANGTON, humouring him.

"As a collector," corrected the window-cleaner.

LANGTON nodded.

"Let us go, then," said his companion.

They went out into Fleet Street. Visions of his neglected work, of luncheon already due, crossed LANGTON's mind, but he dismissed them. One can work on any day, and luncheon can be dispensed with for once, whereas a chance of inspecting a collection of coins accumulated by the honest savings of a window-cleaner does not come often to any of us. The man, of course, would have nothing of value. How should he? But there was a certain pathos in the fact of his collecting at all, and he appeared to have studied his subject. He might have got together a considerable number of copper coins of various periods at relatively small expense. Many of the Roman period were dug up nowadays, and fetched only trifling prices; and if his knowledge was really considerable he might have picked up several pieces that were interesting, if not precisely valuable. Should he have secured anything of importance, LANGTON made a mental note that he would make him an offer for it, a generous offer.

At the corner of Chancery Lane they took a cab, and the window-cleaner directed the man to drive to the Caledonian Road. Half-way up that depressing thoroughfare he told him to stop, and they got out.

"Shall I tell him to wait?" asked LANGTON.

"It is hardly worth while," replied the window-cleaner.

The cab was then dismissed, and they continued their journey on foot. LANGTON had not the remotest idea where he was, and the window-cleaner led him through such a net-work of courts and alleys that he soon lost all sense of direction. At last they came to some enormous model dwellings, built by the County Council for the housing of the British working man. They were built of a dingy brick, which towered to the heavens. An endless array of windows, all exactly alike, looked down upon them, and an endless number of little doorways, all exactly alike, lay open to the pavement. There were several wings jutting out from the main block, and to one of these the window-cleaner led him.

After clambering an infinity of stone stairs the window-



cleaner stopped before a door, unlocked it and ushered in his visitor, closing the door after him.

"I am afraid you have had a tiring journey," he said courteously.

LANGTON examined the room curiously. At first sight there was nothing in it to suggest the *virtuoso*. The bed in the corner was unmade. The furniture was of the cheapest description. Everything bore signs of poverty, tinged with dirt. "But where are the coins?" asked LANGTON after a moment's pause.

"I wonder if I did well to trust you," said the old man without answering the question. Secrecy was evidently a monomania with him, LANGTON reflected.

"I have given you my word," he said impatiently.

"Forgive my want of confidence," said the old man; "it was only momentary. In my position one can hardly be too careful."

"No doubt," answered LANGTON, reflecting on the hazards of a collection of coins in the wilds of Clerkenwell, if it was Clerkenwell.

Opening a drawer in the crazy table, which stood in the middle of the room, the old man produced a large box which he handed to LANGTON. The box had no lock. He opened it with some curiosity, prepared to display a patronizing interest in its contents.

The first glance, however, showed him that the patronizing note would be out of place. The window-cleaner's collection was small, but it was exceedingly choice. Apparently his interest was confined to gold coins, for no others were to be seen in the box. And such gold coins!

"Your collection astounds me!" he said.

The window-cleaner bowed courteously. "I felt that you would appreciate it," he said.

"They must be very valuable," said LANGTON; "many of them are exceedingly rare. How did you manage to secure them?"

"I can give you the whole history of my collection," said the old man, his mild eyes beaming with satisfaction. "It is of no small interest."

"I feel sure of it," replied LANGTON.

"Observe this Roman coin," said the window-cleaner. "It's a Campanian issue. It has the helmeted head of Mars on one side, and the eagle standing on the thunderbolt on the other. What a treasure! I got that from old Professor SMITHSON, in Onslow Gardens."

"It is a very rare piece," said LANGTON.

"This," continued the old man, "is a gold penny of the reign of HENRY III. It is the first decorated coin known in England, and belonged to Sir HARRY VARDON. This gold piece of EDWARD III. came from the CROOME collection."

"I did not know that the CROOME collection had been sold," said LANGTON, but the old man went on without heeding him.

"This rose noble of EDWARD IV., I got from Lady WESTERTON'S in Park Lane."

"You seem to move in very high circles," observed LANGTON.

"I go to many of the best houses," replied the old man.

"But these must have cost a great deal to buy," said LANGTON, involuntarily casting his eyes round on the poverty of the room. Next moment he was ashamed of the action. But the old man, absorbed in his treasures, appeared to have noticed nothing.

"As you say," he answered, "they cost a great deal—to buy."

The man's resignation, his simplicity, touched LANGTON deeply. How he must have pinched and hoarded, have denied himself

little luxuries, and even bare necessities in order to scrape money together to purchase the coins he now had. What years of patient waiting must have been passed before he could buy some coin he had set his heart on. What anguish he must often have endured when another, which he coveted, was for sale, but at a price beyond his means. As he looked at the old man's face, his white hair, his seedy black garments, his intense respectability, LANGTON thought with a pang of the years of probity and self-denial which had gone to the gathering of that collection. Small wonder that he went to many of the "best houses," and that their owners, no doubt, respecting his singleness of purpose, helped him now and then to the acquisition of some special piece when it came into the market!

But the old man went on with his catalogue. "This," he said, "is what is called a 'Bonnet' piece of James V. of Scotland. It has the bust of the King, wearing a bonnet or cap. It came from a country house in Surrey—a very beautiful house," he added, meditatively.

"It is a very beautiful coin," said LANGTON.

"Yes," replied the old man, "a beautiful coin and a beautiful house. It seemed almost a pity to part them. But I was obliged to do it."

"Of course," said LANGTON encouragingly, "You could not allow sentimental considerations of that kind to weigh with you."

"You think so?" returned the other. "I am glad of that. You are a true collector. You know the passion which seizes one to possess something precious, something unique. But there is one more coin which I must show you. It is my ewe-lamb. I keep it separate from the others."

Turning to the drawer, he produced a leather case very like that in which LANGTON kept the medal of WILLIAM III. The old man opened it proudly.

"Look at that!" he said, enthusiastically. "Isn't it a beauty! It is a double royal of HENRY VII., and worth any money. I did six months for that!"

LANGTON leaned heavily on the table beside him. Could he have heard aright? "I think I must have misunderstood you," he said. "Would you mind repeating that?"

"I was saying," replied the collector, beaming on him, "that I had done six months for that."

In a flash the hideous truth struck LANGTON. The man was a thief. The collection he was displaying with such pride was the fruit of a long series of robberies. He took out a handkerchief, and wiped his brow. The room seemed to have suddenly grown close and stifling. He sank into a chair.

"Do you mean to tell me that these are stolen," he gasped.

The old man surveyed him with pitying astonishment.

"Did you suppose that I had bought them?" he asked. "Did you take me for a mere huckster?"

"Great heavens!" said LANGTON. "And I cannot even denounce you to the police!"

"It would be a breach of hospitality," replied the old man. "Besides, I have your word."

"And you are a thief?" said LANGTON, looking curiously at his mild features and the respectable poverty of his appearance.

"Theft!" answered the old man. "What a misuse of words. I am a collector. These coins were, many of them, quite unappreciated by their former owners. Probably they never knew the loving care of a true enthusiast till they fell into my hands. I rescued them from neglect, and you call that theft!"



"It is the usual name for it," put in LANGTON, feeling himself called upon to offer some explanation of his word as it seemed to have annoyed his companion.

"The usual name!" replied the old man severely. "Only thoughtless or foolish persons accept words morely because they are usual. I am a collector, an impassioned collector if you will, but it is absurd to call me a thief. How many men would have been at the pains to acquire a collection that I have been? It has sometimes taken me years to gain a footing in a house where there was a coin which I wanted. I have had to learn a dozen trades in the pursuit of my object. You only know me as a cleaner of windows. I am also a carpenter, a glazier, a chimney-sweeper, a painter, a paper-hanger and a locksmith, especially a locksmith. And you speak to me as if I had never learnt to handle anything but a burglar's jemmy. Why, there is hardly any mechanical occupation that I have not mastered in the interests of my collection. I have given my life to it!"

The indignant eloquence of the old man was too much for LANGTON. He rose from his chair. Argument with this criminal enthusiast was beyond him. He wanted to get away, to escape from the stuffy room and from the companionship of a felon. Already he felt himself threatened with one of those headaches to which he was a martyr. He would go while he could still do so with any dignity of demeanour. He went towards the door. The old man opened it for him and bowed politely, and he staggered through it and downstairs with swimming head.

The court in which the collector's model dwelling stood had an entrance at either end, a fact which LANGTON had failed to observe. The one by which they had entered was on his right. As ill-luck would have it he took that on his left and soon found himself in a maze of small courts and streets at the back of Clerkenwell. Once or twice he asked for directions, but these were not very clear or, perhaps, his headache, which was now becoming acute, prevented him from taking them in. "Why didn't I have some lunch before coming?" he thought bitterly, as he at last emerged into a wider thoroughfare.

A stray hansom was in sight, returning apparently from some distant "fare" in North London. LANGTON got in, ordered the man to drive to the Temple, and closed his aching eyes.

By the time the Temple was reached he felt himself too much exhausted even for food. Sleep was the only thing which could cure headache, and though it was the middle of the afternoon he lay down on his bed and slept.

Towards five o'clock he awoke with a start. For a minute or two he could not collect his faculties sufficiently to realize what was the noise which had wakened him. Then he heard the step of his Landress in the next room. He called feebly:

"Mrs. CRISPER!"

Mrs. CRISPER came to the door between the two rooms. "Lor, Sir, how you startled me!" she said. "I didn't know you was 'ome."

"I had a headache, and lay down to get some sleep," said LANGTON. "Something woke me. What was it?"

"It must have been the door slamming, answered Mrs. CRISPER. "It do shut rather loud."

LANGTON remembered now. It was a door slamming—doubtless Mrs. CRISPER coming in to see to his fire.

"That was it, of course," he said. "You may get me some tea, Mrs. CRISPER."

He got up, and went into the sitting-room. In a minute or two Mrs. CRISPER brought him some tea. The time seemed favourable for cross-examining her as to the identity of the mysterious window-cleaner. "By the way," he said, "who was that man who was cleaning my windows this morning? What is his name?"

"I don't know his name," replied Mrs. CRISPER, cautiously.

"What do you know about him, then?" he asked.

"I don't rightly know him at all," answered Mrs. CRISPER, "But he looked a respectable man, most respectable, and he seemed very anxious for the job, poor soul. He said he went to many of the best 'ouses."

LANGTON recognised the phrase with a grim smile. "I've no doubt he did," he said. "Now mind this, Mrs. CRISPER, that man is never to be allowed in my chambers again."

"Very well, Sir," replied Mrs. CRISPER, highly offended at this scorn of her new *protegé*. "But he did his work well, I must say. Cheap, too. He come back for his money not above ten minutes ago. Only one and threepence for them three windows. I 'ad to go across to Mrs. BARNET to get change."

"He came back!" cried LANGTON, jumping up.

"Of course, Sir," replied Mrs. CRISPER indignantly. "Poor soul, he 'ad to be paid. It was his slammin' the door behind him as woke you up."

With a dire misgiving LANGTON rushed to the cupboard in the corner of the room. The key was in the lock! How criminally careless he had been to leave it there. He turned it, and flung open the door. All seemed undisturbed. There was the silver cream jug of the time of CHARLES I. and the bronze hawk, damascened in gold. There, too, was the medal of QUEEN ELIZABETH lying in its case. But then the window-cleaner had said it was a forgery. In breathless anxiety LANGTON renewed his search. Where was the medal of WILLIAM III?

The medal of WILLIAM III. was gone!

The remainder of that evening and many succeeding evenings, LANGTON spent in tracking grey-haired old men of respectable appearance through the streets of London. Window-cleaners, carpenters, glaziers, chimney sweeps, painters and decorators, but especially locksmiths he examined with peculiar care; and, indeed, for months he could not pass the British working man in any one of his protean disguises without scrutinising him narrowly. A hundred times he believed that he had found the particular block of model dwellings inhabited by the collector of coins, but as the County Council buildings for the working classes are precisely alike, he could never identify with certainty the abode of the window-cleaner. For years he haunted the purlieus of Clerkenwell until his constant presence attracted the attention of the police, but with a scrupulousness which did him honour, he never took them into his confidence. He has never recovered the medal of WILLIAM III., and I begin to fear that he never will.

*St John Hankin*





### MR. TIPKINS—HIS INNINGS.

*Mr. Tipkins has hit a Ball by accident.*

*Chorus. "RUN! RUN! RUN!" Tipkins. "WHERE!"*

#### A MADGE-IC LETTER.

DEAREST MAUDE,—COWES week finds us at our old trysting place, "The Pig and Puppydog." At this most fashionable caravanserai, where most of our own haut ton friends assemble, I notice that the lady visitors put even less soda than before into their morning "quencher," while most of the smart men take their Glenlivet neat at breakfast.

My cousin—no, it really is my cousin, this time, dearest MAUDE—has joined us, wearing a most becoming, though unusual,

costume—pink striped shirt, and collar with deep black border, a blue serge reefer suit—though dear CHARLEY has never cruised in anything of more importance than a penny steamer—and one of those delightful white yachting caps with a gold lettered band round the front which you can obtain for one and sixpence, at almost any of what CHARLEY so humourously calls the "Reach-me-down" shops. White flannel trousers, with a broad stripe down the side, and ordinary black boots made up quite a *chic ensemble*.

This morning, MABEL—I think you know

her—daughter of a Banker in the Old Kent Road—lives at the big corner house with three gold balls hanging outside—MABEL and I went into the sea, with our new bathing dresses—green and orange striped tunic over a foundation of white sateen, with large pattern of black diamonds on it—and were enjoying our bathe immensely, when a stupid Inspector of Police came to the water's edge and peremptorily ordered us back into the machines again, on the ground that our costumes might frighten the passing cab horses, and so cause a street accident.

And now, dearest MAUDE, you will be wanting to know what is my latest dress. Well, it is a *confection* of FORTNUM and MASON'S, consisting of an ice cream—I mean a nice cream-coloured skirt, scarlet *surat* blouse with *bolero*, or tailor-made *crêpe de Chine* jacket, and a peaked white cap like CHARLEY'S. In fact, he and I often exchange caps whilst walking on the front, or yachting. "Oh," I hear you say, "I did not know MADGE did any yachting." Well, we do, dear, constantly. The steam-yacht calls for us at the pier head every morning at eleven-thirty, and we enjoy a trip across the blue waters of the Solent, and back in time for tea and shrimps. All the smartest people are eating shrimps this season, wrinkles seem to have quite gone out. You ask if we do not find yachting a very costly pastime? No, we do not. By taking a book of half-a-dozen tickets, we get a reduction, and the ginger-beer on board is a dream. CHARLEY says it has quite a vintage flavour.

Yesterday we went to the R. Y. S. Club grounds, and remained there quite ten minutes, until I saw the lodge-keeper coming. Poor CHARLEY, who was placidly smoking his twopenny Flor de Smellerosa—which, he always declares, has a more powerful aroma than most Havannahs at twice the money—did not observe the approach of the fellow, and was seized and put into the street with such unnecessary violence that it has given him quite a crick in the neck. No more at present from

Your ever-loving MADGE.

#### TO THE BARON DE B.-W.

(*à propos* of a recent notice.)

"MISS ANNABEL GRAY"

Thus writes to say

Her name isn't spelt

With an "e," but an "a."

Also, that she

Would like to see

In the name of "SIMKINS"

Appear a "p."

And here's another mistake. O Heaven! To "Mystic Number" add one word, "Seven."

So the Baron salutes "Miss ANNABEL GRAY,"

With a reverence low, and walks away.





### MEMS. FOR MOTORISTS.

IF YOU SHOULD HALT AT A WAYSIDE INN, KEEP AN EYE ON THE NATIVE BOY, OR HE WILL PROBABLY GET INTO THE CAR, MANAGE TO SET THE WORKS GOING, AND FIND HIMSELF KIDNAPPED.

### A COCKNEY COMPLAINT.

["A woman complained at a London police court that she could not sleep for the cooing of pigeons and crowing of cocks."—*Daily Papers.*]

#### NOISE!

As if we hadn't noise enough before  
With our yelling paper boys,  
And the hawkers hawking toys,  
And the yodel of the milkman at the door.

And now the birds must join them with their never-ceasing din;  
The blackbird sings the daylight out, the cockerel crows it in,

While the parks  
Teem with larks  
Which are always singing too,  
And, dark or light,  
By day and night  
The pigeons coo, coo, coo!

I thought that here in London one would certainly be free  
From the terrors of the country. But one's not.

### IN MEMORIAM.

H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND.

SUMMONED to lordship in a stranger land,  
He left his English birthright of the  
main;

Now, swiftly touched by Death's restoring  
hand,

He is the QUEEN'S again!

### HOMŒOPATHY.

["M. MAURICE DE FLEURY declares that love is  
a malady of the mind."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

DAPHNE, whom since first we met  
Night or day I can't forget,  
Of the fate that then befell me  
Pedant Science comes to tell me,  
(All my doubtings to appease)  
"Love is only a disease."

Ah! not therefore, DAPHNE, dear,  
Need you scorn my plaints to hear;  
And, my worship still refusing,  
Plead not that as your excusing:  
Even if their tale be true,  
The disease I caught of you.

Call it madness, or disease,  
Or whatever else they please,  
Be its symptoms joy or pain  
DAPHNE, this at least is plain,  
For the love you gave me, sure,  
Love alone can work the cure.

### A LUBBOCK REVERIE.

(London, August 6, 1900.)

STREETS comparatively empty; some persons using cabs and omnibuses. Shops all closed. Railway stations crowded. A fair number of visitors to free museums, exhibiting customary lack of enthusiasm. Publicans nothing to complain of. Theatres nearly all closed. The Thames with steamers few and far between from London Bridge to Chelsea. Blinds down in the West End. Nothing in the City.

And the cause of this?  
Bank Holiday!

There's a starling or a linnét perched in every blessed tree,  
And a nightingale on every chimney pot.

When the hours do slowly creep,  
And the birds do murder sleep  
With their hateful rustic chorus, have you no advice to give?  
With this cock-a-doodle-dooing  
And interminable cooing,  
I ask you, Mr. Magistrate, how is a soul to live?

### A YACHT-MAIDEN TO PAPA.

It is not that I fear, darling, the tossing of the sea,  
Nor do I mind the wind-gusts that with my hair make free.  
The rattling of the buckets on the deck at break of day  
Is not what I complain of, nor the splashing of the spray.  
But in the watches of the night I oft and oft deplore  
A sound that keeps me wakeful—'tis not the ocean's roar,  
But one long continued rumbling that comes through your cabin  
door.

Don't be angry if I tell you—it's when you and mother snore!



## KINDNESS-TO-ANIMALS POEMS.

## III.—THE "SCORCHER."

"THE scorcher," you may loudly call,  
 "However groomed and cleaned,  
 Is not an animal at all,  
 Because he is a fiend."

Your judgment does not trouble me  
 Or move me in the least,  
 Because on second thoughts you'll see  
 He really is a beast!

And therefore claims our kindness, so  
 We must, as you'll agree,  
 Allow our hearts to overflow  
 With love for such as he.

Reflect how many reasons for  
 Affection you can find,  
 He charges down upon you or  
 He catches you behind.

Perhaps he doesn't always ring  
 The necessary bell,  
 But he can give that useful thing,  
 A truly raucous yell.

What though the nervous invalid,  
 He frightens into fits?  
 He energises such, indeed  
 He brightens up their wits.

For invalids must look alive,  
 And ladies skip about—  
 What other mortal could contrive  
 A hygienic shout?

He kills a few? Perhaps, but stop!  
 I will not have him banned,  
 Considering the over-pop-  
 ulation of our land.

So do not prosecute him when  
 He cycles on your toes,  
 But treat him very kindly; then  
 Your conscience will repose. F. E.

## FIRST AID TO THE ARMY.

WHEN a column marches through an enemy's country it is well to see that no one is hiding behind a bush, or that guns are posted on either side of the road.

When a company of a hundred men are taken prisoners by a force of thousands who have crept up to the encampment when no one has been looking, it is scarcely an excuse to exclaim, "I wonder how they came to think of such a clever thing."

When an enemy's force is surrounded by your own men, it is foolish to allow your opponents to pass you unobserved. To explain that you, at the moment, were really looking another way is scarcely satisfactory from a purely common-sense point of view.

It is as well that a general in command of a large force should know his right hand from his left.

Finally, it is of the utmost importance that officers and men should impress the fact on their memories that two added to two does not make three or five, but simply four.



Governess (who has asked Bobby to make the best attempt at a Map of South Africa he can until she returns—examining result). "NOW, BOBBY, HAROLD HAS HELPED YOU WITH THIS, HASN'T HE?"

Bobby. "No."

Governess. "BUT, BOBBY, THINK AGAIN. SURELY HE MUST HAVE DONE SOME PART OF IT!"

Bobby. "No. HE DID IT ALL!"

## ALLITERATIVE ALTERNATIVES.

## (Tourist Trial Trips.)

AFFABLE Aldershot for the Army's Amiable.

Business-like Birmingham for Beautiful Brooches.

Cheerful Coventry for Clever Cyclists.

Delightful Dover for Dainty Dishes.

Evergreen Eastbourne for Entertaining Evenings.

Famous Folkestone for Fairylike Fellowship.

Green Guernsey for Generous Gaiety.

Happy Hastings for High-class Harmony.

Ingenious Ipswich for Instant Inspiration.

Joyous Jersey for Juvenile Junketings.

Kind Kenilworth for Keen Kleptomaniacs.

Lively Lewes for Luxurious Loungers.

## THE WORLD FORGETTING—

FAR from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

One summer's evening, 'twixt the light and dark,

I wandered in a place devoid of life—  
 Hyde Park.

Yet had some mortals to this fastness hied,  
 For on a sudden and a handy chair  
 (One was sufficient for their needs) I spied  
 A pair.

Perchance I too in some secluded spot,  
 From some fair lip love's nectar may  
 have quaffed—

Did I, then, pass discreetly? I did not.  
 I laughed.

Thus, haply into some confusion hurled,  
 They had the joy of knowing they were  
 not—

Albeit the world forgetting—by the world  
 Forgot.



## "WHERE TO GO."

No. IV.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Being still on the look out for a suitable place to spend our vacation, and so far being unsuccessful, it



A Norfolk Broad.

occurred to me to call on my friend Mr. MYERS, a railway agent, who might be able to assist me. On the way to his place of business I walked through the park, which was more crowded than usual with smartly dressed people, who were driving up and down in all kinds of conveyances, mostly hired.

A great many occupants of the carriages held large cards in their hands, which they pretended to fan themselves with. I recognised several of our neighbours in hired Victorias, who also carried cards, which they held quite prominently, as they bowed to me. I enquired of a constable who was standing close by the meaning of the cards, as to whether they were voting cards, or whether the people holding them were going to take part in the great Paddington Carnival.

He seemed amused at my question, and replied "To-day is the garden party at Buckingham Palace, and those that have got invitations are taking jolly good care that their friends should know it. They have been driving up and down here for hours, and some have got their invitations stuck in their parasols. I wonder they don't stick 'em in their hats, and have done with it."

I must say I was fairly astonished that anyone living in our unpretentious little road should be a personal friend of our dear and beloved QUEEN. I had a long chat with Mr. MYERS, and the result of his advice was, that the next morning my bike and I, assisted by the train, arrived at Potter Lowham for the purpose of exploring the Norfolk Broads. Whilst lunching at the inn, a couple of young men arrived dressed in oilskins and sou'westers, and busied themselves in cramming bread and provisions into large canvas bags. I presumed they were going on a long voyage where food was unattainable, but the waitress said they were only sailing round Hacklin Broad.

I said, "But I suppose, at times, they encounter very heavy seas, hence their costume," which resembled that of the Deal boatmen. She replied, with a smile, "Oh!

dear no; it's not sea, at all. It's fresh water, and as calm as a duck pond, only I suppose it pleases them to play at sailors. It makes so much change from their every-day life."

After lunch, I made my way to the boat-house of Mr. APPLGATE, Jun., who advertised that he had sailing, camping-out boats, and cabin yachts to let. I explained what I wanted, and he answered, "What you want is a wherry." I was on the point of replying "Wherry good," but it occurred to me almost instantaneously that that particular kind of humour, substituting the W's for the V's, the welly vell, and the vich, vy, and vot kind of fun, which flourished in the days of SEYMOUR'S sporting sketches in the early Thirties, might not be quite so well appreciated now, in the days of "There's 'air!" and "Chase me!" so I left it unsaid.

I went for a short sail on the broads, which much resemble our Welsh Harp "which is Hendon way," only larger and prettier.

Mr. APPLGATE informed me that if you hire a wherry, it includes a man who can do everything. He said, "All at the same time, apparently, he is sailing and steering the yacht, washing the plates and dishes and cooking the dinner. He does everything; you do nothing."

The whole boat seemed to me very compact, but small.

The space where the useful man slept in the bow of the boat was about four feet square and three feet high; in fact, directly you crawled into it, you had to sit down. Besides being a dormitory, it was also the kitchen, the scullery and butler's pantry combined.

The state-room was larger; it contained two couches which could be converted into beds, and a folding table between them. This apartment served as bedroom, dining-room, morning-room, drawing-room, and smoking-lounge.

I summed up a trip on the Norfolk Broads in the following words: That it could be made most enjoyable if the weather was fine. But, if—I say if—the weather should be wet, the tragic side revealed itself to me in its worst light, and I asked myself, could anything be more appalling than, day after day, perhaps for a whole week, my wife and myself being penned in with the two children in that little six-foot cabin, staring each other out of countenance.

My wife would probably discover defects in my personal appearance which have hitherto passed unnoticed, and I can imagine myself at times regarding her as positively plain; and as for the two children, without the nurse, crying and bawling, and none of us being able to get away from each other, why surely, rather than run such a risk, we had better remain at home for ever. The result of these un-

pleasant reflections were, that the Broads were "off," and so was I. I trained it to London, having to my sorrow spent one pound twelve shillings in a day, without being any nearer the desired object. I have one gleam of hope, and that is, that my wife has seen a place on the map that she is "positive will suit us." But these little explorations of mine are not cheap, and have already cut deeply into our holiday fund, which we have been saving up since March. Yours faithfully,

"STILL ON THE LOOK OUT."

## BON VOYAGE AUX ARTISTES!

THROW music to the winds! With well-earned fares  
Off go the Fraus and Fräuleins with their Herrs

(It should be "Herren," but the word won't rhyme

As we would have it). At some future time They will "come back to Herren" in the stalls,

And smirkingly advance to "take their calls."

To all we here present our testimonial:

To MELBA first, colossal and colonial.

TERNINA, SUSAN ADAMS, and the rest,

Have won our hearts and hands "let this attest!"

As, forty years ago, wrote "Poet BUNN," Whose "books" when set by BALFE were bound—to run

But that's a reminiscence by the way.

This season's opera has been made to pay.

The Syndicate can their departure cheer And hope to "go one better" the next year.

The French choose Italy, Italians France, Colonials everywhere, and to enhance

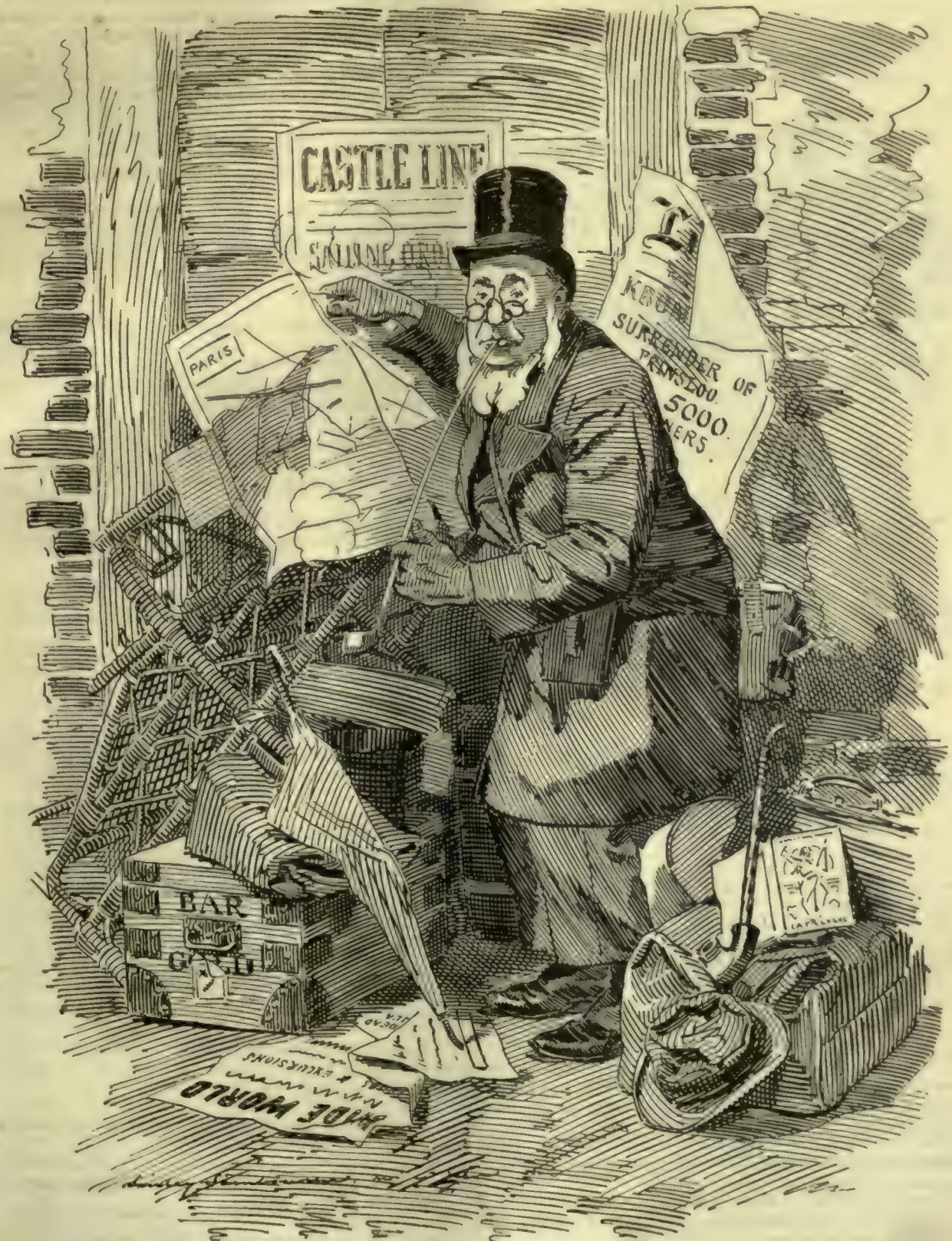


The present value of their Gorman art These on Wagnerian "cycles" all depart. Sweet singers! thus we speed you on your way

With "Au revoir!" till the last week in May.

THERMOMETER 95° IN THE SHADE.—Iced ginger-beer with a dash of brandy in it, is, as SHAKESPEARE hath it, "A consommation devoutly to be wished." Vide Hamlet à la française.





**HAPPY THOUGHT!**

Oom Paul. "UM! THIS PLACE IS SO OVER-RUN WITH ENGLISH. I THINK I'LL GO AND SEE THE PARIS EXHIBITION. THEY TELL ME THERE AIN'T ANY THERE!"





### TROUT STREAM MEMS.

HAVING HOOKED YOUR FLIES IN BRANCH OVERHANGING STREAM, YOU MAY DERIVE CONSIDERABLE ENTERTAINMENT FROM YOUR EFFORTS TO RESCUE THE SAME.

### THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

*Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.*

BY F. ANSTREY.

#### III.

The Bulbul had just ended her song, and the Bullfrog began to apologise profusely for having left his music at home.

The Halfpenny Ice sent the Doctor a hundred cases in one day, and yet he wrote unkind letters about it to the medical papers.

The Pigeon was desperately enamoured of a Gingerbeer Bottle, and bewailed the stoniness of his heart in that he responded not. Now the Gingerbeer Bottle was in reality fascinated by the Pigeon, although such was his modesty that he believed that she was but mocking him. So he volunteered for a Shooting Gallery, and fell at the first volley, and the Pigeon married another.

To a Butterscotch Machine the Penny and the Tin Disc are as one.

"My dears," said the Converted Cannibal reverently, to his wife and family, as they sat down to their baked missionary; "do not let us forget to ask a blessing."

I know but one Singer who cannot be persuaded to give an encore, and that is a Dying Swan.

There is a place for everything. I do not advise thee to hang up thy hat on the horn of a rhinoceros.

"I am doing a series of 'Notable Nests' for 'Sylvan Society,'" said the Serpent insinuatingly, when he found the Ringdove at home; "will you allow me to include yours?"

"But what possible interest can my poor little eggs have for the general public?" asked the Ringdove in a flutter.

"Why," replied the Serpent, "that is no affair of mine, but you must remember that I have my living to get."

"Quite a small party—only those in their own particular set!" said the Cocksparrow, after he had been to tea with the Birds of Paradise.

The Elephant was dying with hunger, and a kind-hearted person presented him with an acidulated drop.

There was once a famous Violinist who serenaded his mistress every evening, performing the most divine melodies upon his instrument. Unhappily for him, she was straining her ears all the time to listen to a piano-organ which was playing "Soldiers of the Queen."

The Performing Lioness kisses her Trainer on the mouth—but only in public.

The Candle complained bitterly of the nuisance of having so many scorched moths in her vicinity.

"I have conceived such a fancy for thee," said the Hawk benevolently to the Field-mouse, "that I propose to put thee into a really good thing." And he opened his beak.

There are persons who are totally deficient in tact. Like the Grasshopper, who insisted on putting the Snail up for his Skipping Club.

"I may be partial," said the Rocket-stick after he had descended, "but I didn't see a single constellation up there that could hold a candle to mine."

The Cat scratched the Dog's nose out of sheer playfulness—but she had no time to explain.

"After all, it's pleasant to be at home again!" said the Eagle's feathers on the head of the arrow that pierced him. But the Eagle made no reply.

A Painter sat down to depict a lovely landscape. "Doth not my picture resemble the scene exactly?" he cried, as he exhibited his canvas to a Passer-by.

"Since thou askest me," was the reply, "thou seemest to me to have portrayed nothing but a manure-heap."

"And is it my fault," exclaimed the Painter, "that there was a manure-heap immediately in front of me?"

Before a Man marrieth a Woman he delighteth to tell her of all his doings, even the most unimportant. But after he is married, he considereth that such talk may savour of egotism.

"I shouldn't have minded so much," said the Bee with some bitterness, just before breathing his last in the honey-pot, "only it happens to be my own make!"

"Is the White Rabbit beautiful?" Someone inquired of the White Rat.

"She would be," answered the Rat, "but unfortunately she labours under a terrible drawback. She has pink eyes."

**TENDERS INVITED.**—If it be true that, in the construction of the new omnibuses, as described in *The Times* last Wednesday, the principal material used is birch, and that all the seats are caned, every school-boy must be deterred by such a description from patronising these conveyances. No cushions.



## TO THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

Being more "Lines written during the  
Castlereagh Administration," after  
Shelley.

HALF of my letters are lost,  
Half the remainder have crossed,  
Something 's gone wrong with the Post,  
And the City looks glum and the West End  
blue

When they speak about You.

Novelists, artists, and mimes,  
Fired by your Post Office crimes,  
Write in disgust to the Times,  
And the Government quakes when these  
eminent men

Take up the pen.

Marks't thou the eloquent prose  
And the indignation that glows  
While each is narrating his woes?  
Such an outcry might end the official  
career

Of even a Peer!

You must own it's a deuce of a mess,  
You can scarcely describe it as loss,  
They call it worse names in the Press.  
And what do they call it, I wonder, at  
present

Up there at Mount Pleasant?  
St. J. H.

## FAVETE LINGUIS.

[A School for the teaching of Chinese is to be  
opened in Cannon Street.]

MUSING on the Yellow Terror,  
Reading of the China School,  
Plain at length I saw my error,  
Language is the potter's tool.  
Why contest the controversial?  
Why on snatching spheres be set?  
Rather let the young commercial  
Learn his tea-chest alphabet.

Not on force be my reliance,  
Eastern principles instill,  
There's an economic science  
Nobler far than that of Mill,  
Better art than Piccadilly's,  
Ruskinship instead of war,  
Breathing "Sesame and Lilies"  
To a never opened door.

So I smote the false St. Jingo  
On his foolish, swollen cheeks,  
And I went to learn the lingo  
For innumerable weeks,  
In a street whose grim cognomen  
Smacks of slaughter and of shell,  
And I trust—but *absit* omen—  
This in time will answer well.

## ON MUDDLEBURY CRICKET GROUND.

Wicket-keeper. How 's that?  
Facetious Umpire. In.  
Wicket-keeper (angrily). What! In?  
Facetious Umpire. Yes, the ball in your  
hands. [Services promptly dispensed with.]



## BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

"BUT, ARE YOU SURE?" "YUS, LADY. 'E'S STRONG AS AN 'ORSE!"  
"BUT HOW AM I TO GET ON?" "OH, I'LL LIFT FER!"

## SOCIAL AMERICA DAY BY DAY.

ABOUT fifty of the smartest people in  
Newport dined at the Casino last night.  
Amongst the ladies (the other sex is never  
much worth mentioning in American  
"Society" papers) were Mrs. WILLIAM  
K. PORKPAQUIERE, Mrs. PLANTAGENET Q.  
BLOBS, Mrs. JONES-SMITH, and Miss MEDEA  
P. SLUMMERS.

On the off nights, when no important  
dinner parties take place, Society (with a  
big S, please) is sure to drift down to the  
Vaudeville shows at Pen-y-Gaffia, entrance  
10 cents. The feeble and more *risqué* the  
entertainment, the more popular it is with  
our *haut ton*. Already Mrs. FISHOL C.  
DIVES and Mrs. GEBHARDT OOSTISH have  
had parties at this place of amusement.

It is rumoured that the engagement of  
the Earl of SHADYTRICKS—who has been  
congratulated warmly, on all sides, upon  
passing his examination in the Bankruptcy  
Court—to Miss CORNELIA BIGROCKS, the  
well-known American heiress, will shortly  
be announced.

Another fashionable engagement is that  
between the Count XIMINEZ JOSÉ DI  
PYJAMAS—whose castles in Spain are as  
much talked about as the Count's own  
elegant performance of the cellar-flap  
break-down in private drawing-rooms—  
and Mrs. SLATER OELRICHSSEN, relict of  
the late SOLOMON AARON JOEL OELRICHSSEN,  
the eminent money advancer.

Our new lady golf champion is Miss  
ANDREA S. THOMPSON, who is just seven  
years of age, and began learning the game  
at the latter end of last month.

There is quite a flutter of excitement  
over the report that the beautiful bride  
of SLAGGINS T. SPOOFLEHORDST, one of the  
most prominent pork packers in Chicago,  
will soon arrive here on a short visit. She  
will not be accompanied by her husband.

Miss MINERVA KICKABOUT, whilst taking  
a lesson in auto-car driving, was thrown  
out, but immediately got in again.

NOTE BY A DRAMATIC BILLIARDIST.—An  
actor always likes taking up his cue in  
preference to the long rest.





### A KEEN SENSE OF PROPORTION.

SCENE.—A Ducal Lodge Gate.

*Town Child.* "DO YOU KNOW WHO LIVES ACROSS THE ROAD THERE, AUNTIE?"

*Rural Aunt.* "YES, DEAR. THAT'S THE DUKE OF ARBERTON'S PLACE."

*Town Child.* "OH, BUT, AUNTIE, WHAT A TINY LITTLE HOUSE FOR A DUKE TO LIVE IN!"

### AGAINST AGGRESSION AND MILITARISM.

IT is believed that the League of Liberals against Aggression and Militarism, tired of shouting to the deaf ears of their fellow-countrymen, who treat the L. L. A. A. M. with placid indifference, is about to extend its operations. Under the guidance of certain serene and discreet politicians, it is probable that deputations of Llaams will cross the seas without delay, and that the following interviews will take place.

SCENE.—The White House, Washington. President MCKINLEY and a secretary. Enter Llaams.

*Leading Llaam.* Mr. President, we wish you good morning. We have just come to say that your policy in China, as long as you humoured the Chinese, was perfectly satisfactory. You showed nothing but gentleness and kindly thought towards the enemy. We always love the enemy. But, unhappily, in one respect—

*President.* Sir, will your remarks be long?

*L. L.* Only of sufficient length. I was about to observe that your conduct in reference to China—

*Pres.* You have already enlarged upon that.

*L. L.* As I was saying, your conduct in that respect was blameless. Undaunted by any loud-voiced jingoism—

*Pres.* My time is rather valuable.

*L. L.* I had prepared an excellent speech, but I will come at

once to the peroration. I say, then, that the League of Liberals against Aggression and Militarism—

*Pres.* I can only give you one minute more.

*L. L.* Well, then. In your war against AGUINALDO you are simply a freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar and a Boxer.

*Pres.* Sir, pray calm yourself. Is not the view from these windows a pleasing one? (To secretary) Get these men out as soon as possible, and send for a doctor. They must be crazy.

[*Exeunt Llaams, led out by secretary, who murmurs soothing words.*]

SCENE.—The Elysée. President LOUBET, officers and secretaries.

Enter Llaams.

*Leading Llaam.* Bonjour, Monsieur LOUBET. Nous avons venu à dire que les manœuvres à Chartres ne sont pas exactement le chose si vous voulez à être paisible. Pourquoi avoir tous ces soldats là?

*President.* Pardon, monsieur, je ne comprends pas au juste.

*L. L.* Je dis pourquoi avez-vous le flotte à Cherbourg et le armée à Chartres? Vous êtes allant à attaquer quelqu'un. Vous êtes faisant grands préparations à attaquer les innocents Chinois.

*Pres.* Vous dites?

*L. L.* Je dis que vous êtes un librebottier, un—un—in fact, you're à freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar and a Boxer.

*Pres. (to officers).* Quels cris! Je ne comprends pas un mot. Ce sont probablement des voyageurs Cook, égarés dans les rues de Paris. Il faut les reconduire, en cherchant leur guide, ou leur break. Sont-ils drôles, les Anglais!

[*Exeunt Llaams, escorted by police.*]

SCENE.—Potsdam. The KAISER and attendants. Enter Llaams.

*Leading Llaam.* Mag es gefallen Ihr Majestät, wir sind das League von Liberals gegen Aggression und Militarism. Wir wünschen zu sagen dasz Ihr Majestät hat gemacht ein speech in Bremerhaven—

*Kaiser.* Ah!

*L. L.* Aber Sie müssen immer lieben Ihr Feinde mehr als Ihr—Ihr fellow-countrymen, und so Ihr Speech war sehr schlecht—

*Kaiser.* Donnerwetter!

*L. L.* Ja, sehr schlecht. Wirklich Sie sind auch ein—ein Freistiefeler, ein—ein—I can't manage it in German; but I mean that your Majesty is just a freebooter, a filibuster, a burglar, and a Boxer.

[*Exeunt Llaams, very rapidly, escorted by soldiers with fixed bayonets.*]

H. D. B.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Juggling Fortune* (JOHN LONG), by F. W. SPEIGHT, is an example of the novel "That might have been." The matter is fairly good; the characters decidedly good; the situations not striking but sufficiently dramatic. Somehow the arrangements of these materials is so irritatingly faulty as to imperil any interest that the jerkily interrupted narrative may have aroused. Scene three is played before scene one, scene one after scene two, the remainder kaleidoscopically anyhow, so that the most willing reader "dunno where he are." The Baron feels a trifle diffident in recommending it, except to those about to take a long voyage, when perhaps it might find some friends.

*Blackwood* is always good. This month it excels itself by reason of an article by Captain HALDANE, describing *How We Escaped from Pretoria*. Captain HALDANE and two fellow officers, anticipating early evacuation of the model school-house at Pretoria, in which the British prisoners of war were confined, passed through a trap-door into a cellar beneath the building. What was calculated upon to be a stay of possibly a day and a night lengthened out into close upon three weeks. Since he read *Monte Cristo* my Baronite has not come upon anything more stirring than the story of the captivity of the other officers.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



## BEATUS ILLE ;

Or, the truth about Rural Felicity.  
 FAREWELL, the City's roar! Farewell,  
 Belgravia's meretricious charms!  
 I come to taste the soothing spell  
 That emanates from dairy-farms.  
 I fling to any summer wind  
 The cares that warp my worldly breast,  
 And look with certitude to find  
 That cure of nature—balmy rest.  
 My palate craves no piquant spice,  
 No arts that titillate the town;  
 What need of Clicquot off the ice,  
 To wash the native cockerel down?  
 Full filled with milk (a generous tap)  
 I seek my chaste and timely bed,  
 And on the pillow's rustic nap  
 Depose a well-contented head.  
 I leave my little casement wide,  
 To catch, athwart the whispering  
 trees,  
 Some murmur of the country side,  
*Somnos quod invitet leves.*  
 Out of my beauty sleep I start!  
 Was that the whirr of seraph wings?  
 I prick my ears; I hold my breath;  
 The room is full of flying things!  
 Bluebottles wanton on the pane;  
 Across my temple flits a bat;  
 Along my nose an organ-strain  
 Booms from a desultory gnat.  
 Above, the night-moth caracoles;  
 Below, I mark the beetle's hum;  
 An earwig tentatively strolls  
 About my sacred tympanum.  
 I grope for matches fro and to;  
 Three times I bark my brittle shin;  
 I draw the blind (of Prussian blue)  
 And let the awful moonshine in.  
 For hours in that religious light,  
 One man against a myriad brutes,  
 I urge the long unequal fight  
 Now with my bolster, now my boots.  
 The moon is off; my quickened ear,  
 Aided by instinct guides the charge;  
 The stars grow pale; the dawn is near;  
 The bat alone is left at large.  
 9.25.—The thing has fled  
 To seek a more secluded bower;  
 Fainting I fall beneath my bed,  
 And there remain for half-an-hour.  
 I wake; I mop my beady brow.  
 Is it a "presence" chills my blood?  
 Only a cow or so (outside),  
 Chewing the coarse nocturnal oud.  
 Under the sheet I veil my head,  
 And ask myself why I was born?  
 And lo! a blast to wake the dead!  
 It is the chanticleer of morn.  
 Not once nor twice; not vaguely heard,  
 Performing on a distant hill;  
 Four hundred times this shameless bird  
 Trumps just below my window-sill!



## MR. MUGGS' GROUSE MOOR.

NO. I.—MR. MUGGS LEAVES FOR THE NORTH. MR. M. AS HE APPEARED, HALF A MINUTE BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTED, MINUS HALF OF HIS LUGGAGE, AND WITH THE GUARD SHOUTING TO HIM TO TAKE HIS SEAT!

At 5.0 the early ducklings quack ;

At 6.0 a donkey seems in pain ;

At 7.0 I rise and swiftly pack ;

At 8.0 I catch the London train.

Welcome, the City's restful roar!

Welcome, Belgravia's urban charms!

This prodigal shall roam no more

A prey to Nature's night-alarms!

O. S.

## GOODWOOD FASHIONS.

D-Ly M-L, 1905.

["Straw hats were worn at Sandown this year on account of the heat. . . . The horses in Paris are wearing straw bonnets to protect them from the sun."—*Daily Paper.*]

BONNETS at Goodwood were smarter than ever this year, and there were really some quite charming creations.

Man Milliner, in a felt hat of the shape known as Panama trimmed with a plain black ribbon, looked very chic.

Lord THINGUMMY's colt *Parisien* wore a

straw trimmed with a ribbon of his colours, and was greatly admired.

Mrs. WOTSERNAME's mare *A la Mode* wore a wonderful bonnet from WORTH. The basis of the structure was a pale-grey chiffon, and it was surmounted by three magnificent grey feathers and an aigret fastened by a diamond pin.

Mr. ASTERISK's *Pretoria* had on a very dashing slouch hat of fawn-coloured felt with khaki ribbon. The strings were of Royal Artillery blue and red zigzag.

Sir TOTNAM COURTRODE's mare *Bonnets* did not quite justify her name, for she wore a large black Rubens hat, pinned up at one side, and trimmed with immense black ostrich feathers. This made her one of the most striking-looking animals at the meeting. Etc., etc.

SUGGESTED TITLE FOR A NEW GAME AT CARDS, TO BE PLAYED DURING COWES REGATTA.—Solent Whist.





## AN ELEGY IN A COUNTRY BACK-YARD.

"THE SHORT AND SIMPLE (FL)ANNELS OF THE POOR!"

## DINING AL FRESCO.

(Extract from an Earl's Courtier's Notebook.)

6 P.M.—Come down early, to get a table. Can't. All the tables booked a week in advance. Very angry. Manager says he'll see what can be done for me—later on. Fairly satisfied. He had better!

7 P.M.—In state of heat. Have a fair appetite. Ask for table. "What table?" "The one promised me—later on." "Very sorry, but they are all engaged." Awfully angry. Explain that I am a person of some importance. Can do the place a great deal of good if I do have a table, and vice versa. Manager desolated. See everybody else stuffing, drinking, and enjoying themselves. How they can have the heart! And I table-less! But, no matter, a time will come. I'll write to

"the Leading Journal" and denounce everything and everybody.

7.15 P.M.—Explosively wrathful. At last! Ha! ha! Got a table. But at the back somewhere. Strong smell of cooking. Distant echo of a band. Exceedingly annoyed. Have tasted *hors d'œuvres*. Sardines decent.

7.20 P.M.—*Bonne Femme* soup good. Have ordered champagne cup. Still annoyed.

7.30 P.M.—Salmon mayonnaise distinctly excellent. Good idea to have cold dinner. Champagne cup well brewed. Don't notice the smell of cooking. Can hear the band. Nice band.

7.40 P.M.—*Pâté de fois gras en aspic*. Capital. Cold joint. First-rate. Salad artistically mixed. Second champagne cup as good as first. After all, place of table not so bad.

7.50 P.M.—*Pièce de résistance*, really worth waiting for. Never tasted better vegetables. More champagne cup, just a small one this time. Cold raspberry and currant tart and cream. Delicious! Ices, coffee, liqueurs. Then might have just one very small champagne cup while sitting out to hear band. Feel quite at peace with all the world. Think the air makes one a bit sleepy. Tell Manager everything first-rate, quite excellent, will come again to-morrow and every day; keep this table for me always. Three visitors pointing to this table. Evidently requisitioning it. No; *J'y suis, j'y reste*. They shouldn't come so late. Bill? Certainly. Really quite moderate. "Oh, lis'en to the Band!" . . . . Waiter draws my attention to all the lights being turned out. Let 'em all go. Also to the fact that everybody is leaving. Dear me! Must have been asleep. "Forgetting your hat, Sir." Dear me. Odd. Good cup that; "Cheers, but not inebriates." Off to bed. *Ve'pleasn't ev'nin*.

## THE MOAN OF A FIANCÉ.

SWEET MAUD, I'm really very fond of you;  
I like you in no ordinary fashion.  
There's hardly anything I wouldn't do  
To show how comprehensive is my passion.

For you I'd brave the dangers of the deep,  
Or face the perils that occur on dry land;  
For you I would ascend the mountain's steep,  
Or go and live upon a desert island.

To gratify at once your merest whim,  
To any distant region I would dash off;  
For you I'd gladly amputate a limb,  
Or shave my small but delicate moustache off.

If you would have me join the Volunteers,  
Some corps, without a word, I'd go and enter;

For you I'd brave my friends' sarcastic sneers,  
And part my hair exactly in the centre.

For you I'd visit ev'ry SHAKESPEARE play,  
And other shows to educate the brain meant;

I'd sit through classic concerts any day,  
Though I prefer a lighter entertainment.

For your sake I would try, like Doctor LEYDS,

To tell the most unlikely taradiddles;  
But ask me not, O most adored of maids,  
To listen to your worthy father's riddles!  
P. G.

## THE MILLENIUM.

In some problematic day  
Strife and wrath shall fade away,  
Crews no longer blessings pouring  
On the coxes who have cox'd,  
When the Boers shall cease from boring,  
And the Boxers shall be boxed.





## SISTERS IN SORROW.

BRITANNIA (to ITALIA). "YOU HAVE LOST A NOBLE KING, AND I A NOBLE PRINCE."

H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG  
AND GOTHA, PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,  
DUKE OF EDINBURGH, &c., DIED TUESDAY, JULY 31.

HUMBERT THE FIRST, KING OF ITALY,  
ASSASSINATED AT MONZA,  
SUNDAY, JULY 29.







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TODY, M.P.

Monday morning, July 30, SS. "Arcadia;"  
off the Nore.—P. & O. SUTHERLAND, looking



A POPULAR PHRASE WITH A LOCAL  
SIGNIFICANCE.

(Overheard in Paddington.)

"There's Air(d)!"

over the list of guests on the Channel trip of the *Arcadia*, mused for a moment on the name of VAUX OF HARROWDEN, Seventh Baron.

Whene'er I take my Vaux abroad  
How many poor I see

who would like to join us. But, really, the ship is quite full; not expansible; must draw the line somewhere.

So we steamed away from Gravesend on Saturday morning with a company something like six score strong. Mostly Eminent Persons. Quite the salt of the Earth. Large leavening of Members of both Houses. Indeed, original intention was to try experiment of conducting business of nation amid new circumstances. Considerably over a quorum of Members within sound of dinner-bell. Why not constitute "a House," take in hand the Companies Bill, or some other, and work it through?

Would have done it but for untoward accident. All the materials for making a House at hand, save one. There was the quorum aforesaid; there was the Chief Clerk, Mr. MILMAN, with the Mace in his haversack; everything but the SPEAKER. He missed the train at Victoria.

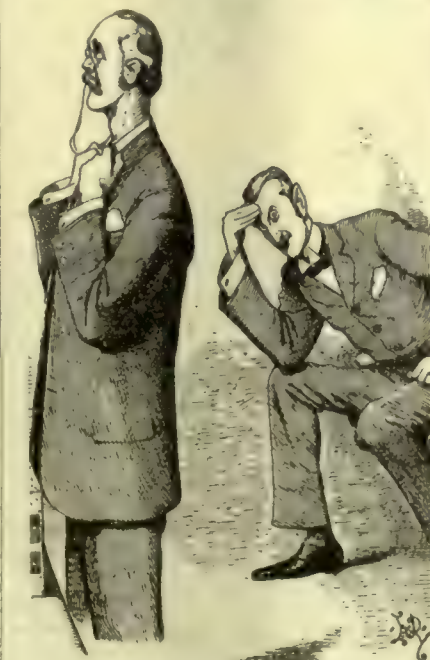
In the House effort frequently made in vain to catch the SPEAKER's eye. When Mr. GULLY arrived at the station his eye could not catch the train. Like the Spanish fleet, it was not yet in sight, being, in fact, already a mile or two on its way to Gravesend. Disappointment at the accident spread even beyond the House of Commons circle. When, twenty-four hours later, the *Arcadia* was sailing over summer seas, skirting the lovely coast-line of the Channel, a flock of gulls followed the ship, hovering over the stern, breaking now and then into plaintive cry.

"What do they do that for, I wonder?" asked his Honour Judge BACON with characteristically irrepressive interrogation.

"Who, the gulls?" said F.C.B. "Why, they're crying out for Mr. GULLY."

*Business done.*—Charming Channel trip, princely hosts, good company, smooth sea, and all sunshine. Saturday to Monday at sea. Got up to town in time to hear St. MICHAEL-AND-ALL-ANGELS explain how, when in March he said 87½ millions would wind up War expenses, he did not think he should live to come down to the House in July to ask for an additional 13 millions.

*House of Lords, Tuesday.*—Regret to say coolness sprung up between the MARKISS and young WEMYSS. Sat tonight, eyeing each other askance with that "don't-know-you" air habitual to the camel. All arose out of a nameless foreign attaché. Young WEMYSS, waking



THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE PERFORMANCE  
(House of Commons. Daily, 4 to 4.30.)

"Professor" W-ir-nd attempts to convey telepathically to the Leader of the House some elementary forecasts of the business of the House. The performance does not always come off quite as perfectly as he would wish.

up to consciousness that Session approaching conclusion, realised that if he wanted to make a night of it in the Lords, must lose no time. Accordingly drew up a sort of Shorter Catechism, addressed to MARKISS, with object of ascertaining what he was



The Relief of K-mb-r, M.P.  
(At getting away for the holidays.)

doing, or going to do, in the matter of home defences. Cunningly quoted from speech delivered by MARKISS to Primrose League. Wishing to make the Leaguers' flesh creep, the MARKISS darkly hinted at condition of feeling on Continent that boded no good to England. Young WEMYSS, not to be out-done in flight of imagination, capped this by quotation from "a foreign attaché," in which that high authority mentioned November next as a period when England would be in dire peril.

Form of prophecy read suspiciously like quotation from *Zadkiel*. Whether young WEMYSS borrowed the idea from that authority, or whether he made it all out of his own head, is immaterial; effect on MARKISS extraordinary.

"Who is this foreign attaché?" he asked, turning a blazing eye on his young friend. "Where does he live? What is his name? Or is the noble lord quoting his own opinion?"

Listening to the MARKISS, watching young WEMYSS bobbing up and down, hotly reaffirming and contradicting, the mind turns back to certain humble lodgings in the neighbourhood of Holborn, recalls a historic scene that once varied the joys of afternoon tea.

"Mrs. HARRIS, BETSEY ——" "Bother Mrs. HARRIS," said BETSEY PRIO. Mrs. GAMP looked at her with amazement, incredulity and indignation. Mrs. PRIO, shutting her eyes still closer and folding her arms still tighter, uttered these memorable and tremendous words, "I don't believe there's no such a person."



Behold, how one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. The MARKISS, resenting young WEMYSS dragging in his foreign *attaché*, doubtful of his existence, unconsciously falls into the mental and, in some degree, the physical attitude of *Betsy Prig*. As for young WEMYSS, if he had been a little shorter, a little stouter, had he worn a rusty black gown, a shawl and bonnet to correspond, you would never have known him from Mrs. Gamp, as he turned and glared at his noble friend, who, when he cited his foreign *attaché*, said, as plainly as Parliamentary forms permit, "I don't believe there's no sich a person."

*Business done.*—Rolling off the Bills like winking.

### THE WEATHER POET AND THE CLERK.

(A reminiscence of early July.)

THE Weather Poet was angry. How could he write about the glowing charms of summer with the thermometer at 50° Fah., or descant on sun-kissed fields, when the hay was sodden and hailstones almost replaced strawberries.

The Weather Poet arose in his wrath and donning the usual outward and visible signs of his invisible mind—a slouch hat and a velveteen coat—he sought the Clerk of the Weather.

"This is too bad, you know!" said the Weather Poet.

The Clerk of the Weather could resist the obvious in everything but humour.

"What have you been writing now," he remarked.

But the innuendo failed to penetrate the velveteen coat.

"Write!" exclaimed the Weather Poet indignantly. "How can I apostrophise 'Sol's torrid rays' in my great coat or compose serenades with umbrella obligato? Have you no regard for the sacred calling of poetic art—let alone the stray guineas which the sacred calling evokes. Why should the occasional-verse writer be deprived of his 'pastorals' and postal-orders? Kindly let us know if it is July without forcing us first to consult the calendar."

"Charmed to oblige," murmured the Clerk affably, and smiled a sultry smile. Immediately there was a rise in mercury and a fall in alcohol—especially long drinks.

"Are you satisfied now?" enquired the Clerk politely. But silence reigned. Where the poet had once stood there was a pool of water, a slouch hat, and the remains of a velveteen jacket.

"There's no pleasing some people," muttered the Clerk of the Weather.

"Even my melting moods don't satisfy. Quite expect I shall have to throw in a few frosts by way of variation before the month is out."

### "A CYCLE TOUR."



HARD  
WORK.

### ON A RECENT MARRIAGE.

NEITHER for the north nor east  
Had my lady any zest;  
Thus, you see, from south released,  
She is wedded to the WEST.

### WHY WE ARE CLOSING THE CLUB.

BECAUSE the ceilings of the dining room want dusting.

Because there is a distinct saving effected by shutting up the coffee-room during August and September.

Because it creates good feeling to exchange hospitality with other caravanserais.

Because, really, the pictures should be varnished or glazed.

Because some of the chairs and other furniture require overhauling.

Because the catalogue of the libraries has not been properly "edited" for ages.

Because the cigar stores and the wine cellars want replenishing.

Because the Committee—and who should know better?—considers it desirable.

And last, but certainly by no means least, because the Secretary wants a two months' holiday!

*Reason for not closing the club.* Because (confound it!) every other club is closing too!

### THE LATEST CATCHWORD.

(by A. A. S.)

Oh, what has become of the Cockney's wit,  
Of 'Arry's sally and coster's hit,  
When *this* is the phrase they wear thread-  
bare—

"There's 'air!'"

SAM WELLER would squirm within his grave,  
And even JOE MILLER would turn and rave,  
If they heard the modern wag declare,  
"There's 'air!'"

Each spring brings forth a new "wheeze" to learn—

"What ho! she bumps!" now has served its turn,

But for lunacy sheer the palm will bear  
"There's 'air."

"Get your 'air cut!" and "Fancy meeting you!"

And "Chase me, girls!" made us laugh when new,

But the latest we hear with blank despair—  
"There's 'air!'"

*À propos* of nothing, from morn till night,  
The parrot-like Londoner takes delight,  
To give vent to this piece of humour rare—

"There's 'air!'"

If you flee on your bike, the country lout  
Instead of "Your wheel goes round!" will shout

(What it means he isn't the least aware),  
"There's 'air!'"

O Doctors, why can't you inoculate  
A specific that might perchance abate  
Epidemics like these that wits impair—  
"There's 'air!'"

Oh, can't we invent in this year of grace  
Some form of address to take its place,  
This fatuous catchword we well could spare—

"There's 'air!'"

### MY LOVE.

I THINK of thee when days are long  
And light and bright and cheery;  
I think of thee when days are short  
And damp and dull and dreary.

Full oft I murmur thy dear name  
Within my lonely garret;  
And curse the lot that makes me live  
Without my love—old Claret!





**H**

me! How pleasant, after a life of arduous toil—for up to the age of thirty I have been a

poor, underpaid, overworked clerk in a Govern-

ment Department, the Great Sealing Wax and Gum Office—to be enabled to indulge my fancy for sport! What a blissful change, to take a moor, or a fishing, in Scotland, to idle my time away, to bask in the sunlight of the heavens, to absorb the beauties of Nature, the air of the the mountains, the extra *cuvée* of the *Veuve Cliquot*; to look upon the sunrise, the glorious dew of the early dawn—and also that of Glenlivet! Ah, would it not all be a very dream of delight? I revelled in the bare idea.

The sudden change in my financial condition was brought about in this wise. I was rapidly getting worn out with the grinding toll of the G. S. W. & G. O.—working from eleven till three, day after day, and getting not a moment to oneself, for what with reading *The Times* and the *Sportsman*, making a few sketches on the blotting-pad, brushing my own coat-collar, and smoothing my Lincoln and Bennett, going out to luncheon and coming back again, and a three-mile journey in a hansom to and from home, there seemed no time for anything else—when my rich bachelor uncle died, and left me all his money. Excellent man, I quite forgive him for the rude way in which he spoke of me in his will, an extract from which erratic document, I give here:—

“I had long determined to leave all that I possessed to that particular member of my family who should have proved pre-eminent in something—I cared not what. They have all disappointed me, and the only one who has asserted his title to be considered pre-eminent in anything is my nephew, ALGERNON BERTIE FITZSIMPLETON, for he is, pre-eminently, the greatest ass I have ever known.”

As I have said, it was rude of him; nevertheless, considering that I have the money safely, I forgive him. As to his remarks

on my mental capacity, let them pass. I can afford to treat the matter with a quiet dignity. I even spent three-and-sixpence on *crêpe* for him, in token of complete amity.

Between the delights of fishing and those of shooting I found it hard to decide, and finally took refuge in the somewhat feeble expedient of “tossing up.” Heads, fishing. I accepted the omen, and my first act was to cab down to BATE & HOOKEM, the agents for Scotch fishings. Rather a bore these agent fellows, but suppose they are a necessary nuisance: it could not be helped, and I had to go.

Called at B. and H.’s office in Strand, and found Mr. HOOKEM in. (Later on, I may observe, that I found Mr. Hookem out, but no matter!) This gentleman was most assiduous in his attention to me, and most obliging.

A Fishing? Ah, he could thoroughly recommend one that had only just that very morning been put into his hands to let: It was in Perthshire—McDoodleskirrie Lodge, with private loch, and also rights of fishing for five miles on the river Itch. The owner? Oh, it was a man not in the habit of letting his place at all; no other than THE INVERNESS himself, who was something to do with the Cape. He and his family would be prepared to leave in two days’ time, if I took the place, and he, Mr. HOOKEM, would strongly advise my closing with the offer at once.

N.B.—Have noticed that agents often do recommend this course.

He informed me, in order to prevent mistakes, that THE INVERNESS’s wife is not “Mrs. INVERNESS” but Mrs. MACJONES. Why he should be THE INVERNESS and the lady plain Mrs. MACJONES rather puzzling. Pats one in mind of late BLANK, Q.C., who caused the butler to announce “28, Lennox Gardens, and Mrs. BLANK,” at a Scotch dinner party. After a certain amount of palavering, Mr. HOOKEM and I came to terms. I was to be the guest of THE INVERNESS for the first two days of my tenancy—at the expiration of that period, he and his family would move southwards, and I should be left in possession of “the palatial mansion and grounds”—these were Mr. HOOKEM’s flowing periods, not mine.

Went on to FINNEY & SCALES, the tackle shop, and spent two hours (and nine pounds seven and sixpence) in purchasing all sorts of fearful wildfowl in the shape of flies—my head whirled



with talk of gimp, casts, reels, steel cores, cane handles, and a thousand other terms equally confusing. Struggle feebly into cab, completely exhausted, and have to take bottle of Chamberlain with my luncheon at the club to refresh my worn-out frame.

Next morning early—horribly early—I started on the long pilgrimage north—almost more fatiguing than day at the G. S. W. and G. O. Ah, those terrible, brain-racking days, when sometimes I would wrestle for an hour or more as to whether I should read *The Times* or put a rose in my coat first! But away with gruesome memories of grinding toil! I am a free man, my own master, and no longer a hireling slave to a despotic Government. As soon as I get to Weesmellie, I will absolutely wallow in my new-found freedom.

My cigar finished, I sat up and looked out of window. Passed through quite a decent sort of country—for Scotland. THE INVERNESS has promised to meet me at Weesmellie Station, and drive me to the house. Here we are at last. Heigho! journey had nearly killed me. When I alighted, I looked in vain for the figure I had pictured to myself of the “braw laird.” N.B.—Believe it is correct to employ such phrases as these, liberally, whilst in Scotland. Am told it pleases the inhabitants. I looked up and down platform fruitlessly, then outside the station, for some sign of carriage to meet me. Nothing there except cart, taking in general cargo of carrots, potatoes, flour, and small quantity of coal. I walked back, feeling annoyed. Told ginger-bearded Bandit—apparently the only porter on whole station—to get my luggage out of van. I had brought perfect armoury of fishing-rods, guns, etc., in addition to my own personal effects, a few cases of champagne and a neat little box containing choice piece of Salvati glass, as a small offering to MRS. INVER—

MRS. MACJONES, I mean. Ginger person favours me with stony stare—feel uncomfortable—then smile breaks out upon his face, and slowly travels all round back of his head, and to my utter astonishment he grasps me warmly—too warmly for pleasure—by the hand, and in most cordial manner exclaims—

“Whaurthayewouldbethelhitbodyfrathesooth!”

Horror! it is THE OVERCOAT—THE INVERNESS, I mean—himself! Apologise profusely for mistaking him for porter. He hastens to reassure me—at least, I think so, but cannot, as a matter of fact, understand a word he says.

“Arrrakentitonanobbie!” he cries cheerily, or something to that effect.

I nodded pleasantly and smiled. Smile only safe investment, under the circumstances.

“May I ask where your carriage is, INVERNESS?” I said, pleasantly.

He points to general cargo cart with the equine ruin attached, standing outside. “Whaurwoulditbeebutyanner?” he says, and his simple eloquence goes to my heart.

The luggage having been got in, I approach dirty cart, not without certain misgivings for the fate of my new light-coloured Harris tweed knickerbockers. Seat myself very carefully on clean patch of sacking. THE INVERNESS clambers up beside me, encourages the framework between the shafts into an uncertain shuffle, and we are fairly *en route* for “the palatial mansion”—according to HOOKEM.

After some miles of more or less agonised jolting, we arrive at the foot of a tremendous hill, up which the animal was incited to climb by means of an old umbrella, and sundry pieces of small coal dexterously aimed at its head. Two or three miles farther on, still, and we descended a hill so severe that our seat slides down and sack of carrots shoots over us. This *contretemps* remedied, I endeavour to learn something of the prospects of sport.

“What of the fish—the trout? Are there plenty in the river just at present?” I ask. “Is the water in good condition?”

“Ohyeelbevarrpleasedamucklefushins,” he replies encouragingly.

“That’s very pleasant hearing,” I say, wondering what on earth he can mean. I wish to *think* the best of everything, just as I eat and drink the best of everything. It is my way. I am just that sort of man.

Presently, as he flicked his whipthong at a fly on the horse’s ear and missed it, catching me on the nose instead, he observed,

“Yeelbenearintheweebithoosiethenoo.”

“Dear me,” I replied, “I should never have thought so.”

I fancy THE INVERNESS began to suspect that I did not speak his language, for he now resorted largely to signs, and pointed in silence to a large whitewashed cottage, with the end of his gig umbrella.

“Is this the Bailiff’s cottage?” I asked airily, looking in vain for the “palatial mansion” mentioned of HOOKEM.

“Nabaileeffsit! TharlbetheMcDoodleskirlic - Lodge - itsen.” This in a tone of lofty scorn, and two minutes later we pull up with a jerk at door of whitewashed hovel.

Felt damped, if not exactly despondent—am beginning to realise that HOOKEM is a man of vivid imagination. Remember now, that he described host as “splendid fellow”—certainly you get a great deal for your money in the way of inches and avoirdupois—and the house as a “magnificent place.” HOOKEM, man who evidently considers truth should be used with due regard to economy. A little later on, felt inclined to go still farther and describe Mr. H. as what poor FRED LESLIE used to call a lamb dyer.

Seven red-haired children come out to welcome me. Fond of children—at a distance; but seven rather overpowering, all at once. Enter house and am shown into scantily furnished room, and received by Mrs. INVER—MACJONES, I should say, lady of angular framework—figure, I mean, and severe expression. She opines that I must have had a tiring journey, and asks me if I would like to take anything? A glass of water, or—? I hastily decline. Am shown up rickety stairs to barrack-like bedroom with painted furniture. Wash in basin size of tea saucer, and go downstairs again feeling trifle depressed. Find, to my relief, that eldest daughter, *et. twenty-five* or thereabouts, has been at school in England and speaks the language of that country. She blushing tells me that dinner is ready, and will it please me to walk in? It pleases me very much—so does she. Never saw such a girl to blush. Well, I don’t suppose she sees many good looks—many men in the course of her lonely life. Determine to give her as much pleasure as I can by wearing all my new suits in turn, so that she shall see me in many aspects. Suddenly remember this cannot be done, as she is only to be here for a couple of days. Never mind, one can change a good many times in two days by the exercise of a reasonable amount of industry, and my poor little Scotch girl shall not be defrauded out of what, I verily believe, will prove a source of real enjoyment to her.

Walk into dining-room and gaze at dismal array of bowls and spoons. Whole family sit down to table, and then instead of soup, porridge is dumped into the bowls—not a partaker of porridge myself, and wait for the fish—no fish. Wait for *entrées*—no *entrées*. Ha! something to eat at last! Grouse and venison. Attacked latter with avidity, but not being armed with a respirator was forced to give up the unequal contest. Fortunate thing that deer was killed. Going about in that condition he might have infected the whole herd with typhoid. Cold grouse better.

I learn, during course of dinner, that eldest daughter’s name is MCLEOD. Not romantic—cannot imagine any man speaking of “My own MCLEOD!” She has a pleasing face, though in stature something like Mama—one might call her, in the figurative language of “Caledonia, stern and wild,” a “bony braw lassie.” Haggis finishes the dinner, and nearly performs same office for me. Struggle into the air, in order to get rid of the powerful perfume of hot calves’ brains. Cigar in garden, and



then remember my present of Salvati glass for Mama MACJONES. I fetch it from my room, and offer it with a few graceful words—am rather good at graceful words—to my hostess. She looks at it suspiciously, and then proceeds to fill it with marmalade, remarking that if ever they were short of bowls it might do for porridge. Feel, somehow, that my little offering has not been quite a success.

Next morning, up with the lark at 9.30. Breakfast, and then get out all my elaborate fishing tackle. THE INVERNESS makes unintelligible remarks—but, evidently by their tone, of a disparaging nature—on seeing it. Rude of him. He obviously jeers at my many books of flies. My MCLEOD to the rescue, with soothing remarks—delightful girl!—this morning she looks all innocence and lilies of the valley. We are to try the loch first, leaving the river till later. THE INVERNESS accompanies me: should have preferred the guidance of his daughter, but can't very well explain this to him. At the loch side we are met by a Jelly—beg pardon, Gillie—gentleman possessing very red nose, and an imposing thirst. He commences casting rocky chunks of Gaelic at me, but finding I do not understand a word he says, mercifully desists and relapses into a moody silence. We proceed to embark in extremely dirty boat, about half full of water. This is baled out until, as we sit, the water only covers our ankles—chilly, but still preferable to actually sitting in it. DUGALD—all Gillies, I believe, are DUGALDS—takes charge of my fly-books and flask—feel that this is really too assiduous a piece of attention on his part, and by dexterous piece of manoeuvring, succeed in recovering flask—not so particular about flies. Neither, apparently, was DUGALD, who looks quite defeated when he catches sight of the “pocket-pistol” once more in my possession. Trust no lasting coolness will arise between DUGALD and self over this small matter.

We row out to middle of loch, DUGALD evidently choosing this position as the one in which we can most effectively be drowned should leaky boat founder—a by no means unlikely contingency, I should imagine. Then THE INVERNESS, taking my fly-books in hand, looks pityingly at my Red Palmers, Brown Palmers, Huntley and Palmer—I mean Huntley Dragons, and many other gaudily dressed flies with unaccountable names, discarding each, after a brief examination, as useless. From the expression of his face, one would have thought that the flies had personally insulted him. At length, after an excited and guttural colloquy between my two gaolers, DUGALD selects the fly which he finds least offensive to his piscatorial susceptibilities and affixes it to my cast. Having lit a pipe, so as to give the impression of being perfectly at my ease in this sport, I took my rod, whirled the line gaily round my head and unfortunately hooked my left ear. The next cast was more successful, as no personal injury whatever was caused. I merely got the hook into the seat of my knickerbockers, and less than a quarter of an hour sufficed to free it again completely. Nothing like perseverance; so I cast again, nearly overbalancing the wretched cockleshell as I did so. The next time, I got a rise, and landed a trout bigger than my forefinger. He was a clean-run fish, and in splendid condition. Later on, the scale told me that my capture pulled down the beam at just under three ounces.

I again cast. I was getting excited now; and this time I hooked and missed a tremendous fish, at least a ten-pound trout. Know it was a ten-pound trout, because I caught a glimpse of him quite plainly. DUGALD buries his head in his hands, and groans softly to himself. Wish he would not croon—so upsetting. Persevere, and soon land a second three ounce. Go on for another quarter of an hour, but only succeed in catching DUGALD's Tam o' Shanter and jerking it into the loch. DUGALD quite annoyed at loss of cap; he looks very “dour” at me. No

more trout falling victims to my skill, I get rather sick of fishing and sitting in water, now up to my knees. During all this time, THE INVERNESS has been enjoying good sport and hauling in some fair-sized fish—larger than my brace of three ounces, though they are rather good trout. Watch THE INVERNESS as a fish rises to him. With a swirl, away he goes—it must be a big one—he fights gloriously, and then, bit by bit, the line is hauled in and he comes to the net. But my own sport was not good; it bored me, and I told them I should be landed and try my luck from the shore whilst they continued in the boat. They both seemed actually pleased at hearing this announcement—some people are so funny. Was put ashore with all my tackle, and general impedimenta, including the flask. Sit and rest, and smoke another pipe. Tobacco, after all, best part of fishing. Finish pipe and resume fishing. Fishing very stupid, somehow; not a sign of a trout. Subsequently discover I have no fly on end of line. Think this may account for my not getting any rise. Tie on a Green Harriet (Phœbus! what a name!) and try again. Green Harriet evidently unattractive. Small boy approaches whistling, and at same moment brilliant idea enters my head. Always had fertile brain, and wonder this scheme never struck me before. I confer with small boy and present him with “saxpence”—he disappears, and ten minutes later, returns with some lively red “worrirms,” as he calls them, on a large leaf.

Softly humming “Now we shan't be long”—I am very musical, and whenever I am suffering, I sing (a friend once said, “Ah, my dear fellow, on these occasions, it is not only you who suffer.” I don't know quite what he meant, but his tone was sympathetic, as though he knew what suffering was himself. I had often sung to him)—I began baiting with red worms, and scored an almost immediate success—so satisfactory. The trout rose and bit like gudgeon, and I hauled them out of the water almost as fast as I could bait my hook. This was really splendid sport, and I was thinking how my dear old friend DE THUPPENNY BUNNE, who was to join me on the morrow, would enjoy himself, when I suddenly became aware that the boat was returning. THE INVERNESS, despite the imminent danger of such a performance, was standing up and waving his arms frantically, swinging them round like the sails of a windmill. Really, I began to fear for the poor man's sanity. What was it all about, I asked myself wonderingly?

I was not long left in doubt. The ferocious Gillie, with a last wild tug at the oars, runs boat into the side and my host rushes out and makes wild dash for my worm-baited line, roughly dragging it out of the water. Line happened to have another fish on it. This THE INVERNESS quickly disengaged, and quickly hurled into the water. What could he mean? Was I—alarming thought!—standing here on the edge of the lonely loch, far from home and friends and things, practically at the mercy of a couple of homicidal maniacs! The bare thought caused a tremor to run through my manly frame and agitate the very soles of my boots. For a brief flash, I thought I was lost—rather wished, in fact, that I could have been! The next moment, however, relief came. The motive of their puerile conduct was revealed to me. To fish with a worm was POACHING! And everybody knows, as compared with this crime, that that of murder becomes a venial offence in the eyes of the Scottish Laird. All of my speckled beauties which were still alive were



ruthlessly thrown back into the loch, and then THE INVERNESS turned to me, and in tones of withering irony observed—

"Weeliewakthamonamucklefushunoo?"

I said, "Not that I am aware of," with dignity; and he did not seem able to pursue the subject any farther. He turned away from me and muttered an incantation of some sort; but whether he was exorcising the demons of the loch or cursing the gods of High Olympus, I am not at all clear to this day.

A minute later, and a big, "dour" looking outlaw, who I afterwards learnt held the position of Water Bailiff, came up, and in a silence more eloquent than words, struck a somewhat theatrical attitude, and pointed sourly to the small wriggling worm at end of my line.

I thought, perhaps, he had taken a fancy to it; so I at once removed it from the hook and presented him with it. This, however, failed to satisfy his aspirations, apparently, and so I nodded pleasantly and said, "Something has disagreed with you, perhaps?"

"Ooaye, ooaye, ooaye!" replied the official, wagging his head. Hate men who wag their heads—so irritating. He then produced a note-book, about the size of an ordinary port-manteau, and proceeded with elaborate detail to take down my name and address. All this was very alarming for the timid Southron, and it struck me that an appearance before the magisterial Bench might be extremely unpleasant and costly. So I hedged.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten minutes later, that dour "offeeceial," as he called himself; DUGALD, THE INVERNESS and myself were all seated together on the ground engaged in the most friendly of converse—as far as my limited knowledge of their picturesque but uncomfortable language would allow of such a state of things. If they did not understand "the language of the eye," they certainly did that of the flask. And no expert was needed in order to comprehend the fact that a five-pound note had left my coat pocket, and now reposed within the 'offeeceial' trousers. We were all quickly on the best of terms, and after an hour of strict attention to the bot—business in hand, DUGALD proceeded (diagonally) to the water's edge, sat at the boat, missed it, and then incontinently disappeared beneath the placid surface of the loch, wearing a seraphic smile to the last.

I was proceeding to hurriedly cast a fly in the direction of the eddying pool, with some faint, vague idea of rescue, when THE INVERNESS, more practical, assisted by the "offeeceial," dragged the Gillie safely ashore.

That evening, the blushing MCLEOD and I—well, philandered rather, in the garden, after dinner. We walked up and down the weeds—path, I mean—together, and she consoled with me upon my want of success in the day's fishing. MCLEOD has very pretty little sing-song voice, and she very truly said "Ah, in this beautiful scenery ye're time's no wasted, whether ye catch fush"—I think she said "fush"—"or not."

"MCLEOD," I began, and then pulled myself up suddenly, "Miss INVER—oh, hang it! Miss MACJONES, I should say. I am quite of your opinion. What matters it whether you hoist a damp, spotty creature out of the water or not? A life spent in the open-air, with just a little genial companionship—" here she most unaccountably turned ruby red. I was alluding to the companionship of my friend DE THUPPENNY BUNNE, who

was to join me in a day or two, "a little genial companionship is all I want."

She hung her head. Why? I wondered. Then she cast her eyes down demurely on the ground and took my hand. I never felt in such an awkward position in my life. At that moment, I could have welcomed the appearance of the dour Bailiff himself.

"This is aye sudden, ye ken," she murmured gently, looking up into my eyes and then laying her head gently on my stalwart shirt-front.

For a moment I knew not what to say. Then my natural cleverness asserted itself, and I began—

"My dear Miss IN—MCLEOD—MACJONES, I—er—I fear—er—that is, I mean that when I said I wanted companionship, I meant—"

"Oh, ye need say nae mair," she interrupted, nestling up to me—wish people would not nestle—always embarrassing. "Say nae mair. I ken all ye would say; I see it in your een." (Now, as it was completely dark, this was a great testimony to her own clear sightedness, or else a downright—euphemism!) "I'll conseeder ye're proposeotion, and ask my father's consent directly we're awa' from here," and off she dashed into the house.

I called after her—cautiously, for fear THE INVERNESS should hear—but she had gone, and I was left there by myself in a highly nervous state.

I did not sleep at all soundly that night. And I carefully forbore to come down to breakfast next day until they—the MACJONES family—had departed for the South. An interview with Papa INVERNESS on subject of MCLEOD would have been too wearing.

Later on, that day, I went down to the river for stroll to quiet my agitated mind. Met very nice young fellow, owner of adjoining place. We began to talk. I mentioned THE INVERNESS, and he smiled and informed me that Mr. MACJONES was not THE INVERNESS, or THE anything else, but the keeper of a small snuff shop and tobacconist's in Glasgow. "THE INVERNESS" was merely assumed to lure the unsuspecting Southron into taking the fishing—

"But the daughter, then—MCLEOD? What of her?"

He laughed.

"Oh, she's always known as the 'man-trap' in these parts. DUGALD is Mrs. MACJONES's brother, and the Bailiff her cousin."

I thanked him, and reeled back feebly into the house.

Next morning a letter arrived from MCLEOD, couched in most affectionate terms and consenting to become my "bonny wee wife"—most upsetting. Have no wish for "bonny wee wife." Later on a telegram (portage for seven miles unpaid) from Papa, saying whole family would return to McDoodleskirrie to "arrange matters."

I seized a Bradshaw, packed up hurriedly, and started that night. I seem to have lost all my interest in fishing, and fancy McDoodleskirrie is damp and doesn't suit my constitution.

Fox Russell



## RULING THE WAVES.

(From our Special Correspondent on board  
H.M.S. Billycock.)

## WEIGH ANCHOR!

Monday.—The Naval Manœuvres have begun. An hour ago our whistle screamed defiance to the breeze, our screw churned to foam the eddying waves, proudly at our masthead floated the ensign which speaks of liberty, loyalty and law to the poor aliens of other lands, abject in the misery of oppressive thralldom! (N.B. to the Editor. How's that for a start? Yes, your descriptive report will be done properly this year, and no mistake.)

## PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

I have had a confidential chat with our gallant Captain. No better sailor, my wide experience enables me to state, ever trod the lower capstan-turret. Naturally enough, he was keenly anxious for my opinion on some disputed points. With my opinion of water-pipe boilers he concurred fully. But as to our talk about 9'072 guns, detonating rams, the armouring of the main-boom, and so on, I must say nothing here. For one thing, your readers will not possess that encyclopædic knowledge of nautical matters that distinguishes your special correspondent. For another, our talk was, as I said, strictly confidential. The result of it may, perhaps, be seen in these manœuvres—will certainly be manifest in the next naval war.

## IN THE STOKE-HOLE.

Having at last persuaded the Captain to spare me for a few minutes, my eye for fine descriptive effect led me to visit the stoke-hole, where the furnaces were working at a pressure of something like 42.5 pounds to the square yard. The fires shone brightly red. The coal-black fuel added fury to the flames. Murky shadows of stokers in that lurid Inferno fell fitfully upon the gleaming main-centre-thrust-block. "Here," said I, striking an attitude, "here is the secret of England's greatness made manifest. Rule, rule Britannia!" Overcome with emotion, I then went upstairs again. (N.B. To the Editor. Fancy some of the technicalities in last par. mayn't be quite right. It doesn't matter much, but you'd better get somebody to revise them, if time allows.)

## THE NIGHT.

Darkness fell fast. It was twenty-one bells. With measured tread the vigilant sentries paced the central quarter-deck. Far across the dazzled main lay the bright gleams of our search-light. Ill would it fare with any rash foe who tried to approach us in the fancied security of the darkness! Long into the night I lay awake, occupied solely with the thought of my country's greatness. Rule, rule, rule Britannia!



## STIRRING DEEDS.

Just as I was dropping off to sleep, a sudden tumult above my head showed that the mimic warfare had begun. One of the enemy's fleet had stolen up to us in the dawn, and had poured a host of boarders on to our decks! To describe the fight that followed would tax the resources of a pen more eloquent than mine. In other words, it was indescribable. At length, after a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, the boarders were repulsed. Then with a terrific roar our cannon spoke—and the Billycock quivered from stem to stern. Again they spoke, and silence followed. Victory was ours! Ah, in spite of puling decadents, the spirit which animated DRAKE, FROBISHER and NELSON survives to-day in the breasts of our British tars!

(Later. N.B.—To the Editor.—For goodness sake suppress last paragraph. Not feeling very well, I stayed in my cabin all the morning. The noise I took to be a battle seems to have been made by sailors scrubbing deck, and the guns were only fired for signalling purposes. Many apologies for mistake.) A. C. D.



## THE LAMENT OF A YANKEE GLOBE-TROTTER.

(A Hint to Hotel-keepers.)

I DEARLY love the British Isles,  
Where pants and boots are cheap,  
Where anyone may roam some miles  
Before he meets the deep;  
But what I really cannot stand,  
In fact, it's far from nice,  
Though freezing seas surround your land  
You rarely give me ICE.

RECIPE, VALUABLE IN THE HOTTEST WEATHER.—How to convert a small Vegetable into a Cool Drink:—Take some broad beans, five will suffice. Place them on ice. Select a bean well iced. Add an "S" to it. It will then be "A Be-an'S well iced." [Exit.]

NOTE FROM AN IRREPRESSIBLE.—"Judging by the weather on Bank Holiday and during the greater portion of last week, I should be inclined to believe that DE WET had taken refuge in England."





First Traveller. "CAN WE HAVE BEDS HERE TO-NIGHT?"

Obliging Hostess. "OH, YES, SIR."

First Traveller. "HAVE YOU—ER—ANY—ER—INSECTS IN THIS HOUSE?"

Obliging Hostess. "NO, SIR. BUT WE CAN GET YOU SOME!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ON Bank Holiday, the weather being all that Bank Holiday-makers could not possibly desire, the Baron reclined on his divan and passed the greater part of the day in reading FERGUS HUME's *The Crimson Cryptogram* (JOHN LONG). Just the book for such a day. A strange, puzzling story, adroitly told, keeping the ingenious reader on the tenter-hooks of suspense from the first page to very nearly the last. And when the murder is out, as out it will, what a well-contrived surprise! "Mum's the word," says the Baron. There's no picturesque writing; there are no fine phrases lost; but the story "is the thing," and Mr. FERGUS HUME manages that, intricate though it be, in his own straightforward style.

The Baron has some recollection of having dipped into *John Bull et son île* and *Les Filles de John Bull*, and also into *Jonathan et son continent*, but certainly it was not owing to any pleasure derived from the above-mentioned works that he decided on reading Mr. MAX O'RELL's latest "*roman moderne*," entitled *Femme et artiste*. Mr. MAX O'RELL probably flatters himself on his knowledge of London bearing some sort of resemblance to that of *Sam Weller's*, which, as every *Pickwickian* is aware was "extensive and peculiar." And considering that Mr. MAX O'RELL (did he abbreviate it and Irishize it from *Aurelius Maximus*?) is a foreigner with a long experience of London as student and as Professor, his acquaintance with the manners and customs of St. John's Wood and "all round and about that quarter," is remarkable. As a Back-Woodsman, he is evidently past master of his craft, and knows "The Groves of the Evangelist," *au bout des ongles*. Mr. MAX O'RELL, as he elects to style himself, having absorbed English literature as *Joey Ladle* "took in" the wine, "through the pores," has exercised a facile pen with such perseverance and such literary ability as to have produced six novels written in English and translated, presumably by himself, into his native tongue; or the process was reversed

and the works were written in his native tongue, and then reproduced in that of the alien. Perhaps the latter course is the one he has adopted, seeing that the publisher is CALMANN LEVY in Paris. Misther, or Monsieur, O'RELL bewails the Babel-like towers of flats which will soon make London resemble Chicago, and will destroy "*ces jolis quartiers rustiques, frais et retirés, qui rendaient Londres, en été, la plus belle ville du monde*." Really, Misther O'RELL might rechristen himself Monsieur O'BLARNEY. The *rus in urbe* of London is to be found in "Chelsea, Saint John's Wood, Hampstead, et bien d'autres encore." "Approbation from Sir HUBERT STANLEY," especially when the equivalent to Sir HUBERT is a Frenchman, "is praise indeed!" Then, judicial with impartiality, Mons. MAX compares the absurd ideas that some uneducated and untravelled English and French entertain mutually of one another, and strikes a balance in favour of neither. The scene of his novel is laid in his beloved St. John's Wood, where "*la plus grande partie de la bohème intellectuelle de haute volée*" do mostly congregate, which means, according to Monsieur MAXIMUS, that in these sylvan glades "*les CHARLES WYNDHAM, les WILLARD, les WILSON BARRETT, se reposent des fatigues de la scène*." What a paradise! Without an Eve to upset everything; at least, she is not *en évidence*. "*C'est là, en un mot, que réside l'intelligence de Londres*." Ahem! if this be the case, the intelligence of London must be slightly limited. Should this book catch the eye of Kensington, the Kensingtonians will do well to be jealous; and on the same hypothesis Belgravians will be angry; while, let the volume penetrate to the great squares on the Nor'-West and West Central sides of London, how disdainfully indignant will be the noble, learned and scientific residents in those parts! However, the above is only *à propos* of his introduction to the story, the dialogue of which is, in a general way, brightly written, though the plot, both in design and execution, is about as weak as a *risqué* novel of GYP's might be, were it, *per impossible*, bowdlerised for simple and highly "proper" English readers. However, no doubt it will not be long ere Mons. MAXIMUS takes us several steps further and lifts the veil that has hitherto concealed from public gaze the mysteries of St. John's Wood, "*ce quartier privilégié*."

In *A Prince of Swindlers* (WARD, LOCK & Co., publishers) Mr. GUY BOOTHBY has taken a hint from *Sherlock Holmes*; but instead of showing how the police capture the villains, he narrates how the villains, in every instance, get the better of the police; how the chief of the rascals achieves stupendous wealth, bears an honourable name, moves in the very best society, and finally retires from business, disappearing nobody knows where or how. The Baron is inspired by this book to write a story which shall put this entirely in the shade, where no doubt, with the thermometer at over 100 degrees, it would be pleasant to remain. The Baron thinks he sees his way to an *Emperor of Scoundrels*, or something of that sort, quite at the top of the tree. Should publishers make a rush for this work on reading this announcement, the Baron says "let 'em all come," but let 'em wait. *En attendant*, the sensational-loving public can prepare themselves for the forthcoming work by reading GUY BOOTHBY's *Prince of Swindlers*, which is a collection of short stories of frauds and robbery perpetrated by one gifted creature with a few mildly-talented assistants. THE BARON DE B.-W.

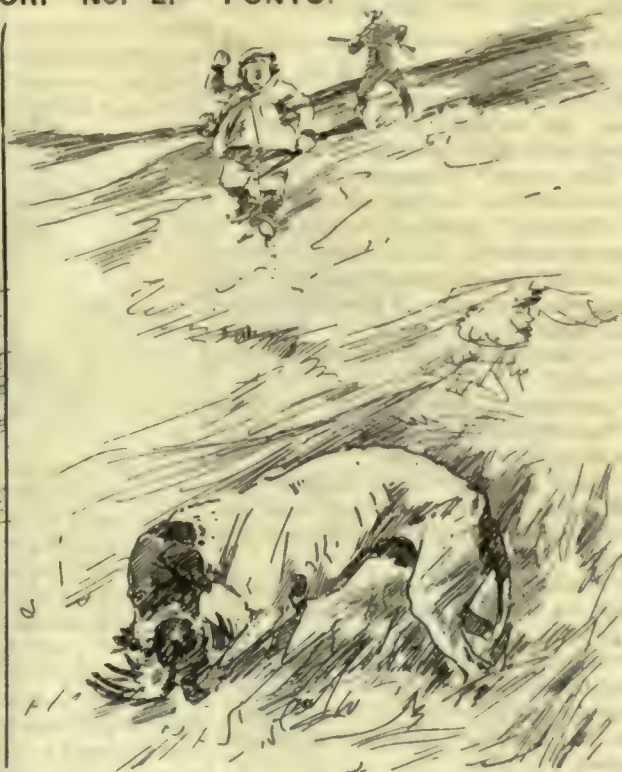
A TACTFUL MANAGER. — According to the *Daily News* of August 9th, the Prince of WALES, going *via* Flushing in order to avoid Belgium (and serve Belgium right), was brought into close proximity with a number of Transvaal Boers. The Continental Manager, Mr. J. AVIS (S. E. & Chatham R.), cleverly contrived that H.R.H. should be an "Invisible Prince" to the Boers and the Boers well out of the ken of H.R.H. Bravo! The Continental S. E. & C. R. Manager shall henceforth adopt for his motto, "*Rara Avis in terris*."



## MR. MUGGS' GROUSE MOOR. No. 2.—"PONTO."



"WELL—DEALER SAYS HE'S A WONDERFUL DOG; NEVER MISSES A BIRD; BROKE TO CARRY THEM, TOO, IN THE CONTINENTAL WAY."



PONTO NEVER DOES MISS A BIRD.

## THE CRICKET CRANK.

TELL me not of Boxer's fables,  
Of the Empress—do not speak.  
Summarise the Chinese cables  
Say, once every other week.  
Meanwhile let me, please, peruse  
Every scrap of cricket news.

Does the Boer War still continue?  
Are DE WET and BOTHA free?  
Is "BOBS" straining every sinew?—  
Oh! that doesn't interest me.  
But minutely tell me o'er  
Every first-class cricket score.

Read me not the turgid speeches  
Of the eloquent M.P.  
Doubtless he some moral teaches,  
But he only wearies me.  
Tell me then, again, how STORER  
Made his twenty-second fourer.

Crowd the Hospital Enquiry,  
And the leaders dull and solemn,  
Court News, and My Social Diary  
Into less than half a column.  
But with every detail tell  
How the Surrey wickets fell.

Is the Empire's glory waning?  
Is our downfall drawing near?  
Are our Volunteers complaining?  
I have not the least idea!  
But I'm pretty certain that  
RANJI is a clinking bat.



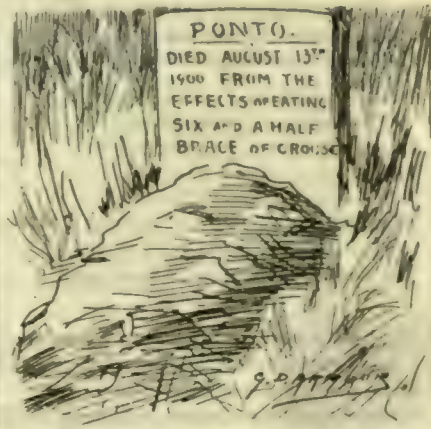
AND CARRIES THE ENTIRE BAG—BUT. . .

## RE-LAPSE.

Anatomical correspondent, meditating on the Chinese crisis and the uncertainty of things in general, sends the following query to *Mr. Punch* from the British Embassy, Constantinople:

ARE the "knees of the gods" any relation to "the laps of time?"

Correspondent says it struck him in bed that morning. It is evidently a serious case, and it is to be hoped that he will eventually recover from the impact. He had better try a course of therapy at Therapia. We fear that, with the present Turkish censorship, a very long time will have elapsed before he sees his bedridden jest in print.





## THE LESSON OF THE MANŒUVRES.

(Note of a conversation in the ante-room.)

"It was famous fun," said the Major. "We advanced in column, and as thick as bees. As we came along the artillery blazed away at us almost point-blank."

"But surely," commented the Critic, "you would have all been killed."

"Why, yes," admitted the Colonel, "I suppose we would. But it was magnificent to see our men progress as steadily as if they were on parade. A fine sight, Sir—a fine sight!"

"It must have been—to the enemy's artillery."

"And then we marched along the ridge of the hill—our outline in silhouette most effective, I can assure you."

"Yes," again put in the Critic; "but with such a mark the enemy could not have failed to have potted every man jack of you."

"Possibly," acquiesced the Colonel; "but we were wonderfully active—full of go!"

"That may be so," said the Critic, "but it strikes me that by the laws of the game not one of you should have escaped. But, fortunately, it was only a peaceful contest."

"But, Sir," cried all the officers in a heat, "we should have done precisely the same thing if it had been real fighting in the time of War!"

## A BALLADE OF AN ANNUAL VISITATION.

WHEN August follows on July,  
When ends the tedious Debate,  
And Ministers no more reply  
To questionings importunate;  
Ere passengers with teeming freight  
Of children throng each sea-bound train,  
This is the sign for which they wait—  
"The Great Sea-Serpent's here again."

When readers find the papers dry  
That fatuous problems agitate;  
When wordy warfare waxes high,  
And disputants each other slate;  
When sages maresnests formulate,  
And bores their several fads explain,  
Then comes the annual "par" to state  
The Great Sea-Serpent's here again.

O hardy myth that will not die!  
O monster of primeval date!  
Emerging once a year to spy  
Our century degenerate;  
The ages may annihilate  
The Auk and Dodo; but in vain  
Your species would they extirpate—  
The Great Sea-Serpent's here again.

Envoy.

Then with strange faith and obstinate  
(As in ST. SWITHIN's six-weeks' reign)  
Once more will we reiterate—  
"The Great Sea-Serpent's here again."

## THE BOBBY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

THE day was close, the sun was high,  
And all creation hot and dry!  
Despite the scorching noontide heat  
The burly Bobby paced his beat;



For notwithstanding drouth and sun,  
He kept his Hi on every one!  
While people all beheld with awe  
This incarnation of the law;  
And those with predatory views  
Distinctly shivered in their shoes.  
They all bowed down—well, all save one—  
A Butterfly, replete with fun,  
And her refusal was direct  
To treat the Bobby with respect!  
She gaily danced upon his toes,  
And fluttered round his ruddy nose;  
She kissed him lightly on the cheek,  
And worried him with elfish freak;  
She teased him with a childish glee,  
And laughed to scorn his dignity!  
The Bobby said, "This must not be!  
If passers-by should chance to see  
This light fa-mil-i-ar-i-tee

Why, what on earth becomes of me?  
To flout the Force, it is a sin,  
I'll stop it—or I'll run her in!"  
And off he started, smart and spry,  
To catch the blithesome Butterfly.  
Through street and square, through park  
and place

The Bobby has to go the pace;  
He threatens wildly with his staff  
He longs for pots of half-and-half;  
He knits his brows and shakes his fists  
But can't put darbies on her wrists;  
He loses her and says, "I'm blowed!"  
Just turning down the Edgware Road,  
And finds her when he's close upon  
The Terminus at Padding-  
ton.

He sees her enter, says,  
"At last!  
I think I've copped you  
hard and fast!"

While down the platform  
flutters she

So gaily and so merrily:  
She's here and there, as  
if in doubt,  
She's up and down and  
round about!

The Bobby thinks, and  
thinking smiles,

"I'll be revenged for all  
her wiles."



A Quart—er—to  
One.

He grabs his victim, with a frown—  
But, missing her, he tumbles down!  
While she regards him with disdain,  
And settles in the starting train;  
Then, as the carriage moves away  
The prostrate peeler hears her say:  
"You thought, dear Bobby, there's no  
doubt,

To run me in—I've run you out!  
But one so stout should take more care.  
Good-bye! I'm off for change of air!"

## MORAL.

O Bobbies, be forewarned and wise  
And ne'er run after butterflies!  
Oh, ne'er be tempted from your street,  
But keep your hearts upon the beat!

## THE RESULT OF A RECENT DECISION.

SCENE—Sub-Editorial Office. PRESENT—  
Sub and Orator.

Orator (angrily.) I have to complain, Sir, that the speech I delivered yesterday was badly reported. I consider it disgraceful.

Sub. (apologetically.) Very sorry, Sir. We usually are most accurate.

Orator. Why did you not take me verbatim?

Sub. That was done, Sir, by the Daily Wire who gained the copyright.

Orator. Why did you make me say that I wanted the Income Tax doubled?

Sub. Didn't you say so, Sir?

Orator. Certainly not. I said just the reverse. You can easily discover that by reading the report printed in the Evening Moon.

Sub. Ah! evidently that's how the mistakes crept in. Our contemporary has the correct version, and we must, for the sake of exclusive use, give the wrong one.

Orator. Why, Sir? Why?

Sub. (calmly.) To secure the copyright!

[Scene closes in upon a very strange situation.]

## THE NAME AND THE SITUATION.

(As applied to some of our popular public performers.)

Desirable in a storm at sea—Miss JANETTE STEER.

Undesirable ditto—Miss MARIE TEMPEST.

Ought to be a model host—Mr. WILLIAM GREET.

No good with foxhounds—Mr. JOHN HARE.

A kindly examiner—Mr. WALTER PASSMORE.

Funereally inclined—Mr. HAYDN COFFIN.

Rapturously received on August the 12th—Miss M. MOORE.

Anti-fatuous—Mr. DAN LENO.

Invaluable at any game—Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.





THE STAIN ON THE BELGIAN FLAG.





*Little Slingsby (feeling for an invite).* "BY THE WAY, MRS. JOCELYN, I HEAR YOU'VE TAKEN A BIPPIN' LITTLE PLACE ON THE RIVER THIS YEAR."

*Mrs. Jocelyn (seeing through it).* YES. I HOPE, WHEN YOU'RE PASSING, THAT YOU'LL—  
ER—DROP IN!"

## "WHERE TO GO."

No. V.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We are still undecided where to go for our holiday. But I had the good fortune to meet my friend Mr. SLARGE the other evening, on my way home, who said, "If you will have a bite with me, I'll settle the question for you."

I told him I had "done" the Norfolk Coast, which prompted him to rush into poetry saying, "Lowestoft for Leisure," "Yarmouth for Pleasure," and "Bloaters also," I quickly replied. He took no notice of my remark—which was unkind, because I have always laughed at his jokes, no matter how feeble they have been—and taking me by the arm led me up the steps of the Koodle Club.

Here, while as a guest enjoying some modest refreshment, SLARGE informed me

that he was going with his wife to Dover, and suggested that I should accompany them. I impressed on him the fact that I was compelled to be extra economical, but he greatly comforted me by telling me that two guineas would cover everything: a first-class return ticket, and accommodation at the best hotel, from Saturday till Monday. *Vide advertisement.*

So the following morning, Mr. and Mrs. SLARGE and myself found ourselves comfortably settled down in the Hotel Brillington, on the South-Eastern coast. Magnificent pictures adorned the walls of the public rooms, but, curiously enough, some of the pictures by GAINSBOROUGH and Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS very closely resembled those I have seen in the National Gallery. A band of pretty ladies, all dressed in red, played at meal-

times, and I must say it was a wonderful dinner, and the waiters most attentive, though a scientific gentleman sitting behind me evidently thought otherwise. He was complaining to the three waiters who were attending on him, and was asking to see the Manager, who very wisely kept out of the way. While ordering the numerous dishes to be removed, he was drinking whisky and soda, the former of which he was supplying from his flask, and I heard him shouting, "What do you say? Which *entrée* will I take? Both, if I please. Where's the Manager?" etc. I don't fancy the management made much profit out of him.

By the way, I think it would be good policy to engage an interpreter at the hotel to translate the *menu*, which—it being an English hotel—was, of course, written in French.

My bedroom was gorgeously furnished, but I took exception to the glare of the electric light, which rendered reading in bed an impossibility. There was a twenty-five candle-power electric lamp hanging above my head as I was lying down reading. The glare was appalling, and the heat from it was gradually frizzling my hair; so the manager, a wonderfully obliging gentleman, complied with my request and gave me a good old-fashioned candle, the light of which, in my opinion, is very difficult to beat.

I was disturbed at six o'clock by that detestable seaside pest the early morning bather, who walks down the front with his barking dogs rousing the whole neighbourhood. I confess I was fervently praying that he and his dogs would swim out a considerable distance and be carried further by a strong current, or that the lot of them would simultaneously enjoy the luxury of cramp and kick each other to death.

I am delighted with this old town, and if my wife is of the same opinion I think we shall spend our holiday here; but a horrible thought has just occurred to me. There are no sands for the children! I fear the children might follow the example of Mrs. SLARGE, who, being unable to occupy her mind for two minutes together, keeps throwing herself back in an arm-chair, exclaiming, "What are we to do, here?" Yours truly,

"STILL ON THE LOOK OUT."

## NOWHERE.

*Author (to Publisher).* I called in to ask whether there were any profits on my book.

*Publisher.* Profits! Why, my dear sir, there are the papermaker, the printer, the binder, the advertisement agent, and Myself to be paid!! and you inquire about profits! The heat has evidently upset you.

THE MOST "ORCHID" CUSTOMER IN THE WORLD.—MR. SANDER of St. Albans.





*Little Girl. "AUNTIE, DO COME AND SEE ME IN MY BATH, WHEN I HAVE NOTHING BUT MY BODY ON."*

### PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

[Supposed to be part of the sympathetic correspondence addressed (*vid Delagoa Bay*) by certain Members of Her Majesty's Opposition to Mr. KRUGER, and lately discovered at Pretoria.]

I HAVE no lusty lance to bear before thee ;  
I have no falchion handy in a sheath ;  
I have no shield (in case they try to floor thee)  
For thy devoted head to hide beneath ;  
I cannot sit a horse, much less a charger ;  
My legs are rather groggy at the knee ;  
My pectoral dimensions might be larger ;  
But oh, the heart within is all for thee.

I have no gun except for sniping rabbits ;  
I have no prickly spur upon my heel ;  
I have no taste for military habits,  
Nor martial ancestors, like SWIFT MACNEILL ;  
I have no nerve to bear the battle's thunder,  
I never could endure the cannon's boom ;  
I have no flag of truce for fighting under,  
But oh, my heart, my heart is all for Oom.

I have no bandolier to strap outside me ;  
I much prefer my braces to a belt ;  
I have no scout's intelligence to guide me,  
Nor any close acquaintance with the veldt ;

I have no gift for physical exertions ;  
I shrink from detonations on the line ;  
But RHODES and JOSEPH are my pet aversions,  
And, as I said before, my heart is thine.

I have no song, no stirring song, to send thee  
(These lines are practically void of art) ;  
I have no treasonable aid to lend thee,  
Discretion being valour's better part ;  
I cannot go and cheer thy foreign legions,  
Apart from war I so dislike the sea ;  
But though I rest in these immediate regions  
My spirit (in a transport) flies to thee.

Ask me no more ! I shun an open quarrel  
With views that represent the nation's choice ;  
The courage I profess is largely moral,  
And not adapted to the living voice ;  
Prudence forbids me, my beloved Dopper,  
To call a Pro-Boer gathering and shout ;  
Nay, since a note like this is barely proper,  
For Heaven's sake don't leave the thing about !

O. S.

FRIENDS IN AND OUT OF NEED.—When you are *not* in want of anything, where is the friend who will not rush to assist you ? But when you are in want of everything, where is the friend who will step to your aid ?





**"WHAT HO! SHE BUMPS!"**

*A Sketch on the Scarborough Sands.*

#### THE PROVERBS OF PILJOSH.

*Freely rendered into English from the original Styptic.*

BY F. ANSTEY.

#### IV.

WHEN the Ass first saw his cousin the Zebra, he exclaimed: "It is the first time that there has ever been any eccentricity in our family!"

"This eclipse of the Sun portends some dire calamity to the World!" said an aged and experienced Ant. "For the last time it occurred a human Child sat down upon our ant-hill!"

The full-blown Sausage professeth to forget the days of his puppyhood.

Had anyone met the Red Herring in the sea and foretold that he would one day be pursued by hounds across a difficult country, the Herring would have accounted him but a vain babbler. And yet so it fell out.

"Will you allow me to pass?" said the courteous Garden Roller to the Snail.

An officious Person seeing a Phoenix well alight promptly extinguished her with a watering-pot.

"Had you refrained from this uncalled-for interference," said the justly irate Bird, "I should by now be rising gloriously from my ashes, instead of presenting the ridiculous appearance of a partially roasted fowl which you now behold!"

Everyone knows his own business best.

"Alas!" sighed the Learned Pig, when dying of brain fever after endeavouring to solve the problem of how many two and two make, "why was I cursed with intellect?"

Character is everything. A Tiger is an exemplary husband

and a strict Teetotaler, yet it were unwise to give him the entrée of the Nursery.

"This will be a lesson to me for the future!" gasped the Fish in the landing-net.

A Merchant sold a child a sharp sword. "Thou hast done wrong in this," said a Sage, "for he will assuredly wound himself or some other with it."

"The blame will not be on my head," cried the Merchant, "for when I sold the sword, I did recommend the child to put a cork upon the point."

A certain grain of Millet fell out of a sack in which it was being carried into a city, and was trampled in the dust. "Alas!" cried the Millet-seed, "I am lost! Yet do I not repine for myself, but for those countless multitudes who—lacking me—will now inevitably perish of starvation!"

"If Men could but contrive to grow tails," said a wise old Monkey, "they would not be so very much inferior to Us."

"I have given up dancing," said the Tongs, "for they no longer dance with the elegance and grace that were fashionable in my youth."

"But for the mercy of Providence," said the Fox piously to the Goose, when he found her in a trap that had been set for himself, "our situations might now be reversed!"

"She really sang quite nicely," remarked the Cuckoo, after she had been to hear the Nightingale one evening, "but I found her just a little monotonous."

The Mendicant desired to make a will. "But what hast thou to leave when thou diest?" cried the Scribe.

"As much as the richest," he replied, "for when I die I leave the entire world."

"Forgive me," said the Toad to the Swallow, "but, although you may not be aware of it, you are flying on totally false principles."

"Am I?" said the Swallow, meekly. "I'm so sorry; do you mind showing me how you do it?"

"I don't fly myself," said the Toad with an air of superiority, "but I thoroughly understand the theory of it."

"Then teach me the theory," said the Swallow.

"Willingly," said the Toad; "my fee—to you—will be only two worms an hour."

A certain Canister found its way by chance into an Arsenal wherein were several huge Shells. The Canister was oppressed by bashfulness in such company, but, greatly to its surprise, the Shells rose and made way for it with the most profound deference.

"Surely ye mistake me for another," said the modest Canister, "for ye are steel, and laden with explosives—whereas I am only tin, and contain naught but the carcase of a long-deceased lobster."

"Nevertheless," replied a Shrapnel, "thou art mightier than us all, for when we burst, we may slay none, or at most some half-a-dozen—whereas thou, when thou art opened, will number thy victims by fifties!"

"I can't bear to think that no one will weep for me when I am gone!" said the sentimental Fly, as he flew into the eye of a Moneylender.

GREAT EASTERN MEN'S MOTTO.—"Strike while the weather is hot."





"AND SHE ONLY CHARGED EIGHT-AND-A-HALF GUINEAS, AND"—(interruption from Husbands. "ISN'T THE VIEW MARVELLOUS!"  
General chorus in reply. "OH!—ER—YES!"—"AND NOW I SIMPLY GO THERE FOR EVERYTHING!"

### IN MEMORIAM.

## Lord Russell of Killowen.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

BORN, NOV. 10, 1832. DIED, AUG. 10, 1900.

SWIFT thought and eloquence that smote like flame—  
By these his country's kingliest prize he won,  
And from the judgment-seat still kept her fame  
Clear as the cloudless sun.

Now in the Courts of Sleep he rests apart,  
Mourned by a people's love, his dearest pride;  
So close was wisdom in that noble heart  
With gentleness allied.

### "Of What is the Old Man thinking?"

"IN what mood do you think is Mr. KRUGER now?" asked our own Interviewer of one who knows the President well, and who replied, "As to his mood, it varies; it's not imperative, and I don't think it's particularly indicative. But he is in-tense-ly anxious as to the Paulo-post-future."

### "What do Women most admire in Men?"

Miss PRYM and Miss LETTY LAVISH discussed this topic over their *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Quoth Miss PRYM, "I don't exactly know that I admire anything in them. But I like them at a distance."

"Yes," said Miss LAVISH, "I loathe a man when he's 'near.'"

### "MAFIKENG."

(By A. A. S.)

[Canon BALFOUR of Bloemfontein, in a letter to the *Times*, explains that the name should be spelt as above, *Mafika* being the plural of *lefika* (a rock), and *Mafikeng* meaning *at the rocks*; "but the first Postmaster did not trouble about that."]

OH, bother! Must we reconstruct our patriotic rhymes,  
Because a Canon's just gone off and writton to the *Times*?  
We've turned out odes *ad libitum* and songs like anything,  
And now we're told 'tis "Mafikeng" instead of "Mafeking."

We gather that this famous name means merely "at the rocks,"  
Where BADEN-POWELL, limpet-like, sat tight through countless  
shocks;

But *Mafikeng*'s a rock whereon the rhymster's vessel splits—  
Try all he may, he cannot find an assonance that fits!

The purist and the tourist, and the history-man as well,  
Now learn too late by many months the immortal word to spell;  
To judge from all the recent tricks the G. P. O.'s been at,  
You can't expect the postal mind "to trouble about that!"

Still, *Mafeking* or *Mafikeng* (whichever may be right),  
We've not forgotten your Relief nor May 18th night;  
Though letter-sorting postmasters your i's and e's confuse,  
At least you taught the braggart Boers to mind their p's and q's.

### The New Central.

First London Traveller (to friend). Come with me by the  
"Twopenny Tube."

Second London Traveller. Can't. It's not my line. I'm a  
District Visitor. [Disappears underground.]





### BIS DAT QUI CITO DAT.

Lock-keeper (handing ticket). "THREEPENCE, PLEASE."

Little Jenkins. "NOT ME: I'VE JUST PAID THAT FELLOW BACK THERE."

Lock-keeper (dryly). "'IM? OH, THAT'S THE CHAP WHO COLLECTS FOR THE BAND!"

### JUST ENOUGH.

[Letters on the question "Are Smoking and Drinking sinful?" have been appearing in the *Daily News*.]

"ARE smoking and drinking sinful?"

Here! of best wine a skinfull!

A box of cigars, the very best brand,

A pipe and tobacco are here to my hand;

That's just for a nightcap to end all,

When away *pour se coucher* we send all.

"If smoking and drinking be sinful?" Say Yes?

Why, then, what a lot we have got to confess!

"Sinful!" Good Heaven! Wherein is the "sinful."

Unless you persist in a skinful on skinfull,

And stupidly drink to your own stupefaction,

Thus leaving yourself without reason in action;

For then to the level of brute you have sunk.

No, no—beg brutes' pardon; brutes never get drunk.

They know when to stop—but a man, obfuscated

By drink, beneath brute-level must be located.

### TO THE GERMAN MEASLES.

(By a Sufferer.)

IF I must keep my bed at all  
And pay my doctor's fees,  
I like to have what one may call,  
A dignified disease;  
Some manly and obscure complaint  
My constitution aimed at,  
Whose very name will turn you faint,  
Not one to be ashamed at.

Let bulletins be posted where  
They meet the public gaze,  
So that a crowd may stop and stare  
In horrified amaze;  
All my acquaintances, I'm sure,  
The fond ones and the formal,  
Will like to know my temp'ature  
Is much above the normal.

Oh, let a trained and skilful nurse  
Be always at my side,  
To give me medicine far worse  
Than anything yet tried;  
And, lest my doctor may have missed  
Some point, what I'll propose is  
That he shall have a specialist  
To help his diagnosis.

But vain these cherished hopes, I stand  
At present face to face  
With a disease that's childish and  
Extremely commonplace;  
No very special drugs I need,  
No powerful narcotic,  
My malady is mild indeed  
And most unpatriotic.

So friends keep chaffing me, instead  
Of looking all aghast,  
And I must hide my humble head  
Until infection's past;  
No pens can write, no brushes paint  
On anybody's easels,  
My deep disgust at this complaint,  
The wretched German Measles.

P. G.

THE BELIEF OF THE ORCHARD OWNER.—  
Fruiturity.

He's out of it; but for the moderate smoker  
And moderate drinker, and player of "poker,"  
Of whist, or of spoo, or of whatever game  
Which to go with a quiet cigar you may name,  
There's nothing but praise, as, whatever his station,  
In all things consistent his rule's "moderation."  
With such a man safely you may be in touch,  
He never will say, do, or give you too much.

### ALLITERATIVE ALTERNATIVES.—(TOURIST TRIAL TRIPS.)

MERRY Margate for Musical Moments. Neighbourly Newport for Never-ceasing Nonsense. Overpowering Oxford for Out-and-out Originality. Pretty Pangbourne for Prosperous Picnics. Queer Queenborough for Questionable Quarters. Romantic Ramsgate for Regular Rejoicing. Sensible Sevenoaks for Scientific Searchers. Tolerable Tonbridge for Tuneful Tourists. Universal Uxbridge for Useless Upbraiding. Venerable Ventnor for Various Vagaries. Welcome Whitby for Weary Wanderers. Yearning Yarmouth for Youthful Yeomanry. Zealous Zoo (Regent's Park) for Zinky Zealanders.





## JOE THE POINTER.

"WHAT'S THE GOOD OF MY POINTING! HE'LL NEVER GET A BETTER CHANCE THAN THIS!"







In respect of the quality of the meals served, J. W. met with something of disappointment at Newchwang, where he went to dine with Mr. TIROFF, Engineer of the Russian Railway. "He," writes the traveller, "made many apologies for being able to provide only tinned meats, as his cook had died of bubonic plague two days before, and as a precautionary measure he had immediately burnt to the ground the kitchen and adjoining rooms."



in which his servants lived." For a really cheerful welcome, a pleasant prelude to an evening meal, this is hard to beat.

Nothing affects the equanimity and good nature of our Mr. JOSEPH WALTON, traveller in Foreign Politics and yarns. He bustles through the highways and byways of China with unruffled countenance, spreading largesse of advice. He has written a book, *China and the Present Crisis*, well worth reading for its shrewd observation, its bold application of business principles to foreign politics.

*Business done.*—Business wound up.

Wednesday. — "Well, good-bye, TOBY, and the same to you," said the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, as we parted in the Cloak Room. "Just a word in your ear before you go. Been wanting to ask your advice for day or two. Couldn't come across you. Suppose I—or, to be more precise, suppose you—had written what I might regard as a compromising letter. Assume the case that your handwriting is so atrociously bad that few men can read it under a three months' training. Suppose—you will see it is quite a hypothetical case—you had written to Mr. KRUGER before the war, giving him your views on the home situation. Conceive, when the letter came into his hands, Oom PAUL delightedly exclaimed, 'Ach! LAB—I mean TOBY, M.P., writes Dutch.' Imagine that, after turning the letter upside down and holding it sideways, he found that the language at least wasn't Dutch. Conclude that in the end he was never able to read the scrawl; that, therefore, whatever information or counsel it was designed to convey was actually never communicated. In such case should I—I mean would you—be held responsible in the eyes of the Law Officers of the Crown?"

Rather hard to follow this. Guess it's one of the SAGE's jokes. But he looked very serious when putting the complicated case.

"I'm not a lawyer," I said. "Don't feel competent to advise. Better ask SARK, who knows everything."

"Thank you, I will," said the SAGE, and he hurried off to look for the Member for Sark.

*Business done.*—Parliament prorogued. Will it ever meet again? That's just what Members don't know. Meanwhile, significant to see the run on *Rogers on Elections*; erudite work that tells you all about preparation for, and conduct of, Parliamentary election, whether it take place in October or the Spring. New edition of this classic opportunely out.

BY AN EX-MOOR EX-SPORTSMAN RECENTLY WED TO A CHARMING WIDOW.—Given up stag-hunting. Have married "a warrantable dear."

### MY JAGGERS.

["The District Messenger Service is to be discontinued by the decision of the Postmaster-General."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHO takes my letters to my loves,  
As swift as Aphrodite's doves?  
Who knows the sizes of their gloves?  
My Jagggers.

Who, when I haply go away,  
Doth guard my mansion night and day,  
And keep the burglars all at bay?  
My Jagggers.

Who's ever ready when I call,  
As buttons, Mercury in small,  
Invaluable all-in-all?  
My Jagggers.

Who is it that is doomed to go,  
A victim to his bitter foe,  
The jealous, jaundiced G. P. O.?  
My Jagggers.



USE FOR 'ARRIET'S OLD 'ATS.

### ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

THE Dean of St. Paul's has appeared in an entirely new and most unexpected character—that of a humorist. It is in connection with the mutilation and misplacement "decoration" of the unfortunate cathedral by an obstinate painter, manifestly ignorant of architecture, appointed by some well-meaning clergymen as ignorant of that art as he. A gentle and courteous protest, signed by a number of architects, recently appeared in the *Times*. It had been sent to the Dean. In his answer, published on the 6th, he remarked that not one of the signatories had shown interest in the decoration of St. Paul's by subscribing to the fund raised for that purpose. Is not that facetious?

But there is a rare spirit of charity in the system which he advocates. If one strongly disapproves of that which the Dean himself writes between inverted commas, "the decoration of St. Paul's"—the "decoration" of St. Paul's was of course what he meant to write—one ought nevertheless to subscribe to it.

Henceforth, let us follow this noble teaching. If a dog next door barks all

night, let us give our neighbour a second dog who will bark more. If the house on the other side is let to a young ladies' school, and through the livelong day we hear the sound of endless scales and exercises, let us buy a new piano—a cast-iron, concert-pitch, A 1 piano—for the schoolmistress. If the house opposite is painted pink, with stripes of green and yellow, let us beg the owner to allow us to share the cost. Let us, in addition, obtain for him a flash-light advertisement to fix on the front. If we are engaged in literary work—say, in writing a sermon—and a piano-organ is played just outside our window, let us no longer send for the police, but go out to the filthy foreign beggar and, with a pleasant smile, give him half-a-crown. If we see a picture, or an engraving of one, by Sir W. K. C. B. RICHMOND—such as "ORPHEUS returning from the Hotel Shades" in a very festive condition—and do not admire it, let us promptly buy it and hang it in our house.

The next time I go to have my hair cut, an operation of which—judging by appearances—the facetious Dean and his precious painter altogether disapprove, I will ask them to subscribe towards the cost. The work is a good one, since it makes me, or anyone else, look neat and tidy. That is more than can be said for the misshapen panels, and the pink and green and yellow streaks, in WREN'S cathedral. H. D. B.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR MIXED CLUBLAND.

(To be considered during certain closures.)

1. BISHOPS using the Sword and Cutlass are requested to close their ears when the Admiral from over the way expresses his opinion in stronger language than usual anent a badly cooked chop.

2. Literary guests of the Drum and Trumpet are requested not to interfere with the Librarian of the Club when that esteemed functionary is engaged in carving the joint.

3. Gentlemen from the University are strongly advised not to interrupt Ex-Commissioner CHUTNEY when he commences his story about the elephant and the tiger, and how he shot both.

4. Strangers are invited not to regard soldiers and sailors as brainless machines when honorary members of a Service Club, and warriors are begged to remember, while on the strength of the Pen and Pencil, that literature is not half bad for some people, don't you know.

5. Perfect sportsmen are begged to quit the smoking-room of the Mitre before 4 in the morning, as the prelates have conscientious scruples about late hours.

6. Grumblers are advised to make the best of everything, as expeditions into strange Clubland only prove the contention that, from a bow-window point of view, there's no place like home.





[The *Daily Telegraph* of July 31, says, "An illustration of the growing demand for athletic clergymen was recently given by a country curate, who received notice to quit, because, though unexceptionable in other respects, his Vicar declared that 'what this parish really needs is a good fast bowler with a break from the off.'"]

Mr. Punch clearly foresees something of this kind :—TIME—A.D. 2000. A few minutes prior to an examination for a Curacy.

Chaplain (ringing bell in background). "NOW, GENTLEMEN, 'TIME!' THE CALISTHENIC CANDIDATES WILL PLEASE STEP INTO THE BISHOP'S GYMNASIUM!"

#### A DRAWING-ROOM SONG.

YOUR love is dead, or else you would not beat me;  
You have forgotten all the dear old days;  
Your sunny smile, which always used to greet me,  
No longer in the eyes I worship plays;  
Your sunny smile, your sunny smile,  
No longer in the eyes I worship plays.

How could you change when, still your slave, I listen  
To each of your commands about the cook?  
How could you change, nor see the tears that glisten?  
Have you no kisses left, no loving look?  
How could you change, how could you change?  
Have you no kiss for me, no loving look?

Yet do I live, remembering how silly  
And yet how sweet you once were wont to be,  
And when you swear because the dinner's chilly  
I think how once you bore all that for me.  
And when you swear, and when you swear,  
I think how once you bore all that for me!

#### ON AN OLD FRIEND.

"DEAR Old TIP!" That is how everyone affectionately spoke of QUINTIN TWISS, from the very first moment of making his acquaintance up to the last of retaining his friendship. An excellent comedian, *primus inter pares* among the "Old Stagers," and simply "Tip-Top" among amateurs less experienced than those of the Canterbury Week. It was on the Tuesday of this last Canterbury Week that he passed away. No doubt the Treasury robbed the stage of a good sound actor; yet it may be that the majority of professional actors would prefer the sweet security of the Government, to the uncertainties of a Theatrical Treasury. "TIP" was ever the ready "TIP" in the cause of charity, and throughout his honest, manly career he could ever be relied upon as "The Straight 'Tip.'" He acted with "the Punch men" under MARK LEMON, "Uncle MARK," when, for the BENNETT Fund they played in London and at Manchester. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; and,

most emphatically, there never was, at any time, anything but good to be spoken of our dear old friend, TIP TWISS.

#### ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT.

INTENDING English visitors to Spa, who may wish to become, temporarily, members of the *Cercle des Étrangers*, will be pleased with the following courteous circular :—

"Casino de Spa, *Cercle des Étrangers*."

"M.,—In polite replying of your esteemed letter of the — I will hasten to send you a statute of the "*Cercle des Étrangers*" with a formulary at this annexed.

"Please to send us the formulary back, as soon as possible, the formalities for the reception as member wanting two days time.

"We dare inform you that only those persons are allowed to go into the drawing-rooms of the Casino, which previously have fulfilled the prescribed formalities of admittance.

"With the greatest respects

"In order of the directorship of the Casino

"THE CHIEF SECRETARY."

"Casino de Spa, *Cercle des Étrangers*."

"Under-signed, having been acquainted with the statutes of the '*Cercle des Étrangers*,' wishes to fulfill the prescribed formalities in order to have inlet and therefore gives following indications :"

(Space for particulars as to name, forename, title, or trade, "spot and datum," with signature, here follows; and so this most interesting document concludes.)

#### OOM PAUL SINGS:

["The wrinkles on Mr. KRUGER's face have disappeared."—*Central News Telegram*.]

"MY wrinkles disappeared! You bet I'm up to lots of 'wrinkles' yet."

SHORT DIALOGUE.—"Why is the play I've written," asked a dramatist of his companion, "like *musa, musæ*, in the Latin grammar?" And his friend, to whom the question was put, replied, "Because it's always being 'declined.'" "*Vous avez raison*," said the dramatist, who knew French. And so they parted.





ONCE upon a time there were two uncles, of whom one was good and one was wicked. They were the sons of a rich mer-

chant of the City of London, who had made Uncle JOHN, the elder, a partner in his business, and had sent Uncle HARRY, the younger, to the University with a view to making him a barrister and a gentleman, so that he might ultimately become a Lord Chancellor or a Lord Chief Justice or, at any rate, an eminent Queen's Council and a member of the Athenæum Club. This result would not only have been very nice for Uncle HARRY but would have reflected gentlemanliness and eminence on the family and the business, which was lucrative but not of a kind which in itself exalted its proprietors like banking or brewing beer. Uncle HARRY, however, was so unwise and ungrateful as to spend his time in going to horse races and playing games—and not so much nice innocent games, in which even clergymen can join, such as lawn tennis and croquet and guessing acrostics, as games at which people smoke and drink and lose money, such as roulette and baccarat and pool. This extraordinary conduct so incensed Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE that he allowed Uncle HARRY only five hundred a year, and announced his intention of leaving his money to Uncle JOHN. It was at this time that Uncle HARRY acquired his definite position of Wicked Uncle in the family, and although he abandoned his old, reprehensible amusements for the comparatively inexpensive (and, when moderately indulged, even innocent) pursuit of whist, it was felt that some less negative reform on his part, some achievement producing wealth or honours, was necessary before the unfortunate stigma could be removed from him. And such an achievement Uncle HARRY showed no inclination whatever to attempt.

There was a painful contrast in the habits of the two uncles. Uncle JOHN had a large house in the salubrious district of Hampstead. Uncle HARRY had a small set of chambers in a fast place called the Albany. Uncle JOHN was always glad to see his nephews at lunch on Sunday and to take them afterwards for a nice long walk, inculcating as they walked great moral truths appropriate to the day, the importance, for example, of looking at every penny before they spent it and the wickedness of spending a shilling when sixpence would have done as well. But if they called on Uncle HARRY quite late in the morning they found him in a dressing-gown, smoking a pipe and reading light literature. Moreover, his conversation left much to be desired, not infrequently consisting of (as he thought) jocular remarks and questions insinuating the most deplorable habits on the part of his nephews, remarks and questions which they did not openly resent only because it was beneath their dignity to do so. It was true that Uncle HARRY sometimes gave them gratuities to a larger extent than Uncle JOHN, but then it was felt that whereas Uncle HARRY did no work for his five hundred a year Uncle JOHN drove down to the City four times a week for his money—which was probably quite seven thousand a year. Besides, Uncle HARRY sometimes accompanied his gifts by a distressing confession that he had been lucky at cards. Another difference was that Uncle HARRY was careless of appearances and frequented Bohemian society, while Uncle JOHN's circle rose every year higher and higher, until it included retired generals and dignitaries of the Church; he did everything that was correct, and was really growing quite like a country gentleman. Another difference was that Uncle JOHN was a very abstemious man, only drinking port at lunch and champagne at dinner by the doctor's orders; but Uncle HARRY, not content with drinking a whisky-and-soda while he played his whist, had been known to confess that he liked a little hot drink before going to bed; consequently it was always said in the family that he was an incurable dipsomaniac. But we might dwell on these unfortunate differences for ever: enough to say that Uncle JOHN was good, and Uncle HARRY wicked.



Now, shortly before Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE's death he felt an impulse which was (perhaps) creditable to his kindness of heart, but was extremely unfair to Uncle JOHN. He said that Uncle HARRY had sobered down—"You little know!" said Uncle JOHN, but Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE would not listen—and had been treated rather unfairly; he intended to leave Uncle HARRY a substantial share of the business. Uncle JOHN keenly felt the injustice of this idea, and Aunt EMMELINE, his wife, felt it even worse; but in vain they argued and expostulated, the old man—for it is only fair to remember that he was over eighty years old—persisted in his determination. And when Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE died, it was found by an examination of his papers that he had actually gone so far as to prepare a new will by which Uncle HARRY was left a share in the business worth a hundred thousand pounds! But by a most fortunate accident, an accident which Aunt EMMELINE, who was a profoundly religious woman, did not hesitate to call an interposition of Providence, this wicked will had not been signed. Unluckily, however, Uncle HARRY was present at its discovery; I say unluckily, because the circumstance induced him to make a very painful exhibition of himself. He positively alleged that Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE's wish, as expressed in the will, ought to be binding on Uncle JOHN. This unworthy insinuation was met at first by a natural silence, but after a while Uncle JOHN and Aunt EMMELINE forced themselves to speak, Aunt EMMELINE first. She pointed out to Uncle HARRY that his suggestion was an insult to his father's memory. The poor old man, she said, his intellect enfeebled by age, had for the first time in his life contemplated an unjust and foolish action; but mercifully better thoughts had intervened, and he had stayed his hand at the last moment and left the will unsigned. It was, therefore, utterly cruel and wicked to rake up the poor old man's mistake—the rash impulse of a moment only. She wept; but Uncle HARRY, dead (as she said) to all good feeling, rejoined with the unworthy quibble, that if Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE had repented of his wish he would have torn up the will. This foolish reply was ignored; but Uncle JOHN condescended to argue on grounds of reason. He argued that Uncle HARRY did not work, whereas he (Uncle JOHN), except for three months in the summer, when he was in Scotland, and six weeks in the winter, when he went to the Riviera, worked hard, going to the City four times a week, and staying there till tea-time. He said that he made the money; why should Uncle HARRY have it to spend? To this unanswerable argument Uncle HARRY had the audacity to reply that it was Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE and not Uncle JOHN who had made the business, and that Uncle JOHN's work was light and mechanical, and that, therefore, Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE was justified in leaving him (Uncle HARRY) a share. This was more than Aunt EMMELINE, patient as she was, could bear, and she was compelled to ask Uncle HARRY to leave the house. Ultimately, of course, Uncle JOHN refused to pay any part of the hundred thousand pounds.

At first, there was some disposition in the family to support Uncle HARRY's preposterous claim; not that Uncle JOHN could possibly act otherwise than justly, but because Uncle HARRY, with all his failings, was certainly a very generous man, and, therefore, it would have been nice and pretty if Uncle JOHN had seen his way to be generous to him. But when it was found that Uncle JOHN's determination was unalterable, every-

body agreed that he was quite justified. He had now nearly twenty thousand a year, and had a house in a very nice part of the town, as well as property in Worcestershire, Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE's property, and mixed in society which was really quite aristocratic. Uncle HARRY went on in his old, bad, useless way, reading novels and playing whist, and drinking something hot before he went to bed. It was very sad, indeed, and showed how right Uncle JOHN had been. A previous will stood, by which Uncle HARRY's five hundred a year was confirmed to him for his life, after which it was to revert to Uncle JOHN or his heirs.

We must now take leave of the uncles for a moment, and say something of the nephews and nieces. There were several of them, but it is perhaps unnecessary that we should talk of any except RICHARD and MAY. They were first cousins (Uncle JOHN and Uncle HARRY were real uncles to both), and had married one another and were a very nice young couple. The story may suggest that they were like the Babes in the Wood, but in truth they differed from those perhaps too innocent children in some important respects. Experience of the world had brought them caution and it is improbable that any wicked uncle could have deceived them, nor would they have been so imprudent as to lie at night on the damp grass and use leaves instead of bed-clothes. RICHARD was a doctor but was not as yet prosperous; Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE had made him a small allowance, but it ceased on his death and Uncle JOHN did not continue it, because it was far better and healthier for RICHARD to be dependent on his own exertions. But do not suppose that either RICHARD or MAY was cross with Uncle JOHN on that account. Oh, dear no! They went to stay with him whenever he asked them, and listened gratefully to his good advice. MAY was a splendid manager, and it was wonderful how comfortable they seemed to be and how well she was dressed. She often got RICHARD new patients, and, like a good wife, never permitted him to be slack in his work. She was indeed a good young woman, and so kind-hearted that she even had charity for Uncle HARRY. Of course, she could not avoid sharing the family opinion of him, or contradict Aunt EMMELINE when she spoke of his wickedness and dipsomania. But when she met him she used to talk to him in a kind of playful manner which was very pretty to observe. She even asked him to dinner sometimes, saying to RICHARD: "I think it's worth while; you never know." By which she probably meant that Uncle HARRY might turn over a new leaf. She was his favourite niece, and when he had had a good run of luck at whist he used to buy her presents. Of course she disapproved of the source of them, but it was better the money should be spent in this way than in horrid dissipation.

Well, one day RICHARD and MAY went down to stay from Saturday to Monday with Uncle JOHN in Worcestershire, and on Saturday night when MAY had gone to her room (RICHARD staying up to get good advice from Uncle JOHN) old Mrs. HOPKINSON, who had been Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE's house-keeper and had known MAY all her life, came in to talk to her. She talked of Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE's last days, and presently she said:

"You know, Miss, I sometimes have misgivings about something which happened two days before the dear old gentleman died. He sent for me and GUBBINS"—GUBBINS had been the butler, and had retired with a pension—"to the library, and



asked us to witness his signature. We couldn't see what the document was, and he didn't tell us. But I can't help thinking it was something important, and, as I said, I have my misgivings. Why? Why, you see, Miss, before his death Mr. BIRDLEBRIDGE was changed like—not that he wasn't as clear-headed and sensible as ever, dear gentleman, but he grew careless. I've known him put letters he had written in a drawer, and forget to have them posted for days."

"I see, I see," said MAY, taking a kindly interest in the old lady's chatter. "Did you speak of this to Uncle JOHN?"

"Yes, Miss, and he said it had either been posted all right or was of no importance. Still, my mind misgives me. To the best of my belief, no letter was posted after that. Mr. BIRDLEBRIDGE sat reading all day."

"Reading?" repeated MAY, still keeping up her kind interest.

"Yes, reading all day, and having his meals in the library. And then, poor gentleman, he was taken suddenly ill."

"Yes, yes," said MAY regretfully. Presently she said she was tired, and, kissing old Mrs. HOPKINSON as she had done when a child, sent her away. She proceeded to undress, a thoughtful look on her frank young face. She did not, however, try to go to sleep at once but looked rather languidly at a book she found on a table, still, it seemed, thinking of Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE. The book happened to be *The Newcomes*, and she opened it at the part where ETHEL finds old Mrs. NEWCOME's letter in *Orme's History of India*. Suddenly MAY shut the book with a snap, and sat up in bed. No doubt she had heard RICHARD's footstep on the stairs. The next morning MAY had a headache and would not go to church with the rest, and when they were gone she went to the library. It appeared, however, that physical exertion rather than repose was necessary to her complaint, for she at once began a curious game of taking down book after book and shaking it. When she reached the hundredth book or so a paper fell out, and proved to be a letter addressed to Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE's solicitor. MAY felt that the possible importance of this, and the fact that it had been delayed for over a year, made it necessary for her to overcome her natural delicacy and to open the envelope. And, lo! inside was a will signed by Grandfather BIRDLEBRIDGE and witnessed by Mrs. HOPKINSON and GUBBINS. It was substantially the same as the unsigned will, but contained some alterations of form and detail which had made a fresh copy necessary; it left Uncle HARRY a hundred thousand pounds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Late on Monday morning while Uncle HARRY sat reading a novel over his fire he was surprised by a visit from his favourite niece MAY. The dear girl came like a ray of sunshine into the dismal little room. She almost danced up to Uncle HARRY, and kissed him affectionately.

"Now, Uncle HARRY," she cried, "I've not come to gossip. I've come on most important business. But, first, you must make me a promise. If through me—through me, mind—you get a large sum of money, will you give me half?"

Her frank, innocent eyes sparkled with fun, and the old man looked at her affectionately; he was not really old, being still under sixty, but he had a red face and a large white moustache. All the same, he did not seem to like promising in the dark. But MAY laughingly insisted. "Promise, Uncle HARRY!" she cried, shaking a playful forefinger at him—it was really a very pretty scene. "Promise at once, or I'll go. Seriously, on your

honour as a gentleman!" Uncle HARRY could not resist the dear girl's appeal, and promised. Then she produced the Will.

It is regrettable that at first, in his excitement, Uncle HARRY permitted himself to speak rudely to MAY, and failed to see the fun of her little joke. He said that the promise was ridiculous. She took his passing fit of ingratitude in very good part. She left the promise to his sense of honour and kindness; but pointed out that he had no use for all the money, and half of it would be such a splendid thing for her and RICHARD. Uncle HARRY did not know how hard the struggle with poverty had been—especially for her, because RICHARD had the resource of his hard work, poor boy. Now, if only Uncle HARRY would be good and kind and noble, they could have such a happy home and he (Uncle HARRY) would always find a loving welcome in it. Uncle HARRY ended by laughing, and called her an artful little cat in a kind voice, at which she laughed so archly and merrily and forgivingly that he could no longer doubt her real goodness and affection.

The will was duly proved, and Uncle JOHN began to pay Uncle HARRY the profit from the business arising from his hundred thousand pounds share, together with arrears, and Uncle HARRY paid half to MAY and RICHARD. Uncle JOHN and Aunt EMMELINE were of opinion that it had been wrong of MAY to leave Worcestershire without saying a word about the will she had found, and they said so in rather trenchant language. They were not mollified by her explanation that she could not bring herself to spoil a delightful visit by making a painful disclosure, and refused to see her any more. When, however, Aunt EMMELINE heard that MAY herself was being enriched by the transaction, she felt bound to criticize her in person and delivered a speech which expressed a very harsh (and, I am sure, mistaken) view of her character and conduct. "But, Aunt EMMELINE," said poor MAY, "we were so badly off, and Uncle JOHN would do nothing for us."

"If I were you," replied Aunt EMMELINE, "rather than touch a penny of that money, I would work my hands to the bone!"

MAY looked sadly down at her hands, which were white and dimpled like those of a child, as, indeed, she was in her innocent heart. But a happy thought restored her cheerfulness.

"But don't you think, dear Aunt EMMELINE," she asked, "that one can often do more good by having money, and time to use it wisely, than by working?"

This had been a favourite sentiment of Aunt EMMELINE's own, and though she did not agree with its present application she did not pursue the discussion.

Prosperity is said, sometimes, to have an evil effect on people, and it is, therefore, peculiarly gratifying to record that its effect on Uncle HARRY was quite different; he showed at once several noble qualities, and the opinion of the family changed. It was found that his companions at whist were men of great intellectual distinction, whom it was very nice for Uncle HARRY to meet. Also whist itself was a fine exercise for the mind, and if Uncle HARRY chose to use his really great abilities in this way, why, he could afford to do so. His little hot drink at night turned out to be absolutely necessary for his tendency to chill on the liver, and it was wonderful to see how temperate he was and how little money he spent on himself. And then he was so kind and generous; MAY's frank enthusiasm for him found an echo everywhere. In fine, his career as Wicked Uncle was (like this idyll) at an end.

*G. A. M. set*





## OVERHEARD AT SCARBOROUGH.

"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING GOOD FOR A COLD?" "YES."  
 "WHAT IS IT?"  
 "HAVE YOU GOT THE PRICE OF TWO SCOTCH WHISKIES ON YOU?" "No."  
 "THEN IT'S NO USE MY TELLING YOU."

## POST OFFICE REGULATIONS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Now that coals are doing so well, Lord LONDONDERRY ought to be able to spare some of his leisure to the Post-offices under his control. Among other things, may I ask why offices provided for the public service and established in the domains of grocers, bakers, stationers, and other private speculators in the Early Closing Districts of the suburbs, are shut at an hour which precludes

the dweller in the neighbourhood from buying stamps or obtaining postal orders?

Secondly, why post-masters and post-mistresses may not, unless they be so graciously inclined, give change for the coinage impressed with Her Majesty's likeness?

Thirdly, when one wishes to "express" a letter, the clerk employed by the Department which desires to abolish the Boy Messenger Company is so paralysed that he has to turn up at least two books of

reference before he can decide what the correct fee may be.

Fourthly, may I ask whether the love affairs of the damsels employed by the authorities of St. Martins-le-Grand take precedence of the ordinary despatch of missives and the delivery of, say, post cards?

If Lord LONDONDERRY would make enquiry into these matters he would greatly oblige,  
 Your obedient Servant,

PETER SIMPLE, JUN.

Pump Court, W.C.

## BEARDED IN HIS DEN.

[It is reported, states the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, that KROGER has cut his whiskers and is growing a moustache and a long goatee beard.]

I HEARD a voice that spoke to me,  
 And filled me with despair;  
 At first it seemed to croon to me,  
 Beware!

I heard a voice; could I believe  
 The warning it did bear?  
 Or was it merely to deceive?  
 Take care!

I heard a voice; it seemed to say:  
 "The whiskers that you wear  
 Are emblems of a former day—  
 There's 'air!'"

## "CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

(From our Special Correspondent) Sunday.

I LEARN on undoubted authority that Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti has been attacked and is in flames. It is feared 3,000 British are massacred. British Consul disappeared. The five British still besieged in the—(consulate?) ask for help.

(By very trustworthy Native Runner.)

Monday.

Attack on Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti confirmed. The 3,000 British who are reported massacred, in great danger. Urgent appeals for help and cast-off clothing.

(By trustworthy Native Runner.) Tuesday.

Reported attack on Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti officially denied. Thirty British isolated, without food. Send a few dog-biscuits. Anything but ham sandwiches acceptable.

(By Native Runner) Wednesday.

Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti safe. Hope of saving British. Food plentiful.

(By Runner) Thursday.

Officially stated no British in Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti; never were. No massacre in Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti. No such place as Wang-Tiddli-Hi-Ti.

SUGGESTION FOR THE TITLE OF A PUNTING RACE (say at Richmond Regatta).—The Monte Carlo Handicap.





### "SATIS PLUS."

*Auntie.* "WELL, DEAR, HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH TEA?"

*Olive.* "OH, YES, THANK YOU, AUNTIE. MUCH TOO MUCH!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN in *Paris of To-day* (GAY AND BIRD) KATHARINE DE FOREST describes her work as "an intimate account of its people, its home life, and its places of interest," one feels she has undertaken an ambitious and difficult task. My Baronite confesses that it is accomplished with notable success. She knows her *Paris au fond*, and has the gift of communicating her impressions in lucid and sprightly fashion. She deals with the life and the people of the great city at home and in the streets. She is equally familiar with the Chamber of Deputies, the Ministries, Art life and its institutions. In connection with the French writers she avails herself of a series of photographs, apparently due to American enterprise, which give an undesigned touch of comicality to what is really a serious work. There is shown JULES CLARETIE "in his library"; also in a fez, a brodered coat, and deep thought. *Item*, ZOLA "in his study," sitting at a table that looks like a sarcophagus. *Item*, EDMOND ROSTAND, carefully posed in a chair, with that far-away look in his eyes an author always takes on when "in his library." *Item*, PIERRE LOTI, disguised as a Moor, with surroundings *en suite*. These are delightfully French. One secret of the charm of the French capital MADAME DE FOREST finds in the fact that everything in Paris is for everybody, and everybody is apparently getting his share of enjoyment out of it. "Study the streets of Paris if you want to understand her." That is shrewdly written. To my Baronite a fundamental difference between London and Paris is that in one capital the people seem chiefly in a hurry to get out of the streets; in the other they linger lovingly along their leafy ways.

*Pictures of the Old French Court* (FISHER UNWIN) is an attractive book, alike in appearance and subject. My Baronite eagerly seized it from a pile, looking forward to a few hours' pleasant reading. But, alack! Mistress CATHERINE BEARNE, overwhelmed with ancient learning and wealth of detail, is not gifted with lucidity. She babbles along at tremendous rate, dragging in long lists of names of men, women, and places in

tangle of inextricable confusion. Here is a specimen of her breathless style, which in this particular passage suggests a quotation from one of MARK TWAIN'S invaluable historical works:—"Meanwhile the King" (don't matter which, heaps of 'em) "had another attack worse than ever. He was very fierce, so that no one dared go near him, and refused to undress or wash. This went on so long, and he got into such a dreadful state, that the doctor said it must be stopped somehow. Ten or twelve men, therefore, disguised themselves, wore armour under their clothes and blackened their faces. Then they rushed into the King's room. The King was so frightened that he let them get close to him, and then they seized him, undressed him, and washed him, and put clean clothes on him." To learn what became of his Majesty in these unwonted circumstances, overhaul the wollum. THE BARON DE B.-W.

### ELEGY IN A TERMINUS.

HERE, where the roof with iron girders spanned  
Veils from my sight the vault of heaven's blue,  
In meditative mood I take my stand,  
Simply because I've nothing else to do.

On ev'ry side a dreadful chaos reigns;  
The locomotives whistle loud and shrill.  
I wait for the departure of the trains;  
They're legion, yet how rapidly they fill.

The season has once more arrived, worse luck,  
When schools break up and exodus begins;  
'Tis now the slyly undulating truck  
Will do its very best to bark your shins.

Now at the booking-office I will look;  
As pilgrims for their long-sought Mecca yearn,  
So onward press the crowd who wish to book  
A monthly or a fortnightly return.

Paterfamilias observe, with heaps  
Of bulky parcels which he tightly grips;  
The brawny porter stirs himself, and reaps  
A harvest of remunerative tips.

*Eheu fugaces!* nothing seems to last,  
And life's a mass of commonplace events;  
That brand-new luggage that has just gone past  
Ere long will all be bruised and full of dents.

Even those happy children whom I see,  
Their faces at the carriage window pane,  
Demoralised and sticky soon will be  
From the results of dinner in the train.

Is it worth while, this exodus from town,  
This yearly pleasure that so quickly ends?  
It merely turns a few complexions brown  
And helps to pay the railway dividends.

Alas! but as thus quietly I grieve  
That things don't always happen as they ought,  
Right in my ear a voice says, "By your leave!"  
I turn aside, and lose my train—of thought.

"THAT'S ANOTHER STORY." Says the *Daily News* :—

"Those who have a fancy for occupying houses with a story attached to them may like to make a bid for the solid-looking mansion which the third Napoleon occupied during a portion of his residence in London, situated in King Street, St. James's."

Those who have a fancy for occupying houses with eight or ten storeys attached to them should try Queen Anne's Mansions, overlooking St. James's Park.

A GENERAL DEAL-ER.—A Timber Merchant.



## A SHORT AND EASY WAY.

Mosquito, long the tropics' pest,  
Who now our British coasts infest,  
Fresh heinous charges, day by day,  
We at your door are taught to lay.

New unsuspected banes you bring  
On your proboscis as you sting;  
With agues you inoculate,  
And loathsome mischiefs, dire and great.

But Science brings its searching light  
To bear upon your parasite,  
And shows the countless ills that swarm  
On you in concentrated form.

Till for life's evils now we see  
At last a simple remedy,  
For their complete eradication  
Needs *only*—your extermination.

## "DOUBLE, DOUBLE, SHAME AND TROUBLE."

(Overheard in Tooting or thereabouts.)

THIS is a very sad story. I do not wish to reveal my identity. But I may say that JULIUS CAESAR was on visiting terms with my people when in B.C. 55, he took a trip to Britain. Then, a little later, less remote ancestors of mine gave WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR some very decent shooting when that illustrious warrior put in an appearance at Hastings. And from that time to this all my forbears have been in the movement.

Now for my grievance. I have a double. He is so absurdly and so ridiculously like me that did I not know I was myself I should imagine that I was he. When I run across him, I fancy I am walking up to a looking-glass.

He wears the same clothes, or rather facsimiles of mine. He has the same grey cutaway, the same plaid cap, the same knitted red necktie.

Then, wherever I go, I find him. If I promenade the pier of a fashionable seaside resort, I see him promenading too. If I engage the *habitués* of the smoking-room with an account of my adventures, he engages them too. I can scarcely speak of a baron but he must talk of an earl. If I happen to mention that I trace descent from Noah, he goes one better, and drags in Adam as the founder of his race.

Then our features are the same. I am generally considered good-looking. And yet he has the same sized nose, the same shaped mouth, the same five feet four inches.

Then to hear his swagger! I can't talk of my clubs, my money, my everything, but he must do the same!

It really is unbearable. What can I do? How can I distinguish myself from his hateful personality? Everyone says we are exactly alike. Exactly. Absolutely exactly!

And the worst of it is—he isn't a gentleman!



## HINTS TO BEGINNERS.—BIG GAME HUNTING. II.

BEAR SHOOTING. SOME BREEDS OF BEAR CAN CLIMB; OTHERS CANNOT. HUNTERS OF EXPERIENCE RECOMMEND THE LATTER FOR SPORT.

## TO THE EDITOR.

My Editor, hark to the curses  
I pour on your obstinate head,  
Which estimates meanly my verses  
Before (I believe) they are read.  
Does it strike you as strange or unlawful  
The milk of my kindness is "turned,"  
When I gaze at this excellent drawerful  
Of verse which the Editor spurned?  
Oh, where is your boasted acumen,  
That signally fails to perceive  
That my lyrical waves are what few men  
Could fashion or even conceive?

Why, why is whatever I write to you  
Without an exception returned?  
My book I'll entitle, to spite you,  
"The verse which the Editor spurned."  
And when it is published, I'm sure it  
Will be the success of the year,  
And you, you will have to endure it  
Being constantly praised in your ear.  
My triumph will be to have mounted  
Parnassus, my spurs to have earned,  
By what of small worth you accounted  
—The verse which the Editor spurned.





SCENE—A Quiet Nook, five miles off anywhere. Jones has gone down to the Punt to fetch up the Luncheon-basket, and has dropped it overboard.

PUZZLE.—WHAT TO DO—OR SAY!—EXCEPT—

### TO AGED JOKES.

(A Holiday Suggestion.)

THE Joke-Detective at Bouverie Street was aghast. An Aged Joke, assisted by a clever and impudent disguise, had penetrated the sanctum of Mr. Punch. What was the disguise? Well, for an Aged Joke it was an uncommonly clever one, and showed distinctly that there was "life in the old joke yet." For if he had not been gifted with some considerable acumen, how could he have contrived to introduce himself into the sanctum as a *horsedealer with a pair of chestnuts for sale*? However, in he walked, and, within five minutes Mr. Punch's electric alarm was thrilling the household.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Mr. Punch, sternly, to the Joke-Detective, when the latter appeared, and he pointed to a cowering form in the corner, an Aged Joke with its disguise in tatters.

"A thousand apologies," murmured the Detective, "but the hot weather must have dulled my wits."

Mr. Punch glanced at the thermometer, and his face relaxed.

"Well, don't let this occur again," he said. "In consideration of your excellent

service in the past, no further notice will be taken of the blunder."

"If you please," protested the Aged Joke, in a quavering voice, "I've led an honourable and distinguished life, Mr. Punch, and it's rather hard in my old age to have nowhere to go."

"You knew it would be no good to come here," replied the chief, "and for your deceit you deserve no consideration; yet, to show that we are humane as well as just—here's a suggestion for you. I know quite well that you've a good past record—though it was a mistake of you to degrade yourself by attending—as you have done lately—the dinner-parties of Mr. BOREHAM, M.P. Ah, yes; don't think you weren't recognised. Well, I admit you deserve a thorough holiday. But here's my advice. Don't take it as some of your fraternity do, in the company of nigger minstrels and other beach entertainers. This is enough to blast any humorous reputation. Go to a Home of Rest, where you will be well cared for. An advertisement in the paper will easily effect this. 'Mr. Chestnut being desirous of rest, would be glad to go, &c.' Oh! don't fear; there are many institutions which will be thankful to see you. Only,

mind, don't come bothering here again. We have a drastic way of dealing with troublesome old Jokes."

Mr. Punch smiled grimly across at the Joke Detective. The Aged Joke shuddered at the expression that crept into the eye of that functionary. He moved towards the door. "How long, your Majesty, do you think I ought to remain at this Home of Rest?"

"M'm," said Mr. Punch, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. "I think on the whole it might be better to take a *single* ticket. You see, you want a considerable holiday. And—No! I don't suggest you'll die. Vigorous old Jokes like yourself rarely die. You'll merely 'suffer a sea-change into something'—well, you know the rest. And, after all, a sea-change in July oughtn't to be so *very* disagreeable, eh?" Mr. Punch smiled. Then the door closed upon the Aged Joke.

"The Governor's treated you much too handsomely," growled the Joke Detective; "that's what I think."

### LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

#### THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

LET the puerile lips that are healthy,  
The tremulous lips of the old,  
The lips of the poor and the wealthy,  
The lips of the timid and bold;  
The lips of all classes and ages  
Establish the pleasure derived  
From scanning these wonderful pages  
By poet and master contrived.

We revelled in daring adventures,  
We vanquished our Paladin foes,  
When we wot not of shares or debentures  
And struggled with dog-Latin prose.

We delighted in raids on the Border,  
We envied the din of the strife,  
While constantly making disorder  
The plague of a pedagogue's life.

And now when a market fluctuation  
In bonds or in African mines  
Induces a heart palpitation  
We turn to Sir W.'s lines.

Your taste I am wrongly ascribing?  
And fighting is only a bore?  
Then dally with Oldbuck, imbibing  
His archæological lore.

Yet if, despite every diversion,  
These works overrated you deem,  
And find them your special aversion—  
Our tastes are unlike, it would seem.

### NEXT YEAR.

He. I have been trying to remember the name of the colour that was so much worn twelve months ago.

She. Mauve? Rose? White? Green?

He. No; none of those. It was a sort of a drab or maize. Something dust-coloured. Everybody was talking about it twelve months ago. I can't remember it!

She (after two minutes' consideration). I know—khaki! He. That's it, Khaki!





German Emperor (to Field-Marshal Graf von Waldersee). "YOU ARE APPOINTED TO COMMAND THE UNITED FORCES OF CIVILISATION! YOU ARE A GERMAN! REMEMBER YOUR KAISER!! AND DO TRY TO BE THERE BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER!!!"



## THE BURGLAR.

(A Tale of the Holidays.)

"WELL, I'm blest!"

I was conscious of these words being uttered in a deep, gruff voice beside me, at the same time that a powerful light was flashed upon my closed eyelids.

I woke with a start, and sprang up. A hand of iron caught me by the arm. "No, you don't," said the deep, gruff voice.



Peering, blinking, blinded by the light, I sought to make out the situation. It was a bull's-eye lantern that was dazzling me, and behind it I gradually divined, rather than saw, a tall

dark shadowy form, crowned with a policeman's helmet.

"I've copped you 'fair," said the constable. "Better come along o' me quiet——"

"What do you mean?" I cried. "Get out of bed at this time of night? I shall do nothing of the sort. What are you doing in my flat?"

"Your flat? Garn!"

"Yes, my flat, of course. Whose else should it be? Who do you suppose would be sleeping in my bed except myself?"

The policeman seemed a little taken aback. "Oh, if it's you——" he began.

"Of course, it's me; any fool could see that."

"But the caretaker told me the flat was empty; you and Mrs. 'ARRIS was gone to the seaside."

"And I suppose a gentleman can't run up for a couple of days to attend to his own business, and sleep in his own bed, without being taken for a burglar?"

The constable looked at me doubtfully. "Of course, if you are Mr. 'ARRIS——"

"Who else should I be?"

"That's what I ain't quite sure about."

"Do you mean to say you want me to prove my own identity? Look here at the sheets: H. H.—HENRY HARRIS: pillow-cases—H. H.—"

"I know them sheets and pillow-cases belongs to Mr. 'ARRIS. The question is, does they belong to you?"

"Upon my word, you're very hard to satisfy. I suppose if I showed you one of my cards,"—said I, and jumped out of bed.

After some hunting I discovered a card-case, and handed him a card. It was duly inscribed with the name and address, Mr. Henry Harris, 98, Kensington Palace Mansions, W.

The policeman read it. At length he seemed impressed. "You'd better keep

it," said I, with a fine sarcasm, "in case you want to summons me for burgling my own premises."

The policeman—he was not too young—was cowed by my irony, and began to move towards the door. "I'm sure I'm very sorry, Sir; awkward mistake, Sir. Hope you won't report me."

"Only leave me here in peace, and I won't breathe a word."

"Thank you, Sir. Very sorry, Sir. Good-night, Sir."

I listened till the sound of his footsteps had died away down the mansion stairs, and then—I didn't go back to bed. Instead of that, I picked up a bundle of swag that I had secreted in a cupboard, and let myself noiselessly out of the flat.

A few moments later I passed my friend, the policeman, on his beat. He looked at my bundle, not without interest; but he was in no mood just then to arrest another burglar on suspicion.

## KRUGER, V.C.

OUR veteran Field-Marshal

Is chivalrous indeed—

'Twixt friend and foe impartial,

Of heroes he takes heed!

For see, for valour splendid

(How pleased the Boers will be!)

He's even recommended

KRUGER\* for his V.C.

A pedestal is waiting

Out in Pretoria Square;

For Empire-reinstating

Let's put his statue there!

\* An Australian trooper of this name has just been awarded the Victoria Cross.

## DIARY OF A SOMEBODY.

Monday.—The same dreary routine. Passed through three separate states, and had to change my uniform thrice. My dresser kept me up to time. Usual deafening salutes and indigestible banquets.

Tuesday.—More rapid changes. Appeared in Switzerland as an Admiral of the Fleet. Got into the smaller German states, and had to remember my various costumes. Fortunately, my dresser had a list.

Wednesday.—At it again. Why should I wear the uniform of a rival army? I wish there was a common form of sword. However, my dresser keeps me from straying.

Thursday.—More rapid changes. More salutes. More splitting headaches.

Friday.—Really think I shall abdicate. Five different uniforms to-day! Yes; I shall abdicate. I would, if I could only find something else.

Saturday.—Hurrah! I have found some lucrative employment. Accept an engagement as "a quick-change artiste" at a Music Hall. Easier work than travelling in state as a potentate.

## THE WAY IN THE NAVY.

(A story of then and now, suggested by the Marine Manœuvres.)

## The Past.

THE Admiral regarded the operations with complete satisfaction. The ships went about in magnificent fashion. Every stitch of canvas was set, and the three-deckers flew through the waves at a pace that bore down all opposition. Vessel after vessel of the enemy's had struck its colours. Nothing had been overlooked. There were powder for the guns and cold steel for the crews. The men-o'-war grappled with the foe, and boarding parties scrambled up the sides and were soon on deck.

"Rule, Britannia!" cried the Admiral.

"Rule, Britannia, it is, sir!" shouted the men.



"And, now, out with the boats to secure our prisoners."

The order was obeyed, and another glorious page was added to the history of England's successes on the sea.

So it was a century ago.

## The Present.

Another story.

"The Admiral regarded the operation with unmistakable agitation. The officers and crew were of first-rate quality. The guns were excellent. The ammunition was plentiful. But there was a hitch.

"Is everything in readiness?" asked the Admiral.

"Aye, aye, sir!" came from the second in command.

"Decks cleared for action?"

"Aye, aye, sir; and the men are as keen as may be. We shall give a good account of the foe when we get within reach."

"Then what are we stopping for?"

"Sorry, sir; but we can't get nearer. We are waiting for a scuttful of coal!"

And thus a glorious page was not added to the history of England's successes on the sea.





*First Tramp.* "WHY DON'T YOU GO IN? 'E'S ALL RIGHT. DON'T YOU SEE 'IM A-WAGGIN' HIS TAIL?"  
*Second Tramp.* "YUS; AN' DON'T YOU SEE 'IM A-GROWLIN'? I DUNNO WHICH END TO BELIEVE!"

### PLUMB-LINES.

(Dropped by a Householder.)

[A Daily Paper lately reported a strike of plumbers at Bradford.]

A PLUMBER'S gaze, envisaged emptiness;  
 A plumber's skill, the rule of dirty thumb;

A plumber's work, perpetuated mess;  
 A plumber's ignorance, too deep to plumb.

A plumber's bag, without the needed tool;  
 A plumber's shop, in distance half a day;  
 A plumber's boy, part truant and part fool;  
 A plumber's time, spent in the main away.

A plumber's trail, red lead and putty slime;

A plumber's legacy, another bill—  
 Courage, O men of Bradford! for a time  
 Tho' rest of these ye may be happy still.

### THE END OF THE PIECE.

SCENE—*The London Theatres.* TIME—*August.*

*Tragedian (impressively).* Let me speak to ye in blank verse. You must know—

*Comedian (interrupting).* My good chap, that's quite out of date. If you must go in for the legitimate or romantic, you must trust to scenery and accessories. Much better adhere to my touch-and-go style.

*Light Opera (same business).* No, no! music is the rage. I will sing you a song that will get to the organs in a jiffy.

*Comic Vocalist (same business).* Out of date, my dear. The only popular places now-a-days are the halls.

(*Spectral figure appears.*)

*Spectral Figure.* Forbear!

*Chorus of Public Favourites.* Who are you? (*Aside.*) We tremble!

*Spectral Figure.* Who am I? You soon shall know. My duty is to arrest you. Behold (*reveals himself*). I am the Clerk of the Weather!

[*The London Theatrical Season abruptly closes. Tableau and-quick curtain.*]

### THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

SCENE.—*A House Agent's Offices.* Attendant, searching book. Client objecting to suggestion for the sixth time.

*Attendant (wearily).* Well, Madame, here is a mansion that will, I think, just suit you. Twelve reception rooms. Twenty-four bedrooms. Lawns. Gardens. Parks. And an electric launch on the river in front of the breakfast-room.

*Client (languidly).* Very nice, but I had something of the sort last year.

*Attendant (after some hesitation).* Well, here is something very choice. But you must decide at once, as there are half-a-dozen applicants asking for it.

*Client.*—You may give me the particulars.

*Attendant.* Dining-room, drawing-room.

Two good bedrooms, and for servants—

*Client.* Never mind about them; they can shift with anything.

*Attendant.* Quite so. It's not very well situated. It's at the end of a lane, and there's a farm house close to it where pigs are reared. And the rent is rather higher than others on my list. Twice as much as the last I read to you.

*Client (growing interested).* And the attraction? There must be an attraction.

*Attendant.* Well, Madame, I am scarcely at liberty to say. No doubt, you have seen that it is to be visited by Royalty.

*Client (promptly).* That will do. I will take it. [Does so.]

### TO HER.

You, my monarchy whose will is  
 (Though your name I'll only say  
 Might be MAUD or GRACE or PHYLLIS),  
 Now's the time to come and play,  
 While the wind that froze us still is,  
 And the bloom is on the May.

Spring is with us—'twould be treason

If we were not all to do

What's expected at the season

And is apt the whole year through.

Dear, we've done with cold and reason,

And my fancy turns to you!





Angler (after landing his tenth—reading notice). "THE MAN WHO WROTE THAT SIGN COULDN'T HAVE BEEN USING THE RIGHT BAIT!"

### PARTANT POUR LA CHINE.

(Second version. See "Punch," Dec. 25, 1897.)

YOUR hand, Field-Marshal! Take My final grip  
Before you start on this momentous trip.  
Bethink you, ere you board the restive train,  
It is a chance may not occur again;  
Bethink you what a time you have in store—  
No prisoners! no quarter! simply gore!  
I never, not in dreams, had nursed the hope  
To give My mailed fist so fine a scope.  
My gallant troops through thirty years' increase  
Have worn the honours incident to peace;  
One test remained to prove their peerless might—  
That they should actually go and fight!  
And if My fleet (which I herewith empower  
To do an average ten knots an hour)—  
If it can emulate that noble bark  
On which My Royal Brother made his mark—  
They should arrive in time to join the fray  
Not later, let Me hope, than Christmas Day.

Herr Graf! I see in you the nations' choice,  
Elected by a kind of cosmic voice;  
An act of homage rendered to your Head  
Both natural and unsolicited;  
Indeed, in this arrangement I have traced  
A striking proof of Europe's cultured taste.  
Do not believe those foreign prints that say  
That We are chosen *pis aller*;  
Nor those that charge to Teuton missionaries  
The present most regrettable vagaries,

And hold that My revenge at Kiao-chow  
Supplied the reason which began the row;  
That I, as primal cause of all the ill,  
Should, so to speak, conduct the purging pill,  
Since homœopathy demands of Us  
To cure *similia similibus*.

Blind envy! 'Tis a vice, I dare to say,  
To which I never yet have given way.  
Enough that rightly, as it seems to Me,  
The Powers insist on My hegemony;  
Nor need I stoop to argue why they count  
My claims (and Germany's) as paramount.

You go, *Mein Graf*, if not to guide the van,  
At least to catch the hindmost, if you can.  
And, even though unhappily you missed 'em,  
I would not have you blame Our hallowed system.  
We are a fighting nation, you must know,  
That waits the KAISER'S "Are you ready? Go!"  
Should war eventuate in foreign parts,  
I press a button and the Army starts!  
We boast, however distant be the sphere,  
To reach the neighbourhood within the year!  
In this superb mobility is seen  
The beauty of a system-by-machine;  
And here We leave, to My Imperial mind,  
The amateurs of England far behind.

But now the solemn packing-hour has come,  
And My emotions leave Me strangely dumb!  
Farewell! farewell! I print upon your face  
A probably penultimate embrace.  
To-night My *Hohenzollern's* band shall tune  
A serenade to you beneath the moon.  
To-morrow you will trickle toward the sea,  
Taking my compliments to Italy.  
I recommend Verona's balmy air:  
It might be nice to break the journey there;  
The time would serve for getting into form  
Against the Chi-li climate, which is warm.  
Play bowls and croquet with your men; in short,  
Foster a British love of martial sport.  
Refreshed and rested, you will boldly creep  
Across the dangers strewn about the deep;  
And oh, I trust you may not run aground,  
Or meet the other armies homeward-bound! O. S.

### EPISCOPAL REFLECTIONS.

["The Bishop of STEPNEY is the busiest man in London; he writes his sermons in trains and 'buses."—*The Globe*.]

BELOVED brethren of my diocese,  
Hath not old custom made this car more sweet  
Than Bishops' Palaces? Is not this third  
More free from interruption than the court,  
Where high and low, with wrathful wrangling, flock  
To plague us with their pitiful disputes?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Cockneys,  
The overcrowding; as, the pungent plug  
And heavy hob-nail of the working-man,  
Which, when it stamps and grinds upon my toe,  
Even till I shriek with pain, I smile and say—  
No troubling brawlers these, no applicants  
Who mar my peace that I may make their own,  
But honest toilers on whose humble lot  
A Bishop may perpend a homily.  
Sweet are the uses of the Underground,  
Which, like Avernus, black and sulphurous,  
Hides yet the happy Islands of the Blest;  
And this my life, passed amid public haunts,  
Finds tracts in trams, texts in the running 'bus,  
Sermons in trains, and work in anything.



## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

## IV.—THE PERIWINKLE.

How callous are the "common herd"!  
 Their shell-fish ends to win,  
 The winkle oft is disinterred  
 With devastating pin.

I mean, uprooted from its shell  
 To crown a cruel feast;  
 But whether that be ill or well  
 They care not in the least.

And yet, perhaps, the winkle may  
 Possess a tiny soul,  
 And love to dream its life away  
 Where placid waters roll.

Perhaps a spark of poet fire  
 Imbues its tiny breast,  
 And can our brother man desire  
 To slay the sacred guest?

Nay, rather let us all combine  
 To cherish, love, and train  
 This humble Offspring of the Brine,  
 This Tenant of the Main.

Then, it may answer to our care  
 And come when we shall call,  
 Its glad emotions we may share,  
 Its agonies and all.

Oh periwinkle, winkle on!  
 Our hearts with thine are one,  
 Thy fairy form we gaze upon  
 While cruelty we shun. F. E.

## A JUSTIFIABLE CRIME.

SUFFOCATED by the extreme heat in London, my friend BLEEBY and I determined upon having a quiet day by the sea—where should it be spent? Margate was voted vulgar, Brighton too crowded, the Isle of Wight too far. Eastbourne? Excellent idea: handy, good train service, not too crowded, and most "genteel": whatever that mystic word may signify. To Eastbourne, accordingly, we hied.

On arriving, we naturally made the best of our way to the sea front, took chairs, and began to discourse upon the beauties of the place. Parenthetically, I may observe that there were a great number of these, walking up and down the parade.

Bent on improving the shining hour, I called BLEEBY's attention to the bold promontory of Beachy Head, the blue, gently rippling water at our feet, and also to an extremely nice-looking girl in white, carrying a red parasol coquettishly over her shoulder. The beauty of the scene had caught my wayward fancy, and I fell into a restful, half-dreamy rhapsody, as I tilted my chair back, pulled my straw hat over my nose, and gazed straight out at the limpid depths before me.

"At a time like this," I began, "when fresh from the busy haunts of men, one contemplates—No, thank you, I don't want any carnations or roses to-day"—this to an itinerant vendor of the female persuasion. "At a time like this, when



*Sister-in-law.* "HOW LIKE HIS FATHER THE BABY IS!"  
*Mother.* "HE'S CERTAINLY LIKE HIM IN SOME WAY. HE GENERALLY KEEPS ME UP HALF THE NIGHT!"

fresh from the busy haunts of men, one—What do you say? Will I and 'the gent' be photographed in a group? No, thank you, not to-day. As I was saying, at a time like this, when—No; no bananas," to a beery-looking, coster. "At a time like this, as I was saying—Programme of the band? Yes, thank you—Let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, I remember; I was just going to say that at a time like—No, go away!—do we look like people who wanted brandy balls, and pink sugarsticks? You really ought to have more discrimination, and confine your attentions to the cheap trippers. At a time—Will I what? Patronize the Beach Concert Party? No; emphatically no! What with these singers, and two barrel-organs clashing with the Band, the restfulness of 'the front' is materially disturbed. Go away! I do not approve of Beach Concerts." A pause, and then I resumed "Well, as I was just going to say, BLEEBY, at a time—" "Paiper! Paiper! 'Spress, Dily Grapheek, Standdill paiper, or Dily Mile!" "No, I

do not want the last 'dition." I heaved a heavy sigh, but once more commenced resolutely. "At a time when—" but here I again paused, and as a second photographer, and a portly female selling flowers, approached me with a business-like air, a steely glitter came into my eye. The ommissary of a German band smilingly advanced, cap in hand, and then, then the forbearance which had hitherto marked my conduct, suddenly gave way, and with a wild war-whoop, I turned upon the destroyers of my peace. I killed five newspaper boys, the two organ-grinders, half-a-dozen flower girls (girls of fifty) and the banana man.

Later on, I was given to understand that the sugarstickist and the photographer, together with the collector for the "Beach Concert Party," had also fallen victims to my unerring stroke and virtuous indignation. I may be a hunted criminal for the remainder of my life: but at least I shall enjoy the consolation of having acted as a public benefactor, and broken up the Democratic tyranny of Eastbourne "front" for ever.





### A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

*Visitor.* "GOOD MORNING: TIDE'S VERY HIGH THIS MORNING, EH?"

*Ancient Mariner.* "AR, IF THE SEA WAS ALL BEER, THERE WOULDN' BE NO BLOOMIN' 'IGH TIDES!"

### THE WEDDING GUEST.

(Fragment from an every-day West End Romance.)

THE conservatory was all but deserted. The solitary occupant clad in the regulation costume of a wedding guest—patent leather boots, button-hole, and light gloves, all complete—sat in an easy chair glancing now and again at the magnificent gifts piled up on tables in the adjacent apartment. He sighed as he heard the sweet sounds of a distant Hungarian band, and wiped away a stealthy tear as the

pops of champagne corks told him of good cheer within a reasonable distance.

"We meet again," murmured the Lady BLANCHE, placing her fair hand on the guest's shoulder. "We meet again."

"Yes, my Lady. The last time I met you was at the Bishop's Garden Party."

"And the time before at the Earl's silver wedding."

"Ah, madam, that was a busy day. I wanted a friend's aid sorely."

"A friend's aid! Why did you not appeal to me?"

"Well, ma'am," returned the guest,

showing some slight confusion. "You see, you are not accustomed to it; and it is a little ticklish to accuse anyone of stealing the spoons."

"Stealing the spoons!" murmured the Lady BLANCHE. "What does he mean? Has the intense heat turned his poor aching brain?"

"No, madam, I am sane enough. If you've doubts upon the subject, ask in the Yard."

Lady BLANCHE appeared distressed.

"I am sure you are not well. Come with me, and I will conduct you to our Doctor. He is yonder, playing lawn tennis with my maiden aunt."

"I dare not leave the place, fair lady. It is my duty to remain here."

"Remain here!" echoed Lady BLANCHE with haughty scorn. "And why should you remain here when I ask—nay, beg—nay, command you—to come with me?"

"Because, Madam; it is my duty. Tempt me no further."

"At least, mysterious being, tell me who you are."

"With pleasure, Madam"—and then the secret was revealed. "I am, Madam, the police officer supplied by the Messrs. BLACKLEY, to keep an eye upon the wedding gifts!"

### THE HERITAGE OF ENGLAND.

[A French newspaper says that England—meaning the British Empire—"sits in a cockleshell." So be it.]

THE Sea belongs to England  
And England to the Sea,  
Not girdled by the Channel band,  
But o'er the Wide World free!  
Sometime our Mother England  
Is lulled by Eastern spray,  
Sometime she nestles hand to hand  
With the wild Atlantic sway,  
And then again in lands afar  
The Sea is making waves  
For the English of the Southern Star,  
The sons of free-born slaves,  
Slaves to the Land that made them,  
To the Earth-Home of the Sea,  
The mother who has bade them  
Know she bred them to be free!  
Their heritage the Glory  
And the everlasting story  
Of the land that God created  
To be Ruler of the Sea.

For DICK and TOM and HARRY,  
And a smile for you and me.

### ON THE MOORS.

(August 20, 1900.)

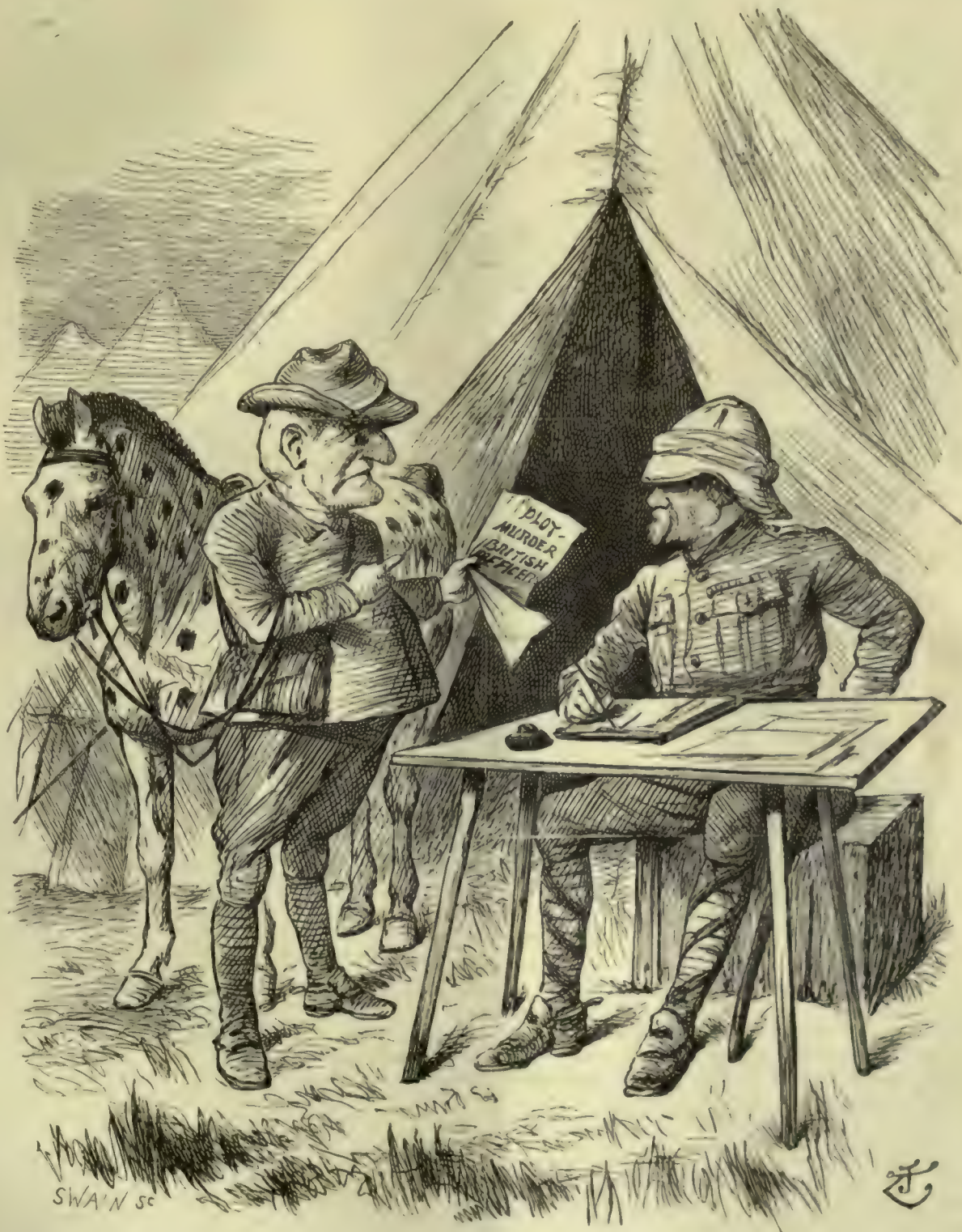
Miss Turtle (of Minnesota—during the luncheon hour, to Lord Ditchwater). Do you know what Greek hero rhymes with grouse?

Lord Ditchwater (after venturing "mouse," "house," etc.). I give it up.

Miss Turtle. Nous.

[Lord D. tumbled to the hero.]





## THE ONLY WAY.

MR. PUNCH. "YOUR GENEROSITY HAS BEEN MISTAKEN FOR WEAKNESS—ISN'T IT TIME, SIR, TO TRY SOMETHING THEY CAN UNDERSTAND?"







## THE CUSTOMS CONGRESS.

AN International Congress, to consider the best methods of simplifying all Customs' formalities and regulations, met in Paris last month, beginning its sittings on July 30. One strictly private meeting, held at the end of the Congress, has not yet been reported.

A Swiss delegate said that the only industry of his country was the tourist. His countrymen lived upon tourists. Therefore everything was done to encourage tourists. He advocated the easiest regulations, if any were necessary.

A German said he approved of all regulations, instructions, official notices, police orders, and so further. They were indispensable, and were found in every well-governed country. The better the government, the more the regulations.

The Spanish delegate said they might be useful if they did not interfere with the comfort of the officials, and if they encouraged travellers to pay a few *pesetas*. A Turkish gentleman here murmured "Bakshish," and fell asleep again.

An English custom-house officer said the remark was incomprehensible to him, as no Custom-house officers understood foreign languages. He did not know why the previous speaker, whose remarks had been translated to him, had advocated the payment of peas-eaters, by which he supposed vegetarian officials were meant. For himself, he preferred honest beef and mutton.

A French delegate said their dear colleague and very honoured fellow-member had spoken absolutely from the point of view of the English. Beef and mutton were good things, but the glory of one's country—*voilà* the true ideal! And without the Custom-house no country could be rich, no country could be glorious. In fine, he ventured to say "*Vive la Douane!*"

The Englishman remarked, with some warmth, that he had caught the last two words of the previous speaker, and that "Do one" might be thought funny by some frivolous persons, but was not a proper name to apply to the English Custom house.

The Frenchman, after hearing the translation of the last speaker's words, stated that he had not said "Dou-unn" short, but "Dou-ane" long, and that no one but an insular, stuffed with beef and beer, would have failed to understand.

The Swiss delegate said this seemed to be German and French mixed, as in his country—where both languages are spoken equally well—*Du âne*, meaning "you donkey."

The Englishman said he was not going to stand abuse from a frog-eating Frenchman.

The Frenchman said he had also exercised himself to make *la boxe*, and enquired if the Englishman thought himself in South Africa.



TOM BROWNE

Miss Hobbs (*who dislikes tobacco*). "I SEE YOU ARE AT YOUR IDOL AGAIN!"  
Smoker. "YES; I'M BURNING IT!"

The German delegate, entering at this moment, explained that he had been absent for a few moments to obtain some ham sandwiches and a few bottles of beer. Speaking French and English fluently, he was able to explain the whole misunderstanding.

The representative of Holland then emerged from beneath the table, where he had sought safety during the dispute.

An American delegate said he guessed formalities and regulations might suit the effete monarchies of Yewrope, but give him dollars.

At this moment a gentleman rose and said that the true method of simplifying formalities was to teach usually truthful people that lying is no better in the Custom-house than elsewhere, and that cheating one's own government, or any

other, is not more honest than picking pockets. (*Loud cheers.*) For himself, however, in the interests of civilization and progress, he advocated the abolition of all Customs, mere relics of barbarous ages. (*Immense uproar, during which the speaker, discovered to be an intruder, was ignominiously expelled, and the meeting broke up in disorder.*)

H. D. B.

## MAKING CONVERSATION.

He. I suppose you have been everywhere during the season?

She. No season. Nothing to read. Nothing to see.

He. Then there is nothing to talk about?

She. No, nothing. Can't you suggest a novelty?

He (*brightening up*). Yes—the weather.  
(*Left talking.*)



## "WHERE TO GO."

No. VI.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On my return from the South Coast, my wife and myself carefully studied the map in search of a bracing place on the sea, and at last alighted on a point that she felt positive would suit our requirements; to quote her own words she said, "I want rocks and deep sea, and this place on the map marked Gibraltar, in Lincolnshire, I am sure will suit us." I reminded her of the fact that it was very difficult to form any correct idea of scenery or undulation of the ground by a map; but her answer was that "the little dots at the end of the point meant rocks," and it wouldn't be called Gibraltar unless it was some rugged promontory. She suggested getting farm-house accommodation, so I purchased several penny guide-books advertising farms to let, and apartments, published by the different railway companies.

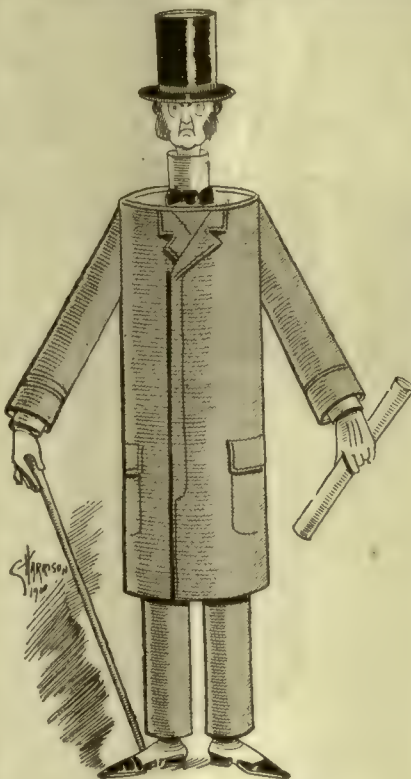
We studied them carefully, and some of the places to let sounded very attractive to read, but in most cases confusing, for instance one farm advertised "share of trap." Now, how can you share a trap? You can't cut in half? and if it means that we have the privilege of sharing it with other lodgers, then I can foresee all manner of inconveniences. We might possibly want to go one road, and the other lodgers another road. Or we might differ about the speed or the time of starting. We might want to go after breakfast, and they before. Again, it doesn't say how big the trap is, for with myself and wife and the two children and the dogs, there might not be room for anyone else, anyway I feel sure the other tenant would think we were monopolising the bigger half, and perhaps unpleasantness would arise. I wish they would be more explicit.

However, the "farm-house accommodation" was novel to us, the children would like it, and the chickens and ducks would amuse the dogs. So off I started with my bike, full of hope, for Gibraltar Point, and took a third single for Scagnass, and got into a carriage the only occupants of which were a nice-looking lady and a gentleman, who were sitting opposite to each other in the corner seats. I was about to retreat, seeing that the other corners were occupied by luggage. But the gentleman assured me that "it was all right, no one was coming; it was only a make-believe." But remembering the old saying that two's company and three's none, I told them that another carriage would suit me equally well, and was again making for the door when the gentleman said, "There's no occasion to go, Sir; you won't be in the way. This lady is my wife."

Presently the guard came to the window,

and beckoned me out. I thanked him, but told him I never took anything before twelve. He explained that he could find me another carriage. But the gentleman in the corner very kindly said he had no objection to me, and told the guard he had done his duty, and the tip would be all the same.

The lady said it was always a good thing to give the guard a shilling or two, to keep out the roughs. She further informed me that they always rode first-class, but the weather being so hot they thought the third-class carriages, having no cushions, would be cooler. They looked at me suspiciously when I said that I always



AWFUL RESULT OF TRAVELLING TOO MUCH  
ON THE "TWO PENNY TUBE."

took a first-class ticket, but generally rode third as the people were more agreeable.

On nearing my destination, I noticed how wonderfully flat the country was, so flat that it made me seriously reflect as to whether the world was *really* round.

On arriving at Scagnass, I rode for Gibraltar. Oh! what a journey—across terrible sand-hills, broken bottles, and now and then a rabbit which had been dead for months! There was no road, and I had positively to carry the bicycle in the blazing sun for over a quarter of a mile, and being struck in the head by a golf-ball didn't improve the occasion or my temper. At last I arrived at "Gibraltar," and never shall I forget it. It was the flattest ground I had ever seen. There were no rocks, and the sea wasn't

observable with the naked eye. I might have seen it with the coast-guard's telescope, but he had gone out for the day and taken it with him. The only suggestion of sea was a little narrow creek or channel of black, oily water, oozing between two thick layers of loamy mud.

I carried the bicycle four miles back to Scagnass, and arrived at the station just in time to miss the last train back to London. Yours, &c.,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

## THE HARDY ANNUAL.

As over Magdalen Bridge at eve I strolled,  
Fresh from the schools, not knowing yet  
my fate,

Nor greatly caring, on the parapet  
Leaning an arm that trembled, as I  
thought,

Beneath the weight of sorrow that it bore,  
An ancient man I marked that watched  
the flood

Of Cherwell gurgling 'twixt his willows,  
gold

With sunset glory. And he heaved a sigh  
Of such an anguish that I, pitying, paused  
Close at his elbow, and "O man," said I,  
"O ancient man," I said in softest tones,  
"Whence come you?" and he turned and  
answered me.

I come from wife and children dear  
I leave the gloomy attics  
Where I am reading, year by year,  
Greek, Latin and Mathematics.

I taste of Plato, and I sip  
The lore of Aristotle,  
And now and then I take a nip  
Of brandy from the bottle.

I slink from home, I hurry down  
Unnoticed to the station,  
And take the train to Oxford town  
For my examination.

For my degree I try in vain,  
But till I can ensure it  
I fear that I shall still remain,  
As now, a cureless curate.

A prey to tradesmen, Jew and dun,  
And always in low water,  
With here and there a hungry son,  
And here and there a daughter.

So in I wander to the schools,  
White-tied, in coat of sable,  
And watch the crowd of grave young  
fools  
Each busy at his table.

I sit, I sigh, I gloom, I glance,  
Despairing, at the questions,  
And timorously I advance  
Some tentative suggestions.

But out again I come and know  
That vain is my endeavour,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go in for ever.





### THE RIVAL FORCES.

SCENE—Lonely Yorkshire Moor. Miles from anywhere.

Passing Horse-dealer (who has been asked for a tow by owners of broken-down Motor-car). "IS IT EASY TO PULL?"

Motorist. "OH, YES. VERY LIGHT INDEED!"

Horse-dealer. "THEN SUPPOSIN' YOU PULL IT YOURSELVES!"

[Drives off.]

#### LABUNTUR ANNI.

POSTHUMUS, come and let us dine together  
Here where of yore we met for dinner daily,  
Braving life's storms and pretty dirty weather  
Youthfully, gaily.

Here at this chop-house, nothing much to look at,  
Where wealth of wit made up for purses scanty;  
Ah, my old friend, how well they used to cook at  
This little shanty!

We were a crew of happy, careless fellows,  
Did ourselves well on naught wherewith to do it:  
This present, when our leaf grows sere and yellows,  
Is nothing to it!

Changed are the times, and we, perhaps, have altered,  
JONES, the Q.C., is dining with the Benchers,  
BROWN (married money) some excuse has faltered—  
So to our trenchers.

Posthumus, we will make a resurrection  
Of the old days—though long we may not tarry  
I from my suburb (Mayfair's your direction)—  
Why did we marry?

#### Appointments under Consideration.

LORD R-B-RTS to be Commander-in-Chief.  
Lord K-TCH-N-R, Chief of the Intelligence Department.  
Lieut.-Gen. B-D-N-P-W-LL to be Inspector General of Contracts.  
And F.-M. P-NOH, to be the Supreme Head of Everybody  
and Everything.

#### LOVE!

LOVE, love, beautiful love,  
Bread of the lyricist, jam of the crowd,  
Rhyming to nothing but dove, above, shove,  
Beautiful, constant and sugary love,  
Hear while I whisper or shout it out loud,  
I'm sick of the verses of which you're so proud  
Love, lyrical love.

Had I the faith that can mountains remove  
(This is another way one is allowed  
To rhyme to the verse-maker's stumbling block, love,  
—Another 's to rhyme it to words such as rove)  
I too would believe, and with head that was bowed  
I'd pray at your altar, I'd live in a cloud  
Of sentimentality, married and cowed,  
Love, rhyming to glove.

#### "ASK ME NO MORE!"

Query (to be taken at a breath). If your as-yet-unmarried brother, staying at a prominent headland in Berwickshire, is so engrossed with the attractions of the scenery (and congenial society) as to be oblivious of your fraternal claims on his correspondence, how, in the name of KIPLING, would you most appropriately denounce him?

Reply. As an Abb's-Head-Minded Beggar, of course!

[Abb's Head omen!]

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**D**ECIDED to ask Mr. and Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN and their niece, Miss BARBARA LAMB—better known to the profane vulgar as “BAA LAMB”

—for a week on the yacht. Also old Admiral ROUSTABOUT. Terrible person; but felt bound to ask him, as matter of duty. To all these I sent invitations, devoutly hoping they wouldn't be accepted. With my usual luck, they all were. Must ask little BUSKIN, the actor, to amuse them, and keep us all lively. Did so and wrote, telling them all to assemble at Town Quay, Southampton, on Saturday afternoon. Then wired to my Skipper at Dover, instructing him to bring yacht round to Southampton Water.

Skipper wires me, “Impossible to get to Southampton in time unless wind changes.” Very annoying. My yacht, *Isolde*, now lying in Dover. Hate Dover, so will not join there. Wired Skipper to get to Southampton as soon as possible; and also sent wires to the GOBBLEDOWNS, old ROUSTABOUT, and BUSKIN, putting them off from Saturday to the following Monday.

GOBBLEDOWN a great amateur yachtsman. As good as any paid hand. He says so himself, and he ought to know. This is the first time I have ever asked him on the *Isolde*, though he has hinted pretty strongly for an invitation since I first flitted out. Rather loud and strident-voiced man. Mrs. G. severe-looking person of eminently correct deportment. “BAA LAMB” quite a nonentity. Admiral a good-hearted man enough, but aggressive. BUSKIN—well, an amusing little beggar. Oh, I daresay we shall all get on admirably together. Still—Well, never meet troubles half way. I put aside any misgivings I may secretly entertain, and start for Southampton.

Skipper and two of the “hands” meet me at Southampton-West Station, and then the Admiral turns up.

“Aha!” he jerks out gruffly. “So you have arrived, eh? Thought perhaps you wouldn't, after putting me off before. Deuced inconvenient for me that postponement was, I can tell you, my boy. However, I forgive you.”

I thanked him humbly for this concession, and asked if my men should look after his luggage and get it aboard.

“Get it aboard—get it aboard!” he snapped. “Why, certainly. What the devil else do you think I brought it for?”

Felt still more humble after this, and was just turning to tell the mate about calling a cab when a terrific smack on the back—(wish this custom would die out)—made me jump yards. It emanated from GOBBLEDOWN, already attired in blue serge and yachting cap. He stood a pace or two in front of his wife and niece; they had all come down in my train from Waterloo, but mercifully—mysteriously, I mean—missed me at the London terminus.

“Hulloa, my dear fellow! delighted to see you. My wife and niece so glad you have included them in your invitation. Only wish we were off for a year's cruise instead of a month!”

Very hearty of him; but my letter distinctly specified a *week*, not a month. Determined to try, later on, to drop hint to this effect.

Then GOBBLEDOWN poked me playfully in the ribs, and said:

“I say, old fellow, your men might as well take our baggage now they're about it, eh? Rather a good idea for saving trouble?”

I thought it was—i.e. for saving the GOBBLEDOWN family trouble. Visions of my g'g sinking under the load flitted across my anxious mind, and I sighed, in gentle resignation, as I told the mate to order two cabs. Then the Admiral, in a perfectly audible aside whisper, asked:

“Who the devil is this feller, eh?” And for reply, I introduced them, “Mr. GOBBLEDOWN—Admiral ROUSTABOUT.”



With a somewhat dreary attempt at pleasantry, I gave a little, frozen smile, and added: "As you are to be shipmates, you may as well——"

"Yow, yow, yow, yow!" howled a terrier, whose tail had just been trodden on by a fifteen-stone porter.

"Oh, my poor Agrippa!" moaned Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, as she picked him up in her arms, and glared viciously at porter, who went on, imperturbably, with his usual occupation of smashing the passengers' luggage as though nothing had happened.

So Agrippa was evidently Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN's dog, and she had brought him here to share my hospitality and enliven the proceedings on board my yacht. So kind of her—always so kind of people when they bring their pretty pets with them. Of course, I could have done without Agrippa, but—— Well, there he was.

Two cabs, loaded with mountainous piles of baggage, were soon groaning along towards the Town Quay.

GOBBLEDOWN was all hilarity. Even Mrs. G. looked less severe as she evidently reflected upon the fact that I should have to pay all the transport expenses, whilst the BAA LAMB prattled gently, with an air of chastened merriment, about nothing in particular.

The Admiral alone was gloomy. He had taken a dislike to GOBBLEDOWN; and this, at the beginning of our short cruise, boded ill.

Arrived at the Town Quay, the luggage heaps were quickly attacked by the gig's crew, whilst I looked, in vain, for BUSKIN. No sign of "this versatile actor," as the newspapers generally dubbed him. BUSKIN must have missed his train.

The mate, who had followed down with the two hands in the second cab, came up to me in profuse state of perspiration. "Can't possibly get no more of these bales!"—he meant luggage—"into the gig, Sir, without sinkin' her. Must make another journey for 'em, I suppose." I felt apologetic, but kept firm voice, as I answered airily:

"Yes, that will be best. You can take us aboard, and then come back for the luggage."

"Wha-a-a-a-t!" yelled the Admiral, "leave my bag and portmanteau on the quay here, to be stolen, whilst we go aboard? Not if I know it! Whathedevilnext?"

Embarrassing situation. I suggested that one of the hands should remain to watch.

"Can't do that, Sir," breaks in Skipper; "wouldn't be enough to row ye out, then."

Dear me, very trying. Well, suppose GOBBLEDOWN were to stop behind to look after the——

"No, no, old chap!" from GOBBLEDOWN, moving towards the gig. "I'll go aboard your old barkie—I'm so jolly thirsty, I want my tea"—(N.B.—that GOBBLEDOWN always takes his "tea" out of a tall tumbler)—"so you stop and mind the stuff. I'll steer;" and without waiting for any further discussion on the subject he floundered hastily into the stern-sheets, nearly capsizeing the gig as he soused himself into the best seat and seized the yoke-lines. I sighed resignedly, and turning to the Admiral invited him to enter the boat.

"What, with that feller steering? You must take me for a fool!" he roared.

Matter at last compromised by GOBBLEDOWN, Mrs. G., and the

BAA LAMB—together with some of the portmanteaux and bags—being stowed uncomfortably into gig. They started off for the yacht, and upon arriving alongside—(as my skipper ruefully informed me, afterwards)—GOBBLEDOWN pulled the wrong yoke-line and ran the boat's stem hard into *Isolde's* side. The shock throw the bowman on his back, and knocked a hat-box overboard. Beyond this, and the damage to the yacht's paint, I am thankful to say that there was no harm done. Left alone on the quay with the Admiral, we took seats upon our portmanteaux and waited, rather sadly, for the gig's return. Admiral ROUSTABOUT, with many grunts, ignited an evil-smelling pipe and said:

"Can't understand your friend GOBBLEDOWN knowing anything about yachting. When I commanded the old *Ariadne*, I remember—— Hullo, why—— Whathedevilsthis?" he broke off hastily, adjusting his *pince-nez*, and glaring at a somewhat unconventionally-dressed figure which had approached us unobserved. I looked up, and beheld what he had tersely described as "this." The figure was attired in white duck trousers, blue serge reefer jacket, with large brass anchor buttons and a broad white linen collar turned down over the neck. The whole was surmounted by a black glazed straw hat, with a band on it, lettered in gold "*H.M.S. Terrible*," after the style of children in charge of their nurserymaids.

Then the figure—which seemed a strangely familiar one to me—stood right over us; its hands were laid to the slack of its ducks fore and aft, and, with a truly T. P. COOKE kind of hitch, a voice carolled forth:

"What ho! rouse up, my merry, merry men! The anchor's weighed! and so was I, just now. Eleven stone four, by the automatic penny-in-the-slot machine! Tip us your flipper, my hearty. I like the cut of your jib!"

It was BUSKIN. I must admit that as, in shamefaced, shambling manner, I introduced him to the Admiral—(oh, that band round the hat!)—I felt hot all over.

"Whathedevilisit?" said the gallant tar, still staring hard through his *pince-nez*.

"This — er — this is Mr. ROSCIUS BUSKIN," I stammered uneasily. My eyes, by a sort of unholy fascination, were glued, as it were, to the "*H.M.S. Terrible*" (too terrible!) hatband.

The Admiral merely emitted a deep grunt as he jerked his head forward with what was intended to be a bow. Then a horrible silence ensued. I ventured to break it at last, by saying:

"Where is your luggage? The gig has gone off——"

"Don't speak of it as if it were fireworks, dear boy!" chirped BUSKIN, at once recovering his usual aplomb.

The Admiral, who dislikes a spirit of levity when applied to anything nautical, scowled at BUSKIN. I foresaw that the latter's facetiousness was likely to make trouble for us, later on. It did.

BUSKIN at last condescended to inform me that he had been so late for his train that all his luggage had been left behind at Waterloo, whilst he himself had got out at the wrong Southampton station and driven thence in a cab.

"But it will be all right, dear boy; it will be all right at night," as we say on the histrionic boards. I'll borrow a suit



of pyja—oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems from you, and then I shall do all right, 'till daylight doth appear!'"

"Here's the gig," I cried with a feeling of relief, as my boat brought up at the foot of the steps.

The Admiral, clutching at his huge umbrella and hauling a kit-bag, descended and took his seat in the stern-sheets; BUSKIN, with an affected nautical roll which nearly produced a catastrophe to the white ducks (so tight that BUSKIN must have been put into them with a shoehorn), followed him: the rest of the *impedimenta* was got in, and then, at last, we started for the yacht.

Nobody spoke much on the short pull out. The Admiral was grumpy, and BUSKIN temporarily subdued, whilst my own agony of mind, whenever I reflected upon the fact that the crew must be silently giggling at that fearsome hatband, may be better imagined than described. Cold print is wholly inadequate to convey what I thought of BUSKIN's outrageous "get-up."

As we got alongside the yacht, the Skipper came to the gang-way; but on catching the first glimpse of the *Terrible* legend incontinently retired, and walked forrard with unbecoming haste, stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to prevent an explosion of laughter. Then GOBBLEDOWN, after one look over the side, disappeared suddenly from the deck. The BAA LAMB gazed, mystified for a moment, at the apparition, and then exclaimed "Oh, Auntie!" in loud tones. Altogether, an unpleasant situation for me. BUSKIN himself seemed blandly unconscious that attire was anything but strictly correct—absolutely orthodox, in fact. He skipped lightly up the side, and striking a theatrical attitude on the deck, exclaimed, "Once aboard the lugger—" and then paused.

"Well," granted the Admiral, waiting, open-mouthed, to hear the end of the sentence, "how 's it go on, hey?"

"Oh, it doesn't go on: there is no more—at least, I never heard any more," replied BUSKIN cheerily.

The Admiral went off, scowling, to his berth. I introduced BUSKIN to the ladies, and afterwards handed him over to the Steward to be conducted to his cabin. Then I went below, and found GOBBLEDOWN in mine.

This was most upsetting. To be turned out of one's own cabin by one's own guest was—was—Confound the Steward! what on earth was he thinking about to allow this?

"Steward!" I called, and when he came to me in the saloon I gave him a piece of my mind on the subject.

"Not my fault, Sir, I assure you," he began. "Mr. GOBBLEDOWN told me, directly he come aboard, that you said he was to 'ave the best cabin in the ship, Sir, so I naturally showed him into the owner's cabin, Sir. Thought they was your orders, Sir."

"This was too much! Although a mild-mannered man, I felt that the time had come for me to assert myself, so rapped sharply at GOBBLEDOWN'S door—or, rather, at *my* door—and said:

"You've made a mistake, my dear fellow; the next one is *your* cabin."

"Never mind, old man; anything will do for me," came a muffled voice from within.

"Yes, but you really must come out," I replied with a firmness which surprised myself. "The Steward shall shift your

things," and after another determined effort on the part of GOBBLEDOWN to adhere to my cabin he was obliged to give way—with a very bad grace—and go into the next.

Thought I would speak to Skipper about getting under weigh next morning, so ran up companion, sprawling over *Agrippa*, who had gone to sleep on top stair, and measuring my full length on the deck. D—ear *Agrippa*!

*Agrippa* yelled, and Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN rushed out of ladies' cabin, all hair curlers and dressing-gown. She snatched her pet up in her arms, and turning, with polite resentfulness, to me, exclaimed, "Oh, don't hurt my little dog! *Agrippa* has always been kindly treated!"—plainly implying that I had ill-treated him. Again I say d—elighful *Agrippa*!

Admiral joined me, and after calling attention to the incontrovertible fact that BUSKIN had been walking the deck with nails in his boots, proceeded to give invaluable expert opinion upon shrouds, halliards, sheets, and top-sails, winding up a twenty-minutes' dissertation by informing me that my Skipper *must* be a fool. So nice of him. Tried, at first, to keep in touch with his nautical talk, but gave it up as he rattled out something that, to my disordered imagination, sounded like, "And if you must have these new-fangled fal-de-rals, why don't you keel-haul the topmast lifts, cut away the forefoot, brace back the stanchions of the main-halliards, run up your gaff until it's well past the cross-trees of your foresail, and set your spanker-boom abaft the peak? And there you are!" he concluded with an air of triumph which I felt ought to have carried conviction to my mind. So I replied vaguely, "Yes. There you are, as you say," and immediately afterwards escaped below, leaving the gallant Tar to tackle the Skipper, though I dared not think what the immediate consequences of a *rencontre* with old SALTHORSE would be.

On returning to saloon, found tea laid, and the two ladies being vastly entertained by BUSKIN's conversation. Went to take my place at head of table, but discovered my own chair there, in possession of *Agrippa*. Should like to kie—kiss that dog. Took smaller and uncomfortable chair, and endeavoured to be pleasing in manner whilst requesting BAA LAMB to pour out tea. Afterwards found that I had given mortal offence to Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN by not asking *her* to officiate. GOBBLEDOWN airily declined tea, without mentioning the fact that directly he came on board he had consumed a large bottle of Allsopp and, later on, a whisky and soda. GOBBLEDOWN quite the sort of man to take all trouble off the shoulders of an anxious host desirous of entertaining his guests, as he answers every question which is asked, no matter whether it is addressed to him or not. Can always hear him all over the ship.

Had to lend my newest silk pyjamas to BUSKIN, as his luggage had not turned up, even at nine o'clock, when I again sent gig ashore in quest of it. BUSKIN quite jovial about the matter, though the hands were getting a bit tired of these constant journeys to the shore.

Admiral insisted upon sitting up till midnight. So fatiguing, as I always go to bed at ten. GOBBLEDOWN drank four whiskies and sodas, and became argumentative. BUSKIN recited to us. Never felt so depressed before.

To bed at last, quite worn out.

(Continued in our next.)





### THE DONKEYS' HOLIDAY.

*With Compliments to the S. P. C. A.*

#### MOOR MADGE.

DEAREST MAUDE,—MILLICENT and I were joined yesterday by my cousin CHARLIE and his great friend ALGERNON DE VERE BOGGS, in our journey North. DE VERE and CHARLIE are shooting together this year—not confining themselves to grouse and black game, as they think it so narrowing, but also looking out for sparrows, rabbits, and, in fact, anything that comes within sound of the crack of their rifles. As they are both Volunteers, they wisely thought that it would be true economy to use the Government ammunition and their Lee-Metfords, instead of

procuring the ordinary breech-loading shot gun, which, *entre nous*, has become rather common now. Everybody who shoots uses them, and DE VERE and CHARLIE wished to strike out a new line for themselves.

We—MILLICENT and I—met the men at King's Cross, and travelled third—on this line there is no fourth—and I must say that CHARLIE's costume could hardly be described as quiet. In fact, it was rather daring. He wore a green plaid kilt, cut short, and embroidered with his monogram back and front, in red letters; khaki putties and sand shoes, with white spats

over them, made rather a neat finish by way of *chaussure*. The coat was a long-tailed garment of neat black superfine broadcloth, whilst the one-and-sixpenny yachting cap which he wore at Cowes again did duty here. DE VERE BOGGS was attired somewhat more quietly, but still in a way which denoted the sportsman quite as plainly as CHARLIE's costume did.

Poor CHARLIE, whose losses at Goodwood had brought him into the hands of the Jews (he had to borrow fourteen and ninepence from Mr. MOSES MOSS, in order to settle with), travelled very unostentatiously under the seat. MILLICENT wore a picture hat, with sham ostrich feather drooping over the face, pink cotton bolero jacket, green cummerbund, and skirt of *eau de Nil*. As for myself, I always travel plainly, as you know. A sealskin jacket, white linen skirt, Tam-o'-Shanter of Gordon tartan, with mounted grouse claws pinned all down the back of the sleeves, completed my own costume.

Arrived at Macquashie, we took rooms at the hotel, and they gave us a really excellent dinner at eighteenpence. Here is the menu:—

*Tattie peelin's Broth.*

*Cold Carrots.*

*Haggis. Cookies.*

*Porridge.*

We thoroughly enjoyed it, and of course drank the wine of the country—whiskey. Next day we all went out on the moors. It is not really so expensive a sport, this grouse shooting, as you would think, dearest MAUDE. By getting up early, you avoid the notice of the gamekeepers—gillies, as they call them—and get your sport for next to nothing. CHARLIE and DE VERE BOGGS obtained several fine shots—though they hit nothing but a tourist—and we were not turned off until after we had had our luncheon in great comfort. A great number of the smartest people are here, all shooting, of course. But of one thing I am quite assured, and that is, that none of them get their sport more cheaply than CHARLIE and DE VERE BOGGS.

In company with the rest of the *monde qui s'amuse*, we shall be moving on to fresh fields and pastures new very shortly. Then, dearest MAUDE, you shall hear again from yours ever, MADGE.

#### At the Westminster Bridge Terminus of the Tram Lines.

*Country Cousin (excitedly).* Good Heavens! Constable, look at those people fighting on those cars! I'm sure someone will be killed. Is there an election on, or a Pro-Boer meeting?

*Constable (with a contemptuous smile).* Oh no, Sir; it's only the passengers takin' their places accordin' to the rules and regerlations of the London County Council.





"WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING WITH YOUR NICE NEW SUIT?"

"I'VE BEEN PLAYING IN THE GARDEN—PRETENDING I WAS A LITTLE BOY IN MISCHIEF."

"WELL, I'M VERY ANGRY WITH YOU. YOU NEVER SEE HERBERT DO THINGS LIKE THAT."

"NO. HE HASN'T THE 'MAGINATION I HAVE!"

### PEEPS INTO PRUSSIAN PALACES AT POPULAR PRICES.

IN and near Berlin the lover of palaces can indulge in an orgie of sight-seeing. The charge for admission in every case is the modest sum of threepence. It is not announced who receives that amount. From the palaces in Berlin and Potsdam the annual receipts must be considerable. As for the palace of the Emperor WILLIAM I., the charge is double. And anyone who is rash enough to go inside that remarkably ugly edifice, furnished and decorated in the style of the sixties, and dazzling with crimson and gold, with sky-blue and emerald-green, would gladly give another sixpence, as I did, to get out again as soon as possible.

Curiously enough, in this one palace the guide, who was a woman, moved as slowly as she could. She explained everything with needless care. She evidently doated on malachite and ormolu, on rosewood and blue velvet. The Germans following her exclaimed "Wunderschön!" rapturously; the Americans gazed with the drowsy indifference that follows some weeks of sleepless railway travel and sight-seeing. After we had visited several rooms, she led us into a vast apartment, ranged us in a row, as if for drill, and clapped her hands. There was an echo in the domed ceiling. The Germans, always childlike in being easily amused, were in ecstasies. The Americans became interested, for it almost woke them up. She clapped her hands a second time. Before they could meet again, I slipped a 50-pfennig piece between them and fled.

In Potsdam and the neighbourhood the active enthusiast can see half-a-dozen palaces in a day, all at threepence each. There is no reduction on taking a quantity. I drew the line at three

palaces. Ninepence a day is as much as I care to spend on such excitement.

The gardens at Sans Souci, just outside Potsdam, are delightful. Six long flights of steps lead up the terraces to the palace. The enthusiast, at half-a-dozen palaces a day, must run up them. The middleman, like myself, at three palaces, can stroll gently up and watch the elderly female gardeners weeding the borders. There are also male gardeners, but one can see them elsewhere. One has some time to loiter in the gardens, since one has to run in the palaces. No sooner has the imperial servant assembled the party than he starts at a brisk walk, repeating his descriptions as fast as he can. Sometimes I tried the simple device of asking a question; but this only made him hurry more afterwards, to make up for lost time.

I believe it is all owing to that charge for admission. When one—especially if one is a frugal German—has paid threepence to His Majesty WILLIAM I., German Emperor and King of Prussia, one seems to have done enough. Moreover, the very superior man in uniform who shows one round looks above a tip. One could not offer threepence to him. At Sans Souci I never thought of it. At the New Palace the imperial servant seemed less unbending. As the party approached the exit, I held a 50-pfennig piece in my hand. The rapidity with which it passed into his showed me that, in spite of his uniform, he was a mere man like myself.

In the Stadt Schloss, at Potsdam, my last palace for that day, I was the only visitor. I had already seen two palaces, which would be about my usual average for a whole year. I was becoming satiated with palaces. Moreover, the afternoon was warm. I longed to loiter. But the guide, in this case a woman, would have none of it. She evidently wanted to run, though she was by no means young, and all my lingering only reduced her speed to about five miles an hour. Thus she led me, breathless, through the rooms, containing, I believe, the books—always French books—the dining-table descending through the floor, and other possessions of FREDERICK THE GREAT, and also through a bed-room sometimes occupied by the present Emperor, and sent me forth so rapidly into the outer world that I had to hold on to the doorpost while I gave her sixpence.

In the Kaiser's bed-room I had just time to notice on the Imperial and Royal washstand the two basins and jugs, such as North German hotels, and, I suppose, private houses, provide for one person. One of the basins is very small, the other is monstrously large. As for the Emperor's larger basin, it was nearly the size of an English sponge-bath. In vain I have endeavoured to discover the use of the two basins; provided on the principle of the large hole in the door for the cat and the small hole for the kitten, can it be that the small basin is for washing one hand and the large basin for washing two?

In the entrance hall of the New Palace, I saw the carriage umbrella, which evidently shelters the Imperial head when descending the steps on a rainy day. I do not mean that the Kaiser descends the steps on his head. The sentence is a trifle mixed, but so would you be after visiting three palaces at once. The umbrella was one that had seen its best days, and they must have been uncommonly bad days. It was old and shabby and faded, a pathetic sight in the midst of marble splendour. As I looked at it, a German lady exclaimed "*Der kaiserliche Regenschirm!*" and smiled. Others smiled. I trembled lest the whole party should be forthwith cast into the deepest dungeons of the Palace. Happily the guide, during the moment's delay, had sped on at four miles an hour and had heard nothing. So I smiled as well, a quiet, discreet smile, and I can now boast that I was once guilty of *Majestätsbeleidigung* in Prussia, and escaped unpunished. H. D. B.

CHICKEN HAZARD.—It is officially reported that Italian eggs are now being largely exported to England. We earnestly trust that these will not include the lays of ancient Rome.





## HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

## BIG GAME HUNTING.—III.

LION HUNTING. BE QUITE SURE WHEN YOU GO LOOKING FOR A LION, THAT YOU REALLY WANT TO FIND ONE.

## TO MY COLLAR STUD.

No pæan majestic my brain can inspire,  
No harmonies subtle I strike on my lyre ;  
A commonplace subject is this that I touch,  
But one that concerns me and worries me much.  
Perhaps it may seem rather foolish to sing,  
About such a very diminutive thing ;  
Perhaps I am dragging my Muse through the mud,  
In mentioning you, little ivory stud.

I'm one of those rather unfortunate men  
Who have to be up in the City by ten,  
But many and oft are the mornings when I've  
Slept peacefully on until eight forty-five.  
A train I must catch at a quarter-past nine,  
And I've an objection to running it fine ;  
With dressing and breakfast there's plenty to do,  
It's really too much to be hindered by you.

But that's the occasion on which you will fix  
To show off your most diabolical tricks ;  
Directly you see me approaching your lair,  
For violent action at once you prepare.  
Your cosy retreat I begin to explore,  
And seizing your chance you slip down on the floor,  
Then over the carpet you silently roll  
To some inaccessible corner or hole.

Oh, evil the passions that you can create,  
For I am reduced to a terrible state ;

I'm rather short-sighted, and loudly I curse  
(My sight may be bad, but my language is worse).  
I can't do without you, as doubtless you know,  
But vainly I search for your shape, high and low ;  
Your fiendish skill all my agility mocks,  
And wildly I dash round the room in my socks.

I shake out my garments, I grovel and grope,  
It's close upon nine and I give up all hope ;  
But just as the clock points to five minutes past,  
In one of my boots you're discovered at last.  
I finish my toilet, five minutes remain,  
My breakfast I bolt on the way to the train ;  
Then pangs of acute indigestion ensue—  
Another misfortune that's owing to you.

And during the day my acquaintances find  
That I'm not at all in a nice frame of mind ;  
Of course they will get upon quite the wrong track  
In putting it down to a liver attack.  
Though kindly disposed before leaving my bed,  
I'm grumpy and most discontented instead ;  
My good resolutions are nipped in the bud,  
And you are the cause, you diminutive stud !

P. G.

DEFINITION (by a very Low Churchman).—"Επισκοπος," a Bishop, or, literally, "over-seer" ; i.e. one who "over-looks." So called from their generally overlooking everything they do not wish to see.





T. B. Spang 1900.

*Full-sized Tripper.* "HOW DOES ONE GET INTO THE CHURCHYARD, PLEASE?"

*Simple Little Native.* "THROUGH THIS 'ERE 'OLE!"

#### THE PUBLISHER TO HIS FAITHLESS LOVE.

["The absorbing interest taken in the war has been deadly in its effects on the publishing trade. And now it is feared that a General Election will rob them of their autumn season. Christmas, however, should bring relief—to the survivors.]

O SOPHONISBA, fickle fair!

Who found me once the glass of fashion,  
And leave me now with heartless air

A bleeding prey to blighted passion,  
Have you no thought for him who lies so low,  
Your pensive swain from Paternoster Row?

Time was when I could stir your breast

With theological romances,

Bid you enjoy a homely jest,

Or melt you with suburban fancies,

Or, like a river, going slow and deep,

Contrive to woo your weary brain to sleep.

Time was when tales of Scotland Yard

Produced in you a constant flutter;

When I have gained your kind regard

With problems gathered from the gutter!

Now all my ancient skill I vainly spend

Both on policemen and the Far East End.

I gave you Lives of Men of Weight,

Thoughts and achievements worth the telling;

Letters describing what they ate,

And how the baby's gums were swelling;

Now these momentous themes begin to pall

That once could hold your heaving heart in thrall.

I know the cause:—compare the song

Of what occurred by Allan Water,

And how the soldier came along

Ogling the miller's lovely daughter.

Yours was in khaki; hers, no doubt, in red;  
Alike you lost your absent-minded head.

Her books were in the running brook;

And yet the parallel is partial;

We do not hear that she forsook

The Literary for the Martial.

She never had, as far as rumours go,

A previous flame in Paternoster Row!

Eventually "there a corse

Lay she" (if I remember rightly);

But *you* live on without remorse,

Your conduct being most unsightly;

Still, if I know you well, you cannot care

For khaki always as your only wear.

I know that some fine autumn day

(Just when, I cannot yet discover)

You'll cease to sing of Table Bay,

And think about a change of lover;

And, though for khaki still you faintly burn,

Soon shall the peaceful toga have its turn.

Under the hustings' tented shade

You will erect your brazen idol;

The poster-monger ("dreadful trade!")

Shall advertise this latest bridal,

And portions of your honied moon be spent

Confusing Paradise with Parliament.

On nightly platforms you shall sit

Supporting unennobled brewers;

And shafts of pure provincial wit

Shall pierce your heart like wooden skewers;

Immersed in revels round the greasy pole,

You will omit to educate your soul.

And then, perhaps, by Christmas Day

(Alas! alas! for lost October!)

You will be tired of wanton play,

And range yourself, demure and sober;

And, turning to your love of long ago,

Find him defunct in Paternoster Row!

O. S.

#### SILLY-SEASON PROSPECTS.

THERE is grave reason to fear that this year's Silly Season will be a failure. For some reason or other, whether on account of the approaching Dissolution, or the vagaries of DE WET and TSE HSI, the public mind is preoccupied and refuses to sink to the occasion. The Big Gooseberry has been nipped in the bud, and the Marine Ophidian is under a cloud, or, at any rate, not in its usual element. We have had, it is true, a Nine-Days' Wonder at West Kensington, in the shape of the Edith Villas Ghost. It was a public-spirited attempt on the part of the spook, or the local humourist, or the neighbouring licensed victualler to make things hum in the Far West, but the scare died down under the cold logic of brickbat showers and unsympathetic policemen. And the enterprise of the spectrore's landlord in charging gate-money (on behalf of a charity), for the privilege of seeing a vacuum, only succeeded in giving the apparition its *quietus*. When it came to being run as a dime-show, the wraith would wraith be excused—and so would the Kensingtonian quidnuncs.

Similarly, the great annual Symposium of Correspondence on Burning Domestic Questions seems, at the time of writing, to hang fire. So far, we have only had, coincidentally in two, morning halfpenny papers, a few letters from Irate Husbands and Mothers of Seven on the subject of Wives' Holidays.

Meanwhile the Silly Season languishes. We have more serious matters in hand.





**BOWLING THEM OVER.**

["In consequence of Lord Wolseley's comments on the recent Aldershot Review, several field-officers have been ordered to report themselves for examination as to their fitness to command."—*Daily Paper.*]





WALLACE & GORTON

### "SEEING IS BELIEVING."

*Nervous Old Gent (buying a Horse for business purposes). "BUT ARE YOU SURE THE ANIMAL IS ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD?"*  
*Indignant Dealer. "DON'T YOU TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, GUV'NOR. OPEN 'IS MOUTH AND LOOK FOR YOURSELF!"*

### "WHISKER" A WARRIOR.

(By One who knew him.)

ONLY a London 'bus horse; that's what he was last year,  
 When he worked from Highgate Archway to the Strand,  
 A good 'un for his collar work, not difficult to steer,  
 And at pulling up quite suddenly was grand.  
 Some said he came from Suffolk and was one of GILBEY'S strain,  
 But I think he hailed from far across the sea—  
 A Canadian, by the colour of his "cayuse" tail and mane.  
 But they didn't give him no straight pedigree.

Only a London 'bus horse; but they picked him for the front  
 Without asking him if he would like to go.  
 When they want a slave who's willing of a fight to bear the  
 brun

They don't give him any chance to answer No.  
 So they packed off poor old "Whisker," with about a hundred  
 more,

In a transport that was bound for Table Bay,  
 And they say he wasn't sea-sick on his passage to the war,  
 But was ready for his breakfast day by day.

Only a London 'bus horse; but they put him to the guns,  
 And he dragged his load with gameness through the sand,  
 P'r'aps now and then he hoped they'd take some ounces off the  
 tons,

And wished that he was trotting down the Strand.  
 But he never shirked his duty, nor started at the noise,  
 The crackle and the rattle all around;  
 He did just as he was ordered, like the bravest of the boys,  
 And with them under fire stood his ground.

Only a London 'bus horse; but he did his level best  
 To save his gun from capture by the foe,

Though the lashing of the driver made him snort and raise his  
 crest,

Yet he didn't need the whip to make him go.  
 Only a London 'bus horse, by the Modder river slain,  
 A hero un-remembered in the strife,  
 Forgotten in the shouting of the loud triumphal strain,  
 Yet he gave his all for England with his life.

### LABBY THE LYRIST.

[“DEAR MR. MONTAGU WHITE,—You will see the lines in *Truth*. I have altered one or two words to make the grammar all right.”

*Mr. Labouchere, M.P.*]

In a bucket there sat in *Truth*'s ever-clear well

A Sage full of theses and proems.

He groaned, “Why must I teach the pro-Boer to spell,

And the grammar correct of his poems?

His mistakes are so awful, his language is such

That his English to me reads like bad double-Dutch.

Though I'm cut to the quick, wily JOE mustn't know it,

Or he'll swear Black, not WHITE, is my favourite poet.”

THE DETHRONEMENT OF LONDON.—Quoth Dr. KRUGER-CLARK, M.P., “The Jingo element is very strong in London—stronger than it is in the other provincial towns.” What is the the new capital of Great Britain according to K.-C.? Wick, perhaps, where he has apparently been snuffed out.

THE RISE IN PRICES.—This fact is absolutely guaranteed on the word of that Man of Honour, *Mr. Punch*. Owing to the war, sweethearts at the front are dearer than ever throughout the Queen's dominions.



## THE BAGGAGE BOTHER.

(From a Passenger's Note-book.)

HAD to journey to-day from London to Starmouth. Slow cab, consequently late at station. Purchase ticket (after brief geographical lecture to booking-clerk, who disbelieves in possibility of reaching Starmouth *via* Barchester, and is loth to issue ticket for this route), rush on platform, and command porter to label my luggage—two portmanteaus, hat-box, bag of golf-clubs—and get it in the train at once. "Must be weighed first, Sir," replies porter. Weighing-machine at other end of station. Luggage wheeled very slowly in its direction. Train due to start in four minutes. Two portmanteaus and hat-box placed on machine and weighed with scrupulous care; follows a long pause, while official does elaborate sums on the back of an envelope. Finished at last. "Two and fourpence extra to pay, please." No silver; produce half-a-sovereign. Official has no change; sends a porter to fetch some.

Another pause, broken by a whistle from a distant part of the station, which I feel instinctively means that my train is about to start. Tell another porter to bring along my luggage at once; can't wait for change. Just about to do so, when official catches sight for first time of my golf-clubs. Demands sternly if they are mine. Have to admit it. In that case they should have been included with the other other things. Portmanteaus and hat-box taken off truck, and, *plus* golf-clubs, weighed all over again. Another whistle: "Your train's gone, Sir," says porter with cheerful grin; "next one due in an hour." Daren't trust myself to speak. Official does more sums, hands me several forms to sign. Haven't any idea what they commit me to, but sign them all. Amended extra charge, two and tenpence. Porter arrives with change; tell him to look after my luggage till next train is in. Official suddenly remarks that he supposes I am going to Starmouth *via* Dixham. Reply, unguardedly, that I am going *via* Barchester. His eye lights up with fiendish joy. "Five miles shorter by that route," he observes; "we've made out your charge by the Dixham way. JIM, get that there luggage off—we must weigh it again." He does so; I am too weary to protest. Another interval for arithmetic, more forms to sign; result, charge three-and-a-penny. "But you said the Barchester route was five miles shorter," I exclaim; "and yet you charge me three-pence more!" Official smiles blandly, and refers me to the "Regulations."

At last the next train starts, and I in it. No further incident till we reach Rexham, where inspector appears and looks suspiciously at my hat-box and golf-clubs on the rack. Wants to know if they are



*Enthusiastic Lady Blue Ribbonite (collecting material for her next Lecture—to Brewer's Drayman). "ER—I UNDERSTAND THERE ARE SOME MEN IN YOUR CALLING WHOSE SOLE LIQUID NOURISHMENT CONSISTS OF A QUART OF BEER A DAY. IS THAT CORRECT?"*  
*Drayman. "I SUDDEN BE AT ALL SURPRISED, LADY. THEM TEETOTALTERS IS A-CREEPIN' INTO EVERY JOB NARADAYS!"*

"personal luggage," and if they have been weighed. Means, I think, to insist on their being weighed again; but I snatch the niblick out of the bag, and he flies. Reach Barchester, where we change. My luggage at once seized and weighed. "Sevenpence more to pay, please." Why? Because train from Barchester is an express, for which there are extra luggage-rates.

Arrive at Starmouth at last; no sign of the two portmanteaus. Expostulate with station-master. He refers me to the form I signed in town, which explains that my luggage was taken "at reduced rates at passenger's risk." To have it conveyed at the "Company's risk" I should have paid about three times as much. Despatch telegrams and retire portmanteauless, blessing the modern luggage-system of our railways!

## SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

(A Recollection of the Departed Dog Days.)

No neat hyperbole be mine,  
 No metaphors for me,  
 No wrapping round in phrases fine  
 The truth for none to see.

A spade shall not be turned by verso  
 To other than 'twas made,  
 But there, for better or for worse,  
 Shall figure as a spade.

I will not say that Heaven's heart  
 To-day makes holiday,  
 And, gently pierced by Cupid's dart,  
 Expands beneath his sway.

No ligaments of speech I'll sprain,  
 I'll turn no which to what,  
 My meaning shall be clear and plain—  
 "It's adjectively hot."



## THE VANISHING SAILOR MEN.

THE lascars surrounded the strange-looking person. They were clean and neat, and quite sober. They had done their work on board and had come ashore.



"What are you staring at, you land-lubbers?" shouted the observed of all observers.

"At you," replied a lascar, politely raising his hat. "We have been all the world over and have never seen the like of you before."

"Shiver my timbers!" roared the observed. "But knock me down with a marling spike, but you are a strange lot. Why, only as I came along I heard a song a-praising me. And if you go into the theatres you will find the gallery a-roaring at me."

"Well, for all that," returned the lascars, "we don't know who or what you are."

"My eyes!" was the indignant response. "Likewise marling spikes and grappling irons! They don't deserve to have a shot in DAVY'S locker!"

"But who are you?"

"Who am I?" repeated the observed. "Why, an old-fashioned British sailor."

"Thought you were something of that sort, and that's the reason why we have never met. We don't believe you exist!"

And the old-fashioned British sailor was convinced that he did not exist—except on paper.

## FROM OUR VERY OWN.

(Quite exclusive, and very copyright.)

THE war is practically at an end, unless it begins again somewhere. You will remember that on June 5 I made my formal entry into Pretoria. Lord ROBERTS, with a few other privileged persons, was allowed to take part in the procession.

Since then nothing of great importance has occurred. In fact, I have been busily engaged in writing answers to telegrams of congratulation on my success. Owing, no doubt, to some break-down of the wires—which I shall investigate later—the only message which has reached me lately is one from yourself, telling me to remember the exorbitant cable tariff, and to cut my messages short. This I must decline to do. I know that the great heart of England throbs with pride when my messages are read. I will not deprive it of a single throb for mere pecuniary considerations. (And mind you print all this in leaded type, making a fresh paragraph of each sentence!)

Now that my answers to the delayed telegrams of congratulation are prepared, I am again ready for action. Consequently, important news may be looked for shortly.

A successful skirmish took place in the neighbourhood of Krügerdopper yesterday. But, as I have already written to the officer in command, it would have been still more effective had he had the elementary sense to deploy his rear-rank squadron in extended échelon of double line. I shall treat this matter fully in my forthcoming volume.

I dined off canned beef and tinned apricots last night. The third finger of my left hand is slightly blistered from exposure to the sun. Otherwise, considering the dreadful dangers and overwhelming responsibilities which I have had to bear, I am in tolerably good health. It is unfortunately the case, however, that I have lost my stylograph. Please cable on this startling item to the principal New York and Indian papers.

On reviewing the events of the past two months, I feel that I am hardly the person to express the profound admiration for the conduct of the campaign which every true Great Briton and Hibernian feels. It would be affectation to deny that my timely hints to our (so-called) leaders will prove to have been the main factor in bringing the war to a satisfactory conclusion. Many, I am aware, contend that absolutely the whole credit ought to be mine. Whatever my private belief, my conspicuous modesty compels me to disclaim this view in public. On the contrary, I wish to recognise most cordially the unselfish assistance in minor details given me by the army and its commanders. As a rule, they have carried out my suggestions with distinct intelligence.

I must end here to-day. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, I understand, declines to leave his house until my scheme for the future government of this country has been placed in his hands. Not wishing to prolong his anxiety, I will set to work to draft it at once.

Kindly inform the numerous corporations which, as I understand, are preparing Pens of Honour for me, that I shall be willing to accept these tributes on my return home.

A. C. D.

## "TELL THAT TO THE MARINES!"

TELL the stout lions of our race,

Lions alike on shore and sea,

We hold them in the pride of place

Of freemen fighting to be free!

Fighting for all that men hold dear,

Their honour Britain's, and their Queen's.

From land to land, from sea to sea, [three,

The "Joey" Guard with three times

The Empire gives this great, glad cheer.

Tell that to the Marines!

## REGULATIONS FOR YEOMANRY OUT-POSTS.

(Aldershot Edition.)

1. NEVER recognise your enemy when you meet him on the road, in case you might be compelled to take him prisoner and so cause unpleasantness and unseemly disturbance.

2. Advanced guards should walk quietly and without ostentation into the enemy's main body, and be careful never to look behind bushes, trees, or buildings for an unobtrusive cyclist patrol. To do so might cause the enemy annoyance.

3. An advance guard, if surrounded, will surrender without noise or alarm. To make any would disturb the main body, who like to march in a compact and regular formation.

4. Never allow your common-sense to overcome your natural modesty so far as to induce you to report to a superior officer the presence of the enemy in force. You will only acquire a reputation for officiousness by doing so.

5. Always attack an enemy in front. It is unsportsmanlike and unprofessional to attack the flanks.

6. When retiring before an attack maintain as close a formation as the ground will admit of, and retire directly upon the main infantry support. You will thus expose yourselves to the fire of both your own friends and the enemy, and as blank cartridge hurts nobody it will add to the excitement of the operation.

7. It is more important to roll your cloaks and burnish your bits than to worry about unimportant details of minor tactics.

8. Since a solitary horseman never attracts the enemy's attention, be careful to take up a position in compact formation; to do so by files might escape observation.

9. When being charged by the enemy, go fours about and gallop for all you are worth; it is just as agreeable to be prodded in the back as in the chest, and gives the enemy more satisfaction. To extend, or work to the flanks, might deprive your enemy of useful experience.

10. Never cast your eyes to the direction from which the enemy is not expected as that is the usual direction of his real attack, and it is not polite to spoil the arrangement of your friend the enemy.

11. Lastly, remember that the best motto for Yeomanry Troopers is "Point de Zele."





KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

V.—THE NEWSBOY.

"THE newsboy is a nuisance," so  
The thoughtless people say.  
"He comes along at dusk, you know,  
And shrieks our life away."

O scant of wit, O foolish folk!  
Repent ye and be wise;  
And do not rashly yearn to choke  
A blessing in disguise.

Let patience lend her noble help,  
For patience is a gem;  
The cure if news-purveyors yelp  
Is cultivating phlegm.

Who meets the "hextry-speshull" yell  
Serene and undismayed  
Will never shrink from shot and shell  
If England needs his aid.

So you should thankful be and glad,  
And discipline your soul,  
Since what you think will drive you mad  
Is helpful on the whole.

One other detail by the way:  
Unbacked by yelping youths,  
How could the evening papers, pray,  
Disseminate untruths?

Now falsehoods exercise our wit,  
And keep us calm and cool;  
They make us careful—just a bit,  
And cautious—as a rule.

And if productive thus of good,  
We must encourage those  
Who spread them widely, as they should—  
Why treat them as our foes?

But should your tortured nerves require  
Peace, peace at any price,  
You may accomplish your desire  
By taking my advice.

Just catch the newsboy in the streets  
(An easy thing, no doubt);  
Then fill his mouth with sticky sweets,  
And he may cease to shout. F. E.

"EXCEEDING SMALL."

(Questions that would have been asked had the House been sitting.)

DID WILLIAM SNOOKS, letter-carrier of Knockmedown, County Down, cut a blackthorn walking-stick in his back-garden with the sanction of the Postmaster-General, before attending an Orange demonstration at Taranows; did he attend the said Orange demonstration with the permission of the Postmaster-General; and was he present at the same demonstration with the said blackthorn walking-stick?

Is the plain gummed paper attached to sheets of postage-stamps intended as a substitute for sticking-plaster, and if so, for what kind of cuts; how much does the Post Office make a year through its rule that, in repeating telegrams, any fractions of a penny less than a half-penny are



VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.

"WELL, THEY'VE SERVED US OUT WITH SUN-HATE AT LAST; AN' NOW LOOK AT THIS!"

charged as a half-penny; and how many fractions of a penny in this event are less than a half-penny?

Where were the buttons and button-holes in the tunics of the Irish Constabulary made; are there always the same number of buttons as button-holes; and were the button-holes made before the tunic, or vice versa?

Will steps be taken to revive the Cornish language, and to instruct an adequate number of teachers of that form of speech; and will the hon. Member for Bodmin be recommended to defend his pro-Boer policy to his constituents in the original tongue of their ancestors?

Will Mr. KRUGER's whiskers, which are understood to have been lately removed by the Presidential barber, and to be valued at £100, be secured for the British nation; and will a telegram, to the effect

that "There's hair," be forwarded to Major-General BADEN-POWELL?

Will General RUNDLE be advised to put salt on the tail of DE WET's pony, and thus induce his rider to remain within the British cordon?

Are three glow-worms, each of one-third candle power, as recently carried by a cyclist at Winchester, a light within the meaning of the Act? And under such circumstances need the cyclist alight?

When is a gate not a gate? Is the "open door" at the present moment a "nasty jar"? And so on, and so on.

NAME AND SITUATION—THEATRICAL.—Summer-like—Miss EVIE GREENE. Honey-moonish—Miss ROSE DEARING. In the Oyster Season—Madame ADELINA PAITI. Popular with the "blades"—Miss KATE CUTLER.





### "TIP" NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

The Delamere-Browns, who have been spending their honeymoon trip in France, have just taken their seats on the steamer, agreeably conscious of smart clothes and general well-being, when to them enters breathlessly, Françoise, the "bonne" from the hotel, holding on high a very dirty comb with most of its teeth missing.

Françoise (dashing forward with her sweetest smile). "TIENS! J'ARRIVE JUSTE À POINT! VOILÀ UN PEIGNE QUE MADAME A LAISSÉ DANS SA CHAMBRE!" [Tableau!]

### HER TRAGEDY.

#### A story for Modern Misses.

SHE sat on the sofa with her face set and pale, and her dark eyes dilated. The scented air of the boudoir seemed charged with weariness and disappointment. She murmured to herself occasionally some French idiom, when English would have expressed her meaning just as well. At last she stood up.

"Married for ten months—ten, awful months!" sighed the girl.

"You must take some step," said her friend.

"Yes, LULU, I shall—I mean to; but think of the bitterness I have endured. For ten weary months GEORGE has never given me a moment's uneasiness. Never once has he looked at any other woman. Whenever he has had a holiday, he has always taken me with him. And yet, I

haven't read GEORGE EGERTON, SARAH GRAND, and other novelists, without knowing that every husband is to be mistrusted. I was quite prepared for it. I had schemed out the most splendid epigrams, had thought out most novel and unexpected situations, in which I have excelled all other wives by my treatment. And now," she gave a sob, "he has spoilt it all! Where's the merit of my being amiable and affectionate, when he never gives me reason to be otherwise? It isn't fair of GEORGE not to give a girl a chance. I've been such a good wife, too, and do deserve a little dramatic colouring in my life!"

"Have you ever looked inside his desk?" asked LULU. "Probably his behaviour is merely a blind.

"Do you think so?" said the girl, brightening. "I will look at his desk. I know where his keys are."

The desk was duly opened, and a bundle of papers disclosed themselves.

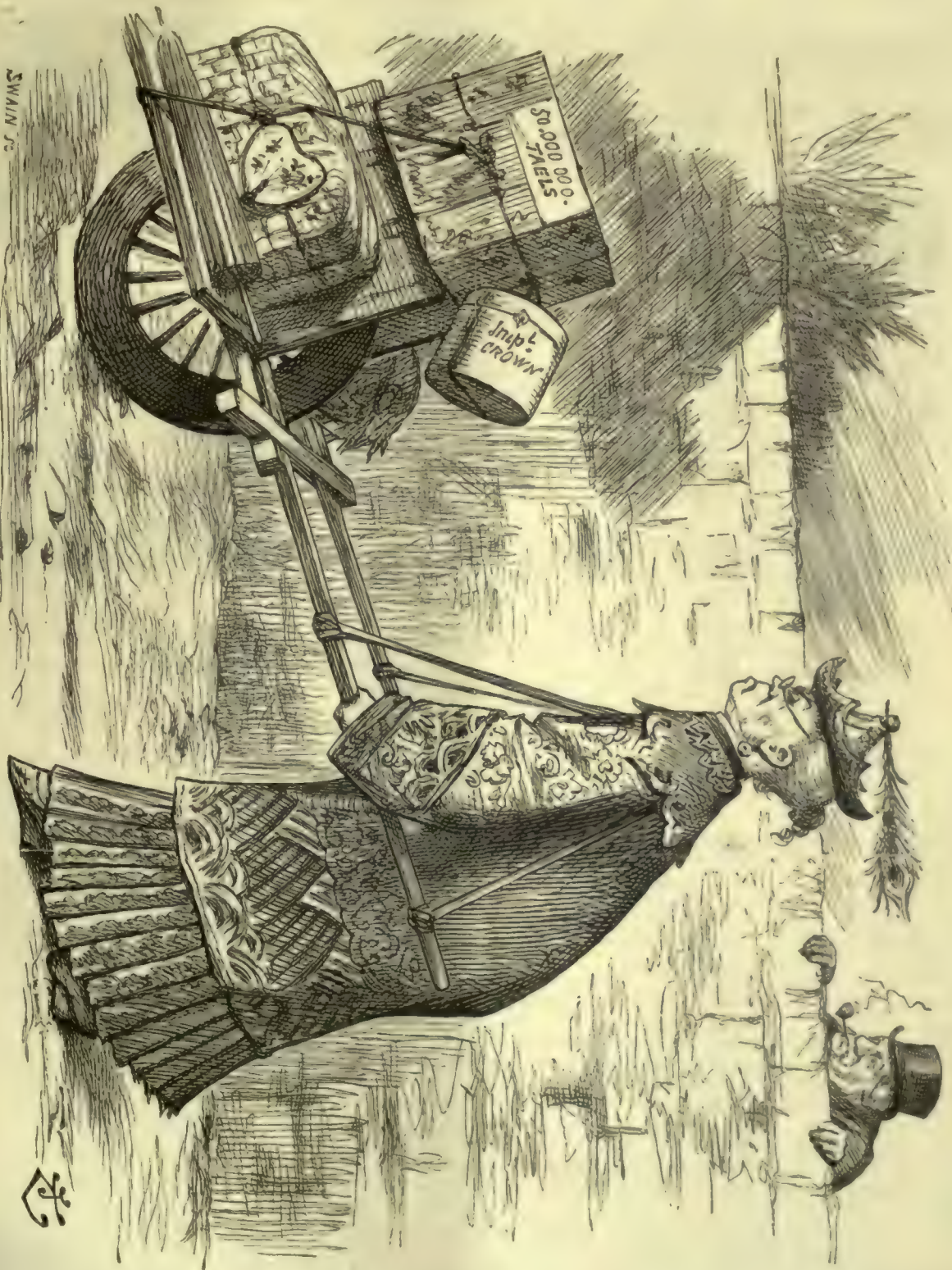
"Love-letters!" gasped the girl. "Oh, LULU, it's too good to be true. At last; my opportunity! No—too bad; they're my own. He has kept mine. It is simply scandalous. Ah! here's something that looks like bills."

"You've found it at last," said LULU; "depend on it, he's deeply in debt—speculates—gambles."

"Well, that's better than nothing," said the girl, a little mollified, as she turned over the pieces of paper. Then she uttered a piercing cry, and fell down in a swoon. LULU glanced hastily at the bills. They were all receipted.

"The man is infamous," she muttered, indignantly. "If married men won't live up, at any rate in some small measure, to modern fiction, how can they expect neurotic and hysterical women to be happy?"





## IN THE MOVEMENT.

OON PAUL (to himself). "SHIFTING HER CAPITAL? MY IDEA!"

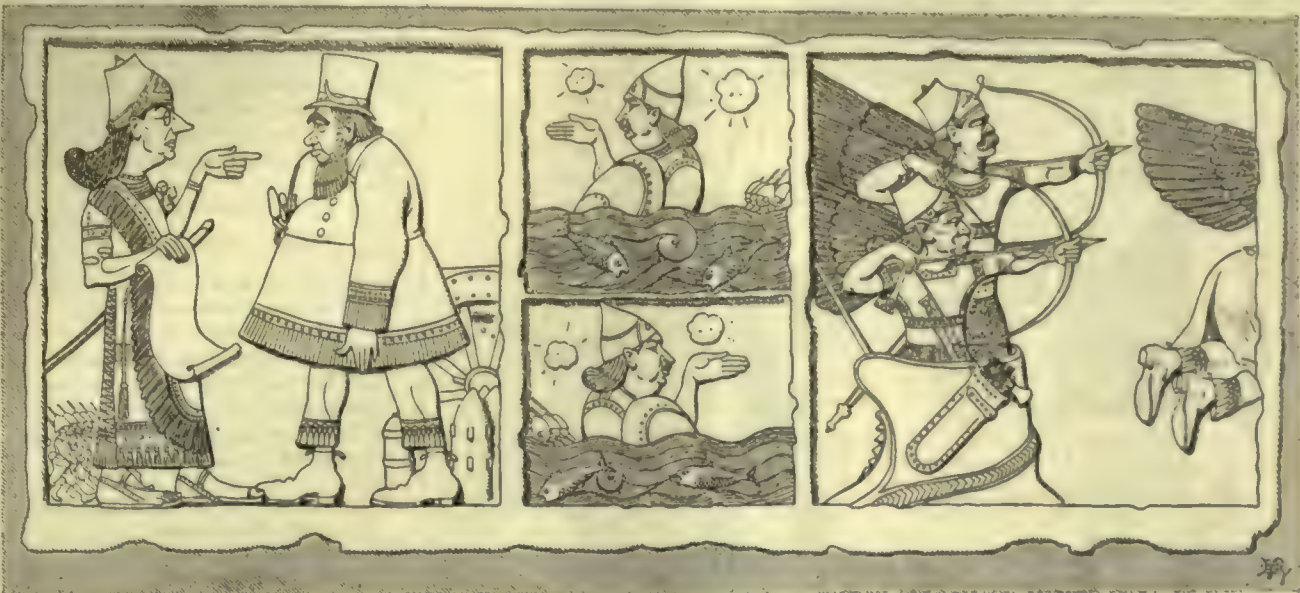






## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.

Professor HILPRECHT, Scientific Director of the American Expedition, has discovered at Nippur, in Babylonia, an entire library containing probably 150,000 tablets of remote antiquity, and of the greatest historical interest. As it must of necessity take time before authorised translations of these can be given to the public, our artist has decided to give them a few samples to begin with. His knowledge of the cuneiform character is not extensive, but he has done his best.



## FIRST FRAGMENT.

1. And in the sixty-third year of the reign of ER, on whose country the sun never sets, much trouble arose in the land of Oom.

2. Oompāl, the ancient Ruler,

3. receiver of bakshish,

4. the wearer of strange garments,

5. the teller of . . . . . (two words missing here),

6. having the upper and lower foreigners in detestation,

7. did secretly assemble great stores of weapons of the latest fashion,

8. in the guise of stringed instruments,

9. and all things needful, in places best known to himself.

10. In the meanwhile he did speak in subtlety,

11. with the Satrap, Alphr-ad-Milnah in the gate,

12. the man of culture, lover of justice, born of the new journalism,

13. and they did sit and nothing came of it.

14. Then did Shuv-menābar, the secretary of state,

15. whose eye looks through crystal,

16. Lord of the Midlands,

17. dweller in Būr-menam,

18. maker of battles,

19. sweeper away of Opposition,

20. a red rag to his opponents,

21. then did he loose the armies of the

Tōmis, the thousands of the Khaki-Tuniks, who are as the dust of the desert,

22. who cover the ocean like a cloud.

23. Then the Chiefs of Pêl-Mêl,

24. disregarding of forelocks,

25. did send to the ends of the earth for horses and for mules,

26. for corn and for fodder.

27. Then Redvaz-bula, the mighty chief-

tain . . . did take ship and Ton-al-

Karri did set him on his way, and

28. great generals without number, and

29. . . . . the enemy played *ant-sahalli* with them for many weeks,

30. and the dwellers in the streets, the readers of the *dailis*, the wearers of the silk hat, were precious sick.

31. Then did they send the great Jinrāl,

32. the marcher of marches,

33. the maker of records,

34. the Lord of Kandahar, and with him

35. Kitj-en-Ur, the sunburnt,

36. the master of traffic,

37. the Lord of Omdurman,

38. the collector of craniums.

39. And on their heads they did it

40. between them.

41. And Oompāl, sitting by the lions at his gate,

42. felt ill at ease, as the enemy drew near.

43. The Ōmanri, and the men of the Sītī were as a last straw.

44. . . . . Bit-tūthik,

45. and his consort besought him and counselled him wisely

46. that the sands were running out, and spoke words of discretion.

47. Then they brought forth the gold in bars and all other available and conceivable assets,

48. and much palm-oil,

49. the accumulation of years,

50. and the sun-pictures of Lenād-Kortni and En-ri Labu-shér, which did hang in his parlor,

51. then did his Honour . . . . . make tracks like a bird.

## A FABLE.

AN archer who, in quest of game,  
His shafts at eagles used to aim,  
Finding his arrows did not hit  
For lack of feathers that were fit,  
And hearing such as those he sought  
Could at the eagle's nest be bought  
Went thither with demeanour bold  
To ask if feathers there they sold.

One eagle, then, a youthful bird,  
At his demand at first demurred

(His mind was small, his vision narrow),  
Seeing the archer's pointed arrow.  
But an old eagle with derision  
Treated the other's indecision;  
Enumerating each objection  
Against the fallacy "protection."  
Proving, as plainly as could be,  
That trade in feathers should be free.  
And thus the man's request was granted—  
He got the feathers that he wanted.

The upshot was—one day they found  
A stricken eagle on the ground;  
And that the shaft that pierced his breast  
Was winged with feathers from his nest.  
Thus was the man's demand supplied,  
And thus a staunch Free-trader died.

## MORAL.

When your supply of steam-coal fails,  
Russia or France, apply to Wales.





## IRISH.

SCENE—Cottage in West of Ireland during a rain-storm.

*Tourist.* "WHY DON'T YOU MEND THOSE BIG HOLES IN THE ROOF?"

*Pat.* "WUD YOUR HONOUR HAVE ME GO OUT AN' MEND IT IN ALL THIS RAIN!"

*Tourist.* "No. BUT YOU COULD DO IT WHEN IT IS FINE."

*Pat.* "SHURE, YOUR HONOUR, THERE'S NO NEED TO DO IT THIN!"

## STUDIES IN SMALL ZOOLOGY.

## THE HOUSE FLY.

No one has determined the good traits of the House Fly. He appears to be totally devoid of any virtuous instincts. From his birth he is a freebooter of the most irreclaimable character. Nothing is sacred from his onslaughts. He commendeers all eatables with loathsome gluttony, and sooner than permit you to drink in peace he will without more ado drown himself in your glass. It is, indeed, the cruel character of the House Fly which is so repellent to the respectable human biped. He is a NERO in his methods of torture. For instance, in the early morning, possibly after a sleepless night, you are at last beginning to doze. The

House Fly, who has been watching you from his eyrie on the ceiling, swoops down as you are closing your weary eyes and screeches some opprobrious epithets in an unknown tongue in your ear. This he does out of sheer malice.

In the same way and for the same reason he will deliberately use the bald patch on your head for a ball-room or a skating rink, though there are Saharas of space elsewhere, whereon he might disport himself. Should he perceive that your hands are occupied, he takes a diabolical delight in settling on your nose; and in this manner of persecution has driven actors on the stage, nurses with babies in their arms, cornet players and pianists into well-nigh frantic desperation. The evil-minded insect rejoices when opportunity arises of

creeping up the sleeves of coats and the legs of trousers, and of perching on the shoulders of Court ladies even when in the presence of their Sovereign.

A frivolous creature to boot, who will dance endless quadrilles with his fellows or run races up and down the walls and window-panes, instead of earning his living like the industrious bee or the enterprising ant. A ne'er-do-well and a rapsallion. No wonder that the lordly eagle will not condescend to devour this thorough-paced little ruffian.

## LEX OMNIBUS UNA.

MY LORDS, if we recall the day  
When we were boys at Eton,  
We all can recollect the way  
That we were flogged and beaten;  
And that rough path which then we trod  
A striking proof affords  
Of this great maxim—spare the rod  
And spoil the House of Lords.

Now I, my Lords, would guarantee  
The very poorest boy  
The selfsame privileges we,  
The upper ten, enjoy;  
And for the pauper infant I  
Would have the policeman do  
What's done for duke and marquis by  
The young athletic "Blue."

What! shall there be one law for rich,  
Another for the poor?  
Shall DIVES only taste the switch,  
The little epicure,  
While LAZARUS gets nothing? No!  
Let's flog them all, say I!  
My Lords, ho me dareis anthro-  
-pos ou paidenetai.

## MILITARY SURGERY.

DEAR FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH,—In a telegram from the seat of war this week, I find the following obscure passage. "General BLANK held the enemy's main body whilst General DASH carried out his movements." Knowing your skill in tactics, may I ask if you can explain this to me either verbally or pictorially? Used in contradistinction to his main body, I presume the enemy's "movements" must be his limbs, and if all four were carried out by this barbarous General, it would be certainly a feat of arms, and the movement might be said to be al-leg-ro. Nothing is said as to whether the enemy survived this fearful operation depriving him of his members, but it may be a case of a truncated despatch. Then, where were the movements carried out to? If the presumption stated above be correct, I infer it must have been to the region of limbo, but the army in Flanders never practised such lopsided manoeuvres.

Yours respectfully,

CORPORAL TRIM.



## "WHERE TO GO."

- NO. VII.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Having sent a telegram to my wife, informing her of the fact that I had missed the last train from Scagnass, I went in pursuit of an old-fashioned hotel to stay the night, and having been successful I partook of a light meal and proceeded to explore the town. It consisted mainly of a row of shops; several announced (on large cards in the window) that tea and cake was obtainable for sixpence ahead, and the other shops contained fancy articles, such as boxes made of shells and china mugs with gold lettering to remind you of your visit to Scagnass. As if anyone would wish to be reminded of it. I strolled to the pier, where a notice was put up to the effect that a "confetti" concert was being held. I had heard of a "sacred" concert," but a "confetti" concert was new to me. I paid my sixpence, and passed through the turnstile. The pier was crowded to excess. A Corporation band was playing, evidently against each other. They were certainly playing in different time and very in-different tune. The people were roaring with laughter and shouting, yet in all this mob I was feeling very lonely, and the thought that I had already spent most of the money we had saved for our holiday made me feel very miserable.

While thus brooding over my troubles, three young girls with short dresses and white yachting caps came close to me, and one of them thrust a bag full of bits of coloured paper in my face, and shouted in my ear "You ain't a-laughing." They certainly made up for my lack of merriment. When they had passed I observed I was literally covered with little bits of paper resembling wafers, about the size of the puncture of a 'bus ticket. I turned round to expostulate, when another roistering party sent a volley of the obnoxious stuff down my throat, nearly choking me. Half blinded, I made my way off the pier as rapidly as I could, and took refuge in the smoking-room of the "Admiral Rodney" hotel. A genial commercial traveller explained to me that the confetti concert was the modern kind of seaside amusement. We had a glass or two of whiskey together, and I retired to bed; but not to sleep. If I was worried on the pier, I was more worried in the night, and several times wished I was staying at one of the modern hotels; for, with all their faults, they are scrupulously clean.

The guide-book informs one that the "Rodney," then called the 'Flask,' was the last hotel in which this famous admiral slept previous to his departure for the Baltic." I only hope that the battles he had at sea weren't worse than the fight he must have had on land, for if his last night

on shore was anything like what I endured, it was pretty active, and no enemy could have attacked him more persistently than the army with which I had to cope. Whether it was owing to the want of sleep, or the want of whisky the previous night, I observed, wherever I looked, little black specks and small threads, like spiders' webs, rising and falling in front of my eyes, which, however, I am glad to say, soon disappeared after I had proceeded a few miles on my bicycle.

The first place I made for was Grange Farm, the owner of which advertised in the railway book that apartments could be obtained in "a delightful old farmhouse, with every home comfort, with fine wooded scenery, close to the sea, and magnificent trout fishing." After turning down many wrong roads and private turnings, I at last arrived at Grange



["Dr. MIGUEL has discovered that germs live to an advanced age."—*Weekly Paper.*]

A COUPLE OF "OLD 'UNS," SEEN THROUGH MR. PUNCH'S MICROSCOPE.

Farm. It was certainly five or six miles from the sea, and the rooms were very dark, but the promise of fine trout fishing compensated for a little discomfort and possible inconvenience.

In answer to my inquiry as to whether the trout river ran through the grounds, or whether it was some little distance, you may imagine the disappointment I felt on receiving the following answer from the landlady: "That the trout fishing, which was reckoned the best in the county, was at Scroblesby Hall, and was strictly private; but her husband, who was a friend of one of the keepers, might be able to get a day's fishing when the family were away."

I looked over another farm-house near the sea; but the chief bed-room had the disadvantage of having the windows on the floor, so that to get the light whilst shaving I should have to lie down on the ground. The room was horribly dark, and

the thought that I might be taken ill there, and the village doctor ordering me to keep to my room for a month, made me eager to mount my bicycle, which I did, and was soon in the train, saying goodbye for ever to Scagnass; and the only news I had for my wife was, that our little holiday fund was pretty nearly exhausted and the farm-house excursion was a dismal failure.

My wife having taken my coat to shake the dust from it, to my disgust, as well as as her's, the carpet was suddenly strewn with "confetti," which came from every pocket and fold of my coat; and in a contemptuous and somewhat suspicious manner she said, "Is this how you've been looking for Farm-House Apartments?"

Yours, etc.,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

## REFLECTIONS.

(Echoed from the Front.)

WHEN, with my military art,  
To trap the wily Boers I start,  
Why do they suddenly depart?

I wonder.

When cavalry I send to scout  
And tell me what the foe's about,  
Why can they never find it out?

I wonder.

When after-dinner actions I  
Devise for capturing them, why  
Will they not wait for me to try?

I wonder.

When BOBS's barque is seen to scud  
Before the wind on Fortune's flood,  
Why is mine sticking in the mud?

I wonder.

## ON ARTIFICIAL THIRST.

(Report of a Lecture that was never delivered.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—My object this afternoon is to teach you in a short time that all sorts of spirituous liquours are distinctly dangerous. I have gone to the classics for a precedent. No doubt you will remember that the Helots were engaged to show, by their drunkenness, the horrors of drink to the younger branches of their masters' families. I will now take a small glass of whiskey. And I may say that I do this not because I am thirsty. No, my thirst is artificial. I drink the whiskey.

You see the 'mediate 'fect. 'Clination to cut syllable, but thoughts fairly steady. Will now try a taste of brandy. Good brandy. After whiskey and brandy things get rather mixed. Not able to walk straight. Try rum. Six feet of rum. Ha, ha, ha! Very com'cal! Doosid fun-fun-funny!

Thank, ladies and gemmen. Much obliged for 'tention! Very 'teegood! Going home to be-bed. Not going to take off my boots. [End of the lecture.]





**N**EXT morning, at breakfast, I suggested getting under way. Mrs. GOB-

BLEDDOWN sighed, and said she supposed it couldn't

be helped. Thought this hardly cheerful way of commencing cruise. BAA LAMB also sighed, and supposed it was inevitable. Dismal people, these. Both ladies seem to think that yachting consists in lying at anchor in Southampton Water. Admiral observed that he would go on deck, and give Skipper a wrinkle or two upon the hoisting of the mainsail. Would sooner have fired a powder magazine myself, and trembled at thought of the explosion that was sure to follow. GOBBLEDOWN volunteered to "give 'em a pull on the halliards." Wished he wouldn't, but didn't like to say anything. Proceeded on deck, and consulted with Skipper; we agreed to run down to the Needles, and then return and anchor off Ryde for the night. Met Agrippa, who had annexed the bacon intended for our breakfast an hour or so beforehand. The dog was up in the bows, endeavouring to make the only restitution possible under the circumstances. Directed Steward's attention to him, and went below. GOBBLEDOWN in saloon, in act of opening bottle of Bass, though he had hardly finished eating his breakfast. He invited me to share it with him—very hospitable sort of man GOBBLEDOWN, after all. True, it's *my* Bass, but still—Am sure he means well. On my return to the deck, find Admiral and Skipper in hot controversy as to whether mainsail should be "ridden down" or hoisted in ordinary way. Endeavour to pacify them. Skipper touches his cap sulkily, and goes forrard, muttering that "these naval gents thinks they knows everything," whilst ROUSTABOUT turns reproachful glance on me, and says that it surprises him how any sensible

man can employ such a dunder-headed idiot for a skipper. So pleasant, all this. Offer him a cigar, which keeps him quiet for a little. Then GOBBLEDOWN, full of bottled beer and maritime ardour, appears on deck, closely followed by BUSKIN. GOBBLEDOWN jumps about, treads on Agrippa, who had not up to that period quite completed his disembarking operations, lets go a rope in an unexpected quarter, and brings down foresail upon the Skipper's head with tremendous violence. Skipper looks unutterable things at him. Anchor got in at last, and mainsail hoisted. GOBBLEDOWN rushes to helm, and puts it hard over. Skipper yells frantically to him to "let her come!" Too late; and we graze a schooner lying close to us, grinding half the paint off her quarter as we slip by. Greatest good fortune that we did not sink her at her moorings.

Admiral shrieked out, "Whathedevilareyouat! Why, you son of a sea-cook, you ugly swab of a—"

Rest lost upon GOBBLEDOWN, who hurriedly resigned helm and retreated below. 'We were under way at last, and swishing along towards Netley. Thought I would go down and fetch the ladies up on deck. 'Knocked softly at door of ladies' cabin.

"I wish you'd take this absurd indiarubber bath out of the cabin, Steward," came a tart voice from within. "It's always in the way, and I think your master must have been mad to have ever had such a ridiculous thing here. Twice this morning I rolled out of it whilst trying to bathe."

I retreated softly, and sent the Steward aft.

Just as we emerged from Southampton Water and dipped into the wavelets of the Solent, both ladies came on deck. I got them comfortable wicker chairs, and ten minutes later we went about. "Lee, oh!" called the Skipper, and the boom coming inboard rather suddenly knocked poor BUSKIN flat on his face. He scrambled on to his legs again, and tried to look as if he liked it.

The Admiral, standing with feet spread wide apart and hands in pockets, stared up at topsail and then at me.



"She's precious slow in stays," he grunted, in a dissatisfied tone.

"Of corset's slow in stays!" said BUSKIN, thinking to score a joke with this time-honoured "chestnut."

Nobody laughed, whilst Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN and BAA LAMB looked severely, almost menacingly, at the jester. Gloomy silence ensued. Began to wish I hadn't asked BUSKIN. He seemed to think he had been specially invited for the purpose of saying something funny, and that knowledge appeared to be oppressing him. All the morning he tried to justify his reputation as a humourist; but his great effort, i.e. inducing the unsuspecting Admiral to sit down upon Agrippa, was not an unqualified success. He relapsed into a gentle melancholy until luncheon time, and then, under the influence of bottled beer, sherry, and a couple of glasses of port, he exclaimed jovially, as he helped BAA LAMB to mint sauce, "Mary had a little lamb!" and was again met by severe frowns from the person addressed and her Aunt. After this, he devoted himself assiduously to the good things of the table and spoke no more.

We sailed eastwards until about abreast of Bembridge; then turned and ran down to Cowes, and thence crossed to Southampton Water again. Enjoyed the trip whenever I could manage to steer clear of Admiral's dissatisfaction, BUSKIN's jokes, BAA LAMB's mute, reproachful eyes and GOBBLEDOWN's blatant voice. But for these drawbacks, really quite a nice day.

As soon as we let go our anchor, I sent gig ashore for letters. Found they had been sent on to Swanage—most vexing, this.

Beyond an approach to a row between GOBBLEDOWN and the Admiral at dinner, all passed off smoothly that evening.

At 7.30 next morning I went overboard, as usual, and was greatly enjoying my swim when a "stage whisper" from BUSKIN—who, unable to swim himself, lounged over the bulwarks, smoking a cigarette—warned me that trouble was brewing. Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, after a sleepless night, had dressed early and come up on deck. Most embarrassing situation for me. Vowed I would never again have women on the yacht. Mrs. G. settled herself down in deck-chair to read book. I continued, perforce, in water. Signed to BUSKIN to get her away. BUSKIN signed that such a thing was impossible. I signed back that BUSKIN was a d—ecidedly stupid ass. How long this would have continued, and whether I should have ended my days in a watery grave or not, I cannot say, but at last Mrs. G., looking up from her book, suddenly realised position of affairs. She jumped up, and saying in audible tones "Perfectly disgraceful!" betook herself, in high dudgeon, to her own cabin again. Then I emerged, blue and shivering, and hurriedly rushed down companion to my berth and the comforts of a rough towel.

Breakfasted alone, as nerves not sufficiently braced to encounter Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN. Am sure she told BAA LAMB all about it, too. We got under way, and ran down the West Channel for Swanage. Outside the Needles rather a choppy sea running. BUSKIN was extra facetious up to this point, and had so far succeeded in his efforts to amuse that I had distinctly smiled twice, whilst even the Admiral condescended to say that he thought him—BUSKIN—the greatest fool he ever saw. This was praise indeed from such a source. Encouraged by this, BUSKIN was just about to attempt a practical joke on

GOBBLEDOWN when he seemed to change his mind—as he certainly did his colour—and ceased his flow of conversation. *Isolde* careened over beautifully as the breeze freshened, and then went right into a big sea with a "smack" which shook us from stem to stern. When I turned round to shake the water out of my shirt collar—I felt rather like a rain-water pipe—BUSKIN had disappeared. In horror I rushed for a lifebuoy, but the Admiral arrested me with the words, jerked out in one unpunctuated grunt:

"Sillifoolsickangoneb'low."

We saw nothing of the ladies (for which, in view of the bathing episode, I was not sorry) nor of BUSKIN, until six o'clock that evening, ten minutes after anchoring in the comparatively smooth water of Swanage Bay. Then, at intervals, appeared three more or less seagreen faces, up the companion. BUSKIN was the first to recover his spirits, and after a turn or two on deck, unblushingly said that he had enjoyed the sail immensely. Mrs. GOBBLEDOWN, more frank, insisted upon my sending her and BAA LAMB ashore at once, saying that she had "never been so treated in her life before." As if I, personally, had been responsible for the choppiness of the sea. Ordered gig, and took them both off without delay. GOBBLEDOWN only laughed and said he shouldn't go ashore, thus deftly letting me in for engaging rooms for the night on behalf of his wife and niece at the hotel.

Walked up to hotel, two of the hands following with dress baskets and other trifles. All rooms engaged. Chartered cab and drove round to other hotel on far side of bay. Secured rooms here, after much parleying. Meantime my men had gone back to yacht, under impression that I also was staying the night ashore. Most annoying this, as when I returned to pier no boat was available to take me off. Walked to end of pier, and then saw, to my intense disgust, *Isolde* making her way out of the bay and turning down for the west. Wind had come on to blow harder, and being now dead on shore doubtless Skipper thought he was not safe lying there. Very right and praiseworthy, and all that, but d—eucedly annoying at same time. As I knew he would make for Portland, I went into hotel, ordered whisky and soda and consulted time-table. Found that by leaving Swanage in half-an-hour I could get to Portland some time before midnight. Not encouraging, but no alternative. Called for letters at Post Office, and found they had been sent to Ryde.

Arrived Portland 11.45 p.m. No chance of getting off to yacht, and had to knock up people at small inn to obtain bed for night. As I had no luggage, was evidently regarded with certain amount of suspicion. No brushes, no sponge, no sleeping garments, no anything at all. Turned in, feeling thoroughly miserable.

Up at six next morning. Determined to go down to shore and see if *Isolde* had come in. Met landlord on stairs, who said that as I hadn't any luggage he'd be danged if he let me leave the house without paying my bill. Wish looks could have withered this man, but he was apparently unwitherable. Paid, in silent disgust, and left.

Highly delighted to see *Isolde* at anchor behind breakwater. Bawled "*Isolde*, ahoy!" until my throat ached. Then, at last, they heard me and sent boat ashore. So pleased to get on board again that I forgot my past sorrows. GOBBLEDOWN—who is



secretly afraid of his wife—insisted that we should return to Swanage to fetch the ladies, and although most anxious to get away west I had to consent. Wind blowing half a gale.

"We're going to have a bit of a dusting getting up to Swanago, 'specially through the Race," says the Skipper, somewhat lugubriously. "Foul wind all the way, too."

"Bah!" grunts the Admiral, "call this anything but a capful of wind! Why, when I commanded the old *Ariadne*—"

"Old 'Arry *who*?" asks BUSKIN facetiously, and the Admiral, with a snarl, turns on his heel and goes below.

Well, the Skipper was right. We *did* have a "bit of a dusting," as he put it. I thought the little ship would roll the masts out of her! Harder and harder it blew. Whilst I was in my berth for a minute or two, she gave one great roll which brought down a perfect shower of tooth-brushes, hair-brushes nail-brushes and clothes brushes about my ears, whilst boots, scissors, combs, and articles of clothing flew all over the cabin. Another roll, quickly followed by a pitch right into it, in which we were fairly "nose under," produced direful sounds from saloon and galley, telling of widespread ruin to the crockery around. Groans from BUSKIN'S berth mingled freely with the shrieking of the wind through our rigging. Luckily we had our topmast housed, three reefs in the mainsail, and only a storm-jib set.

At one o'clock I went below to see what the Steward could do for us in the way of luncheon (cooking, with such a sea running, being out of the question). Found GOBBLEDOWN seated on floor of saloon, tenderly embracing large bottle of Bass, and making frantic efforts to regain possession of corkscrew, which had, for the moment, eluded him, and slid along the sharply sloping plane whereon he sat. Admiral and I slipped and climbed alternately to sofa by swing-table. GOBBLEDOWN took chair opposite, and Steward, by almost miraculous balancing feat, just avoided standing on his head whilst placing salad, captain's biscuits, jam, and tin of sardines before us. Dismal sounds from BUSKIN'S berth fully explained that no-longer-mercurial gentleman's absence. Admiral held out tumbler to GOBBLEDOWN, who was "engineering" the bottle of claret, and in endeavouring to fill glass GOBBLEDOWN lost his footing and shot the claret full into gallant officer's face. In order to save himself from falling, GOBBLEDOWN dropped the bottle and grabbed hold of the swing-table. No yachtsman requires to be told what happened then—away went everything in one wild, awful stampede. The next moment, the Steward had rushed to the rescue, and the sight that met his eyes was a startling one.

The Admiral, speechless, and gasping for breath, had dropped back on the sofa, dripping claret from all over his head and face, whilst the whole of the sardines and about half the oil pertaining to them had been shot into his lap. GOBBLEDOWN, on the other side of what, a minute before, had been a table, but which was now only an inverted shelf, was sitting in the

salad, and rubbing his head with a captain's biscuit. I was endeavouring to rid myself of the generous allowance of jam then plastering the front of my waistcoat. And all three were vigorously shouting for the Steward to render us aid.

An hour later, after I had changed and gone on deck, the Skipper staggered up to me and shouted in my ear—for the noise of the gale drowned every other sound—"No good goin' on, Sir; better give it up, and run back while we can." Last words ominous, and gave me pause. Felt rather alarmed. "Better up helm and run back, I say," he added grimly. I assented immediately.

Two hours later, we had once more passed behind Portland Breakwater and were safe. That night our dinner was of a very sketchy description. Nearly every bit of crockery on board had been smashed. Tinned soup was served out of two teacups. I waited whilst the Admiral used his cup; the Steward then took it away, washed it and brought it in again for me. We were one plate short for the meat, and everybody was in a thorough bad humour.

Next morning I arose, my mind big with a bold resolve. After a hurried and secret consultation with the Skipper, I said to my guests at breakfast time:

"I am so sorry that our cruise must end here. You see, we got a bit damaged in yesterday's storm and shall have to stay where we are and refit. Later on in the season, perhaps I may see you all here again—or I may not," I added quietly, to myself.

The Admiral—so frank of him!—at once said that he was not sorry; he felt no confidence sailing with such a fool as my Skipper. BUSKIN, after his second bout of sea-sickness, solemnly swore that nothing should ever tempt him to leave *terra cotta* (BUSKIN'S "Jokese" for *terra firma* this) again. GOBBLEDOWN alone swore that he would not desert me; but I caused the Steward, a little later on, to drop him a hint that the supply of champagne had run out, and that proved quite effective. He left with the rest.

It will be some time before that party again assembles on board *Isolde*.

*Fox Russell*





### A PROBLEM.

*Bobbie (with a sigh, after struggling for a quarter of an hour with his Father's hair-brushes).*  
 "I SAY, FATHER, HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO GET YOUR PARTING SO NAKED?"

### QUID FLES, ASTERIE?

LOVELY DAPHNE, wherefore sadly mope  
 When the peace your Damon will re-  
 store you,  
 Free from wounds and sickness, let us  
 hope—  
 Young and ever constant to adore you?  
 On the freezing veldt through many a  
 night  
 Shelterless beneath the stars he's lying,  
 After tedious march and stubborn fight,  
 Sleeplessly and sorrowfully sighing.  
 Or perchance he lies on fevered bed  
 (As their wiles the restless patient  
 curses—  
 Drooping glance, feigned sigh, with ach-  
 ing head,  
 Suffering many things of lady "nurses."  
 All in vain; he turns a deafened ear;  
 Nothing from his plighted faith can  
 tear him.  
 Rather your own danger you should fear;  
 Strephon, gentle DAPHNE—ah! beware  
 him.  
 He can ride and shoot; his rivals own  
 He is brave, and graceful and athletic,  
 And his voice, a decent baritone,  
 Is what girls describe as "sympa-  
 thetic."  
 Ah, then, DAPHNE, let your heart be  
 barred,  
 As his lovesick pleadings grow still  
 stronger,  
 Lest for pity, when he calls you hard,  
 Haply he may find you so no longer.

### DISSOLVING VIEWS.

*The Colonial Secretary.*

To the polls! to the polls! while the battle still rolls,  
 And people are dreaming of glory,  
 And nobody mentions such matters as pensions,  
 Or hints a suggestion about the drink question  
 Or such parochial story.  
 Come, patriots, come! with trumpet and drum!  
 Khaki's the only wear, boys!  
 To the polls! to the polls! while the battle still rolls—  
 'Tis time that we were there, boys.

*The Prime Minister.*

Why are you so unrestful, JOE?  
 Why come you interfering,  
 Upsetting the nation with claptrap oration?  
 I want to be quiet. I hate all the riot  
 Of your electioneering.  
 With a year's more rest we might have been blest,  
 And saved this tiresome pother;  
 It's useless denying that you are most trying—  
 I wish you wouldn't bother.

*The Lost Leader.*

I shudder to think that we stand on the brink  
 Of immediate Dissolution,  
 For the Party I lead will be melted indeed  
 Till none can detect it, if people subject it  
 To farther diminution.

Yet, things are at present extremely unpleasant—  
 We might become more hearty—  
 When this question revolving my views are dissolving,  
 Just like the poor old Party.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Compleat Batchelor* (JOHN MURRAY) my Baronite finds just delicious. It is small wonder that necessity was found for reprinting it within the month of its publication. The humour is subtle, kindly, never strained. Character is drawn with a delicate yet firm hand. Best of all studies in the lightsome gallery is that of the Compleat Batchelor himself. Whilst he seems diligently employed in sketching others he is, apparently, unconsciously revealing his inner self. This, truly, is high art.

*The Wallace Collection in Hertford House* (CASSELL & CO.), by M. H. SPIELMANN, is an exceedingly interesting brochure. The accomplished Editor of the *Magazine of Art* gives the story of the Wonderful Wallace Collection from start to finish. The faithful "Co." of the Baron thinks no better guide could be secured than he who, as historian of *Punch*, has proved that he knows all that can be known of art. Mr. SPIELMANN's little volume will be invaluable to those who visit Hertford House.

BARON DE B.-W.

APPROPRIATE.—Over the front door of the demolished Opera Comique appeared last week the inscription, "A GOOD TIME." Without doubt the very best good time, when the L.C.C. paid £40,000 compensation to the owners.





*Kitty.* "IS YOUR WOUND SORE, MR. PUP?"

*Mr. Pup.* "WOUND! WHAT WOUND?"

*Kitty.* "WHY, SISTER SAID SHE CUT YOU AT THE DINNER LAST NIGHT!"

## "WHERE TO GO."

No. VIII.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is very seldom that good news and bad news come together, but it has on the occasion of which I am writing. I was feeling very wretched at having spent the money we had put by for our holiday, and was wondering what we should do, when I received a letter containing £40 in bank-notes from an old school-fellow I had lent £20 to twenty years ago, when I was scarcely of age.

I was fairly astonished, I assure you,

for it is the first time I have ever had money returned to me that has been borrowed; but paying five per cent. for the loan of it for twenty years is surely, Sir, nothing short of a miracle.

My wife was so pleased that the unpleasantness of last week was eclipsed, and she suggested that I should go off again in search of "farm-house apartments" near Wilton, of which a friend had spoken highly. I arrived at Wilton after a very long and expensive journey, and biked to Appledore Farm, a distance of some five miles. Appledore Farm is

certainly very beautifully situated, quite the kind of place one sees in a Christmas Number picture, though it was rather overlooked by a high building which I thought a pity to have built so close to such a pretty old house.

A lady and her son showed me over the premises, and I must say the interior was as attractive as the exterior. I think, perhaps, I exhibited too much keenness and approval, for the mother said I should have to pay a deposit of £5 as she didn't know me, and she had half promised an American family the letting. I gave her £5 and she said she guaranteed the rooms should be kept for me. Having at last been successful, I wired the result to my wife, and told her I should return home by the 6.50 train. I felt, after my success, I was justified in dining comfortably at the Commercial Hotel, which I did in companionship of several pleasant commercial travellers.

We shared a bottle of very good port, and afterwards played a game of pool, at which I lost half a sovereign. However, that is neither here nor there. Without being facetious, I may say it's not *here*.

They asked me if I was "on the road," and I replied, "Yes, on the road to seek farm-house apartments," and was happy to say I had been most successful.

They all know the neighbourhood well, but when I mentioned Appledore Farm, I observed they looked at each other and whistled. I asked what was the matter. One of them said, "What price Lavender Water?" and another said, "Cock-a-doodle-do!!"

I took it good-naturedly, and said, "I suppose, gentlemen, you wish to convey to me that the house is haunted; but neither myself nor family will be frightened at a ghost."

One said, "It wasn't the question of a ghost; it was more a matter of bones;" and, on pressing him for an explanation, it was explained to me that, though Appledore Farm was a most charming place, the big building close to it was a bone factory, where bones from the butchers for miles round were being boiled down all day long.

This certainly was a most unpleasant surprise, but I assured them I had not observed any smell; but one of the commercial gentlemen said, "No, because the wind is in the west. Wait till it veers round, and then, believe me, Sir, the smell is enough to stop a 'bus!'"

I thanked them for having told me, and in another twenty minutes I was at Appledore Farm, telling the lady and son what I had heard, and asking for the return of my £5 deposit. This they absolutely refused to do, as they said they had wired to the American family, telling them the rooms were all let. Expostulation was useless. The son said, "Possession was nine points of the law. But I could



sue them for it, if I liked." Just at this moment the wind must have changed, for anything more appalling than the awful smell that suddenly assailed my nostrils it would be impossible to imagine; it was overpowering!

I was only too eager to mount my bicycle, which having accomplished with some difficulty, owing to the lumpiness of the grass mounds, I was again unfortunate enough to just miss the last train, and it was too late to send a wire. I returned to the inn, and thanked my companions for their valuable tip in time.

I was persuaded to play Bridge Whist, and regret to say lost £3. Therefore, in all, I am £9 17s. out of pocket, and no nearer the object for which I came.

Yours truly,

"STILL ON THE LOOK-OUT."

#### THE "DECLINE" OF POETRY—WITH THANKS!

A MINOR poet in a glade  
Chanced upon a thoughtless maid,  
And in shaky verses said;  
"Whence, oh, maiden, have you strayed?"  
With a vacant look did she  
Answer his poor poetry.

"Stay!" the rhymers cried, in fear  
Lest the girl should disappear.  
"Who art thou? What dost thou here?  
Have we met before, my dear?"  
For the rhymers thought—thought he  
She is just the girl for me.

And the maiden, dull and drear,  
Answered slowly with a leer,  
"I'm a Queen"—then bending near—  
"Of the Commonplace Idea!  
"I inspire," whispered she,  
"All your minor poetry!"

"Long," cried he, "your slave I've been!  
Oft in dreams thy face I've seen!  
Oh, stay, that I, my dearest queen,  
May put you in a magazine!  
And the world, when you they see,  
Shall exclaim: 'What poetry!'"

#### HOW TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL NOVEL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read so many complaints from unsuccessful fiction writers that I venture, with all philanthropic good wishes, to give my experiences to those less fortunate brethren and sisters who cultivate the flowers of romance. I began, as no doubt they did, by calling my powers of imagination into service, but with lamentable results, according to that infallible authority, my Publisher. He suggested more *commencement de siècle* life, and plenty of what he termed "photography in print."

After some trouble in curtailing my propensity for invention, I succeeded in producing a book, which was simply a record of realism with its thinly-veiled names of the doings of my friends and acquaintances.



#### HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

IN PUNTING, A GOOD STRONG POLE IS TO BE RECOMMENDED TO THE BEGINNER.

I mean the doings which they did not want recorded. I will not give the name of this so-called romance, because it now needs no advertisement, but I may tell you that a "Key" to the characters, issued privately in limited numbers, at a guinea a copy, has been, financially, most gratifying.

I care little for the fact that I had to take my name off the books of two clubs, that I have been threatened with nine actions for libel (all unfortunately nipped in the bud by the fear of scandal), that I have been twice unpleasantly chastised, and have been cut by sundry thin-skinned individuals, for the excellent reason that

my novel has been a GREAT PECUNIARY PRODIGY. I am not in the least ashamed of having brought out skeletons from family vaults, thrown suspicion on tender-hearted persons, blackened reputations, and generally abused the rights and wrongs of hospitality. I only know that I have a handsome balance at my bankers, and that I have awoke to find myself infamous. Still, had I lacked a charitable leaning towards less fortunate scribblers, I should not have penned this letter without the slightest feeling of remorse.

Yours, in clover,

Pharos Lodge.

PHILIP FLASHMAN.



## THE POET'S SONG.



I LOVE to walk 'neath  
sylvan glades  
In evenings calm  
and still,  
I love to scamper o'er  
the meads  
Past rivulet and rill.  
I love to watch the  
lambkins skip  
Upon the verdant  
lea,  
All in their fleecy  
overcoats,  
Like foam upon the  
sea.

I love the little butterflies  
With scintillatory wings,  
And the jolly red-hipped humble-bee  
Because he never stings.

I love to wield the grey goose quill  
In making song or sonnet,  
I never see a thing but what  
I make a rhyme upon it.

I've written verses to "a cat,"  
And "to my sweetheart's tresses!"  
(Oh, how I envy one stray curl  
That her fair neck caresses).

I've poured forth odes to turtle-  
doves  
To truth, to love, to daisies,  
I've raved about the storm-swept  
skies,  
And sung the cuckoo's praises.

I've written roundelays and dirges,  
Lyrics and iambs,  
Epithalamia and odes  
Blank verse, and dithyrambs.

My song to me a kingdom is.  
When grief my heart assails  
I get my lyre—Apollo-made—  
And practise up my scales.

## RE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Hints for Candidates and Agents.

BY A. BRIEFLESS, JUNR.,

*Barrister-at-Law, and late Candidate for  
the Justinian Exhibition, Blackstone  
Studentship, and many other honours  
of a forensic character.*

ENCOURAGED by the great success of  
my learned friend Mr. H. C. RICHARDS'  
admirable *Guide to Contested Elections*,  
which has reached its 3rd edition, I have  
made up my mind to do what little I can  
to assist the coming PITT and the future  
successor to the late Mr. GLADSTONE. I  
chose the paper in which these hints  
appear for obvious reasons. "The London  
Charivari" has long been acknowledged  
the organ of the Bench, the Bar, and the  
General Public.

As the time will probably be brief  
before the rush to the polls, I think it my

duty to treat at once of bribery. Lord  
FIELD has judicially defined—to quote  
my friend Mr. RICHARDS—the present  
state of the law in illegal and corrupt  
practices as follows:—

"An illegal practice is a thing the legis-  
lature is determined to prevent, whether  
it be done honestly or not."

"A corrupt practice is a thing that the  
mind goes along with."

For instance, it is an illegal thing to  
take a handkerchief out of a non-voter's  
pocket with a view to transferring it to  
the *poché* of an influential constituent.  
If it is done honestly—i.e. when a police-  
man is not looking—it is illegal, and  
equally illegal when the constable accepts  
sixpence to say nothing more about it.

It is a corrupt practice to give a friend  
a brandy and soda, even when your mind  
(and body) go along to get the necessary  
refreshment for both.

Another illegal practice is to lure the  
opposition candidate into a corner, and



knock him on the head. This cannot be  
passed over, even be the knocking on  
the head of the most honest character  
imaginable.

It is also a corrupt practice to smoke in  
the company of ladies and to eat peas with  
your knife; but in the first example it  
does not matter very much as, up to date,  
the ladies having not the franchise, their  
power—save in influencing their male  
relatives—is practically nil.

And at this point I break off, as I have  
not had quite enough time to fully con-  
sider the subject. When the hour is  
reached, no doubt I shall be in a position  
to defend a candidate with that knowl-  
edge of details essential to success.

Should the election come upon the  
nation unawares, my fellow countrymen  
cannot do better than immediately fall  
back upon Mr. RICHARDS' work. Mr.  
RICHARDS knows as much about elections  
as I do myself, and perhaps more.

## ET MILITAVI, NON SINE GLORIA.

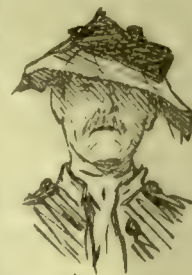
I'VE been in camp—a  
Volunteer  
Who answered to my  
country's call;  
The bugle's echo still  
I hear,  
I hear the adjutan-  
tial bawl.

I taste the taste of  
"ration" stew  
In every course of  
every dinner,  
My outlook upon life is new;  
My frame is noticeably thinner.

I hold myself erect and march  
Straight to my front down Piccadilly,  
My mien and carriage stiff as starch—  
I look superlatively silly!

I fear to feast abroad as yet,  
My Tommy's life has caused a terror  
Lest better manners I forget  
And perpetrate some social error.

When once I've managed to erase  
The camp's infernal recollection,  
My providential stars I'll praise  
And leave no more my roof's protection!



## PETER PAUL PROTESTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I note that a long-  
lost picture, said to be painted by me, has  
been discovered by the *Daily Telegraph*.  
Will you kindly allow me to state that  
there are several square miles of canvas  
covered with pigment, and attributed to  
me, distributed over the globe?

I imagine that in the United States  
alone there must be a pictorial acreage of,  
say, the size of Rhode Island. I never  
limned in the little, as you know (or ought  
to know), if you have ever been to the  
Louvre or the Galleries at Antwerp, St.  
Petersburg and Brussels. But this latest  
find is just a little thick—in dust.

Yours,  
c/o The Concierge,  
The Elysian Fields, S.E. by W.  
PETER PAUL RUBENS.

## A VILLAIN'S APOLOGY.

YOU ask me why it is, dearest,  
I have left you quite alone,  
You, the sweetest and the nearest  
That I cared to call my own.

It is not, as you imagine,  
On account of what you said,  
When you hinted that I squinted  
And my hair was almost red.

No, no, my little dumpling  
That I loved so well to squeeze,  
And to fondle without crumpling  
Like new muslin on my knees.

It was simply—let me whisper  
So it shall not reach your brother—  
That you're getting, little lisper,  
Too *exactly* like your mother.





CARRYING COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

*Jonathan (to John Bull). "WHY, CERTAINLY! ALWAYS GLAD TO UNDERSHILL A FRIEND!"*





### A QUIET ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

*He.* "WHY EVER DIDN'T YOU CALL ME AT HALF-PAST SEVEN THIS MORNING, AS I TOLD YOU, MARY?"

*Mary.* "I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ASLEEP, SIR; AND I WAS AFRAID OF DISTURBING YOU."

*He (innocently).* "THAT'S VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU, MARY; I EXPECT I WAR."

### PEEPS INTO PRUSSIAN PALACES AT POPULAR PRICES.

THE enthusiast who has visited the half-dozen palaces at Potsdam can see as many more, inside or outside, in Berlin. Amongst them, Monbijou is a charming old building, now devoted to the glorification of the HOHENZOLLERNS. The present Emperor's activity in this direction is remarkable. Except his father and grandfather and FREDERICK THE GREAT, the Kaiser's ancestors were princes of moderate celebrity. But they are not allowed to rest even in partial historical oblivion. Along the Sieges-Allee of the Tiergarten two long lines of their statues, not very happy efforts of rather ordinary sculptors, keep their names before the public; to the vast new cathedral, when finished, their coffins will be transferred; and in the Hohenzollern Museum, in the Schloss Monbijou, one may inspect their cradles, their toys, their hats, their walking-sticks and their boots.

Now, the boots of the Great Elector are well worth seeing, if only for their size and their sensibly wide toes—about six inches across, in the style of more than two centuries ago. So are also the flutes, the piano, the tables and the chairs of FREDERICK THE GREAT. But when one comes to more modern times, and sees, with the uniforms, the orders, the toys and the walking-sticks of the Emperor WILLIAM I., a suit of grey

civilian clothes, of curious cut, and an old silk hat, very badly brushed—"Civilanzug Seiner Majestät des Kaisers WILHELM I."—one is no longer impressed. What would the old soldier-king have said of such a display?

I have come to my last palace, the Königliche Schloss. A courteous policeman—the police of Berlin, in spite of soldier's helmet and sword, are as civil and obliging as those of London—has pointed out the entrance, with some words of friendly explanation and a polite salute. I traverse two courtyards, gloomy as those of the Hofburg in Vienna, I pay my threepence to a dignified official, I confide my umbrella to another, and, with a party of Germans, I follow a third. It is only ten o'clock. The American tourists are still occupied with melons, rump steaks, beaten-up boiled eggs, iced water, and other breakfast dainties.

We climb, instead of a staircase, a steep slope of brick, a sort of toboggan slide with angles. There is a similar slope in the Potsdam Schloss, where formerly some prince went up and down, certainly at the risk of his neck, in a wheel chair. Arrived at the top, we enter a room, and stand in a group by the door. I crane my neck forward to see why the Germans are waiting, and I discover that our guide is handing out huge felt slippers from a wooden chest. The polished imperial—or, in Prussia, royal—floors, not protected in the usual way by strips of carpet, must not be scratched by plebeian boots. All of us, men and women, step into the slippers rather nervously, and shuffle off. But it is easy enough to glide over the glassy floors, especially if, in years gone by, one has tried roller-skating. We get along famously. Only, when the guide points out some small object on a table, if anyone thoughtlessly leans forward, his feet begin to slide in the opposite direction, and he and his neighbours sway about for a while, and cling to each other. The one person who looks uncomfortable is a young officer. To finish off a neat uniform with foot coverings as large as those of the Great Elector, but of felt, is depressing. A sword that might get between these monstrous feet is an added anxiety. In reality, our slippers are safeguards on floors of such extraordinary polish. It is not surprising that the old Emperor WILLIAM, in military boots, often fell down. Slippery are the floors, and slippery must be the feet that traverse them securely.

We spend an hour in seeing gorgeous rooms of moderate interest, and various pictures of the Emperors WILLIAM I. and II., in dramatic attitudes, painted by professors. Most German painters are professors, but whether of painting, or not, I am unable to say. There are also in the picture gallery portraits of CHARLES I. of England, and HENRIETTA MARIA, by VAN DYCK.

We scramble over carpet in the White Saloon, and leave our felt slippers at the foot of the stairs leading to the chapel. Then we go away down a back staircase, and I have had my last peep at a Prussian palace.

It seems an uncomfortable home for anyone who could afford to live in a 700-roomed house. There are no private grounds. Even during the Berlin season, one might like a stroll on a mild day. The Emperor's apartments look on to a public square, hitherto paved with cobble stones, and crossed by innumerable tramcars ringing loud bells. Naturally, one cannot visit these private rooms. As the trusty Baedeker remarks, in the English language, "the other parts of the building are almost never accessible." Never! What never? Well, almost never.

H. D. B.

### AUTRES SHOES.

[ "The Corporation of Northampton is buying 310 specimens of boots for the local museum.—*Daily Paper.* ]

THE men of Northampton, to leather inclined,  
Are hide-bound when seeking the polls;  
They vote for the men who are bootiful kind,  
And now they are seeking for soles.



TO THE RECTOR.

(Some Wandering thoughts in Church.)

A FINE old vintage! That is plain.

The bottle's hoary aspect indicates the years it must have lain  
Maturing in some special bin.

Remembering the high renown  
Your father gained for taste in wine,  
I'm sure the old Rector laid it down  
With his own hand in days lang syne.

So now we'll settle down with due  
Solemnity to taste and grant it  
Its meed of praise or blame, when you  
Have had the kindness to decant it.  
Ah . . . yes . . . not bad . . . but, I should  
say,

Not quite . . . perhaps . . . a wine  
you'd buy—  
H'm . . . not much body in it, eh?  
Sound . . . fairly sound . . . but very  
dry!

Since oft across your nuts and wine  
We've yarned of life, of work and  
sport,

Rector, I'd never write a line  
In derogation of your port!  
I've here but sketched my mental attitude  
In gentle sleep's incipient stages,  
Whilst listening to your flow of platitude  
From that old sermon's yellow pages!

ADOLPHUS AND EMILY.

["There is no doubt that the Central London  
Railway is proving a formidable rival to the  
Omnibus Companies. Both drivers and conductors  
look upon it with the greatest suspicion."—  
*Daily Paper.*]

PREPARE your pocket-handkerchiefs, to dry  
The teardrops that are pretty sure to well  
In torrents from each sympathetic eye,  
When you have heard the tale I have to  
tell.

Then give me your attention, for I burn  
To set out many details, grim and  
graphic;

And in imagination kindly turn  
To scenes that lie amid the densest  
traffic.

ADOLPHUS was not one of the *élite*  
Whose goings-on are chronicled by us;  
He journeyed to and fro down Oxford  
Street,

The bland conductor of a light-green bus.  
Oh, *Punch*, my hero's commonplace, I  
know,  
But still he's none the worse; and who  
can tell, *Punch*,

What fierce and noble passions may not  
glow,  
In persons who manipulate the bell  
punch?

Like other men, ADOLPHUS had a heart,  
It was not all his own, I'm much afraid;  
For lately he had handed over part  
To EMILY, a fair, coquettish maid.  
She travelled with ADOLPHUS ev'ry day,  
From Shepherd's Bush—a suburb rather  
distant;



*First Doubtful Character.* "THIS YER'S ALL 'UMBUG ABOUT A THIEF NOT BEIN' ABLE TO  
LOOK A HONEST MAN IN THE HEYE."

*Second Doubtful Character.* "WELL, IF 'E CAN'T, 'E CAN PUNCH 'IM IN THE HEYE!"

And Citywards she used to wend her way, "Ah! " he cried, "so that's your little  
game!

Because she was a milliner's assistant.  
So things went on in merry fashion thus,  
And, on those journeys through the  
traffic's hum,

Inside of that extremely jolly 'bus,  
The atmosphere was like Elysium,  
Until one morn, when, tempted by a friend,  
Fair EMILY succumbed in quite a frail  
way,

And actually ventured to descend,  
To travel by the Central London Railway.

She found it smooth and nice to a degree,  
And sitting in a comfortable seat,  
She registered a mental vow that the  
Experiment was one she would repeat.  
Alas! within the tute there was a rift,  
Which by and bye was destined to grow  
wider;

For as she was emerging from the lift,  
ADOLPHUS on his vehicle espied her.

You travel in the tube that's down below,  
And keep it dark; oh, EMILY, for shame  
To patronise an opposition show.

These horses here, to carry you, maybe,  
Would work their legs off with the  
greatest pleasure;

Yet you forsake the old L. G. O. C.  
Oh, EMILY, you shock me beyond  
measure!"

No good excuses EMILY had got,  
Her lover in his indignation burned;  
He broke off the engagement on the spot,  
And all her correspondence he re-  
turned.

Right loyally ADOLPHUS played his part,  
By giving up that maiden in her beauty;  
And now he suffers from a broken heart,  
But doesn't let it interfere with duty.

P. G.





*Girl.* "I LOVE THE SEA AT EARLY MORNING. IT SEEMS SO FULL OF POETRY!"

*Growing Youth.* "YES; AND DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU READY FOR YOUR GRUB!"

### "BETWIXT AND BETWEEN."

[A newspaper correspondent points out that, while the Boers enrol all men up to sixty, we, in Great Britain, draw the line at forty.]

Now all the young men are off to the war,  
The Reservists too, who are older than they;  
The sons of the Empire have come to the fore,  
And keen for the honour of facing the fray.  
To rush to the front is their dearest delight;  
Their lives are the gifts that they give to their Queen.  
The very Old Guard may not join in the fight,  
But is there no room for "Betwixt and Between"?

A man is a man for five decades or more,  
And stronger perhaps than the lad in his teens,  
With energy, knowledge, and temper in store,  
And a method for making the best of his means;  
A statesman-o'-war in the van of the realm,  
When past three score years may still often be seen.  
Is a lesser craft useless to answer the helm,  
Because in its age it's "Betwixt and Between"?

No! no! Call us out, we are ready to serve,  
If only to watch by the sea on the strand;  
The half-centenarians from duty won't swerve  
So long as the look-out is foul from the land.  
Our eyes are not dim, and we still can shoot straight;  
We're not pickers and choosers of fat and of lean.  
You will want us; so take us before it's too late  
To gather the stalwarts "Betwixt and Between."

### WIGS ON THE DOWN.

[Lines written in honour of the recent "emergency camp" of the Inns of Court ("Devil's Own") on Perham Down, illustrating the supreme advantage of education and individual intelligence in a private soldier, as freely demonstrated in the Transvaal War.]

"SOLDIER, soldier, from Salisbury Plain,  
Seared with the battle's feigned alarms,  
How have they taxed your legal brain?  
What have you learned of the lore of arms?"

"I have learned to clean utensils, I can rinse a stewing-pan,  
I can black my fighting boots and scrub a floor,  
I can wash a sickly haddock like a self-respecting man,  
I have mastered (in a word) the art of War."

"Barrister, barrister, come from the camp,  
Man of intelligence, gently bred,  
Trained in the school of the midnight lamp,  
How have you learned to use your head?"

"I can air my frugal blanket at the crowing of the lark,  
I can polish up my basin till it shines,  
I can grub for rotting refuse from *reveillé* on to dark  
As I scavenge, scavenge, scavenge down the lines."

"Chancery junior, back from the field,  
How have you fared in the well-wrought trench?  
What are your lessons like to yield  
Brought to a test by the raiding French?"

"I can lay my kit in detail in an Army-pattern row,  
I can put it out and pack it up again;  
Which is always useful knowledge when you come to face the  
foe,  
And it hardly causes any mental strain."

"Q.C., Q.C., fresh from the fray,  
What of the last strategic views?  
What do you know of the war-game's way,  
Feint and cover and counter-ruse?"

"I can shoot at restful objects (when the sergeant gives the  
range),  
I can recognise a front attack at sight,  
I can even look for cover, though you mustn't make a change  
In your regulation distance from the right!"

"Gentlemen Templars, gallants all,  
Stout-heart Lincolns, and English Grays,  
Eager to serve at your country's call,  
What have you learned these fourteen days?"

"We have learned to slice a rasher, we have played the (Oxford)  
scout,  
We have plied the menial muck-rake with the best,  
We have lost superfluous tissue (we are nothing like so stout)  
And our brains have had a pure and perfect rest!"

O. S.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC.—In a story published a fortnight since, called "The Burglar: a Tale of the Holidays," a burglar was supposed to represent the master of the house, and thus deceive the police and make his escape. A correspondent points out that the imaginary incident is supposed to occur in Kensington Palace Mansions. "Was the object in doing so to let your readers understand the impossibility of such an event as that mentioned taking place in the residences specified?" Most certainly. The admirable mansions are properly guarded, and attended by day and night porters. No chance for the burglar in Kensington Palace Mansions. He must intelligently take the advice of the police, and "move on" elsewhere.



A RISING MARKET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My *St. James's Gazette* tells me that the "financial romance," full of Stock Exchange jargon, seems likely to become the most popular type of novel. So I have set to work at once upon a story of this description. My own modest earnings, Sir, are invested in the P. O. Savings Bank, nor, until it became professionally needful, did I ever read the money-articles in the daily papers. But during the past week or so I have studied all the financial journals, and now feel completely equipped for my task. Enclosed I send you extracts from the first chapter. Of course it's a little difficult to combine the horrid technical terms with the poetic grace of my usual style, but I think you'll own I have succeeded.

Yours devotedly,

SOPHIA SACCHARINE,  
*Authoress of "Wedding Bells,"*  
*"Sweet Kisses," &c.*

CHAPTER I.

'Twas dewy eve. Into the dear old garden the lovers strolled, his arm round her waist, her fair tresses glowing in the radiance of the setting sun, just in the good old way it used to be before financial novels were so much as thought of.

"Now, tell me," she cooed, love confessed in every syllable; "tell me, HENRY, where you have been to-day."

"I have been," said HENRY, solemnly, "in the Kafir circus."

Her face paled; he felt the slight body tremble in the embrace of his manly arm.

"And—and were they fierce?" she faltered.

"Nay, *ETHEL* mine," he rejoined; "the savages were not ill-disposed. Had they been, what perils would I not face for your dear sake! But, save for some rising among the Deferred Russians, who are becoming impatient, no trouble was afoot to-day. I have seldom seen the whole contango more calm."

"And you were able to invest our little treasure?" she pursued.

"Yes," he replied; "I put it all—every penny—into Deep-level Boulders. Within a fortnight, subject to discount and the usual backwardation of brokerage, those shares will stand at 21½. Then your purse-proud parents will relent, seeing that riches are mine, and we can be married without delay."

"But suppose they fall?" asked *ETHEL*, timorously.

"'Tis impossible," said HENRY, with conviction. "Let alone the nine per cent. slump of the promotion money, the bear movement in the Timbuctoo Centrals is certain to maintain a capitalised dividend. Failure is impossible."

\* \* \* \*

And so, hand-in-hand, they strolled blissfully into the house.



"SHAVE, OR HAIR CUT, SIR!"  
 "CORNS, YOU FOOL!"

Hardly had they passed, when a laurestinus beside the lawn was violently agitated, and the nefarious PAUL ONSLOW appeared from its concealment. Needless to say, he had heard every syllable uttered by the incautious lovers.

"Ha!" he ejaculated, "so Miss *ETHEL*, having haughtily spurned my offer, thinks to wed this poor fool? And he has invested in Deep-level Boulders, has he? Little reck he that PAUL ONSLOW can rig a corner in Preferential options!"

\* \* \* \*

Next morning among the passengers of the early City train, might have been

observed the sinister figure of PAUL ONSLOW.

Before closing-time, Deep-level Boulders had fallen with a crash to 23½.

A. C. D.

HORTICULTURAL FACT.—There are now to be found in Great Britain in plentiful variety the China Asters, the German Asters, and the American Astors, the latter, seemingly, being the best acclimatised.

NECESSARILY HOT-TEMPERED WOMEN.—Ladies of high degree.





### TWO OLD MASTERS OF ARTS.

#### AN INKOLDSBY LEGEND.

[A typewriting advertisement in the *Athenæum* runs: "MSS copied in a new and effective style which gives them a special chance."]

THE Editor sat

On his office mat,

For manuscript rolls are uncommonly fat  
And there wasn't a seat in the room but  
that,

And he cast his eye

With a weary sigh

On the hundred or two he had still to try,  
And he pished and pshawed as a man will  
do,

(Tho' I'm not quite clear how it's done,  
are you?)

As he gloomily muttered, "The hour is ripe  
For a writer of totally different type."

Two bundles thick

Which he chanced to pick

Were tossed aside with a scornful flick,  
For alas! they were only the common  
"Blick,"

Whilst a copy of verse

That was pithy and terse

Was spoilt by a "Hammond" or some-  
thing worse.

Of sprightly tales there was many a ream,

And he opened them all like a man in a  
dream;

But he put them down ere a page was  
done,

For his soul was sick of the "Reming-  
ton."

But, ah! What's this?

Oh, joy! Oh, bliss!

'Tis something a man would be sorry to  
miss!

Here's bold-faced type which the eye  
can fill,

Which is pointed and Gothic, yet Roman  
still,

With a faint reminiscence of Baskerville;  
It is plain to see

There is Greek in the D,

And mark how the purest prose may be  
Diversified

On the right-hand side

By a margin of varying inches wide,

And it's copying ink which has hardly  
dried—

"Come, come; let us see!" the Editor  
cried—

He read it through, and he scarcely  
skipped,

It was such an unusual type-o'-script.

#### WHO IS HE?

ACCORDING to a morning contemporary, the idea is prevalent among certain romantically-minded Irishmen that DE WEE is none other than CHARLES STUART PARNELL, who did not die at all, though he personally attended his supposed funeral.

There are some equally likely claimants.

What could be more natural, for instance, than that the Mahdi should turn up again in the guise of the Boer leader, after his dispersion at Omdurman, for the express purpose of taking a return "rise" out of Lord KITCHENER?

The Russian soldier, too, is firmly of opinion that his beloved general SKOBELEFF is still alive. Obviously, therefore, the latter has reappeared among the foreign contingent of the South African Republic, and has chosen to baffle the English as the elusive and mysterious commandant of the past three months.

A few suffrages also have been given in favour of Sir ROGER TICHBORNE *redivivus*, who has spent the last thirty years of obscurity in growing "slim" and practising *alibi* tactics.

Other candidates for this identity that have lately been put forward are the Flying Dutchman and Spring-heeled Jack, who both possess qualifications for the part.

Is he, by any chance, the mythical personage hitherto known as KWANG SU, Emperor of China? Or can it be that, after all, our old friend Mr. M-SK-L-NE has been up to one of his hoaxes again, and has been hoodwinking the British public (and the smart Colonial scouts) with some new variations of his "Vanishing Trick?"





“PRAISE A FRENCHMAN, FIND A FRIEND.”

*Old Proverb.*

MADAME LA FRANCE (to ADMIRAL SEYMOUR). “AH, CHER AMIRAL, BUT YOU ARE CHARMING! HOW I HAVE MISJUDGED YOUR PERFIDE ALBION!”

[“The letter from Admiral SEYMOUR to Admiral COURREJOLLES is indeed noble in thought and lefty in tone. The British Admiral pays the French Admiral a tribute of which our seaman may be proud, not only because the British know what they are talking about, but because, after what has passed between Great Britain and France, the tribute is of particular value. It honours equally him who receives and him who gives.”—*Gaulois.*]









### A RISKY PROCEEDING.

*Mr. Pipler (of Pipler & Co) is having his first day on his recently-acquired Moor. Any amount of Shooting. Bag, absolutely—nothing.*

*Master Pipler (after much thought). "OF COURSE, THEY ARE FAR TOO VALUABLE TO BE KILLED AND EATEN, PA. BUT ISN'T IT RATHER DANGEROUS TO FRIGHTEN THEM SO MUCH? I HEARD MA SAYING THEY COST YOU AT LEAST A GUINEA A BRACE!"*

### FROM NORTHERN LATITUDES.

(Holiday Jottings.)

OBAN is apparently prolific in wasps. Wasps for breakfast, plentiful. They don't come to stay—no more do we, as we dodge about; at breakfast we only "snatch a fearful joy"—they come to report to those outside; probably to the wasp commandant. Evidently report highly satisfactory, as wasps in full force at lunch. Our position defended by blinds, through which determined wasps can penetrate from outside; once in, unfortunately, they can't get out again. This makes them furious, and us wild. *Note*.—Blinds no use, unless windows closed. But the wasps come in by back door and passage. *Ergo*, back door no defence unless closed; ditto passage; ditto dining-room door. But if these all shut, shall we not all be stifled? Agree to open as much as we can. Yet wasps penetrate anywhere, anyhow. We take lunch, fighting. No chairs: knives in hand; spoons for flooring wasps, and, we hope, killing them; if not killed, the wasp, wounded, is as treacherous and malicious as a Boer incapacitated on a battlefield. Forks for helping ourselves to hastily-snatched morsels. We are demoralised—routed; we evacuate the situation. Wasps victorious! But with considerable loss.

Fewer wasps at 5 o'clock tea. We enter cautiously. Wasps poaching on our preserves. "Let 'em alone and they'll go home and leave their stings behind 'em." Quotation adapted. Hope their stings won't be left. Further slaughter of wasps, who, so to speak, are drowned in several butts of Malmsey, represented by Scotch marmalade. Wasps scotched, but not killed.

Hurrah! No wasps at late dinner. Wish it could always be late dinner. *Note*.—All wasps go to bed early, at Oban.

The wasps don't seem to come out on parade—on Sunday parade, that is. Yet the attractions of a Sunday parade here should be strong enough for even native wasps, who, however, may have become satiated and uncommonly critical. Yet if colour has any allurements for the wasp, and if the fresh, delightful breeze invigorates him, here is the very place. At all events, so it seems to the Lyrical Londoner, who as a British Bard is thus inspired from the sea:—

#### AIR AND HAIR.

FROM Holborn doth he haste away,  
Taking an autumn holiday,  
To Oban, where they do not say  
"There's 'air!"

The jaded Londoner once free  
At Oban, will exclaim "I see  
Lake, river, mountain, sea! N.B.  
Here's 'air!"

He'll cry, when, on the Esplanade,  
He sees each Scottish skittish maid  
With auburn locks of every shade,  
"There's 'air!"

The effort is exhausting. Inspiration and composition affect the appetite. So, in spite of wasps, the Poet must feed; and in he goes to luncheon!

*Sport at Oban*.—My "bag" per diem generally consists of at least five brace and a-half of wasps, a brace of flies, seven brace and a-half of gnats. Occasionally a little black game (uncertain) and a bright green fly [probably intended for river fishing purposes, and quite wasted on me. More in my next].



## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## SECOND FRAGMENT. FOUND IN A RECESS (IN BABYLONIA).

- |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|
| <p>1. . . . . concerning the house of<br/>Babl-on, the Bhil-Pháktri, [Bigh-ben,<br/>2. which was by the river, under<br/>3. chief of the time-pieces,<br/>4. where dwelt in the Sëshün the askers<br/>of questions, who talked<br/>5. without ceasing, . . . the sitters on<br/>the green benches,<br/>6. and in their midst was set the<br/>Spikr-güli,<br/>7. the ruler of rulings,<br/>8. the wearer of horse-hair, whose eye<br/>was much sought for.<br/>9. . . . and on his right hand sat the<br/>governors of the country,<br/>10. the chiefs of departments,<br/>11. and their leader was Nêvukudnêvvar,<br/>the lord of the treasury,<br/>12. the master of detail, . . . . .<br/>13. the pupil of Wol-ründ,<br/>14. the wielder of nibbles,<br/>15. who dwelt mostly in Bhúnkaz, inhaler<br/>of ozone. With Jér-al-bálpur his brother,<br/>16. who ruled by kindness with <i>shilélis</i><br/>at discretion over the Bhidáls and the<br/>Bhigórahls,<br/>17. in the place of Pádi their king.<br/>18. And by them sat Shuv-menébar, the<br/>secretary of state,<br/>19. whose eye gleamed through crystal,<br/>as justly aforesaid,</p> | <p>20. the breeder of <i>érkidz</i>; with His-<br/>rúmmipal<br/>21. Jesse the dutiful, the allotter<br/>22. of acres with proportionate oxen.<br/>23. . . . . and Pou-íl the warlike, the<br/>master of legions;<br/>24. And Maik-el-Thapépri, who guarded<br/>the wherewithal,<br/>25. despoiler of sinking funds, whose<br/>life was<br/>26. the death-duties . . . . . provided<br/>by Hárkut.<br/>27. Jokim the husky, the lord of the<br/>oceans, the builder of warships,<br/>28. Ruler of the Brît-Ishtars. And<br/>other of the faithful, both wings of the<br/>party.<br/>29. Ritshi, Jauji Hâmm-el-Tan, Anbari,<br/>and behind them<br/>30. the hosts of the Töris, the dwellers<br/>in the Káltun, who came for the<br/>boroughs<br/>31. and the cities, and hamlets and all<br/>places where the <i>kakki</i>, and the <i>younyan-<br/>jâk</i> and the <i>bîl-tipsi</i> grow wild and do<br/>flourish;<br/>32. of their numbers there was no end.<br/>33. And on the left hand sat the men of<br/>peace, the drinkers of water, the shrinkers<br/>from pressure,<br/>34. the Bît-krakkis, the wearers of el-</p> | <p>ástik-saïds, the friends of Lébar, the Om-<br/>rulahs,<br/>35. such as are left of them,<br/>36. the Tâgrâg, and the Bóbtael.<br/>37. Now Bhil-Hárkut, the mighty chief<br/>of the Hittahs, was their ruler,<br/>38. the descendant of Kings, who<br/>delighted in battle,<br/>39. the nightmare of bishops . . . . ,<br/>exploiter of death-beds.<br/>40. . . . . and . . . . .-mröz,<br/>. . . . lord of Dhalmëni<br/>41. . . . . who sat in the upper house,<br/>the chamber of gold,<br/>42. on the seats of vermilion . . . . .<br/>43. . . . . got fighting like cats . . . .<br/>. . . . .<br/>44. Then Kâmm-el-Bánraman to lead<br/>them the party appointed . . .<br/>45. and over Asqvith-Thekúsi and En-ri-<br/>foulasahib, which is the father of Issobel-<br/>Khárnabi,<br/>46. did they give him the preference.<br/>47. And on the fence for security did he<br/>take refuge, and there did he place his<br/>seat of government . . . . .<br/>48. . . . . own time of it they<br/>gave him.<br/>49. . . . . marvel is . . . . .<br/>goodness he doesn't . . . . .<br/>show.<br/>E. T. R.</p> |
|--|--|--|

## AN ASPIRATION.

["Let me make the ballads of a people, and I  
are not who makes the laws."]

I do not crave their place to fill  
Who give a grateful nation laws;  
I am content, whoever will  
From senates may extort applause.

I would not on the benches sit  
Where GLADSTONE and DISRAELI sat,  
Nor join in giants' strife of wit  
For all the world to marvel at.

Nor would I on the tented field,  
Where warriors wage a glorious fight,  
Bid foemen at my onset yield,  
As boldly I maintain the right.

Yet have I felt ambition's sting—  
And in such moments, ah! I cry,  
That I had taught the world to sing  
"Hi-tidli-i-ti-i-ti-hi."

POSSIBLE.—It is expected that, after the  
war in South Africa is over, ex-President  
KRUGER will issue a book on "Training."



## A SOCIETY NOVEL.

By our Mr. Jabberjee.

## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

I HAVE the honour humbly to inform readers of *Punch* that, after prolonged consumption of midnight oil, I have composed a novel of imposing dimensions, which is shortly, by the indulgence of my friend and kind father, the honble Editor, to be laid at their feet in the columns of this respectable journal.

My inducement to this enterprise was the spectacle of very inferior rubbish palmed off by so-called popular novelists such as Honbles KIPLING, JOSHUA BARRIE, ANTONY WEYMAN, STANLEY HOPE, and the collaborative but feminine authoresses of *The Red Thumb in the Potter's Potash*, all of whom profess (very, very incorrectly) to give accurate reliable descriptions of Indian, English or Scotch episodes.

The pity of it, that a magnificent and gullible British Public should be fed like a babe on such spoonment and small beer! And when the dawn of the Twentieth Century, too, is advancing upon us with leaps and bounds!

Would no one arise, inflamed by the pure enthusiasm of his *cacoethes scribendi*, and write a romance which shall secure the plerophory of British, American, Anglo-Indian, Colonial, and Continental readers by dint of its imaginary power and slavish fidelity to Nature?

And since Echo answered that no one replied to this invitation, I (like a fool, as some will say) rushed in where angels were apprehensive of being too bulky to be borne.

Being naturally acquainted with gentlemen of my own nationality and education, and also, of course, knowing London and suburban society *ab ovo usque ad mala* (or, from the new-laid egg to the stage when it is beginning to go bad), I decided to take as my theme the adventures of a typically splendid representative of Young India on British soil, and I am in earnest hopes to avoid the shocking solecisms and exaggerations indulged in by ordinary English novelists.

I have been compelled to take to penmanship of this sort owing to pressure of *res angusta domi*, the immoderate increase of hostages to fortune, and proportionate falling off of emoluments from my profession as Barrister-at-Law.

Therefore, I hope that all concerned will smile favourably upon my new departure, and will please kindly understand that, if my English literary style has suffered any deterioration, it is solely due to my being out of practice, and such spots on the sun must be excused as mere flies in ointment.

After forming my resolution of writing a large novel, I confided it to my crony, Mr. RAM ASHOOTOSH LALL, who warmly recommended me to persevere in such a *magnum opus*. But when I mentioned that I thought of bringing it out through the circulating medium of *Punch*, he changed his tune, saying that in so jocose a periodical such a work as mine might run the grave risk of being supposed to be facetious.

To this I objected that Honble *Punch* does occasionally publish quite serious lucubrations, and as instance I quoted my own papers *Jottings and Tittlings*, which, despite their being couched in rather solemn classical phraseology, were read by high and low with delighted avidity.

And, as I anticipated, when I wrote to offer Honble *Punch* the firstfruits of my fiction, the evergreen hunchback did jump with joyous alacrity at such a golden opportunity. So I became divinely inflated periodically every evening from 8 to 12 P.M., disregarding all entreaties from feminine relatives to stop and indulge in a blow-out on ordinary eatables, like ARCHIMEDES when Troy was captured, who was so engrossed in writing prepositions on the sand that he was totally unaware that he was being barbarously slaughtered.

And at length my colossal effusion was completed, and I had written myself out; after which I had the indescribable joy and felicity to read my composition to my mothers-in-law and wives



## TROUT STREAM MEMS.

SO EXTREMELY AWKWARD WHEN A COUPLE OF (OTHERWISE, PEACEABLY DISPOSED) ELDERLY GENTLEMEN ARRIVE AT THE SAME MOMENT (FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS), AT THE SAME FAVOURITE POOL, FOR A QUIET TRY FOR THE SAME BIG TROUT.

and their respective progenies and offspring, whereupon, although they were not acquainted with a word of English, they were overcome by such severe admiration for my fecundity and native eloquence that they swooned with rapture.

I am not a superstitious, but I took the trouble to consult a soothsayer, as to the probable fortunes of my undertaking, and he at once confidently predicted that my novel was to render all readers dumb as fishes with sheer amazement and prove a very fine feather in my cap.

For all the above reasons, I am modestly confident that it will be generally recognised as a masterpiece, especially when it is remembered that it is the work of a native Indian, whose 'prentice hand is still a novice in wielding the *currente calamo* of fiction.

Next week, Gentlemen and Ladies, we shall commence with Chapter One.

Order early, Misters, to prevent disappointment, and do not weakly allow yourselves to be fobbed off with copies of any periodical which does not contain the first instalment of a thrilling society novel, entitled:

## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of CHUNDER BINDABUN GHOSH, Esq., B.A. Cambridge,

by

BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A. Calcutta University, Barrister-at-law, &c., &c.

STRANGE metamorphosis of a bird into a beast!—startling!—when grouse are deer!





Bernard Partridge fec

**M**

MISS CLARKE was certainly not among the favoured of that little-favoured

race, governesses. She "governed" only children of

the middle class, and in daily lessons of an hour or two at a time. But what was she to do? She had thought of going on the stage, but she had no talent, no smart dresses, and no influence—three indispensable qualifications for success in the theatrical profession. She had no money and no parents; in fact, the only things she possessed were ambition and honesty—two very ill-assorted qualities in the struggle for life. Ambition gave her day-dreams, and honesty prevented her realising them.

She started with hopeful ideas of teaching children in a rich family, where there might be an available elder son or a widower father who would like her to replace the dead mother of her little pupils. But these ideas came to nothing. She did not even succeed in getting a permanent place, a home where everything would be found except kindness and love. So she had to content herself with daily teaching in suburban families, travelling from one to the other—sometimes third class on the underground railway, and sometimes on foot. At night she would return weary to her lodgings in Brompton, and wonder how her life would end. Would it always be the same dull, monotonous round, until she was too old to trudge, and too blind to see and correct the faults in arithmetic and dictation? Would no one take pity on her, and emancipate her from her daily slavery? Of course "no one" meant a man, and he must be young and tolerably good looking, and able to keep her in a totally different manner to the one in which she was now living. For, as I have said, ELIZA CLARKE was ambitious, and any change must be for the better. She was not bad looking, although she lacked attractiveness. She was not the least "showy," and there was nothing winning about her. But it is difficult to be "winning" on thirty shillings a week, earned precariously. If people were occasionally civil to her in helping her in or out

of a train or an omnibus, she scarcely thanked them. She felt it would lead to nothing, and she was generally right.

She liked none of her pupils, because she considered their parents did not pay her enough; so she did nothing to endear herself to them. She wrote bold proverbs of her own composition in large letters in their copybooks, and made them copy them interminably. They were the sort of proverbs which the pavement artist scrawls on the flags when he has finished drawing "The Wreck of the *Stella*," or a "Moonlight Scene in Wales," in coloured chalks. "The rich can aid the poor," "Strength is given us to help the weak," etc., were amongst her efforts, but these mercenary hints were never taken by the parents, and she continued to earn an average of eighteenpence an hour and chafe impatiently for the Someone who was to alter her position.

Of course, the Someone came in time. He always does. There is not a woman in the world, I verily believe, who has not had an "episode" of some kind or other. Miss CLARKE's episode was a complicated one, which also often happens, and you can tell me when I have finished what you think she ought to have done.

Amongst her pupils was a family resident in Fulham: two spoiled children too delicate to go to school; no mother, and a father travelling to forget his grief at his wife's death. The children were in charge of an aunt, an amiable enough lady, who occasionally offered Miss CLARKE a piece of seed-cake when she looked particularly hungry and weary. There had been holidays, dreadfully long, starvation summer holidays, during which Miss CLARKE scarcely earned enough to keep body and soul together. But now they were providentially over, and she was certainly not acting when she professed to be very pleased to see her pupils again. Their joy was of a less demonstrative nature, and partook more of curiosity. Where had she been? Had she seen the sea? Had she had a donkey ride? Was there a pier and a cinematograph where she had been? Miss CLARKE shook her head sadly, and thought with inward rage that if her employers were not one and all "sweaters" she might have indulged in these follies. Then they wandered into further ecstasies. Their papa, the inconsolable widower, had come to fetch them at Broadstairs and brought them home. He was even now in the house, and she would see him presently. ELIZA cared not. Inconsolable men



who travel to forget their grief were not likely to take any notice of her.

He came into the room a little later on, when Miss CLARKE was giving a music lesson to his youngest child. She was in the act of explaining indifferently the difference between a crotchet and a quaver, and the child was receiving the instruction with equal indifference. She looked round when the door opened, and stood up with becoming humility as he entered the room.

"Don't let me interrupt you. Miss CLARKE, I think?"

"Yes, I am Miss CLARKE."

"How is AMY getting on? Do you think she has any talent for music?"

"No; I don't think she has." Bluntly.

"Dear me! Her mother was a beautiful musician."

"Music is not always hereditary," said Miss CLARKE drily.

"I am sorry. I should like her to play. And her brother?"

"They are about equal. They can both play *The Blue Bells of Scotland*."

"Is that all? And they have been learning the piano for two years."

"Perhaps I teach them badly. I am not a great musician myself;" and she would like to have added, "and you can't expect it at the price."

Mr. NUTCOMBE looked curiously at her. Her manner was anything but engaging, and yet the face was honest and kind looking; and his sister had told him that she had found a very suitable person for the education of his children, and that Miss CLARKE gave every satisfaction.

"And in other respects are you pleased with the progress they make?" he asked, after a pause.

"I leave it to my pupils' parents to be pleased or dissatisfied," she said unamiably.

"Then I think I will leave you all together," he said with a smile. "I am evidently in the way, and my sister has told me that she considers you look very well after them."

"Thank you," said ELIZA, and she resumed her seat and recommenced the same old 'one and two and —.'

The next day happened to be Sunday; a day on which Miss CLARKE regularly broke the fourth commandment. A pile of stockings had generally to be darned in the morning, and the early afternoon was devoted to renovating her wardrobe and occasionally trimming a hat. When you have no maid, and live continually out-of-doors six days in the week, and in all weathers, it is absolutely necessary to devote the seventh to renovation and sewing. But on this particular Sunday Miss CLARKE had no work to do. The enforced leisure of the holidays had left her with a Sunday free. Nevertheless, she did not go to church. Her mind was too rebellious to listen patiently to humdrum preaching, and cut-and-dried maxims. She decided that the most agreeable way of passing the sabbath would be to indulge in a little light literature in the morning, and the afternoon she would spend in the park studying the early autumn fashions.

About five o'clock she seated herself near the Achilles statue and awaited the arrival of the upper ten. But the upper ten came in no great numbers; they were all away shooting, visiting, travelling, anywhere but in London out of the season. So Miss CLARKE was disappointed, and took *Tit Bits* out of her pocket, with which she had provided herself for evening recreation, but which she now determined to sacrifice at once. She was interrupted in her perusal of its humours by a big black poodle putting his nose on her lap, and then directing her attention by some plaintive whines to a stone he had brought her to play with.

"I don't play on Sundays, doggie," she said good-naturedly. But the poodle could not follow this reasoning, and tried hard to explain that Sunday was an excellent day for playing with stones, and that if she would only throw the one he had laid

at her feet, he would fly after it in any direction she liked to choose.

"No, no," she said, with an amused smile; "I don't know how to play." The stone looked very dirty, and her gloves were tolerably new.

"I will teach you," said the dog, looking significantly at the stone and then at her hands.

"Come here, Bob; don't be nuisance," said a voice just behind her, and a good-looking young man seated himself in the chair next to hers. "I am afraid my dog is annoying you," continued the proprietor of Bob.

"Not in the least," said ELIZA. "I have been trying to make him understand that Sunday is not a day for playing with stones."

"What ought one to do on Sundays? I never knew," he pursued.

"Rest," she answered briefly.

"But if you do nothing for the remainder of the week?"

"I don't know; I have never tried that," she answered, and she was quite surprised to find herself led into a conversation with this unknown young stranger.

"Do you really work all the week?"

"Yes; I teach."

"What do you teach?"

"Manners."

"Thank you," he said, with a smile. "Are your charges very high?"

"Eighteenpence an hour. Do you think you could afford a lesson?"

"You evidently think I require one."

"I am afraid you would want more than one. You are rather backward."

"You are very smart."

"Poverty has sharpened my wits, if it has done nothing else for me."

"I am sorry you are poor."

"So am I. I can assure you it is most disagreeable. I suppose you are rich?"

"I am what is known as 'comfortably off.' Why do you ask?"

"Why did you ask me how I earn my living? Curiosity, I suppose."

"Do you like teaching?"

"Of course I do. It is most exciting. Can you imagine a more thrilling existence than starting forth every morning to teach common little children elementary grammar and music?"

"Then you are a daily governess?"

"For the present, but I am thinking of bettering myself. I am going to take a kitchen-maid's place."

"That is better, is it not?" with a smile.

"I believe so; and you occasionally have the society of the policeman to supper, which is supposed to add excitement to the life."

"It strikes me you are worthy of better things."

"I doubt it. I have probably found my level. I am twenty-three, and at that age one generally knows what one is good for."

"I should think luck had a great deal to do with women's lives."

"I suppose it has, as regards marriage, but in no other way."

"Have you ever thought of marriage?"

"Of course I have—haven't you?"

"I always put it away from me as a necessary evil, which must visit me some day. I am not a marrying man."

"No! I suppose I might call myself a marrying woman; but then all women are 'marrying,' if they only get the chance." Then she looked at her watch. "I must be going," she said.

"No, don't go yet; we are just beginning to know each other," he said, rather eagerly.



"We don't know each other," she answered; "we have never been introduced."

"Bob introduced us. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Quite, for me; but not for my employers, if they saw me sitting here with you."

"We will spare them the sight. Give me the pleasure of your society to dinner. We will take a hansom, and drive down to some quiet little inn in the country."

"I have dined, thank you, and I am going home to tea with my landlady."

"Don't be disagreeable. Your landlady won't miss you, and I shall."

"I am sorry to say I don't believe you. And yet there is nothing I should like better than a really good dinner, with iced champagne and shaded candles—the dinners I sometimes read about, but never, never see."

"You shall see one to-night. Say Yes!"

"No, I am going home." She rose, and held out her hand. "Good-bye."

"May I not walk with you a little way?"

"Certainly not."

"When shall I see you again?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you wish to see me again?"

"Why should I?"

"Because you interest me. Because I should like to meet you again."

"I am afraid you have gathered an altogether wrong impression of me from my freedom in talking to you. I am not interesting—unconventional, perhaps; but that is all."

"And that is the very thing I want. Unconventionality is one of the rarest things in the world now-a-days."

"I possess an unlimited stock," she said, smiling.

"Will you meet me here to-morrow?" he asked. But at that moment Miss CLARKE saw Mr. NUTCOMBE bowing to her very amiably, and having returned his bow with much confusion she was instantly pounced upon by his two children, who asked her to come and sit with them and tell them stories.

"Good-bye," she said hurriedly. "These are my pupils."

The stranger had no alternative but to let her go; and she reluctantly advanced towards Mr. NUTCOMBE, with a child on each side of her holding her hand.

"Is that your brother, Miss CLARKE?" asked AMY.

"Or your sweetheart?" asked REGGIE.

"My sweetheart," answered Miss CLARKE, with a hollow laugh. "We are going to be married."

"Then you won't teach any more?" hopefully, from AMY.

"Not when I am married to that gentleman," said ELIZA, with perfect truth.

"When are you going to be married?" almost simultaneously from them both; but as by this time they had reached their parent, the governess was spared a reply.

Mr. NUTCOMBE was pleased that his children should have the society of their governess to entertain them, and it also enabled him to make better acquaintance with her. Feeling herself in the wrong at being caught talking to a young man in the park, who was evidently not of her own rank, Miss CLARKE attempted to make amends by being particularly gracious to both father and children. An hour passed pleasantly enough, during which Mr. NUTCOMBE elicited from her that the gentleman she was

talking to was a promiscuous acquaintance made through the medium of his dog. He, on his side, informed her that the young man was Lord GARCHESTER's eldest son, and that Lord GARCHESTER was a prominent Conservative statesman who would probably be one day Premier. The information did not particularly affect Miss CLARKE. Why should it? She was not likely to see him again; and even if she did, perhaps he would not recognise her. Mr. NUTCOMBE was a house-agent by profession, and his calling bringing him into contact with many of the aristocracy he was able to point out several people of eminence to his governess. When they decided to go home, he condescendingly invited Miss CLARKE to accompany them and "have a bit of supper;" but this invitation was declined. She had refused the iced champagne and the decorated table with shaded candles; it was not likely she would accept cold mutton, and the depressing society of Mr. NUTCOMBE and his children.

During the week which followed he came frequently to the schoolroom during lesson hours, and it was evident to ELIZA that he took more than an ordinary interest in her; but she took none in him. He was certainly good-natured, and apparently meant to be kind; but she considered him unduly inquisitive when he questioned her about her family and her reasons for going out as a daily governess. The reasons were so very simple, and there was absolutely no romance in her life. Her father had been a clerk in a bank, and her mother, for years, had been an invalid. When they both died she had to earn her own living, that was all.

But during all this week ELIZA thought often of the man with the dog. No one realised better than she herself how ridiculous these thoughts were, yet she could not chase them away. She remembered every word he had said, her tart replies, and his eager look when he asked her to dinner.

"I suppose if I had been a lady he wouldn't have asked me to dinner," she thought; and then, again, she remembered that according to the newspapers ladies did very queer things sometimes, and that dining alone with a young man was an experience not altogether unknown to them. She almost regretted at times that she had not accepted the invitation. It would have been one bright gleam in her dull, miserable life. Perhaps she would never have such a chance again; and then she would pull herself up, and wonder if she were in her right senses to even dream of doing such a thing. Fancy getting into a cab with a stray man picked up in the park! Could anything be lower, more degrading? She was wrong also to have shaken hands with him. She did not know why she had done so. It had been an uncontrollable impulse, but she was very sorry for it now. He had kept her hand in his, and pressed it. In the cab he would probably have put his arm round her waist, and she had actually felt tempted to go with him, to put herself on a level with unmentionable women! How glad she was that the children had appeared at an opportune moment. And yet, when Sunday came she found herself paying more than ordinary attention to her toilet, and wondering if he would remember whereabouts she had sat. The instability of her sex was strongly developed in her. She would go to the park as usual, but she hoped he would not be there. Of course he was there, and, naturally, he came up and spoke to her.

(Continued in our next.)





*Kind Old Gent (to Child in infant School of Mixed Girls and Boys). "YOU ARE A LITTLE GIRL, AREN'T YOU?"* Child. "No, Sir."  
*K. O. G. "LITTLE BOY, THEN!"* Child. "No, Sir."  
*K. O. G. "THEN WHAT ARE YOU?"*  
 Child. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I AM A 'JUNIOR MIXED.'"

### CONVERSATION IN THE COUNTRY.

AT this season of the year a large proportion of our aristocracy are condemned by the laws of fashion to spend some months near dreary villages, quite remote from civilisation. Ordinarily, they will find themselves happily surrounded by a house-party of Londoners, with whom, of course, rational conversation is easy enough. But from time to time they may have to speak to one of the unhappy aborigines, who live in the country all the year round, and to whom Hurlingham and Park Lane are quite unknown. How, then, are they to suit their conversation to their company? As a partial answer to this difficult question, Mr. Punch begs to supply them with the appended conversational openings. All of them have been tested in use by some of the leading members of Society, and the gratification they afford to the poor rustics is simply indescribable. Let us suppose, then, that the Londoner finds it necessary to converse with a farmer and the village postmistress. The following remarks will be found eminently suitable.

#### I.—WITH A FARMER.

1. Rippin' field of corn that is of yours! (N.B. If you are quite certain, you may substitute "oats," or "barley," or "wheat," for "corn." But be very careful.) Looks like a leader, doesn't it?

2. Suppose you have lots of dairymaids tripping about with stools, and all that, eh? Rum thing though, isn't it, that farmhouse butter is always beastly?

3. Jolly life you must have—almost envy you, 'pon my soul I do. Market-days, and harvest homes, and that sort of thing, you know. Suppose you don't go to bed sober more than once a week, do you?

4. Yes, fine sheep, those. Always buy New Zealand mutton myself—encourages the Colonies and JOE CHAMBERLAIN, and so on. Perhaps you haven't heard of him, though? He's a Member of Parliament.

#### II.—WITH THE VILLAGE POSTMISTRESS (For ladies' use).

1. I want a shillingworth of penny stamps, please—that means, you give me twelve. Can you count them yourself, or would you like me to do it for you? I know you don't have the educational advantages of our London Board Schools here.

2. It must be so much more interesting to keep a post-office where you know all the people so well. You must quite want to read all the letters they post! Do you often take a peep at them?

3. And you have a shop, too, I see. Fancy keeping boots and bacon and sweets all in one poky little room! How very clever of you! But of course it would be much wiser, wouldn't it, for all the people to get down their things from the co-operative stores? I'm going to persuade the Squire to explain to them about this. No—only the stamps to-day, thank you. Good-morning.

A. C. D.

### THE SPECULATOR TO HIS LOVE.

CLARISSA! do not deem it strange

That in this temporary lull,  
When business on the Stock Exchange  
Is, truth to tell, extremely dull,  
My fleeting fancy should suggest  
A higher kind of interest.

For monetary matters pall,

And at the present time I hate  
To seriously think at all

Of stocks and shares that fluctuate;  
But when I turn to you, my own,  
My thoughts assume a steady tone.

Consols may fall, Home Railways rise,

Industrials pay cent. per cent.,  
But I shall not express surprise

At any unforeseen event;  
Let me forget, while I've the chance,  
The wild vagaries of finance.

A queen of womankind you are,

And when to visit you I come,  
My spirits quickly rise from par  
To a substantial premium;  
I'm sure, CLARISSA, you must be  
A valuable security.

At times a weird and horrid dream

Flits through my money-grubbing head,  
That somebody has got a scheme  
For rendering you "Limited";  
Just fancy, if they dared to float  
The only girl on whom I dote!

All your advantages would be

In a prospectus then displayed,  
(The charm of your society  
Is quite sufficient stock in trade),  
And public enterprise would yearn,  
To take up such a safe concern.

But when the list was open, I

Should leave my commonplace affairs,  
And, blowing the expense, apply  
For all the newly-issued shares;  
Oh, I sincerely hope, my pet,  
The full allotment I might get.

Enough! I'll drive these fancies hence,  
My agitation is absurd;

While you display a preference  
All gloomy doubts may be deferred;  
You will, before the month is past,  
Be irredeemable at last!





He. "I THINK YOU MIGHT BE NICER TO BOUNDERSTON THAN YOU ARE. HE'S NOT A BAD SORT, REALLY, THOUGH HE IS RATHER A ROUGH DIAMOND."

She. "THAT'S JUST IT, DEAR; I THINK HE WANTS CUTTING."

#### FIFTY PER CENT.

["The Fife Coal Company have declared an interim dividend for the half year at the rate of 50 per cent. per annum. . . . The price of coal is still rising."—*Daily Paper*.]

COLD is the desolate hearth—the hearth that no longer is blest  
With the light of the life-giving blaze, and the smoke in its  
eddy rings—

Where Poverty, clutching her whimpering babe to her lean,  
dry breast,

Croons as she cowers from the blast, and this is the song she  
sings:

Hush, my little one, hush! Art hungry and cold and ill?  
The poor man's nurse is hunger, and cold is his cradle still;  
For this is the law of the land, that thou must learn to endure—  
Fifty per cent. for the rich—hunger and cold for the poor.

Art thou alone in thy sorrow that thou alone shouldst wail?  
Do not thy famishing brothers hunger and faint and fail?  
Do not thy perishing sisters wither from want and care?  
Thou too must bear the burden that they have learnt to bear.

Little one, great are the rich, but we are of commoner hue;  
What are the lives of the many compared with the shares of the  
few?

Is it not theirs to enjoy, ours to be dumb and endure?  
Fifty per cent. for the rich—hunger and cold for the poor.

#### A COMIC SONG IN COMMON FORM.

"AND SO DID MR. BUNKER."

(As chortled by Mr. Leonidas Larrikin. N.B.—These Songs may be sung anywhere on payment of royalty. No composers wanted.)

ALTHOUGH a young man I'm a genuine "hub,"  
And so is Mr. BUNKER.

I'm known at the Junior Bachelors' Club,  
And so is Mr. BUNKER.

Our wives can't object to a lark now and then,  
For boys will be boys and men must be men,  
And at night I seldom come home before ten;  
No more does Mr. BUNKER.

Yesterday I got home at a quarter-past three,  
And so did Mr. BUNKER.

My wife said: "Is this your result of a spree,  
Or that of Mr. BUNKER?"

In vain I declared I had been out to tea  
At Exeter Hall with the good Y.M.C.,  
I got snuff of the kind that is known as "rappee,"  
And so did poor old BUNKER.

Now I am a fellow whose spirits don't flag,  
No more do those of BUNKER.

In fact, I am known as a bit of a wag,  
And so is gay old BUNKER.

When passing by Never-mind-what No., Grosvenor Square,  
He said, "Just you ask if Lord JACKALL lives there."  
I did, but the footmen such shoes shouldn't wear,  
As I told my friend BUNKER.

I got a strange letter without any date,—

And so did my friend BUNKER,  
Saying, "Meet me at VERREY'S at, say—half-past eight"  
(And so did Mr. BUNKER);

"This comes from a lady who loved you of yore."

"We'll be there!" cried old BUNKER, "this love to restore."

Well, we went; and we met, as we opened the door—  
My wife and Mrs. BUNKER!

#### OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

THE September number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains, amongst much good matter, the concluding chapters of Captain HALDANE's narrative of his escape from Pretoria. This final instalment assures its position amongst the most moving episodes of the War. Once clear of the prison-house in Pretoria, in and under which Captain HALDANE and his two companions lived four months, they were by no means free from peril and privation. Good luck led them to the home of the English settlers who, earlier, sped WINSTON CHURCHILL over the last stage of his flight. A touching incident is told of one of these fine fellows, Mr. HOWARD, Manager of the Transvaal Delagoa Bay Company's Colliery. Hearing that three officers had escaped from Pretoria, he night after night sat at his piano, with the windows wide open, playing "God Save the Queen," so that any Englishman in distress, forlornly feeling his way to freedom, should know there was a friend at hand. Since the faithful troubadour signalled by song to the imprisoned Lion-heart, my Baronite has read of nothing so fine as this. Story? God bless you, Captain HALDANE has one to tell, and tells it admirably.

Readers of *Punch* will be glad to hear that Mr. ARROWSMITH republishes, in his Bristol Library, *A Bachelor Uncle's Diary*. Utlanders who may have had the misfortune of missing the narrative in its original form, have provided for them opportunity of sharing auricular trials and sufferings described by Mr. FOX RUSSELL with sympathetic humour. Max and Tommy are delightful studies of the irrepressible boy. The little volume is illustrated by some clever sketches from the pencil of R. C. CARTER.

THE BARON DE B.-W.





### MR. MUGGS' GROUSE MOOR. No. 3.

THE GUEST FROM LONDON, AND HIS MANNER OF SHOOTING.

#### THE CONTENTED MASTER-BUILDER.

WHY on earth do men strain every nerve to grow rich  
Either fairly or foully, it matters not which?—  
When with riches untold, as I sit in my chair,  
I can fill all the castles I build in the air!

Why on earth should a sensible man set his heart  
On attaining the rank of a lord or a "bart."?—  
When a coronet freely I'm able to wear  
In baronial castles I build in the air!

Now a peer may possess a great house, it is true,  
A magnificent palace or castle, or two;  
But no castle or palace of his can compare  
To the wonderful castles I build in the air.

If I haven't an income like his to be spent,  
I've no tenants demanding reduction of rent,  
And no servants, no troubles, no bills for repair  
Are attached to the castles I build in the air.

In his castle a peer entertains all his friends,  
I should like to in mine—but, as some small amends,  
Though I can't put up guests, I have someone to share  
The delights of each castle I build in the air!

With ambition and pride and vulgarity filled,  
A rich *parvenu*'s apt a new castle to build,  
A pretentious, outrageous, expensive affair—  
There are better and cheaper ones built in the air.

When his castle is built, and when all's said and done,  
It can never be moved, and he only has one;  
But that castle "is best and goes furthest," I swear,  
Which can move where you will and is built in the air!

And however resplendent his castle may be,  
He can't shift it at will from New York to Torquay,  
From Uganda to Rome, from Peking to Hyères,  
As I shift any castle I build in the air.

Then I've no mad ambition the Thames to ignite  
By amassing a pile of unparalleled height,  
And I stoutly decline to be hailed millionaire—  
I should lose all the castles I've built in the air.

Any folks may be dukes or have riches who will,  
Let my motto be "Poor, but a gentleman still!"—  
I hold wealth a delusion and titles a snare,  
And continue my castles to build in the air.

#### TOUCHING ETON RECORDS.

WOULD it not be well if certain up-to-date journals were to modify this sort of reporting? As for instance, "The collegians, who now number over one thousand souls, are busily engaged in their accustomed sports on flood and in field. The young noblemen and gentry at present assembled under the magisterial rule of Dr. WARRE seem quite up to the average of those scholars who competed with the Duke of WELLINGTON and Lord ROBERTS of Kandahar in the time-honoured playing fields."

"It is said that a silver tablet will shortly be affixed on the college pump, commemorating the fact that the Right Hon. the Earl of ROSEBURY on many occasions quaffed these icy waters, which are supposed to be derived from a source famous for its strawberry compresses. The handsome uniform of the college Volunteers, grey (reminding one of the author of the *Elegy* written in Stoke Pogis Churchyard), is pleasantly embellished with apple green. Not a few future Field-Marshal may lurk unknown under this scholastic militarism of garb."



## ASTONISHING!

*Original Impression.*—My first idea of a secret night attack was something of this sort. The town fast asleep. Only the sentries on the alert. Search-lights in



every direction, to discover the approach of the dreaded torpedo boats. Where are they? Is that one? No, it is the steamer from Ostend. Ah, yonder! Ready with the quick-firing guns! No, stop! It's the night boat from Calais. Round go the search-lights! Suddenly, before anyone is aware what is happening, the torpedo boats appear in the Harbour, before the Promenade Pier, everywhere! In a moment they "open," and the castle and garrison are surrounded with flames of fire and clouds of smoke! Then all the guns from the shore answer, and glass breaks in every direction! The most exciting scene in the world! Splendid military dash! Superb marine strategy! Grand! grand! grand!

There! That was my impression of what a secret night attack would be like. Now for the reality.

*Corrected Impression.*—We are expecting to be attacked. For days the most excellent garrison have been "on the alert." Stories are going about that the chief warriors—all of them good men and true—have retired to rest in full uniform. The gunners have been particularly to the fore. Officers seem to have a perfectly Prussian love for their *grande tenue*.

It has been whispered that some torpedo boats are to make a dash into the harbour with a view to destroying the foreign vessels in port and certain extremely well-found yachts.

The day arrives. Six torpedo boats, after manœuvring about a little—going round in a ring like a circus—come to anchor a cable's length or thereabouts from the Promenade Pier.

The sun sinks and the light-boat marking "the Pier Works" becomes illuminated. The torpedo boats go to sleep. There is a twinkling light fore and aft on each black hull, and all else is silence.

Dawn breaks and the Commander-in-Chief, who has been passing the evening in one of the most comfortable hotels on

the south coast comes to the front and mounts his charger. The staff clatter after him. They are all prepared for "the secret attack." I have been keeping my eagle eye on the torpedo boats. They leisurely get up steam in the fast brightening daylight, and turn their backs upon the Promenade Pier. They ignore that army at the landing-stage. At daybreak the pier has been occupied by a dozen soldiers in scarlet tunics and slouch hats. The redcoats have sought cover behind a kiosk. But this wise precaution proves unnecessary. The torpedo boats, true to their mission to surprise someone, saunter away in a leisurely fashion towards the lightship. Their apathy is, indeed, astounding. They vanish slowly in a sea mist. Heads of gunners appear on all sides. We have been told to keep our windows open to save the panes of glass. The vibration of the cannon will crash everything of a brittle nature.

Hark! What was that? A popgun! No, a heavy piece of ordnance! The torpedo boats—strange to relate—have been observed, and our batteries are giving them shell. Of course, blank cartridge; but the moral effect is the same. The banging of the cannon increases, and the torpedo boats are evidently having a rough time of it. We have some noise and a fair amount of smoke. But it is scarcely my idea of a battle. No shell, no cannon balls, not even shouting.

Then, within half an hour or so of the commencement of the engagement, the torpedo boats saunter back to their original moorings, looking as if nothing had happened. I was never more surprised to see them in my life. But the Commander-in-Chief was entirely satisfied, and as he knows a great deal more about matters military than I do, I am satisfied too.

It may be that I was so astonished at what I saw, or rather didn't see, because I am not much of a soldier. And it is because I am not much of a soldier that I sign myself emphatically,

Dover, 1900.

NOT AN EXPERT.

## BRAKE OR BREAK.

[MR. H. A. LEAVER, of West Ross, Glamorgan-shire, has just patented an automatic perambulator brake. What is wanted, however, is a bye-law to compel these machines to keep to the roadway like bicycles.]

A PERAMBULATOR brake  
Of automatic make  
Has by a Mr. LEAVER been invented,  
That when the nursemaid's stop  
To flirt or gawk or shop,  
No babies spilt downhill need be lamented.

The name's appropriate—  
A LEAVER up-to-date  
Affords a lever to the infant leaver;  
Her "pram" no more will bolt,  
As frisky as a colt,  
When SARAH JANE forgets to play retriever.

Well, I can only say  
That if I had *my* way,  
When walking-exercise I'm vainly trying,  
Strong measures I would take  
Effectually to break  
These pavement-nuisances, and send them  
flying! A. A. S.

## LAID UP AT FOLKESTONE.

YEARS ago in the long lost past,  
When we had but started the race,  
And the time was true and the going fast,  
And the novices made the pace,  
Was there ever a bullfinch would stop our  
way,  
Or a bank or a ditch or wall?  
The oldsters might think they could dodge  
and stay,  
But we went for a win or fall!  
Years ago, in the bright old days,  
Did we care for a sprain or bruise?  
And our crooks, what matter if greys or  
bays,  
So long as they did not refuse?  
Over the country with rattle and rush,  
Right into the thick and the thin,  
It was hurry along for the "red man's"  
brush,  
And good luck to the first man in.  
Years ago! and I led the field,  
Your pilot and cavalier,  
Your cheery laughter my courage steeled,  
For I knew that you had no fear.  
I can see you now as you cleared the brook  
On the day when the rest went round,  
On my heart there is photographed that  
glad look  
As you cheered on each dripping hound!  
Years ago! On these cockney Lees,  
It seems but as yesterday,  
And oh! for the smell of the midland breeze  
Instead of the sharp salt spray.



Oh! for the burst of the pack in cry,  
And a grip of the good old mare,  
But you are being wheeled by a boy, and I  
Am driving a donkey chair!

CRICKET.—Every match which is represented, pictorially, in one of our illustrated papers must inevitably be "a drawn match."





THE PILGRIM'S REST.

Pilgrim Kruger. "FAREWELL, A LONG FAREWELL, TO ALL MY GREATNESS! KRUGER'S 'OCCUPATION' 'S GONE!"





### OUR PARISH BAZAAR.

*The Vicar's Little Daughter (to the Lady who cleans the Church).  
"WON'T YOU BUY A PACKET OF MY GOODIES, MRS. BLOBS?"  
Mrs. Blobs. "WHY NO, THANK YER, MISSIE. I NEVER WERE A  
SWEET WOMAN!"*

### FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

ONCE upon a time I had a yacht, or rather a share in one with two partners. Did not the log of that voyage find full record in *Mr. Punch's* pages? I throw it did. On two other occasions I was a guest on board a yacht, one of a party of four. "Where is dat barty now?" What fun it was! What real enjoyment! Not one day alike. The month was August. The time of our meals varying from day to day according to the tune of our appetite. We were up uncommonly early, and were ravenous for tea and bread-and-butter. We tumbled overboard into a sail and bathed, and in another hour we were clamorous for breakfast. Such breakfasts! Such fish! Such coffee! Such everything! and such health, youth and spirits! Our appetite-clocks struck all three about the same time, and dinner was on table about sunset. Coffee and tobacco on deck; then all hands piped for a game of cards with accompaniments, or while two played cards a third played the piano, and all went merry as a marriage-bell. That was enjoyment! regular irregular go-as-you-please enjoyment.

Recalling all this, I gladly accepted a friend's offer to go aboard the *Dorinda*, the yacht on which he was a guest enjoying a cruise, and which was now for a day at anchor off Oban. I remembered our old yacht, the yacht of *We Three*, one hundred and sixty tons; a sailing craft. The *Dorinda*, I see is six hundred and fifty tons and has an equipment of forty men, captain and cook included. Everything spick and span as on a man-of-war; but no less spick and span was everything and everybody aboard *We Three*. The *Dorinda* is simply luxurious, a floating palace or club-house. *We Three* was simply comfortable bachelors' quarters at sea. On the *Dorinda* everything tells of

elegance, of the presence of ladies, of full evening dress, of parties, of balls, of small and large dances; in fact, of the Season-on-sea. If this be a holiday—well, it's not *my* idea of one. Why not bring out opera singers, and powdered footmen in livery, butler and major-domo? No, thank you. And then the rules and regulations all set forth, severely printed on large formal cards, and stuck up conspicuously in every cabin, as though you were on board a P. & O. steamer, where, of course, such rules and regulations are as essential as they are on a railway, or in a first-class hotel.

Is life worth living in holiday time if you have to be up every day at a certain time; awakened by bugle to breakfast at a fixed hour; to lunch ditto; to dress every evening, as if you were going to the opera or a dance, and then when "the sweetest morsel of the night" approaches, and you gather round a small table or two in the smoking-room on deck to talk, smoke, exchange experiences, tell and hear good stories and drain a cheery nightcap, to know that at some unearthly and unsealike hour such as 11.30 or 11.45 p.m. the electric light is to be inexorably turned out, and the *convives* have to follow the example of lights and to go out altogether, or one after another, to bed? Turn out and turn in. "Is life worth living," Mr. MALLOCK, if one is to be governed by martinetical rules in the holidays, and, it may be, court-martial'd for disobedience! Not so was it on board the dear old *We Three*. No gas nor electric light had we, only lamps; we smoked whenever we liked; so did the lamps. Did we think of turning in until we felt inclined, whenever that might be? No; we did as we liked, and that was our holiday. "Give me liberty!" as the country mouse observed after her brief sojourn with her town friend. If ever fortune favours me with a yacht, a steam yacht of any tonnage not less than one hundred-and-fifty, and at the same time provides me with the necessary motive power at the rate of a hundred guineas per ton, paid quarterly until I give the word to stop, then shall that yacht be called *Arline*. Why? Because *Arline* was *The Bohemian Girl* of a very superior type, who knew how to behave herself in the most trying circumstances; and also to signify that all the guests on board, having pledged themselves to the Skipper, should then best please him by thoroughly pleasing themselves.

The invitations would be in this form:—"Dear Duke, or Lord, or Mr., will you come on board the *Arline*? We start on such and such a date, from such and such a place, to proceed to "C," calling *en route* at "A" and "B." At "A" or "B" you can be debarqued if you wish to leave the vessel; *only you will kindly give notice of your wish when answering this letter*. The return voyage from "C" will be by "D," "E," "F," and "G." Should you wish to debarque at any one of these places, you will kindly notify the same in replying. Yours, &c., &c."

Having decided, there must be no *volte-face*. The man who, having accepted, fails, is never heard of again on my yachting list, whereon there is writ "no such word as 'fail'." Now that's my idea of how yachting should be conducted. "Once aboard the lugger," and the Rover's guests are as free as the Rover himself. "No cards." I mean, "no cards" of rules and regulations.

Scarcely have I finished this, and gone out for a row in the *Polly*, than I am halloa'd to by a robust, jovial-looking personage, a regular sea-dog, in a Captain's gig, four horsed—I mean six oared. "Hullo! Go aboard the *Cupidon*; I'll be back directly." 'Tis my old friend, Commodore BUNBURY. We, the skipper and his boy (I am the skipper), steer for the *Cupidon*. Captain greets us, smilingly. "Sir BENJAMIN will be back directly." Captain (cheerily, ho!) shows us all over the yacht. "Nothing," he says, "will give Sir BENJAMIN greater pleasure than to take us for a cruise." Sir BEN, the Commodore, returns. Heartiest of the hearty. I ask cautiously, "Have you any rules and regulations on board for guests?" "Rules and regulations be blowed!" he exclaims, almost doing a double hornpipe expressive of utter surprise. Then he says, "Look here, my boy!



You'll just do as you darned please. Catch me being under orders for 'Lights out,' and all that. Do as you please, dress as you like. A sharp appetite will keep you up to time. Come for a cruise.' I accept; and on board the *Cupidon* 'tis genuine enjoyment, and a perfect holiday.

#### ABOARD THE "KAISER WILHELM DER GROSSE."

Was ho, meine Herzliche! I doubt if this be the correct translation of "What ho, my hearties!" but it may do to say at Bremerhaven when I ship myself all aboard of the great ship with the long name. What a name! The White Star and Cunard lines are satisfied with names of one word; the Union-Castle with two words. Why, then, four words? When the Norddeutscher Lloyd launches a new ship, longer and more luxurious if that be possible, she might be called *Seine Majestät Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert Deutscher Kaiser und König von Preussen*. With a little practice you might say this in one breath, as you say *Oceanic*.

I know but few English nautical expressions, and the meaning of even these is a mystery to me. But I might safely try some German nautical phrases, if I knew any, on a very short and very fat German landsman whom I meet the evening before our start.

In the hotel restaurant he seats himself, uninvited, at a table occupied by an American and myself, thereby showing himself ignorant of the customs of his own country. And further, also without invitation, he confides his private affairs to us. It is surprising to hear that he, a well-to-do man of five and thirty perhaps, has never seen the sea. He comes from Wiesbaden. But, he tells us proudly, he has been in steamers on the Rhine. We assure him the North Sea is much wider than the Rhine. We hold out to him the awful prospect of a gale on the next day, in which case he will embark up the river at Bremerhaven, go all the way to Cherbourg shut up in his cabin, crawl ashore in the harbour there, and never see the sea after all. But his round, rosy face, lit up by an interminable smile, is unclouded. He fears nothing. Though he speaks not a word of French or English, he is going to Paris for a week, and he wants to know if he can take a walk round Southampton while the ship stops there. He is a brave little man.

Why the Norddeutscher Lloyd should make us start by a train at 7.15 a.m. is best known to themselves. If it is done with the idea of catching the great ship at Bremerhaven it is useless, for she leaves just as the train arrives, and we pursue her on a tender to the open sea. We catch her up about eleven. A cup of coffee at 6.30 is a poor preparation for such a trip. The railway refreshment-room offers beer, but one does not much care for beer at 8.30 a.m., and we have all been assured that we shall breakfast at nine on the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*.

We do not. On the tender, also, there is nothing but beer, and perhaps a *Schinkenbrot* so very uninviting that we would rather starve than eat it. Only one person on board is contented. That is the little man from Wiesbaden. Wearing a straw hat with a bright green ribbon, and with the unalterable smile on his round face, he inspects everything. He drinks some of the beer; he even eats a *Schinkenbrot*. Finally he mounts to the bridge, and it seems to our exhausted eyes, as he stands next to the skipper, that this man who has never seen the sea is navigating our boat.

At last we reach the ship, and the hungry crowd hurries on board. But from that time forward we are famished no longer, and the Germans themselves cannot do justice to the noble repasts provided. The Americans at breakfast—which ranges from melon, through some thirty dishes, to buckwheat cakes—retire defeated. Only the round man from Wiesbaden is undaunted. He is first, and also last, at lunch, at dinner, and at breakfast. He indulges freely in the intermediate sandwiches, and biscuits, and coffee, and cups of *consommé*, lavishly provided, and he does himself very well in the way of wines



#### A RECIPROCATED SENTIMENT.

*Farmer Giles (a parting admonition after a prolonged and painful castigation). "Now I 'OPE I WON'T KETCH YOU 'ERE AGAIN, YER YOUNG WARMINT!"*

*"I 'OPE YER WON'T, GUV'NOR!"*

and beer. And he has still the same interminable smile on his cherubic face. Instead of his straw hat he wears a yachting cap of perfectly correct form, and carries a huge binocular. Wiesbaden has sent him forth regardless of expense.

If he were not such a bore, and did not speak so fast, with an accent, from Wiesbaden probably, and a slight stutter, we should like to ascertain what he thinks of the sea. But we are compelled to avoid him. Judging by his face, the ocean in general meets with his approval.

When I come on deck early in the morning I find him there already, smiling at the Isle of Wight, and critically examining Osborne House through his large binocular. I see him later on addressing pictorial post-cards, without which no German is happy. The next day Wiesbaden will know what a mighty ship has carried her adventurous citizen. Then I see him no more. If I had time to spare at Southampton, I should doubtless find in the High Street a green-ribboned straw hat, a large binocular, an interminable smile, and a round figure standing in front of the old gateway, or conversing affably, in the German language, with a puzzled policeman.

H. D. B.

#### No Difference.

*English Customer (to Manager of restaurant). I see, Signor MARASCHINO, that the American gentleman and his wife who have just left drank nothing but water with their dinner. Does that make much difference in their bill?*

*Signor Maraschino. Noting, Sir. They pay same as yourself and lady, who 'ave champagne. Oderwise, 'ow should we live?*





## A DILEMMA.

*Driver of Terrified Pony.* "PULL YOUR CONFOUNDED DOG AWAY, YOU SILLY IDIOT!"  
*Leader of playful Boarhound.* "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT MASTER TOLD ME PARTICULAR NOT TO CROSS 'IM, OR 'E MIGHT COLLAR ME!"

## ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

*Mr. Swellings, the eminent Art patron* (to rising young painter whom he has invited, at a friend's suggestion, to decorate the walls of his New West End Palace). Now what would you suggest here, Mr. MAHL? Something breezy and up to date, with a touch of the mashing order about it?

*Mr. Mahl.* What do you say to *Venus* rising from the sea?

*Mr. Swellings.* *Venus!* Yes, I should think that would do first class. I remember the burlesque at the Royalty when poor GUS HARRIS was the stage manager. And, now, for this space?

*Mr. Mahl.* How would you like *Andromeda*?

*Mr. Swellings.* ANN DROMEDARY? (With a chuckle) Might give me the hump, you know.

*Mr. Mahl.* No, no; *Andromeda*, who was chained to the rock.

*Mr. Swellings.* Chained to the rock was she? Bathing off the Nayland Rock at Margate, I suppose, in a high tide. Put Ann down, my boy! Now what about this long gap?

*Mr. Mahl.* Hum! in a bad light—wants some treatment of figures without much drapery.

*Mr. Swellings.* Amen, say I! Give it a name.

*Mr. Mahl.* How about the *Judgment of Paris*?

*Mr. Swellings.* The very button, old man; and don't forget the Bore de Boulone and the Eiffel Tower! Here 's the last bit of blank wall.

*Mr. Mahl.* An oblong strip difficult of treatment, might be filled in with a group of Bacchantes.

*Mr. Swellings.* Back aunties! What the dickens are they?

*Mr. Mahl.* Bacchantes—persons more or less under the influence of the juice of the grape.

*Mr. Swellings.* Why not say *tight*. I twig what you mean—all rolling along, taking off one another's hats, eh?

*Mr. Mahl.* Precisely. I thought your appreciation of the classical would help us.

*Mr. Swellings.* I don't know much about the Classic Hall, but, Great Scott! I can appreciate a good Music Hall. Consider the order filed, Brother MAHL, at your own price.

*Mr. Mahl* (bowing low). The patronage of art is the prerogative of a Meccenas.

[Exit.

*Mr. Swellings.* Mess Scene Ass! What the deuce did he mean by that? Well! I wouldn't advise him to mess my walls, that's all—or he'll be the Mess Scene Ass.

[Roars with laughter at his own wit.

Orders his coach and four.

## THE ORGAN THAT PLAYS IN THE STREET.

(A Ballade.)

THERE is hardly a thing that I fear;  
 I'd encounter a ghost with the best,  
 My courage would swiftly appear  
 If danger should ever molest,  
 Or burglary trouble my rest.  
 I am brave—but I'm frightened to meet  
 (Though I'm yards upon yards round the chest)

The organ that plays in the street.

It is not that my sensitive ear  
 Is pained by the terrible pest  
 Of the noise it produces (though here  
 Let my Catholic taste be expressed).  
 It is not that I get so depressed,  
 Though myself I've found nothing to beat,  
 As Christian Fortitude's test,  
 The organ that plays in the street.

But it is that the tunes which I hear  
 Are the same that augmented the zest  
 With which in a previous year  
 I did many things, being blest  
 And beloved, and I'm terrified lest  
 My reason abandon its seat,  
 With memories saddened, obsessed  
 By the organ that plays in the street.

Envoi.

Unlucky, I failed in my quest,  
 A jilt was my Phyllida sweet,  
 And I'm doubly and trebly distressed  
 By the organ that plays in the street.



## AN OLD FABLE RETOLD.

A GRASSHOPPER the summer through,  
When days were warm and skies were blue,  
And while the wind was in the south  
Lived idly on from hand to mouth.  
Where meadow grass stood thick and deep

All day she'd chirp, and dance and sleep.  
But when the winds of autumn blew  
And pierced and chilled her through and through,

Finding her nourishment grow scant  
She went to beg of cousin ant,

Only to get, instead of bread,  
Volumes of good advice instead.

"Why did you not" (said ant), "like me,"  
Or like the meritorious bee,  
Improve each shining hour and store  
Your bursting larder more and more?  
When summer suns were shining bright  
Mole-like I burrowed out of sight;  
The strength you wasted at the ball  
I used huge grains of wheat to haul.  
You chose, instead, to have your fling,  
And sing all day—now go and sing;  
And don't, because the weather's broke,  
Come sponging round on thrifty folk!"

"Cousin," the grasshopper replied,  
"What nature teaches wherefore chide;  
An ant prefers all work no play—  
A grasshopper's not built that way."

They part—the ant to seek its hoard,  
Her cousin to the casual ward.  
But going to the bank in haste,  
Where all her savings she had placed,  
The ant discovered, to her cost,  
The bank was broken—all was lost.  
Too old to start a hoard anew,  
The workhouse was her refuge, too.

## MORAL.

Think, ant, in spite of your laborious gleanings,  
The word "improvident" has several meanings.

## CAVE CANEM.

A REALLY astonishing dog story has come under my notice—one which contains an object-lesson (if anyone can find it—try, for yourselves, after reading this). That officers of all ranks should be able to learn caution from the sagacity of a dog will appear strange. But it is no exaggeration to assert this; it is a lie, pure and simple. Here is the story, in all its pristine beauty.

On April 1, a Lieutenant and party of Mounted Infantry were patrolling the country between Muttonje Nek and Nee-rust Pubje when a deerhound came bounding up to the Lieutenant from the direction of the Boers. He bowed to the officer, who at once saluted in reply. The two became great friends at once. The dog, with true canine sagacity, had evidently seen that the Boer cause was hopelessly lost, and took the first opportunity of



## REAL GRATITUDE.

Tramp (to Chappie, who has given him a shilling). "I 'OPE AS 'OW SOME DAY, SIR, YOU MAY WANT A SHILLIN', AN' THAT I 'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE IT TO YEE!"

coming over to the winning side. He followed the Lieutenant back to camp, and at once commenced to make himself useful.

All unsolicited, he immediately took charge of a ham belonging to his new master, and so altered the shape of it in ten minutes' time that the Lieutenant could hardly recognise it again. Then he turned his attention to a tin of sardines, after finishing which and drinking up the oil, he promptly retreated out of range of the Orderly's boot.

When this affair had blown over, some subtle instinct must have induced this wonderful dog to root out the Lieutenant's best parade trousers, and worry them so effectively that the unfortunate officer was ultimately obliged to exchange into a Highland regiment in order that he could appear amongst his fellows in a kilt,

improvised out of a tablecloth and a railway travelling rug. At the precise moment of the Lieutenant discovering his loss, the dog left, with a human foot in close proximity to his tail.

The moral of this is obvious—to all who can discover it.

NAME AND SITUATION.—THEATRICAL.—Grown on Two Roses—Mr. THOMAS THORNE. Only a face at the window—Mr. ED. PAYNE. Implies poultry farming—Mr. COLIN COOP. Unselfish, because after "I"—Miss ISABEL JAY. A melancholy bloom—Miss MOODY. A pink of courtesy—Mr. CHARLES MANNERS.

THE new bridge over the Thames is to be the biggest in London. Mr. Punch therefore respectfully suggests that it should be called the Bridge of Size.





*James T. Smith*

*Irish Manservant (who has been requested by a guest to procure him a Blue-bottle for fishing purposes—returning from his quest). "IF YE FLAZE, SORE, WOULD A GREEN SODA-WATER BOTTLE BE WHAT YE 'EE WANTIN'!"*

### THE MORAL BIKE.

Truth has discovered that temperance is promoted, and character generally reformed, by the agency of the bicycle—in fact, the guilty class has taken to cycling.

That is so. Go into any police-court, and you will find culprits in the dock who have not only taken to cycling but have also taken other people's cycles.

Ask any burglar among your acquaintance, and he will tell you that the term Safety Bicycle has a deeper and truer meaning for him, when, in pursuit of his vocation, he is anxious not to come in collision with the police.

Look, too, at the Scorchers on his Saturday afternoon exodus. Where could you have a more salient and striking example of pushfulness and determination to "get

there" over all obstacles? He is, in fact, an example of NIETZSCHE'S "Uebermensch," the Over-man who rides over any elderly pedestrian or negligible infant that may cross his path.

Then the Lady in Bloomers. She is a great reforming agent. She looks so unsightly, that if all her sisters were dressed like her flirtation would die out of the land and there would be no more cakes and ale.

Think also of all the virtues called into active exercise by one simple Puncture: Patience, while you spend an hour by the wayside five miles from anywhere; Self-control, when "swears, idle swears, you know not what they mean, swears from the depth of some divine despair rise in the heart and gather to the lips," as TENNYSON has so sympathetically put it; Fortitude, when you have to shoulder or

push the Moral Agent home; and a lot of other copy-book qualities.

Lastly, the adventurer who proceeds without a light within curfew hours, the Sportsman who steals a march on the side-walk, and the Novice who tries a fall with the first omnibus encountered—are all bright instances of British independence, and witnesses to Truth.

Truly, the bike is an excellent substitute for the treadmill and the reformatory!

### HORACE IN LONDON.

CARMEN TUBULARE.

THERE are who sing of Breton seas

And bath-confections faintly *risquées*,  
Or eulogise the genial breeze  
That corrugates the Bay of Biscay;—

Others compel the panting mule  
Up Rigi's over-peopled summit,  
Or drop in Scylla's circling pool  
The slightly agitated plummet;—

I know of patriots who take  
On Margate sands a strong position;  
They scorn (for England's honour's sake)  
To view the Paris Exhibition;—

Some fly the World's entangling mesh  
Within the hermit's sylvan closet;  
Others (at Homburg) quell the Flesh  
In point of adipose deposit;—

For me—the Poet in the Street—  
Whose private tastes are not extensive,  
Who only ask a cool retreat  
At once refined and inexpensive;—

Whose homely fancies may not fly  
Beyond the range of Sabbath leisure—  
London! my London! 'tis from thy  
Twopenny Tube I pluck my pleasure!

Ingenious puncture! where I ride  
As in a rapt Elysian transit,  
Breathing a climate rarefied,  
(An artificial Zephyr fans it);—

Far from the crowd's ignoble strife,  
The lust of greed, the claims of faction,  
Here is the true sequestered life,  
Developed by electric traction!

Unheard the tumult overhead,  
The 'bus, the cab, the coster's barrow;  
Just such a peace as wraps the dead  
Reigns in the Town's secluded marrow.

And men may reach this blessed clime  
By facile lifts at every station;  
Not old Avernus, in its prime,  
Had similar accommodation!

At last the "Underworld" is found  
That painters paint and bards embellish,  
Not like the other Underground  
Which, as a rule, is simply hellish.

Friend, could we choose a fate below  
Suited to any class of weather,  
In such a tube we two should go  
For twopence, all the time, together!

O. S.





## A CHINESE PUZZLE.

SENTRY. "WHO GOES THERE?"

LI HUNG CHANG. "FRIEND! YOU KNOW ME VERY WELL—A FRIEND TO EVERYBODY!"

SENTRY. "H'M! GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN!"









SCENE—Verandah of Swiss Hotel.

Brown (finishing very lengthy account of Alpine adventure). "AND THEN, MISS JONES, THEN, JUST AS DAWN WAS BREAKING, I HEARD THE VOICES OF THE GUIDES ABOVE ME, AND I KNEW THAT I WAS SAVED—ACTUALLY SAVED! MY FEELINGS, AS I REALISED THIS, MAY BE MORE EASILY IMAGINED THAN DESCRIBED!"

Miss Jones (serenely). "THANK HEAVEN!"

[And Brown foully imagined she was alluding to his escape.]

## RE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Hints for Candidates and Agents.

BY A. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR,

Barrister-at-Law, late Candidate for numerous important forensic appointments.

EVERY day we get closer to that moment when we shall have to decide upon our Parliamentary representative. This being so, it is only natural that we should carefully consider the subject of treating and being treated. Taking myself as a sample man—a man very much in the street—I have felt no inclination to treat. But then I am no millionaire, not even when the capital is counted in coppers.

My learned friend Mr. R. C. RICHARDS,

Q.C., M.P., whose *Guide to Contested Elections* has been invaluable to me, gives the statutory definition as follows:—

"Any meat, drink, entertainment or provision to or for any person for the purpose of corruptly influencing that person or any other person to give or refrain from giving his vote at the election, or on account of such person or any other person having voted or refrained from voting or being about to vote or refrain from voting at such election, shall be guilty of treating."

As my learned friend justly observes, "the receiver of any meat, drink, &c., is equally guilty and liable to the same punishment as the person who treats or bribes." So the presentation of even a meat lozenge at election time may end in the most disastrous consequences.

"Treating the wives of electors, in order to influence their husbands to vote, is an offence." So he who would represent his fellow man in Parliament must avoid tête-à-tête lunches with the fellow man's wife. The law raises an objection to the practice. And here I may remark that the objection probably would be shared by the fellow man *quid* husband.

Baron POLLOCK, in the St. George-in-the-East Election Petition, condemned the practice technically known as "standing drinks." His lordship expressed his regret that the candidate should frequent taverns to ingratiate himself. He even went so far as to suggest that it was a matter to deplore "that a candidate should ever be seen in a public house." He added, however, with a fine appreciation of the failing incident to human nature, "he should not be seen in the public house, except where it is absolutely necessary."

Of course, requisite refreshment should be obtained at second, not first, hand. But, of course, there may be cases where a visit to a tavern is "absolutely necessary"—say in very hot weather, and these exceptional cases Baron POLLOCK recognised.

"Candidates are bound by the actions of their agents, and consequently should be careful in their selection of their representatives." At Montgomery—although there was a division of forensic opinion—the judges seemed to consider that an agent who, when "in his cups," treated nearly everyone he came across was not a suitable person for selection. They laid it down "that the reprehensible selection ought to recoil upon those who had been guilty of such culpable carelessness."

Any right-thinking man will agree with the judges. A person who would "in his cups" treat anyone, might treat the competing candidate—a self-evident absurdity. Still, I can scarcely understand where the "influence" is manifest. To the best of my judgment, I am under the impression that an agent "in his cups" would find it difficult to explain a political policy with sufficient clearness to be understood. For instance, at this moment even a well-educated man would find it difficult—nay, almost impossible—"in his cups" to explain the Liberal programme.

At this point I break off, as what I have written should be carefully considered and serve as a foundation to a superstructure of self-evolved hints. Should the time arrive suddenly for a general election, then I can only advise an immediate recourse to my friend Mr. H. C. RICHARDS' excellent manual.

NOTE FROM OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (still at large).—Q. Under what tree should a love-lorn swain write his sonnets?

A. The Sick-Amour.

[Scotland Yard communicated with.]



## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## THIRD FRAGMENT.

1. AND at the coming of the Ortūm-Sīsūn,  
did begin the festival of the Dharāma.

2. When the Ākhta-manajahs

3. who had got all their heads turned,  
did open their

4. houses,

5. the makers of speeches, in front of  
the curtain

6. when they talked such . . . . .  
(two words unfortunately missing) about  
how they loved all the boxes,

7. Also the dress-circle, and felt like  
relations

8. while they pocketed the proceeds

9. how their heart-strings did twine  
round these dwellers in suburbs

10. who didn't know them from Adám.

11. Then did the deadheads get their  
clothes out of Camphor

12. and borrow a *Jhibus*, and the spaces  
did fill up

13. . . . . they looked about as much  
like the real thing

14. as . . . . . well . . . . .

15. And the chief of the Ākhtas was  
Enri-ur-vîn,

16. the master of mountings, the  
trailer of hind legs,

17. the wearer of *pínznehs*, eschewer of  
hair-nets,

18. whose voice came from somewhere

19. concealed in the basement,

20. who lifted his eye-brows, and  
stamped on the planking

21. in various places selected beforehand.

22. And his eyes came round slowly,  
amidst great excitement,

23. and on their arrival a smile that was  
fitful

24. crept over his features and a grunt  
that meant something

25. relieved all the tension.

26. Then Bhirb-ôm-Tāri who dwelt in  
the market

27. where hay was so plentiful . . . . .

28. did Er-majstis open; the master of  
*mēh-kūp*

29. transformer of features . . . . .

30. who swayed like the willow, and  
spread like the eagle

31. . . . . stood full in the lime-light,  
.. well in the centre

32. he glided like magic

33. and made all their flesh creep.

34. And Jorjal-ekhs-Āndar who fancies  
. . . . . rather

35. as kings and ambassadors

36. and middle-aged love-birds . . . . .

37. and people of the tribe of the  
Mhél-táukirehs

38. black-sheep with a pasture

39. in the street of the King his house  
did he open.

40. And Wilz-àn-Barát he also to the  
city returned

41. the wearer of *bhanguis*

42. the idol of Khôkniz,

43. the wearer of ball-dresses,

44. supposed to be Roman,

45. distinctly *dékoltéh*,

46. the barer of elbows.

47. Raised up on his *haihils*

48. with a woman's *tīyarah*, in front of  
his *koiphūr*,

49. . . . . did he talk of  
religion

50. (like Mahr-i-Karéli, the writer of  
tablets,

51. who sought for seclusion but never  
succeeded, who never could think how  
things get in the papers).

52. The delight of the Deacons, and also  
the sidesmen

53. who brought all their children and  
sat in the circles

54. . . . . and saw things undreamt of

55. saw plays with a purpose, likewise  
with a vengeance,

56. and it paid like . . . . .

(Words undecipherable.)

WELSH RARE-BITS AT THE PALACE.—It is pleasant to note that the ever-indefatigable Mr. CHARLES MORTON—the great Refiner of Music-hall Sugar—has engaged Madame CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES and the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir to appear

at the beautiful playhouse which Mr. D'OYLY CARTE built for English Opera. We all know that Taffy was a Welshman, and also a thief, and from what we hear from Paris, where they have been stealing the hearts of our neighbours, we learn

that the Misses TAFFY are also brigands. So we warn susceptible lovers of music that they will be in great danger next month. A great historical picture might be painted of Mr. MORTON Welsh harpoon-ing the souls of London.



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Ghosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.  
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER I.

## FROM CALCUTTA TO CAMBRIDGE: OVERSEA ROUTE.

*At sea the stoutest stomach jerks,  
Far, far away from native soil,  
When Ocean's heaving waterworks  
Burst out in Broddnagian boil!*

*Stanza written at Sea, by H. B. J. (unpublished.)*

THE waves of Neptune erected their seething and angry crests to incredible altitudes; overhead in fuliginous storm-clouds the thunder rumbled its terrific bellows, and from time to time the gnastly flare of lightning illuminated the entire neighbourhood. The tempest howled like a lost dog through the cordage of the good ship *Rohukund* (Capt. O. WILLIAMS), which lurched through the vasty deep as though overtaken by the drop too much.

At one moment her poop was pointed towards celestial regions; at another it aimed itself at the recesses of Davey Jones's locker; and such was the fury of the gale that only a paucity of the ship's passengers remained perpendicular, and Mr. CHUNDER BINDABUN GHOSH was recumbent on his beam end, prostrated by severe sickishness, and hourly expecting to become initiated in the Great Secret.

Bitterly did he lament his hard lines in venturing upon the Black Water, to be snipped off in the flower of his adolescence, and never again to behold the beloved visages of his relations!

So heartrending were his tears and groans that they moved all on board, and Honble Mr. Commissioner COPSEY, who was returning on leave, kindly came to inquire the cause of such vociferous lachrymation.

"What is the matter, Baboo?" began the Commissioner in paternal tones. "Why are you kicking up the shindy of such a deuce's own hullabaloo?"

"Because, honble Sir," responded Mr. GHOSH, "I am in lively expectation that waters will rush in and extinguish my vital spark."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Commissioner, genially. "This is only the moiety of a gale, and there is not the slightest danger."

Having received this assurance, Mr. GHOSH's natural courage revived, and, coming up on deck, he braved the tempest with the cool composer of a cucumber, admonishing all his fellow-passengers that they were not to give way to panic, seeing that death was the common lot of all, and, though everyone must die once, it was an experience that could not be repeated, with much philosophy of a similar kind which astonished many who had falsely supposed him to be a pusillanimous.

The remainder of the voyage was uneventful, and, soon after setting his feet on British territory, Mr. GHOSH became an alumnus and undergraduate of the *Alma Mater* of Cambridge.

I shall not attempt to relate at any great length the history of his collegiate career, because, being myself a graduate of Calcutta University, I am not, of course, proficient in the customs and etiquettes of any rival seminaries, and should probably make one or two trivial slips which would instantly be pounced and held up for derision by carping critics.

So I shall content myself with mentioning a few leading facts and incidents. Mr. GHOSH very soon wormed himself into the good graces of his fellow college boys, and his principal friend and *fidus Achates* was a young high-spirited aristocrat entitled Lord JACK JOLLY, the only son of an earl who had lately been promoted to the dignity of a baronetcy.

Lord JOLLY and Mr. GHOSH were soon as inseparable as a Daemon and Pythoness, and, though no nabob to wallow in filthy

lucre, Mr. GHOSH gave frequent entertainments to his friends, who were hugely delighted by the elegance of his hospitality and the garrulity of his conversation.

Unfortunately the fame of these Barmecide feasts soon penetrated the ears of the College gurus, and Mr. GHOSH's Moolovee sent for him and severely reprimanded him for neglecting to study for his Littlego degree, and squandering his immense abilities and talents on mere guzzling.

Whereupon Mr. GHOSH shed tears of contrition, embracing the feet of his senile tutor, and promising that, if only he was restored to favour he would become more diligent in future.

And honourably did he fulfil this *nudum pactum*, for he became a most exemplary bookworm, burning his midnight candle at both ends in the endeavour to cram his mind with belles lettres.

But he was assailed by a temptation which I cannot forbear to chronicle. One evening as he was poring over his learned tomes, who should arrive but a deputation of prominent Cambridge boatmen and athletics, to entreat him to accept a stroke oar of the University eight in the forthcoming race with Oxford college!

This, as all aquatics will agree, was no small compliment—particularly to one who was so totally unversed in wielding the dashing oar. But the authorities had beheld him propelling a punt boat with marvellous dexterity by dint of a paddle, and, taking the length of his foot on that occasion, they had divined a Hercules and ardently desired him as a confederate.

Mr. GHOSH was profoundly moved: "College misters and friends," he said, "I welcome this invitation with a joyful and thankful heart, as an honour—not to this poor self, but to Young India. Nevertheless, I am compelled by *Dira Necessitas* to return the polite negative. Gladly I would help you to inflict crushing defeat upon our presumptuous foe, but 'I see a hand you cannot see that beckons me away; I hear a voice you cannot hear that wheezes 'Not to day'!' In other words, gentlemen, I am now actively engaged in the Titanic struggle to floor LITTLEGO. It is glorious to obtain a victory over Oxonian rivals, but, misters, there is an enemy it is still more glorious to pulverize, and that enemy is—one's self!"

The deputation then withdrew with falling crests, though unable to refrain from admiring the firmness and fortitude with which a mere Native student had nilled an invitation which to most European youths would have proved an irresistible attraction.

Nor did they cherish any resentment against Mr. GHOSH, even when, in the famous inter-collegiate race of that year from Hammersmith to Putney, Cambridge was ingloriously bumped, and Oxford won in a common canter.

(To be continued.)

## MY HOLIDAY PÆAN.

How I love the silly season,	Gay and debonnaire I wander—
Dote upon the empty street,	Not a hum my thoughts to
And the lack of rhyme or	drown;
reason	All my holiday I squander
In the daily press's sheet,	In meandering up and down,
Full of yarns that 'twould be	Growing yet more fond and
treason	fonder
With a lack of warmth to	Of my dear deserted town.
greet.	Blessed sense of ease and
How I love my Piccadilly,	pleasure!
Or the Bond Street that I	Sweet security of street!
pace	Yarns of what sea-serpents
In a hat of cock or billy	measure
And in tweed's unstudied	To a decimal of feet!
grace,	London, you're a perfect
Which would meet the stare	treasure
that's chilly	When the House has left its
On the season's social face.	seat!





Bernard Partridge fecit

you see my advertisement in the agony column of the *Standard*?"

"No, I didn't," she answered, very much elated at his cordial, earnest manner. "I never see the *Standard*."

"I advertised for a daily governess," he pursued.

"And you had nine hundred and ninety-nine answers?"

"Not quite so many, and, unfortunately, not the one I wanted."

"I wish I had seen it."

"Would you have answered it?"

"Of course I should. My bread-and-butter depends upon pupils. The more I have, the more butter I can put upon the bread."

"Do you know I have stayed in London on purpose to see you again? I ought to be paying visits in Scotland."

"Yes, you ought."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that it is perfectly useless for Lord GARCHESTER's eldest son to remain in London to make silly speeches to Miss CLARKE, a daily governess."

"How do you know I am Lord GARCHESTER's son?"

"I was told so on very good authority. Is it not true?"

"Yes, it is true; but it is no reason why I should not enjoy the society of Miss CLARKE, since that is your name."

"It might turn the head of poor Miss CLARKE, who is friendless and penniless, and it can do you no good."

"Is your head so easily turned?"

"No, I don't think it is. I am glad to see you again, because

AM so glad to find you in the old place," he said, with easy familiarity. "I

have been looking for you all the week. Did

—well, because I am afraid you thought me rude the other day; and, if so, I apologise. But as for your presenting any danger to me; you don't, in the least."

"I am glad of that. Then you will dine with me to-night?"

"No, thank you."

"Why not?"

"Because it is unbecoming to accept hospitality which you cannot return," with a mocking smile.

"But I don't want you to return it."

"I know you don't. You would like me to be under an obligation to you."

"You must take me for a precious cad!"

"Not at all. I take you for what you are—an ordinary man of the world. Unfortunately, I am not of your world; so we cannot dine together."

"Yes, we can. I like to talk to you. You are hard and sarcastic, but I like those sort of women. I should be under an obligation to you, if you accepted."

"That I should also dislike, so you see it is impossible. Let us talk of something else."

"What is there to talk about?" rather huffily.

"Oh, lots of things. Your dog—where is he?"

"I left him at home in case we should dine together."

"A very useless precaution. What have you been doing all this week?"

"Looking for you. And you?"

"Oh, the usual teaching. My life never varies. But, somehow, I rather fancy a period of excitement is approaching."

"Am I the period of excitement?"

"Oh, no! You are quite out of my life. But I really think someone is falling in love with me—honestly in love."

"I congratulate you. Would it be a suitable match?"

"Very. There would be no fear of his looking down upon me."

"It is not the kitchen-maid's policeman of whom you were speaking the other day?"

"Oh, dear no! It is the father of two of my pupils. He has



lately paid me an amount of attention which it would be idle to attribute altogether to interest in his children's education."

"It does not sound tempting, to start life with another woman's children. How many are there?"

"Only two. The two little darlings you saw last Sunday."

"Are you fond of them?"

"Not in the least."

"All your affection goes to the father?"

"No, it doesn't. I don't care for him either."

"You are a very peculiar young person. Do you care for anybody?"

"Don't ask impertinent questions."

"I beg your pardon, but I must ask you another impertinent question. Shall you accept this ready-made family if it is offered you?"

"I have not yet made up my mind. Would you advise me to do so?"

"Not if you don't care for the man."

"I don't care for him, and I am sure I never should. Still, the change in position would be decidedly welcome. Of course, you cannot imagine the sort of life I lead. You meet me here, and find me an amiable subject to chaff, able to answer you in your own spirit, and I daresay you think I have a very jolly time. If so, you are very much mistaken. For the last three years, since my father died, I have never had one hour's enjoyment. It has all been hard, dull, grinding work, with a maximum of fatigue and a minimum of pay. I live in one poky little room in a street behind the Brompton Road, and I have the use of a sitting-room for my meals, but not to sit in. I never go to a theatre. I am too tired in the evening, even if I could afford it, and twice a year there come horrible holidays, when I have to pinch and screw more than ever to be able to pay my rent. Don't you think a widower, even with a hundred children, would be a better fate?"

"I suppose it would; still, you might meet someone you really liked—that would be better."

"It is not the least likely."

"You must let me take you to the theatre sometimes *en camarade*. If you will let me, I can make your life a little brighter."

"I scarcely see myself going to the theatre with you," she laughed. "This is my best dress," looking down at her plain black stuff dress.

"I might give you an evening dress for your birthday. Friends do that sort of thing. Will you let me be your friend?"

"I have never had any friends; I scarcely know what the term means."

"It means someone who likes you, and who is anxious to prove his friendship."

"My landlady has a daughter, who is engaged to be married. She speaks of her young man as 'my friend.'"

Then there was an awkward pause. Lord MARTIN had not the slightest intention of putting that sort of construction on his friendship. He was amused by this girl's absence of affectation and outspoken manner. He would readily do anything he could for her, and with no sinister motive; but there must be no question of marriage or engagement.

Presently Miss CLARKE broke the silence by saying: "I am afraid my remark has thrown a *douche* on your friendship?"

"Not at all," he answered smiling. "People can be friends without marrying each other."

"Of course they can," she said; "only, they must be of the same rank and position."

"Not necessarily."

"Yes, they must; otherwise the friendship becomes charity, or something even worse."

"Charity is not a bad thing. Are we not told that it covers a multitude of sins?"

"Yes, but I should not care to see it practised on me. I wish to be independent. It is about the only enjoyment I have."

"But surely you are dependent on the people who employ you?"

"Not more than they are upon me for their children's education. Of course, they might find other teachers; but, equally, I might find other pupils. My charges are not prohibitive!"

And so they continued to fence, he rapidly losing his heart to her, and she thoroughly amused at the novel sensation of an unconventional flirtation. When the time came for parting he again urged her to spend the evening with him, but ELIZA was firm, firmer even than she had been the Sunday before, and she would not even discuss the possibility of going to the theatre with him in the week, or of meeting him anywhere until the following Sunday, when they could resume their present innocent intercourse. And then, when she had left him and was face to face again with the dreary six days which must elapse before she saw him again, she almost regretted her uncompromising principles.

It would be such a treat to go and dine in a fashionable restaurant, to have a smart dress to wear, and finish the evening at a theatre. And she liked the man; he was kind and respectful now that he saw her true position. But, of course, it could lead to nothing. Regret, and possibly shame, would be the only sequel. At any rate, she had another Sunday to look forward to. Her life was not the total blank it had been; and then she began to doubt if he would be there again next Sunday. He had said that he should go into the country for the middle of the week, and not return till the following Saturday. Perhaps he would not return. He might meet some young lady of his own world who would fascinate him, and she would never see him again. That would be dreadful—or would it be better? She could not quite decide. Next Sunday she would ask him if he had ever been engaged. Men liked talking about themselves. She was sorry she had not asked him to-day.

In the course of the week, the period of excitement to which she had alluded showed signs of further development. Mr. NUTCOMBE now came regularly to the schoolroom when she was there, and took an increasing interest in his children's studies as well as Miss CLARKE's welfare. The seed-cake which had been occasionally offered her by his sister was now a recognised institution, and was supplemented by a glass of sherry. On one very wet day this hospitality was extended to an invitation to dinner, and on the invitation being refused he begged Miss CLARKE to accept the sum of two shillings for a cab fare to her next engagement. The two shillings was willingly accepted, ELIZA having, as I have already stated, a conviction that her services were miserably underpaid. The climax to these friendly attentions came towards the end of



the week, when Mr. NUTCOMBE, with a certain amount of good-natured pomposity, informed her that he had made arrangements for a Sunday expedition to the country.

"I am going to drive you and the children down to Kew Gardens," he said. "We mean to have a very jolly time."

The children clapped their hands, and showed unmistakable signs of satisfaction; but Miss CLARKE sadly shook her head. She was very sorry, but she had an engagement.

Mr. NUTCOMBE pooh-poohed the idea. "I have ordered the trap," he said; "and you cannot disappoint the children."

But Miss CLARKE was firm. Trap or no trap, she would not give up her meeting in the park with Lord MARTIN.

"It is quite impossible," she said hurriedly. "Some other Sunday, if you are kind enough to ask me."

"The days are drawing in; and, besides, I am not always free," he persisted, and his voice was a little shaky.

"I am sorry," said ELIZA, and she hastily pointed out two faults of spelling in REGGIE'S dictation to change the conversation. But this ruse was not altogether successful. Mr. NUTCOMBE was only temporarily baffled.

"Very well," he said, rising and going towards the door.

"Will you come and speak to me in the drawing-room before you leave? I have a few words I should like to say to you."

Eliza bowed, and wondered what she was in for; and then, when he had gone, the children fell upon her with reproaches.

"You are horrid, Miss CLARKE. Papa won't go without you; and we shall have to go to church as usual, and learn the collect in the afternoon."

"We will go some other Sunday," said ELIZA indifferently. "Go on with your lessons."

When she found herself, a little later on, alone in the drawing-room with Mr. NUTCOMBE she was not left long in doubt as to his reasons for wishing to see her. He told her simply, and with very little show of emotion, that he wished her to become his wife, to replace the dead mother of his children to whom he had been so devotedly attached.

There was something comic, ELIZA thought, in the allusion to this attachment; but the moment was solemn, and mirth out of the question.

He told her that they knew little of each other, but that need be no drawback. He knew she gained her livelihood honourably, and as a hard-working girl, and he had no fear in entrusting his life's happiness to her. His children wanted a mother, and he wanted a companion, "and if you do not exactly love me now, you will probably learn to do so in time," he added.

It was all rather condescending and grandiose, and ELIZA never felt so uncomfortable in her life. When he had finished expatiating on his own merits, and the advantages the marriage would bestow on her, he paused for a reply.

"I am very flattered," she began. Penny novelettes had taught her that was the proper way of beginning, but she wasn't quite sure how to go on.

"You will try to love me?" he said, approaching her.

"Love ought to be spontaneous," she said, recoiling from him. "I am afraid I cannot marry you."

"You cannot marry me?" he repeated, rather aghast.

"No, it is impossible," she said simply.

"Then your affections are pledged elsewhere?"

"No, they are not," she said rather amused. "No one has ever asked me for them."

"Then, surely, you need only time to think it over to decide in my favour. I am not a young man, and I have buried a great love with my late dear wife, but I would make you a kind husband. You would never regret your choice."

"I am sure you would be kind to me. You have always been so, since first I made your acquaintance; but it would not be fair to marry you, as I do not love you."

"I daresay I have taken you by surprise. Will you think it over and give me a definite answer—say, in a week?"

"If you like—only, please don't come into the schoolroom in the meantime. It only disturbs the children in their studies."

"Your conditions are rather hard, but I will accept them."

"Thank you," she said, and she held out her hand. "Most girls in my position would jump at your offer, but if I feel I could not make you happy I think it would be dishonest of me to accept you." And then she left him.

When Sunday came she had all this to tell Lord MARTIN, and she watched him narrowly to see the effect of her story. He was interested of course, and a flush of pleasure spread over his face when she said she had declined the proposal. And then he had one to make to her, for he fancied that her refusal would not have been so emphatic if she had never met him in the park. Only, unfortunately, the word marriage did not enter into his little combination. What he offered was a house, to be her own, furnished as she liked, a fair income settled on her for life and the devotion of his whole existence. ELIZA was not offended at the insult offered her. She had never thought of him in connection with matrimony, and yet he fascinated her and she was more or less in love with him.

"It is a tempting offer," she said, with an almost imperceptible curl of her lip; "so tempting that you must give me a week, like Mr. NUTCOMBE, to think it over."

"Let the answer be Yes," he said.

"It will probably be No," she answered. "Give me an address, and I will write to you."

He gave her the address of his club, and within two or three days, sooner than he had expected, he received a letter from her. It contained only four words: "The answer is No."

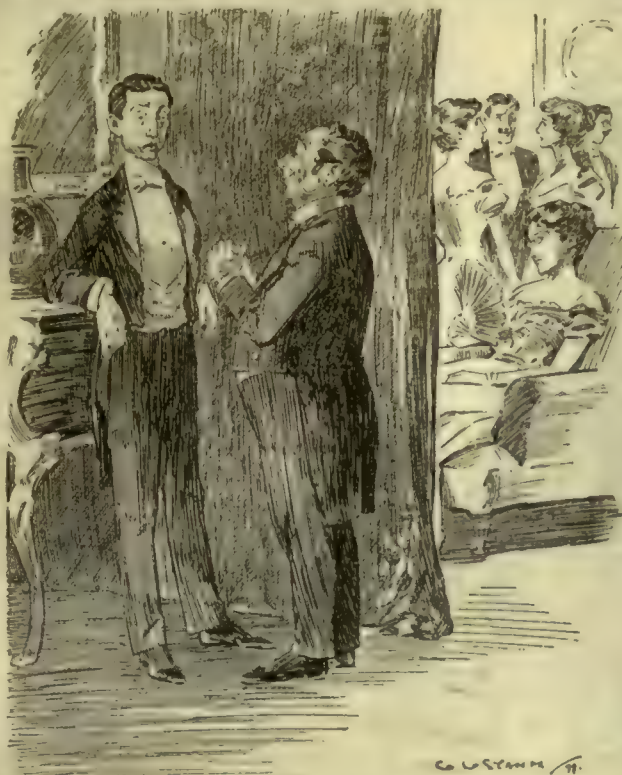
ELIZA had battled with herself, and she had won a victory. It had been hard to do so, however, for she loved the man, and the life he offered her was tempting compared to the one she now lived. Evil counsels had suggested that she was friendless, that she had no relations to disgrace; but a better feeling prevailed.

"I should disgrace myself," she decided resolutely, and she sat down and wrote the letter. And then Mr. NUTCOMBE had to be dismissed in equally forcible terms. This was also hard, because she thereby lost two pupils and considerably diminished her income.

But the world is often hard—especially to the poor.

*L. C. Philips.*





"YES, SHE'S A NICE GIRL: BUT I CAN'T GET ON WITH HER. SHE HAS SO LITTLE TO SAY FOR HERSELF."

"OH, BUT I'VE BEEN TALKING TO HER FOR THE LAST HOUR, AND SHE DOESN'T INTERRUPT. NOW, THAT'S WHAT I THINK SO CHARMING!"

#### DO'S AND DON'T'S FOR VOLUNTEERS.

1. Don't go to camp. But if you do
2. Don't get up when Revally sounds. You'll find Adjutant's Parade in the early morning, the very early morning, such a beastly bore, and so bad for the liver that it's far wiser to stay in "palliasse"—(besides, hasn't your doctor often told you that it's madness to suppose you can play such tricks at your time of life?)—they can only give you a few years imprisonment for repeated mutinous conduct, and you could doubtless petition the Home Secretary for an aggravation of your sentence.
3. Don't submit to harsh or cursory remarks from the Adjutant. Do answer him back. You know quite well that in private life you would not put up with his hasty, ill-considered and offensive language, nor permit him to hector you because your collar was not clean; and if you *have* come on parade without cleaning your belt or rifle, what right has he to say that it makes him furious? Do point out to him how absurd it is to expect such minute attention to discipline on the part of so intelligent a Volunteer as yourself.
4. Don't overtax your strength or weaken your heart by "doubling" up impossible hills, merely because the Colonel (on a horse) thinks it looks pretty. Of course, you would be perfectly ready to do anything that was necessary, but how can the Empire's safety depend upon your losing your wind, when the enemy are some of your oldest friends with a handkerchief tied round their sleeves?
5. Do insist upon having hot-water to shave with, and an extra blanket when the nights get chilly. Very probably the Captain of your Company would turn out of his bed and take your palliasse if you asked him nicely.
6. Don't do any menial or degrading work, such as cleaning

cooking utensils or greasing your own boots. The Government ought to know that gentlemen can't be expected to do that kind of work, and should provide an efficient staff of servants.

7. Don't do anything you would rather not.
8. Do set all military discipline at defiance. You probably know much better than your officers.
9. Don't blame me if you find yourself in prison.
10. Do make a stern resolution never to come to camp again.
11. Don't keep it.

#### THE ALTERNATIVE.

Tell me, may I hope, love?  
 Throw away the rope, love,  
 That about my neck I did intend to tightly draw?  
 Give me just a word, love;  
 Say my passion's heard, love,  
 And that for no one but me you *really* care a straw.

Chocolate creams and tarts, love,  
 Gifts from each our hearts, love,  
 Marbles, tops, and hair ribbons, and many a mystic packet.  
 You were just turned seven, love;  
 I was not eleven, love,  
 When you first accepted me (I wore a Norfolk jacket).

Wandered we away, love,  
 From our parents' sway, love,  
 I to get for you a water-lily from the pool.  
 And when I was found, love,  
 Very nearly drowned, love,  
 All our plans fell through, for I was bundled off to school.

Spirit of my youth, love,  
 Waft to me the truth, love,  
 Come thy words to me diffusing perfume on the air.  
 When I hear thy voice, love,  
 Shall my heart rejoice, love?  
 Or will't carry tidings of misfortune and despair?

And if 'tis a nay, love,  
 To all I've to say, love,  
 To my forehead I shall press a pistol barrel bright,  
 And of me, forlorn, love,  
 In black you'll have to mourn, love,  
 A colour, love, in which you say you look a perfect fright!

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Seen and the Unseen*, by RICHARD MARSH (METHUEN), is a collection of stories generally well told, and for the most part, with the exception of one,—out of which the Baron, in the most indulgent humour, could make neither head nor tail,—more or less interesting. It is a book for the "Skipper" who reads to while away an idle hour, and for whom the *Seen and the Unseen* will become the *Read and the Unread*.

French taste, or the want of it, in the lighter kind of literature puzzles the Baron. In the course of his travels he recently came across a roman by LUCIEN MUELFELD, called *La Carrière d'André Tourette*. Its recommendation was on its cover, recording that this *exemplaire* was one of the "*Dix-septième Edition*" ("*Librairie Paul Ollendorff*"). The name of LUCIEN MUELFELD is new to the Baron, who, judging from this, has little desire to read *Le Mauvais Désir* by the same author, or his other forthcoming work, which may be out by now. It is a novel "*dont on peut grignoter un peu*," and be occasionally amused by its sketches of Parisian life in various quarters, but rarely interested in the characters, their doings or sayings. How the work arrived at its seventeenth edition is less a puzzle to the Baron than how it ever reached its second. Perhaps this may be only a question of how many "copies" go to "an edition."

THE BARON DE B.-W.





### OVERDOING IT.

*Sympathiser.* "SORRY YOU LOOK SO SEEDY AFTER YOUR HOLIDAY, OLD CHAP!"

*Too Energetic Sight-seer.* "WELL, I AM A BIT DONE UP, BUT THE DOCTOR SAYS THAT WITH REST AND GREAT CARE I MAY BE WELL ENOUGH TO HAVE A RUN-ROUND AS USUAL NEXT YEAR."

### A CAPER IN THE "CAPERCAILZIE."

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

*Thursday. Loch Snizort, Skye.*—PARTY all aboard in time for dinner last night. Eight all told. As the *Capercaillie*, R.Y.S., is 750 tons, this gives us nearly a hundred-ton accommodation per head. Satisfactory. As the Member for Sark observes, there's nothing worse than being overcrowded on a yacht. Two principles should guide the owner of a nice yacht when planning a cruise. (1.) Let him invite you. (2.) Let him therefore be moderate in extending invitations. A man ashore is sometimes worth two on a yacht.

Under ever-varying Autumn skysteamed through Sound of Mull; passed dread Ardnamurchan Point over Summer seas; skirted Muck, Eigg, and Rum (obvious joke here; egg and rum, you know; doubtless been made before); dropped anchor in Loch Seavaig; sat for awhile by the solemn, lonely tarn of Coruisk; on again skirting the towering hills of Skye; through the Little Minch; anchored for dinner in Loch Snizort.

Once the sailing qualities of the famed *Capercaillie* were tried. The

trumpet sounded the luncheon hour just as the yacht got into the open sea, with nothing but the tail of the Hebrides between us and the Atlantic. Spent appreciable portion of luncheon time with plate of meat in one hand and tankard of innocuous Lager in other. No fiddles on the table; plates, dishes, glasses, flower vases accordingly played their own tune. A mere paroxysm; only the Atlantic roaring at us through the Sound of Barro. By time coffee served, able to enjoy it on deck in full view of the mystic majesty of rugged Skye.

At Oban yesterday DONALD CURRIE, Lord of the Isles, paid a morning visit from his yacht, lying in the bay a few cables' length distant. (Don't know how much a cable measures, but phrase sounds well in a log.) "Going round Skye?" asked his Lordship. "Don't forget to look in at Scalpay. Sorry I shan't be there; just left, going South; but they'll treat you well."

A charming sail through Sound of Raasay; sea smooth as a lake; found Scalpay standing where it did, cosily lying behind the heel of Skye. Don't wonder we didn't see much of Lord of the Isles at Westminster last Session. Tea

on the Terrace nothing compared with breakfast at Scalpay. Only one house visible; belongs to the Lord; nevertheless, island densely populated. Air murky with the maleficent midge; making your way through the thickened atmosphere you breathe midges, drink midges, and they eat you.

*Friday. Loch Duich.*—No chance of oversleeping yourself on the well-ordered *Capercaillie*. At 8 o'clock every morning the colours are run up to the sound of the trumpet. Immediately after is heard an unfamiliar blast, which swiftly swells into swirl of the pipes. This is ALEC, the old Highlander, who having got into the swing marches down the deck steps below by the companion way, and tramps the full length of the sleeping berths. "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauking yet?" is the tune selected to affront the Saxon ear with direful sounds. Don't know how it may be with *Johnny Cope*, but every passenger is on the instant wide-awake, with an hour to dress for breakfast. The trumpeter is heard again announcing successive meals and sunset, the last being the signal for hauling down the colours.

Very plump Boy the trumpeter; credit to the feeding on board the training ship whence he has been drafted. So nearly round that as he walks the deck he rolls from side to side like a lamp in the swivel. Whatever the weather may be, sunshine or storm, he never wears a cap. Tradition says in early and inexperienced efforts with the trumpet he blew his cap clean overboard. Regulations of training ship do not permit renewal of head gear within a year. However that be, the effect of constant musical exercise plainly written on Boy's face and figure. When he is trumpeting dinner or other meal his cheeks preternaturally expand; his body swells visibly before the perturbed eye. When he has finished the blast, he begins slowly to subside. If he were called upon only once a day to blow the trumpet, there would be no permanent effect. But on the hospitable *Capercaillie* meals follow in quick succession. Boy just approaching his normal size after breakfast blow out, when three bells clang the luncheon hour. Boy fills up again. Afternoon it's worse, for there is, as mentioned, sunset thrown in before, at 8 o'clock, the hapless Boy fills out again to prodigious size to the tune, "The Roast Beef of Old England."

### DIPLOMATIC DELAYS.

THERE is reason to believe that the following telegrams have been recently sent from, and received at, the State Department in Washington.

*To London.*—Important communication from Russia enable immediate settlement Chinese question before presidential election. Will you agree?



To Berlin.—What your view Russian proposal and settlement before election?

To Paris.—Doubtless aware Russian suggestion. Do you agree? Election of President coming on shortly.

From London.—Regret Foreign Secretary absent. Will forward cable.

From Berlin.—Impossible répondre. Ministre aux bains de mer.

From Paris.—Ministre Affaires Étrangères à la campagne.

To London.—Where is he?

To Berlin.—Please send Minister's address immediately.

To Paris.—Please send his address at once.

From London.—Schlucht.

From Berlin.—Nordeney.

From Paris.—Rambouillet.

To London.—Where on earth is Schlucht?

From London.—Not quite sure. Will enquire and forward cable.

To Schlucht, *via* London.—Found you at last. Election not far off. Please reply quickly. What is your view?

From Schlucht.—View pleasant. Hills and trees. Nice place. Am enjoying rest.

To Nordeney, Germany.—What about Russian proposal? Preparing for election. See agitating cause for haste.

From Nordeney.—Mer absolument calme. Viens de pendre bain. Très agréable.

To Rambouillet, France.—Discover you are guest President. Our presidential election approaching. Do you support Russia? Say whether.

From Rambouillet.—Temps superbe. Ciel bleu. Presque trop chaud pour la chasse.

To Schlucht.—No time for jesting. Not nine weeks to election. If Russia leaves, where will you go?

From Schlucht.—Warm afternoon. Will go to sleep.

To Nordeney.—Cable incomprehensible, though translated. Greatly occupied approaching election. If Powers take various sides what will you take?

From Nordeney.—Prendrai très volontiers quelques verres bière et Schinkenbrot.

To Rambouillet.—Cable incomprehensible though translated. Election question all important. What will you do?

From Rambouillet.—Très chaud. Me reposerai jardin fumant cigare.

To Schlucht.—Only fifty-six days to election. Nearly distracted. Must request immediate reply. Or shall withdraw from Pekin.

From Schlucht.—Endeavouring discover decision of others. Which way cat jumps. Leave here to-morrow. Will reply from London. Advise avoiding undue haste. Remember massacred Americans.

To Nordeney.—Only fifty-five days to election. Almost crazy. Please reply immediately. Or shall withdraw troops before WALDERSEE arrives.



Little Timkins (to gorgeous Chapple). "EXCUSE ME, OLD BOY, BUT WHO ARE YOU IN MOURNING FOR?"

From Nordeney.—Doucement. Que disent les autres? Pourquoi si pressé? N'oubliez pas Américains tués. Pars d'ici demain.

To Rambouillet.—Only fifty-four days to election. Nearly going mad. Please reply immediately. Or shall withdraw.

From Rambouillet.—Faut attendre quelques jours. Angleterre, Allemagne ne bougent pas. Croyais États Unis furieux à cause massacre Américains. Rentre à Paris aujourd'hui.

To London, Berlin and Paris.—Election still nearer. No time separate cables. Regret Americans killed; Should also re-

gret Europeans killed, but election leaves no time useless sympathy. If our candidate defeated, all officials dismissed. Must attend to election exclusively. Peace plank paramount.

To St. Petersburg.—Others still undecided. But election nearly here. Can you help?

From St. Petersburg.—Enchanté. Restez tranquille. Arrangerai tout. Faut retirer armée internationale sauf Russes. Alors garnison russe peut occuper Pékin et tout le nord.

To St. Petersburg.—Right. Anything. Distracted. Election. H. D. B.



## TO THE BIRDS I HAVE MISSED.

SNIFE, partridge or grouse that I shot at,  
And failed, peradventure, to kill,



Though my habit's  
to find the right  
spot at  
A distance exact  
from the bill,  
Pray tell me the  
cause of my  
failing,  
Were my pellets  
in front or be-  
hind

As you twisted or went away sailing  
Majestically on the wind?

If you will but inform me, correction  
I faithfully promise to make.  
Elevation being changed and direction,  
Your life I will pleasantly take.  
I hate being cruel or chancy,  
To miss before other men's eyes—  
My fault's to be "late," so I fancy—  
But you must know best where it lies.

Indeed I can't think how I missed you,  
My failure I deeply deplore  
From the standpoint of one, who'd assist  
you

At once to Beatitude's shore.  
Perchance 'twas the soul of my grandam  
That haply inhabited you,  
I'm solaced supposing so, and am  
Delighted my aim wasn't true!

## THE CHAMPION PAGAN.

## CHAPTER LXXVII. (OR THEREABOUTS.)

ANGELICA HALFSOVrani sat in her studio in Rome! Rome, the same fair, sweet, gracious, charming, fascinating spot as when ROMULUS and REMUS played leap-frog with the gay insouciance of childhood, and BALBUS—pitiful type of humanity!—placed stone upon stone, seeking to erect his wall as a challenge to the illimitable vastness of the empyrean! Sumptuous splendour, a luxury almost reckless in its lavishness, were the chief characteristics of the studio. But more beautiful than its rich tapestries, more graceful than its Greek statues, more striking than its bejewelled carving, was the paintress who stood before her easel, gazing with rapt intensity at the last production of her consummate genius. Yes—it was finished! Henceforth would TITIAN, VELASQUEZ and the rest pale their ineffectual fires—quenched to eternity by the cascade of a Woman's Art. She felt that, did ANGELICA, and, feeling it, proclaimed it from the housetop. Not hers that false modesty, that petty parody of abnegation, which prevents your lesser geniuses from blowing resonant fanfares on their instruments of brass!

There was a step on the threshold—her lover entered the room.

"Dear GIOCOSO," said ANGELICA simply,

"my picture is finished. Tell me if you like it."

Gently she drew him to the easel. For seven minutes GIOCOSO regarded the painting in absolute silence—only his face grew ghastly pale, his eyes well-nigh started out of his head. Suddenly he fell to the ground in a dead faint.

"You, ANGELICA!" he gasped, as he began to regain consciousness. "You—you painted that superhuman masterpiece?"

"Yes, it was me," returned ANGELICA, with that delightful disregard of grammar so characteristic of genius.

"Then," shouted GIOCOSO fiercely, "I won't stand it! Isn't it enough that over in England a woman-novelist has already dwarfed the fame of every man who ever held a pen? And now are you—a miserable she-thing—to rob us of another part of our supremacy? I won't stand it, I tell you! First of all, I shall bribe every critic to slate you—a shilling-a-piece will do that job! And then, a chapter or two further on, I shall stick a large knife into you when you least expect it. Farewell!" and he rushed from the room.

Hardly had he vanished when a sinister figure stepped from behind the tapestry. It was Cardinal GIBBERINI.

"Ha!" he cried, with a cruel smile playing about his thin lips. "This is your picture, is it? This is your scheme to—"

Drawing herself up six inches, ANGELICA interrupted him. Her face was white, but her eyes flashed with the glare of equatorial lightning.

"Hypocrite!" she exclaimed. "Vile minion of an exploded system! Contemptible listener behind curtains! Spread your mischievous fables! Plot your nefarious machinations! Creep! Crawl! Squirm your snakelike way through the green meadows of unprotected virtue, ready, like the asps of old, to poison the guileless with your foul embrace! But, now, listen! Learn that



I—learn that ANGELICA HALFSOVrani—defies yer!"

She drew herself up another two inches! She pointed significantly with her thumb!

And, baffled, beaten, foiled, the haughty Cardinal crawled as quickly as he could on all-fours to the door.

## THE POST OFFICE AGAIN.

SIR,—I write to ask whether the Post Office is the servant of the Public, or the Public the servant of the Post Office. We have had innumerable complaints of delay and loss. But, Sir, there are few persons so outrageously wronged as I am by that muddle-headed agglomeration of preposterous red tape called the Post Office. Ten days ago I wrote a very important letter containing a cheque for £150. I went out to post it myself, to avoid all risks, and at the door of my house I met a friend who joined me in a stroll and a chat. I have since heard from my correspondent that he never received the letter (or the cheque. The Post Office, as usual, returns a stereotyped answer to my indignant enquiries and complaints. How much longer are we to groan under this tyranny?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
HANG DASH BLOWETT.

P.S.—I have just found the letter in my pocket. Perhaps I ought to mention this.



## KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

## VI.—THE BENGAL TIGER.

My gentle reader, pray confess,  
You do not know at all  
The joys of people who possess  
A tiger of Bengal.

So go and buy a tender cub,  
Then bring it up by hand;  
(Its glossy coat you have to scrub  
With soap—the "Tiger" brand).

And it will learn to love you so  
'Twill follow you to bed,  
And everywhere you choose to go  
Will choose to poke its head.

But if you bring it up aright  
'Twill quickly be your match;  
A time will come when it will bite,  
And very likely scratch.

The tiger grown, you must not balk  
Its healthy taste for food;  
Your "kindness" is but idle talk  
If otherwise construed.

To prove your love has no alloy  
Present yourself, I beg;  
There's naught the beast will so enjoy  
As just an arm or leg.

While if from loss of blood you die,  
A blessed martyr you!  
The tiger, in that case, might try  
Fresh quarters at the Zoo.





HOME RAILS.

*Touchstone Punch (to Southdown Railway Shepherd), "THOU ART IN A PARLOUS STATE, SHEPHERD!"*

*As You Like It. Act III. Sc. 2.*





### A REFORMED CHARACTER.

*John.* "GOIN' TO GIVE UP 'UNTIN'! DEARY! DEARY! AN' OW'S THAT, MISSIE?"

*Little Miss Di.* "WELL, YOU SEE, JOHN, I FIND MY COUSIN CHARLIE, WHO IS GOING TO BE A CURATE, DOES NOT APPROVE OF HUNTING WOMEN, SO I INTEND TO BE A DISTRICT VISITOR INSTEAD!"

### RE THE GENERAL ELECTION.

*Hints to Candidates and Agents.*

By A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR,

*Barrister-at-Law, late Candidate for numerous important forensic Appointments.*

WHEN I had the honour to commence these suggestions, which I trusted would be useful to those to whom they were particularly addressed, I had no idea what would be the immediate consequence. I had been encouraged by the success of the text-book of my learned friend, and, if he will permit me to call him so, my leader, Mr. H. C. RICHARDS, to believe that my efforts would be popular. I was right in my assumption. But, unfortunately, if I may say so, without falling foul of the decision of the late LINDLEY MURRAY, too right. By nearly every post I have received letters thanking me for my hints, and putting to me questions that I find it is almost impossible to answer. Even their number put an insuperable obstacle in my way.

Fortunately, this is the long Vacation, and therefore my presence is not imperatively demanded in the Law Courts. Still, it will not surprise those who know me when I declare that my practice is nearly as extensive when the Courts are up as when their Lordships appear daily in the Strand to exchange matutinal greetings

with those of the Outer Bar, who protect the best traditions of the profession to which Bench and Bar are equally proud to belong.

So I have determined to bring these hints to a conclusion. I have not been solely influenced by the receipt of the correspondence to which I have referred. We are so close upon the General Election that the thoughts of Candidates and Electors should not be disturbed with what are, after all, but side issues, but should be concentrated upon the matter so immediately at hand.

But before laying down my pen, I think it but courteous to do my best to answer the questions of two or three of my numberless correspondents as a guarantee of good faith. I may add that the queries that have been put to me are, with scarcely an exception, concerning bribery and corruption.

*Innocent.*—The fact that you figured in the late election petition should not, necessarily, prejudice you in a like case in the future. Of course, the possible position would be judged on its merits. Receiving a guinea for opening a door for a candidate to facilitate his passage from one room to another would, in my opinion, be an excessive payment for a comparatively small service. I feel confident that the judges would regard it with grave suspicion.

*A Scrupulous Voter.*—Of course, it would be possible that a candidate might have an uncontrollable impulse to give you five shillings, and you might have an equally uncontrollable impulse to accept that sum. But it would be better if the impulses could be avoided until after the declaration of the poll.

*Fair Play.*—There is nothing to prevent a voter using his privilege of voting, even when (although carefully and successfully concealed) his intellectual faculties are governed by alcohol. But that is not the point. Consuming stimulants at the expense of the candidate or his agents is distinctly bribery.

*Only once more.*—No certainly not. All you say—I express no opinion upon the point—may be true, but it would be illegal. You must not put up your vote to public or even private auction. I cannot accept your assertion that you were told by an eminent judge that such a course would be lawful. As a member of the Bar, I am bound to reject the statement.

And having answered the above, I must bring my article to a conclusion. I can only repeat my recommendation, to those who have not already acted upon it, to refer to my learned friend, Mr. H. C. RICHARDS's excellent text-book, *Guide to Contested Elections*, when requiring assistance. It might be possible, too—I merely throw out the suggestion for what it is worth—that those who have hitherto honoured me by writing to me, might in future turn their epistolary attention to him. There is no better authority upon all matters relating to a contested election—inclusive of bribery and corruption—than the distinguished gentleman I have the honour to call my learned friend.

### SWITZERLAND AND THE PLAGUE-SPOT.

If any amusement can be derived from a horror-striking point of view, it must be the declaration that Switzerland has placed Glasgow among the places prohibited from doing business with Helvetia. No doubt the precautionary measure against the importation of plague have been made by the famous "Amiral Suisse," of the *Vie Parisienne*, *celui du pantalon à trois ponts*. Our proletariat are, in their ignorance, fond of spouting about Swiss freedom. As a matter of fact, there is not a more illiberal country in the world. No stranger may dwell there for any length of time without a permit, and no citizen of a Catholic canton is tolerated in a Protestant one, and *vice versa*. Meantime, we encourage the thrifty waiters of the divided Republic. Perhaps the greatest jest of modern times is the fact that there is a statue of WILLIAM TELL in the marketplace of Bellinzona!





### AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

NO, THIS IS NOT HEROISM; THIS IS SIMPLY DISCRETION. LITTLE PLUMPLEIGH HAS JUST GIVEN "CHARGE!" AND TAKEN ONE LOOK BEHIND TO SEE IF HIS MEN ARE "BACKING HIM UP, DON'T YOU KNOW," AND HE IS NOW MAKING FOR SAFETY!

#### A COOL RETREAT.

[Mr. KNUGER has arrived at Lourenço Marques, and is staying with Mr. POTT, the Dutch Consul.—*Daily Paper.*]

POTT!—for a rose's perfume is the same,  
Spell it what way you will, it matters not,  
And there is always pathos in the name  
Of POTT—

Good POTT, I never thought, a year ago,  
One little year, and things so cock-a-whoop,  
And I apparently a fixture on  
The Stoep,

Prepared, O POTT, to keep my stomach stiff,  
Guarding prescription even to the death,  
Yea, spend on that design my latest whiff  
Of breath—

I never thought to find my pilgrim-way  
By easy stages toward the boundless blue,  
And end by taking Pott-luck here to-day  
With you!

Though lions roar around his path, said I,  
No man has ever seen the righteous flee  
In search of eligible lodgings by  
The sea!

And has it come to this, my pensive POTT?  
And do I gaze on Delagoa beach?  
Have I, in fine, refused to practise what  
I preach?

Ah, POTT, you will not call this kettle black!  
Let sinners ope their naughty lungs to hoot,  
You read the motive why I turn my back  
And scoot.

POTT, it is not to save my private skin!  
My sole and solemn mission lies confessed  
In you Penates which you'll notice in  
A chest.

Rather than yield the same to BULLER'S crew,  
Or let my burghers sever me and mine,  
I'd face the terrors incidental to  
The brine!

Somewhere, by this good gold and Heaven's grace,  
My Capital shall rise that now is prone,  
Even if I should occupy the place  
Alone.

And, lest on what I hold uniquely dear  
Some pirate lay his desecrating hand,  
Awhile I purpose, POTT, to sojourn here  
On land;

Awhile on this most hospitable shore  
To sit inviolably high and dry,  
Waiting my moment till the clouds of war  
Roll by.

Meantime the tedious farce drags slowly on,  
And leaves me careless (being out of shot)  
When funny people say that I have gone  
To POTT.





### HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

#### BIG GAME HUNTING.—IV. RHINOCEROS.

IN STALKING THE RHINOCEROS, SOME AUTHORITIES SAY GET AS NEAR THE ANIMAL AS POSSIBLE. OTHERS SAY DON'T.

### FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

N.B. FOR NORTH BRITAIN. *Essentials for Oban, or for anywhere in Scotland*: Warm clothing, as if for winter; stout socks, strong boots (for strong leg): everything waterproof; yourself whisky-and-water-proof (*cela va sans dire*), a strong umbrella of the McGamp pattern; a climbing stick with a crook to it; a plaid of any pattern (you needn't be particular to a streak of colour—the Clan MacMilt will do); and having laid in this stock, with the addition of a good rug, a plaid shawl and a Glengarry cap, then you're pretty sure to have such lovely hot weather as will cause you to question whether it would not be better to send all your warm clothing packing back to England, and while debating the matter in the early morn you will proceed to dress yourself in the lightest and gayest attire with which you may happen to be provided. In this costume you might as well be in Brighton, Ramsgate, or Scarborough. But "*O Formose Puer nimium ne crede calori*" (for which search MacVirgil), as in less than no time the calmness of the lake is ruffled, a searching wind, that is, a wind that has been looking for you everywhere, comes round the corner, then straight at you, embraces you frantically, and then exhausted by the effort it drops, subsides into the merest whisper, and then is absolutely still for a quarter of an hour or so, during which time the clouds descend from the mountains, and in a second, with a rapidity that the skilled scene-shifters working in an Adelphi or Drury-Lane melodrama would envy, the scene has entirely changed—lights down, rain down, in torrents! Then wind up again to join in the scrimmage, and if you are gay in your summer clothes, umbrellaleass, and waterproofless, you'll be drenched through and through to the bone.

*MacMoral*.—When in Scotland do as the Scots do, and never venture out any distance away from home without a companion

of the clan MacIntosh on your arm and a stout claymore—umbrella—in your hand.

*At Oban*.—Something remarkable. I notice that at certain times of the day [this is now my second day here, and with nothing to do I am a very observant person] someone comes round with a bell, which he rings violently and frequently. Evidently the crier: so I don't go out, as I have hitherto found in country towns that what the crier cries has generally been announced in hand-bills and displayed on public advertisements some hours previously. Odd, though, I don't hear him cry. Can it be an old custom? Is the crier compelled by some ancient law peculiar to Scotland to ring his bell so many times a day, whether he has any information to give the public or not? Or do they mark time here, as they do on board ship, by the bells? I have heard of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," but supposed them to be wild flowers. *Solvitur ambulando*. I go out: walk about. No crier; not a sign of one. I return. Certainly, I have distinctly heard that bell four or five times. No illusion, surely? I have no such matter on my conscience as had *Macbeth* when the bell nearly frightened him into fits after the murder of *Duncan*. This happened in Scotland. Perhaps the bell is kept up as an old Macbethian tradition. On my second day, being far away in a steamer at a very early hour, I miss this particular bell, but there is plenty of ringing on board this MacBrayne ship, as the steward goes about all over the deck and under the deck, ringing imperiously, as if insisting on everyone with or without an appetite coming below to a first breakfast, a second breakfast, a third breakfast, while as the summonses to dinner and subsequently to tea seem to occupy the greater part of the afternoon it is impossible for me, as it was for *Mathias in Le Juif Polonais*, ever to get this ringing out of my ears. Then I forget it.

The fourth day I rise early, and, while dressing, I hear the



bell! I pause: I listen. Is it the crier? Does he cry? No. I look out. I see no crier. Nothing but a milk cart with milkman driving, two small, bare-legged boys accompanying the same. I am about to withdraw, much puzzled by the "sound and fury signifying nothing," and wondering whether "this island is full of strange noises," or whether I am the victim of hallucination, or if there is an early ghost about doomed to bell ringing, when the milk cart pulls up opposite my own gate, the milkman descends briskly, and . . . can it be possible! . . . performs a solo on the bell! The maids run down with cans and jugs and mugs; he fills them; chats pleasantly on things in general, takes further orders, and then merrily drives away, to go through precisely the same performance at the gate of a house a little farther on. Overture on bell: *overture of gates: entrance of milkmaidens; chorus*, "let the milk-cannikin clink, clink, clink!"—smiles, smirks, milkmaids as merry as those that met IZAAK WALTON's anglers; then the merry milkman mounts his cart, waves his adieux, they wave theirs and, again accompanied by scampering bare-legged boys, he urges on his gay career as he drives along on his milky way.

And this is the mystery of the Bell! The Milkman's Bell and the Belles of Bonnie Scotland!

#### THE MILKY WAY AT OBAN.

MILKMAN, spare that bell!

Wag not its metal tongue,

Or would your neck were—well—

Just like your own bell, *wrong*.

That, milkman, is my jest;

I do not wish you harm;

I pray you, give me rest,

And cause me no alarm!

So, milkman, spare that bell! &c.

(*Da capo.*)

Take milk—don't say "I shan't"—

To all, yourself, my man.

Don't argue with your "can't,"

While I perceive your "can"?

My brain begins to whizz.

While that bell's on your shelf

You'll never starve: it is

A "dinner" in itself.

So, milkman, spare that bell,

MACDAIRY of that ilk!

Would you to Oban tell,

That here's "a ring in milk"?

*Notes Obanesque.*—I wonder no enterprising and enthusiastic Scot has patented an umbrella of a Rob Roy, an Argyll, or any other tartan plaid, the pattern being according to the colours of the clan you may choose to adopt. Mind, there is no charge for admission into a clan and wearing its colours. Woe be to the man who shall assume the colours of either the I Zingari or of the Quidnunes or any other club, either cricket or boating, without the right to do so conferred on him by membership. I am afraid to think how fearful would be the penalties such an one would incur by so vain, rash and snobbish an act. But in Scotland there is no entrance fee into a clan, as there is into a club in England. You can wear its distinctive colours if you like, and your right to do so will never be questioned. Should you, thus arrayed, stray away into the wilds and meet *The MacDougal* or *The MacGregor*, I tremble to think what might happen. When we read of some startling accident in the mountains, and how the body—recognised by its being clad in a peculiar plaid—was found days afterwards at the foot of some precipice, I shudder as I picture to myself the awful scene that must have taken place! Poor victim of vanity! He thought he looked so well in the colours of the Highland clan McDoodle, and perhaps came across the chieftain himself, or a duniwassal, or a fierce member of the McNoodle clan, at deadly feud with the McDoodle,—and then—was heard of no more."



"SAY, SAL, HOW D'YER LIKE MY NOO SUIT!"

The shoemakers and hosiers would not make a very good living did they depend on the children of the working classes for their business; as numbers of these little ones, who carry papers, bread, milk and packages, wear neither shoes nor stockings, and yet they scamper about, running fleetly on their errands, regardless of the stones strewn about not a few of the roads, and with such a precociously business-like air as if they were charged with some message of vital interest to the state.

"What is in a name?" Nothing but the look of it when written, and the sound of it when pronounced. Yet who, wishing to achieve success in any profession or business, would *proprio motu* adopt the name of "McPhail"? Doesn't it seem to court McPhailure? Will everybody be kind to his little McPhailings? And yet, here, wherever you see the name "McPhail" you must read "McSuccess," which certainly applies to the present representatives of the clan, and I have no doubt will perfectly describe their MacSuccessors.

*NOTE (during a Sunday morning walk).*—There are, I ascertain, some drinks peculiar to the neighbourhood of Oban, as in the course of our return from a visit to Dunstaffnage Bay, a small wayside place of refreshment catches our eye, open on Sunday ("eye" and "place" both "open on Sunday," with a trifle of moisture in both), much to our astonishment, and evidently kept by a good Scotch Samaritan, who, to comfort the wayfarer, displays a notice to the effect that "Refreshments" are here provided, and specifying, "*Lemonade, Ginger Ale, Hot Tom, Shurbet and Lemon Squash*," besides "*Tea and Coffee on the shortest notice.*"

Now what is "Hot Tom"? Evidently a restorative in winter, and not intended for summer consumption. "Shurbet," with a "u" in it, may be the "Special Scotch," and the correct way of spelling the word. Not one of our party is sufficiently thirsty to sacrifice himself for the benefit of our general ignorance and to ascertain, at his own expense, what "Hot Tom" may be.





*Squire (who has got up a concert—with refreshments—in aid of the War Fund). "WELL, ROBERT, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE CONCERT LAST EVENING? WEREN'T THE QUARTETTES GOOD?" Robert. "WELL NOW, SQUIRE, OI DOAN' BELIEVE OI TAASTED UN: BUT THEY CUTLETS WAS PROIME!"*

#### ALL-LIES AT PEKIN.

(From our Special Correspondent "very much" on the spot.)

FIGHTING has almost ceased. Many Boxers have de-ceased. General FAN-TUM's troops have mysteriously disappeared from the neighbourhood of Peking, but Prince LONG-TUNG continues to threaten all foreigners.

To-day, the troops said their farewell to the Ta-Ta city, after marching round all the principal Imperial pints—points, I mean.

The Emperor and "Auntie" are again dead—this time, it is said, quite fatally, through attempting to read the latest productions of some of England's minor poets.

General LI-AH has assured the British commander that he can now safely withdraw his troops, and to this, the English general has replied in the Chinese vernacular Wal-Kah.

It appears that when Peking was taken, some misunderstanding occurred between the generals of the Allied Forces. It had been arranged that the British and

German troops should rendezvous at Wai-Ting, and then advance on the Eastern gate of the city, but when the British arrived outside the walls, they found the Germans there before them, and already in possession. The soldiers of the Fatherland received them, standing at attention, each man with his left eye closed. The British retired, rather annoyed at being thus anticipated.

When the Western gate was to be stormed, it was agreed that the British, Japanese and Russian forces should advance together, to make a night attack. In the darkness, however, the different contingents became separated, and upon our troops arriving at the gate as day broke, they found the Russians had stolen a march upon them, and were already drawn up to receive them in parade order, headed by General ORFULKORF, each soldier saluting in true Russ fashion, with his thumb placed firmly on his most prominent Slav feature, and the fingers well stretched out.

There has been some sickness amongst the troops—especially with the British—during these operations: but whilst the Germans and Russians have now got right, the English appear to have mostly "got left."

#### LOVE-SONG FOR THE AUTUMN.

In early Spring the snowdrop peeps  
With gaudy crocus-blossom lined,  
And soon the Lenten lily leaps  
To life in golden glory shined.  
Lilac, laburnum, primrose, may,  
Reveal their beauty. Still I'm dumb.  
For ev'ry flower there is a day,  
And so for my Chrysanthemum!

The Summer splendour of the rose,  
The brave carnation's varied hue,  
Will shame the orchid where it blows,  
And dim the massed lobelia's blue;  
The fuchsia's purple bell is fain  
To match the pelargonium,  
But royal tints would try in vain  
To paint my sweet Chrysanthemum!

When leaves are stricken by the blast,  
Or quiver 'neath a fickle sun,  
And beeches shed their prickly mast,  
And holly reddening has begun,  
The violet lurks beneath its green  
Beside the staunch nasturtium,  
Where some poor blighted rose is seen,  
Then reigns my fair Chrysanthemum!

My meaning, gentle lady, take,  
My allegory, simple, weak;  
No headstrong, boyish vow I make,  
Nor moment-spurred confession speak.  
As have the seasons come and gone,  
So will the flowers go and come,  
But my heart-garden waits for one,  
My Autumn-Queen Chrysanthemum!

THE BEST OF ALL PRESERVES.—Jam Satis.

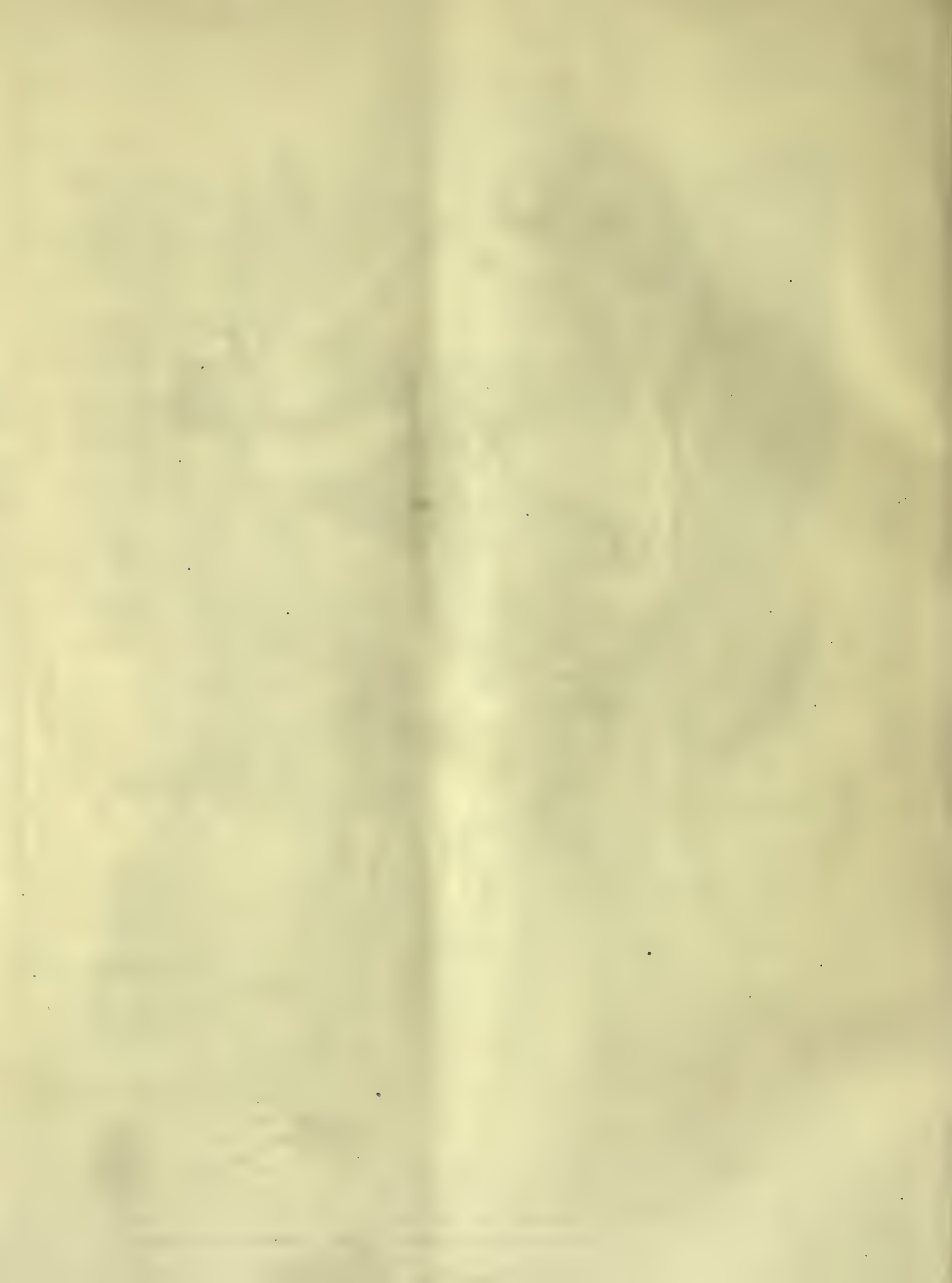




THE SINKING SHIP.











### AN ALMOST EXTINCT SPECIES!

['The remains of a prehistoric animal were dug up close to the City Liberal Club a few days ago.'  
Daily Paper.]

WAS IT THE OSAPLESADONT (PHILANTHROPD MAJUBATHERIUM) OR SHELL-LESS  
DISARMADILLO!!

### THE ENGLISH ACCENT.

SCENE—Lady TRANKERTON'S dinner-party.

LORNA T., daughter of the house, twenty and athletic, sits next to Professor ANDREW MCFIDDLE, D.D., of Glasgow University, rather deaf and very Scotch.

Lorna (after trying various other topics unsuccessfully). I wonder if you take any interest in the free-wheel controversy, Professor?

Prof. McF. (starting). The free wheel controversy? (Aside) What are our weemen-folk coming to! It's amazing!

(Aloud) My dear young lady, it has been the work of my life to study that controversy in all its aspects.

Lorna. No, really? How interesting! I had no idea—(Aside) Fancy, an old fossil like that! But of course everyone does it nowadays. (Aloud) And do you believe in the free-wheel?

Prof. McF. It is a deefcult question. Furrst you must define what you mean by a free wheel.

Lorna (aside). How horribly Scotch! (Aloud) Oh, the ordinary make, you know.

Prof. McF. (aside). The flippancy of these English lassies! (Aloud, sternly)

If you mean the ordinary conception, it simply does not exceest.

Lorna. Oh, but I've got one, and so has TED.

Prof. McF. A common de'usion! Are you not aware that all action is governed by a motive or motives?

Lorna. Ye-es—of course. (Aside) Good gracious! If he's going to talk mechanics I'm done for. (Aloud) But really, Professor, I didn't think you were going to drag me into such philosophical depths over an argument on a cycle.

Prof. McF. (aside). Argument in a circle? The brazen hussy! (Aloud) It is no such thing. If you will show me the flaw in the argument I shall be obliged to you.

Lorna (aside). He seems very testy. (Aloud) No, you misunderstand me. Of course, after all these years of study you must know. Only, I can't help believing in my own free-wheel.

Prof. McF. (propitiated). It is natural. Until you realise that effect follows cause and action motive.

Lorna (with tenderness). Yes, but isn't the whole idea of the free-wheel that the action is independent of the motive?

Prof. McF. That is the common idea, undoubtedly, and it is as absurd as it is false. But for motive there would be no moral character attaching to action.

Lorna (aside). What can he be driving at now? (Aloud) I'm afraid, if you're going to discuss the morals of bicycling—

Prof. McF. Of what? I am a little deaf on this side. The morals of what?

Lorna (loudly). Bicycling. [Awful pause]

Prof. McF. (eyeing her severely). Are we discussing the free wheel or the bicycle?

Lorna. Why—both. The—the free-wheel is a bicycle, isn't it?

Prof. McF. (after consuming the savoury in silence). It occurs to me, Miss TRANKERTON, that there is just a possibility that you have been talking of a trifling mechanical invention known as the free-wheel.

Lorna (thoroughly mystified). Of course. Haven't you?

Prof. McF. Certainly not. I have been endeavouring to hold a rational conversation on the metaphysical subject of the free wheel. In Scotland, we do not drop our h's.

Lorna (to herself, in the night watches). Oh! why didn't I say, "In England we don't strain our l's?"

### THE CHINESE PUZZLE.

THE only thing the cables bring  
Is "When and wherefore, why?"  
The only thing our statesmen sing  
Is "Li-Hung-Chang and lie."



## ALONE ON AN ISLAND.

"I'M monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute!"  
But, oh! I've a toothache to-day,  
And—dash it!—the pain is acute!  
I twist and I stamp and I squirm,  
All aching! above and beneath!  
What am I on earth? A mere worm!  
A worm? Happy worm! you've no teeth!

## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Ghosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER II.

## HOW MR. GHOSH DELIVERED A DAMSEL FROM A DEMENTED COW.

O Cow! in hours of mental ease  
Thou chewest cuds beneath the trees;  
But ah! when madness racks thy brow,  
An awkward customer art thou!

*Nature Poem furnished (to order) by young English Friend.*

MR. GHOSH's diligence at his books was rewarded by getting through his Little-go with such *éclat* that he was admitted to become a baccalaureate, and further presented with the greatest distinction the Vice-Chancellor could bestow upon him, viz., the title of a Wooden Spoon!

But here I must not omit to narrate a somewhat startling catastrophe in which Mr. GHOSH figured as the god out of machinery. It was on an afternoon before he went up to pass his Little-go exam, and, since all work and no play is apt to render any Jack a dull, he was recreating himself by a solitary promenade in some fields in the vicinity of Cambridge, when suddenly his startled ears were dumbfounded to perceive the bloodcurdling sound of loud female vociferations!

On looking up from his reverie, he was horrified by the spectacle of a young and beauteous maiden being vehemently pursued by an irate cow, whose reasoning faculties were too obviously, in the words of Ophelia, "like sweet bells jangled," or, in other words, *non compos mentis*, and having rats in her upper story!

The young lady, possessing the start and also the advantage of superior juvenility, had the precedence of the cow by several yards, and attained the umbrageous shelter of a tree stem, behind which she tremulously awaited the arrival of her blood-thirsty antagonist.

As he noted her jewel-like eyes, profuse hair, and panting bosom, Mr. GHOSH's triangle of flesh was instantaneously ignited by love at first sight (the intelligent reader will please understand that the foregoing refers to the maiden and not at all to the cow, which was of no excessive pulchritude—but I am not to be responsible for the ambiguities of the English language).

There was not a moment to be squandered; Mr. GHOSH had just time to recommend her earnestly to remain *in statu quo*, before setting off to run *ventre à terre* in the direction whence he had come. The distracted animal, abandoning the female in distress, immediately commenced to hue-and-cry after our hero, who was compelled to cast behind him his collegiate cap, like tub to a whale.

The savage cow ruthlessly impaled the cap on one of its horns, and then resumed the chase.

Mr. GHOSH scampered for his full value, but, with all his incredible activity, he had the misery of feeling his alternate heels scorched by the fiery snorts of the maniacal quadruped.

Then he stripped from his shoulders his student's robe,

relinquishing it to the tender mercies of his ruthless persecutress while he nimbly surmounted a gate. The cow only delayed sufficiently to rend the garment into innumerable fragments, after which it cleared the gate with a single hop, and renewed the chase after Mr. GHOSH's stern, till he was forced to discard his ivory-headed umbrella to the animal's destroying fury.

This enabled him to gain the walls of the town and reach the bazaar, where the whole population was in consternation at witnessing such a shuddering race for life, and made themselves conspicuous by their absence in back streets.

Mr. GHOSH, however, ran on undauntedly, until, perceiving that the delirious creature was irrevocably bent on running him to earth, he took the flying leap into the shop of a cheese merchant, where he cleverly entrenched himself behind the receipt of custom.

With the headlong impetuosity of a distraught the cow followed, and charged the barrier with such insensate fury that her horns and appertaining head were inextricably imbedded in a large tub of margarine butter.

At this our hero, judging that the wings of his formidable foe were at last clipped, sallied boldly forth, and, summoning a police-officer, gave the animal into custody as a disturber of the peace.

By such coolness and *savoir faire* in a distressing emergency he acquired great *kudos* in the eyes of all his fellow-students, who regarded him as the conquering hero.

Alas and alack! when he repaired to the field to receive the thanks and praises of the maiden he had so fortunately delivered, he had the mortification to discover that she had vanished, and left not a wreck behind her! Nor with all his endeavours could he so much as learn her name, condition, or whereabouts, but the remembrance of her manifold charms rendered him moonstruck with the tender passion, and notwithstanding his success in flooring most difficult exams, his bosom's lord sat tightly on its throne, and was not to jump until he should again (if ever) confront his mysterious fascinator.

Having emerged from the shell of his *statu pupillari* under the fostering warmth of his Alma Mater, Mr. GHOSH next proceeded as a full-fledged B.A. to the Metropolis, and became a candidate for forensic honours at one of the legal temples, lodging under the elegant roof of a matron who regarded him as her beloved son for Rs. 21 per week, and attending lectures with such assiduity that he soon acquired a nodding acquaintance with every branch of jurisprudence.

And when he went up for Bar Exam., he displayed his phenomenal proficiency to such an extent that the LORD CHANCELLOR begged him to accept one of the best seats on the Judges' bench, an honour which, to the best of this deponent's knowledge and belief, has seldom before been offered to a raw tyro, and never, certainly, to a young Indian student. However, with rare modesty Mr. GHOSH declined the offer, not considering himself sufficiently ripe as yet to lay down laws, and also desirous of gathering roses while he might, and mixing himself in first-class English societies.

I am painfully aware that such incidents as the above will seem very mediocre and humdrum to most readers, but I shall request them to remember that no hero can achieve anything very striking while he is still a hobbardehoy, and that I cannot—like some popular novelists—insult their intelligences by concocting cock-and-bull occurrences which the smallest exercise of ordinary common-sense must show to be totally incredible.

By and bye, when I come to deal with Mr. GHOSH's experiences in the upper tenth of London society, with which I may claim to have rather a profound familiarity, I will boldly undertake that there shall be no lack of excitement.

Therefore, have a little patience, indulgent Masters!

(To be continued.)





FOR a whole month to try the well-warranted piece of salmon river I have taken

all to myself—the long stretch with its many

pools extending from the falls to the white rock at the head of the long curve, beyond which the Doolewater estate begins, sacred to its owner, General Sir NORFOLK GARLAND, of Glenn Carre.

HEDSON, of King's Bench Walk, introduced me to the agent, telling me it was a grand chance; and he gave me some photographs taken with a kodak, so I knew the place pretty well. But, bah! the sun pictures were contemptible compared with the beauty of the dark glen, whose effect upon me one sunny morning was to make me feel as if I were a boy again, and that I must run and shout before beginning to pick black and whortleberries, kick over the scarlet mushrooms growing beneath the pendent birches, and then go on climbing higher and higher till I was up among the mists which capped Ben Sporrán.

But I did not. I determined to try the High Reach, and at last I seated myself on a lichen-covered rock, put my rod together—my trusty two-handed greenheart—and then my heart leaped, and a tingling sensation ran through me, when, after fitting on the winch, I made it sing its delightful song as I drew off ten yards of new line to run them through the rings—that song of sweetness it sings when the silvery salmon has risen and has gone off like an arrow across a pool.

My hands trembled with eagerness as I selected my favourite fly and attached it to the cast, before giving the line a whisk or two through the pure air, and then stepped towards the river, breathing high with the delight of being a man—that is, a fisherman—and glorying in the fact that I was alone in this

glorious solitude, but only to stop short in amazement as I looked up the river and exclaimed in pagan fashion,

"By Jove!"

I was not alone, for there, far higher up this paradise of Scottish glens, her figure standing out in the distance like a cameo against the dark rocks, which ran up at a steep angle, was a woman fishing.

It was annoying, very annoying, for I had come there in the full belief that I should not see a soul.

"Still," I argued, "my part of the river ends up there, and I suppose that must be one of the NORFOLK GARLANDS."

The feeling of annoyance passed away when I reached the river side. So did the lady as I stepped down among the rocks and cast two or three times to get all straight, and then began to send my fly out and watch it go gliding along in company with tiny patches of creamy foam, following them into eddies, round stones, into dark deep corners, and then lower and lower till I had to recover it and throw again and again.

It took me well on to a couple of hours to get to the spot where I thought it would be advisable to try a different fly, and I was in the act of taking off the one I had been using, when, glancing to my left, I saw that the female wielder of the rod was but a short distance away, just beyond where the white vein of quartz ran up among the birches, while I now awoke to the fact that she was not alone, a particularly fierce-looking, grey-moustached, florid gentleman standing back beyond reach of the line and apparently watching me.

But I did not watch him, my eyes being drawn to the graceful, lithe figure of the lady, as with the skill of long experience she threw her fly with the greatest of accuracy towards a particularly likely spot for a fish; and I could see by her profile, with its well-cut nose and softly-rounded cheek, that she must be exceedingly handsome.

Then there was a rise, and she struck.

"Oh, bad luck!" I exclaimed, for there was a tremendous boil on the surface of the dark gliding water, the rod bent



heavily and then straightened, as we caught sight of a flash of silver, and the fish was gone.

The lady turned sharply round to face me, and in those brief moments I saw that I was right; but I had no time to admire, for the fierce-looking officer exclaimed,

"Are you aware that you are trespassing, sir?"

"No," I said, as sharply, for I was stung to the quick. "If there is any trespass, sir, it is on your part, for I am on my own—I beg pardon!" I stammered hurriedly, for in my excitement I found that I had gone a yard or two beyond the white stone.

"Come along, my dear. Every spot is invaded now by these excursionists."

The speaker drew the lady's hand through his arm and led her away, her rod over her shoulder and the line trailing behind, for her companion's action precluded her winding in.

The next moment there was an enforced stoppage, for the fly, after making a few jumping flights, caught in a patch of bracken and had to be dragged out, this necessitating a facing round on the part of the lady, who looked frowning and angry.

"A confounded jealous old martinet!" I said angrily. "May and December again. Hang his insolence! He might have known he was talking to a gentleman. Oh, hang it all!" I cried, winding in with all my might, "I can't fish any more to-day."

## II.

"WHAT sort of a man is Sir NORFOLK GARLAND?" I asked the landlord of my resting-place, and he described the irascible old fellow exactly. But as I calmed down I did not see why the stand-offishness of an irritable old officer should interfere with my enjoyment, and making up my mind to dwell no more on the matter, I thought of nothing else, knowing full well that if it had not been for the lady the little trouble would have died out like one of the mists of the glen.

But there was the lady; and I could not get rid of the feeling of annoyance that I should have been so humiliated in her presence. Of course, she was nothing to me, for I was not a lady's man. I had long ago fallen in love with Fame, and had worked like a slave to obtain her favours; and now I was down at the Glen for a rest.

"So absurd," I argued. "She's a pretty woman, and she's an old man's wife; and even if I were conceited enough to think that she would give me another thought, I'm not scoundrel or fool enough to get myself into a tangle of that kind."

A week passed, and nearly every day the water above was occupied by the lady, who had more or less success while I had none. Then bad weather set in, so that I had the glen all to myself when the water was fishable, and the luck changed, or my old skill returned, for I got from one to three fine fish every day, in spite of spending a good deal of time casting anxious glances, instead of flies, up stream to see if anyone was there.

One morning I had not made many casts before I was fast in a heavy fish which I played for a quarter of an hour, during which time he made some wonderful rushes up stream; and I finally gave him the butt, drew him into the shallows, where, after a little wading I successfully gaffed him, and hauled him out amongst the heather.

I had just released the gaudy fly from the fish's lower lip and was gloating over the beauties of my glistening prize, when I raised my eyes, to become conscious of the fact that the object of my many thoughts and her guardian had been watching me, and all my good intentions seemed to be swept away in an instant.

Back they came again directly, for my observers turned haughtily away, and the lady began to walk up stream, stepping lightly from stone to stone and casting with the most delightful ease.

"I wish you luck!" I said to myself, as I laid my fish in the bag and covered the silvery side with bracken, examined my

fly, which was uninjured, and for the moment determined to walk down stream so as to increase the distance between myself and the churlish pair above.

But I did not. I was irritable in spite of my success, and in a spirit of obstinacy I fished up towards where the white stone divided the rights.

"There ought to be a fish yonder at the tail of that long pool!" I said to myself, "and I'll have it, if only to annoy the old humbug."

So I fished on, but I was wrong. There was a fish, and a fine one, in the pool; but it was at the head, a hundred yards beyond my bounds, and as I was just about to give up casting and go back, I saw the lady strike, and heard her winch shriek as the heavy fish she had hooked rushed up stream, leaped right out of the water, and then came back faster than she could reel up, passed her, and came on at a tremendous pace towards where I was standing knee deep in an eddy.

I remained perfectly still, watching with intense interest the desperate fight which went on, the lady playing her prize in the most masterly style; and just as it was about to pass me and get out of bounds she gave it the butt, her rod bent nearly double, and the fish went to the bottom and sulked.

I played the ordinary observer in the most unconcerned way, feeling quite myself again, heart-steeled, and calmly looking on, as, quite ignoring my presence, the lady came down, stepping easily from stone to stone, and rapidly recovering the enormous amount of line she had out, her guardian following behind.

Then the struggle went on, the lady trying every art known to move the sulking fish, but toiling in vain, until I moved from my position of spectator, and in the excitement of the struggle took what seemed a reasonable course; to wit, I laid down my rod and picked up a heavy stone to cast in near the fish.

"Hi, you Sir! Don't do that!" roared the old gentleman, but he was too late. The stone had left my hands, to descend with a splash just in the right place, and the salmon was off again, rested apparently, and rushing up stream.

"Oh, what an idiot I am!" I muttered. "Why didn't I walk away?"

But I did not stir, beyond going back to my rod and taking a few steps, to remain watching the struggle till it seemed pretty well over, and my heart throbbed with the excitement of seeing the admirable way in which the fish was drawn in pretty close to where I stood, while, gaff in hand, the old gentleman drew near.

I would not look at the lady, but kept my eyes fixed upon her companion, who watched his time and then stepped out towards where one great stone lay nearly flush with the water.

He had to gain this to get in a good position for gaffing the prize, and he reached it in safety, but in rather a tottering way. Then, watching his opportunity, he bent forward with the extended hook and made a snatch, when there was a tremendous splash and a jerk, and I saw the old man totter and nearly go in; but he saved himself and stood up, minus the gaff hook.

Then my heart gave a bound which sent the blood with a rush and a thrill through every vessel in my body. A great weight seemed to be lifted from me, and I stood feeling half wild with a strange joy as I watched the speaker of these words, spoken in a petulant way,

"Oh, Papa! You've lost my biggest fish."

But the fish was still fast, and I watched it renew its rushing here and there, till once more it gave up.

"Now, Papa, the gaff—the gaff!"

"But it's gone, my dear. Snatched out of my hands."

"Oh!" she cried.

"Will you allow me, Sir?" I said coldly, as I took a step forward, gaff in hand, carefully keeping my eyes fixed on the old man.



He turned upon me sharply, his grey brows contracting; then glanced at his daughter, and seemed to swallow a big bit of pride. Then, stiffly,

"Well, yes, if you would be so good."

The next minute I was wading gently towards where the fish lay gathering on its side, and though I strove to be cool my hands trembled and the perspiration stood out on my temples. Then I leaned forward, made a quick snatch, there was a tremendous wallow, and the fair fisher's rod flew straight, sending the gay fly high in air.

"Oh! Gone!" she cried, in a voice full of despair.

But she was wrong. I had the monster fast, and splashed out on to the bank, dragging the prize high amongst the stones and heather before I let it drop from the hook, gasping and beating the ground with its tail, one silvery mass of glowing beauty; a fit offering for such a nymph.

"Oh, thank you! Look, Papa. It must be five-and-twenty pounds."

"Over thirty, I am sure, madam," I said, quickly.

"Thanks; really I am greatly obliged, Sir," cried the old man, very stiffly.

"Don't name it, pray," I said coldly, and raising my shabby golf cap without glancing at either I walked back to where my rod lay, and went on downward making casts.

In another quarter of an hour I was fast to a fresh fish. I had nothing to do with the business; it hooked itself, but I played and landed it, forgot all about the other, and walked back to the inn before I remembered my fishing-bag and sent a lad to retrieve it.

### III.

It was within two days of the end of my stay. I had fished on and done wonderfully well, and I had seen the General and his daughter again and again; but there had been no friendly intercourse, no invitation up to the house.

But fate was at work.

Just when I was at the lowest ebb of despair, for the Glen seemed to be void, I caught sight of its deity standing at the bottom of a steep slope, making long casts, and my heart began to throb heavily. The next minute it beat in heavy thumps, for, as far as I could see, she was alone.

I did not hesitate a moment, for I was desperate, and resting my rod against a birch tree I stepped down towards her where she went on making her long casts in the most graceful way, throwing farther than I could have done myself, right into the still water at the foot of a little fall whose heavy murmur drowned my approaching steps.

Twice again she threw, and the fly came whizzing back, and at the third essay she securely hooked her fish.

But not the one she tried for. It was when the fly came whizzing back to the full extent of the line over the heather and stones where I stood, for as I stepped down I was conscious of a stinging blow on the lips, followed by a heavy tug, which gave me a sharp pain. Then as my hand flew to my face there was a succession of tugs, followed by a faint scream when the fair angler turned round to see where her hook had caught, and she grasped the fact.

I was the fish, with a great salmon fly tickling my nostrils, what time the hook was driven well into my upper lip.

The pain was sharp, and the situation was startling. I had held hundreds of fish in the same predicament in my career, and had pitied them as much as most fishermen do, but I had never before been caught like this; and the pleasure was so great that if the fish feel anything like what I did during those brief moments they are to be envied. I'd go through it again every day, if I could, for the same reward.

"Oh, what have I done!" she cried, in agony, and for a few seconds I could not reply. She was sorry for me, even if she did not love; and pity is so near akin, you know.

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing," I cried; and as she came close

up, holding out her hands to me, I dropped mine from where they were holding the hook to keep it still and the feathers from tickling in a most irritating way and caught hers.

"But you are hurt—terribly hurt," she cried. "Here, I'll run to the house for help."

She tried to withdraw her hands, but I clung to them.

"No, no," I said imploringly; "don't go, pray."

"But what is to be done?"

"I—I don't know yet," I said huskily. "Let me think."

"Yes, yes; pray do," she cried, as she gazed wistfully at the big hook. "But be quick; be quick. I know: you must come up to the house, and one of the men shall gallop over to Borralock for a surgeon."

"Oh, no," I said; "it would take so long. Whatever is done must be done at once."

"Yes, yes; I know. I will run for my father."

"No, no; don't do that. He dislikes me quite enough as it is."

"Oh, don't say that. I don't think he does. It is only his way. But does it hurt you very much?"

"Yes—no—that is, a little. I shall be able to tell you directly what to do."

It was strange, but I, one of the most fluent counsel at the Bar, could hardly find words to express myself—could do nothing but gaze wildly in the face so near to mine, gazing so sweetly and inquiringly, as if asking what she could do to ease my suffering.

"Are you—are you faint?" she faltered.

"Yes, very," I said, with a sigh.

"Oh, and I never carry salts except at night. Pray loose my hands, and let me go."

"No: pray don't leave me," I said. "It turns me dizzy."

There was such an unmistakably startled effort to get free that, with a sigh, I loosed the soft white fingers and looked at her imploringly.

"I know," I said; "you must take it out."

"Take it—Oh, but how?" she cried.

"You must cut it out."

"What!" she cried, in horror.

"You have scissors, perhaps."

"Yes, my fishing scissors; but it would be so dreadful, and hurt you horribly."

"Not if you do it," I said quickly.

She was white when I spoke, but the warm blood flushed up in her cheeks, and she shrank away.

"Forgive me," I whispered passionately. "The words slipped out; but," I cried, as I again caught her hands, "they are true—indeed, indeed, they are true!"

"Tell me how to help you," she cried hurriedly, "or I must run for some assistance."

"Yes, yes; I'll tell you," I said, as in obedience to a look I released her hands. "Now, take out your scissors. Oh, here is my knife."

I hurriedly produced my many-bladed implement, but she was as quick in taking a pair of scissors from a satchel slung from her shoulder, and removing their sheath.

"Now?" she said.

"Cut the line close to the shank of the hook."

There was a sharp snip, and the silk fell to the ground.

"Yes. Now?" she cried, with her lips trembling, but with her eyes trying to look firmly in mine.



"You must cut away the wings and dubbing from the fly."

"Oh!" she sighed.

"I can't help it," I cried. "It must be done, or you cannot see how to get at the shank."

"Pray let me go for help."

"If you wish it. I will walk down to the inn," I said, bitterly.

"No, don't. I want to help you in this emergency," she pleaded; "but I am so ignorant and awkward."

"Then you will help me?"

"If you will tell me what to do."

"I will," I said, "in a moment. Now take my knife—this small sharp blade, and cut the binding and all the rest from the shank."

Her hands trembled, but she did as I requested; but before the hook was half cleared from its silk and tinsel and dubbing, I could not restrain myself: the touch of the soft white hands robbed me of all control, and I covered them with my own and held them pressed to my face.

"Did I hurt you so much?" she faltered.

"Yes, more than I could bear," I replied huskily. "Now go on."

It was sharp enough, but she went on and finished, and this time I pressed her hands to my face again and kissed them.

"Thank you! thank you!" I cried, as she tried to escape; and I saw her eyes begin to flash angrily in mine.

"Don't look like that," I said piteously. "It is only because I am grateful—No," I cried, wildly, "it is not that. I must speak. It is because I love you with all my heart."

She shrank away to the full length of her arms, but I held her hands fast.

"Forgive me, and dismiss me," I said desperately.

"You have no right to address me like that, Sir," she said warmly.

"I know it; but the words would out. I was coming to dare all and tell you, before I leave to-morrow."

"Leave—to-morrow!"

"Yes. I must return. I came to tell you this, when—when——"

"Oh, that dreadful hook!" she cried hurriedly; "and we are talking, and leaving you in pain."

"And that is as nothing to the mental," I said bitterly. "Poor wretch!"

I searched for the barb, and found now that it was buried in the flesh, the point in deep, so that I could feel it when I held my lip between my finger and thumb.

"Yes; it is in here," I said.

"And what is to be done? Must it be torn out, or cut? Don't ask me to do that."

"It would not be half the pain from your light touch," and she shuddered, but I saw a firm, determined look come into her eyes.

"Or there is another and better way."

"Yes, tell me quickly," she cried.

I gazed at her with my eyes so full of passion that she avoided my glance and coloured more deeply.

"It is a horrible thing to ask you to do, but if you would——"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Take firmly hold of the hook, and pass the barb through the lip. Then seize the point and draw the shank right through. It will come easily then."

"I could not," she said, turning pale again. "Yes, I can. I will."

I guided her hands, and then pressed hard, the barb passed through, and but little help was needed to draw the shank after it and cast it down.

"Bravo!" I cried. "Bravely done, Miss GARLAND. I shall never——"

I did not finish my sentence, for I saw her eyes turn dark and strange; the lids began to droop, and I had just time to catch her as she sank fainting in my arms.

She recovered herself almost as quickly, opening her eyes to gaze wildly into mine; and then she started away in horror, turned, and buried her face in her father's breast, as he stood close at hand, white with anger, and his fierce grey moustache seeming to writhe.

"May I ask the meaning of all this?"

"Yes, Sir. An accident," I said promptly, for I felt on my mettle now, called upon suddenly to defend the client I loved, before our judge. "I was too near, and as your daughter was throwing her fly it caught me in the face."

"Indeed?" cried the old man, with a sneer.

"Oh, don't be cross, Papa, dear," came in touching, pleading tones. "It was a horrible accident. It was very weak of me to turn so faint."

I drew a deep sigh as I stooped and picked up the hook, which lay on one of the stones, in company with some strands of peacock feather; and the old man's manner changed.

"Dear me!" he said; "and such a large-sized hook. Allow me, Mr.—Mr.—?"

"DONNE," I said.

"Mr. DONNE. Of course; I heard your name from the landlord of the inn. Allow me. An old soldier, I have had to do a little surgery for my lads up in the hill country. Ah, yes; very unpleasant. You passed the barb through, of course?"

"Yes; and it was that which made Miss GARLAND turn faint."

"Poor child! Yes, yes, of course. Come up to the house, Mr. DONNE, and wash out your mouth. A little wine and water, taken separately, to complete the cure."

I hesitated, and glanced at his child; and though she did not look up, I hesitated no longer.

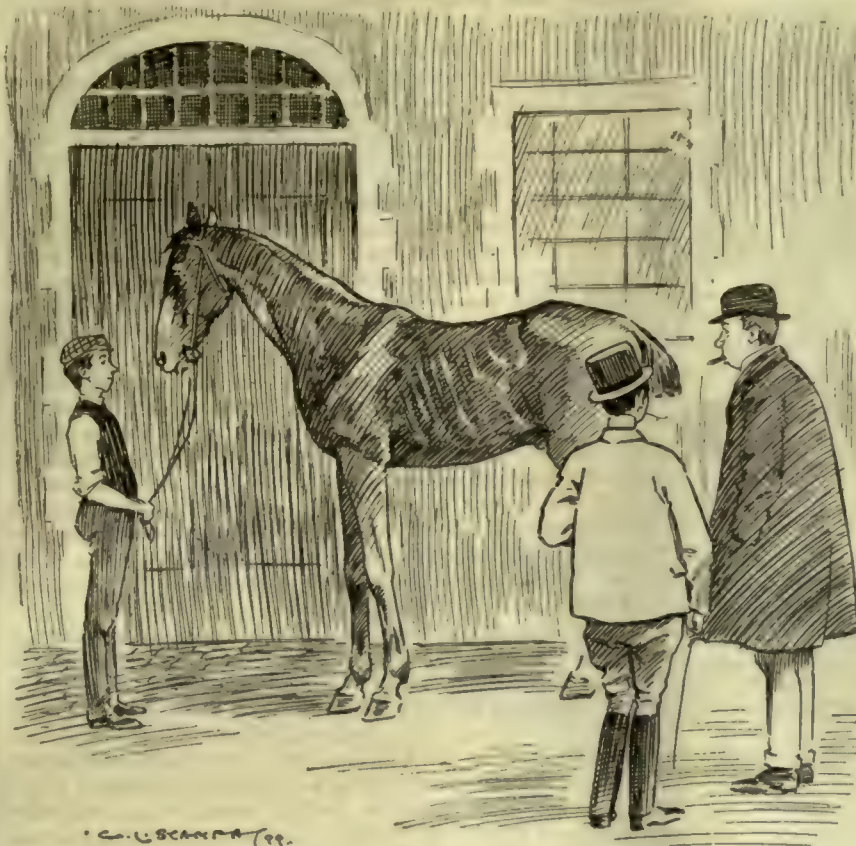
In fact, I stayed to dinner, and listened to the old man's long account, over a cigar, about how he had been tricked, as he called it, out of the lower part of the river, and had ever since looked with the greatest of dislike upon the tenants of the fishing.

"Take another cigar, Mr. DONNE," he said. "Yes, I know your name. I have seen it in some of the trials. Ah, if I had had you to fight my case about the fishing claim I should have won. But, there, the river is always at your service. May I hope to see you next season when we are down?"

He held out his hand, and as I took it I glanced at someone else, for it rested with her as to what I should reply.

A moment later I said "Yes," and—how strangely things happen!—the river is now mine—I mean. ours.





"NOW, DON'T YOU CALL HIM A PERFECT PICTURE?"

"WELL, IT SEEMS TO ME THE PICTURE IS SPOILT BY SO MUCH FRAMEWORK."

#### ELECTION NOTES.

(By our Imaginative Reporter.)

**Swampshire. No go Division.**—Mr. BOUNDER, the great capitalist (who has been moving heaven and earth during the last few years to get a constituency) has been invited to stand by the Local Council. Despite his ignorance of politics, it is confidently anticipated by his supporters that he will secure a majority at the General Election, provided there is no candidate on the other side, and the Corrupt Practices Act is not absurdly pressed.

**Dullborough.**—This thriving manufacturing town has been suddenly visited by its Member, Mr. EASYMAN, who is developing quite a feverish interest in local affairs. He seemed annoyed that no one recognised him as he drove through the streets, but, as the venerable local agent explained, another generation had arisen since he was last there. A hostile rumour has been circulated that Mr. EASYMAN had to hunt up the geographical position of his constituency in a Bradshaw before coming down. The Member has met this foolish report by opening two bazaars, subsidizing a football and polo club, and by handsomely subscribing to the local hospital which stands in no need of funds.

**Whifton-on-Sea.**—The electors here were first reminded of the fact that a general election was in the near distance, by the excessive amiability of their Member, Mr. CACKLE. This reached a climax last week, when in one day he shook hands effusively with forty working men, who subsequently turned out to be excursionists. The other party are asking nasty questions about why his name only appears in ten divisions during last session, and how it is that although he speaks of the breathless attention with which Englishmen have scanned the political horizon, he was away at Monte Carlo during all the important debates. In answer, Mr. CACKLE triumphantly points out that he spent so much anxious thought over the Bill for the Better Preservation of Bloaters, in which Whifton was deeply concerned, that his Doctor had insisted upon his taking a holiday. He reminds them that local interests had not suffered since he has been Member and that he had been instrumental (though how, was somewhat obscure) in getting the London Creeper and Crawly Railway to construct a new line to Whifton.

**Heckleton.**—A large mass meeting was held in the Town Hall last night when Mr. TRIMMER, M.P., addressed his constituents. The important thing in politics, he said, was to avoid coming to a decided

opinion on any subject. In all crucial divisions he made it a point to walk out. There was, he felt, so much to be said on both sides that were one party to reject him he would feel no scruple in standing for the other—just to show from what a broad, philosophical standpoint he viewed political problems.

#### THE PRESS DEPRESSED.

I MET an aged gentleman  
Who scribbled for the Press,  
Who greeted me in accents sad,  
And evident distress.  
Cried he: "The Public Palate, Sir,  
I've tickled now for years,  
With a very pliant goosequill—  
(And a pair of office shears).

"I mind the time when I could write,  
With unimpassioned pen,  
Events of general interest that  
Took place within my ken.  
And though the time is distant, Sir,  
I recollect the days  
When readers were contented  
With truth in simple phrase.

"But now your paper you may print,  
But who the deuce will buy it?  
No one! unless you can concoct  
A strong, unwholesome diet.  
Trustworthy news is out of date  
And nobody will take it,  
Unless you get a practised hand  
Judiciously to fake it.

"The consequence is simply this—  
I don't think there's a question—  
But everyone is suffering  
From mental indigestion.  
'Tis Nature's law that every boom  
Is followed by a slump;  
As states of wildest rapture are  
Succeeded by the hump.

"And thus the Public appetite  
Has been so grossly sated,  
That now it just declines to have  
Its palate titillated.  
'Tis sick of national affairs  
However large they loom,  
'Tis tired of the windy puff  
And double head-line boom.

"To such a pitch the thing has got,  
That people now refuse  
To read a word about the Boers  
Or glance at Chinese news.  
The only thing that keeps us from  
Going bankrupt altogether,  
Is printing long reports of the  
Unprecedented weather."

#### VERY THOUGHTFUL.

Mrs. Slameoe (to her husband). PICK-FORD'S have just delivered a heavy case containing what I take to be tin kettles.

Mr. Slameoe. No, dear, it's my new suit of armour. I've determined to contest Puddlebury in the Liberal interest.





### PRESENCE OF MIND.

*Little Girl (who has been disturbed by a Mouse, in a stage-whisper to her sleeping sister). "WAKE UP! OH, WAKE UP AND MEW, AMY; MEW FOR YOUR LIFE!!"*

### FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

*On dit* (about September 12th). That Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* had gone on to Fort William, whence the Princess CHRISTIAN and daughters were to climb the giddy height of Ben Nevis; a practical illustration of the "Royal Assent"; only that this would be given to a "Ben" instead of a "Bill." If, however, Her Royal Highness learned in time, as of course she would, what a regular Pilgrim's Penitential Progress the ascent of Ben Nevis is, and if it were further explained to Her Royal Highness that time would not suffice to properly roll the mountain path and lay down red baize from base to summit, then it is highly probable that H.R.H. Princess CHRISTIAN and daughters would be contented with the splendid, and to me personally, all-sufficing, view of the mountain obtainable from Banavie where, with good binoculars, the mountain can be brought close to Mahomet, instead of Mahomet having to go to the mountain.

From Banavie, and for some distance along the Caledonian Canal, the views of our exalted friend Ben are magnificent.

*A propos* of Ben Nevis, and of all mountains, the great point is to get a clear day for a view. If you do not object to a very rough road, and if you happen to be wearing boots that will be all the better for a climb of some few miles, then "Excelsior, Excelsior, Excelsior!" up you go! and you'll "have a summit to say for yourself" when once more you return

to plain-living people. Probably you will murmur "Never again with you, Ben!"

Scotland offers peculiar advantages to members of the Theatrical Profession, who either for charitable purposes or personal advantages, are always getting up "Bens." Of these, Ben Nevis is about the biggest "Ben." Here a shilling is demanded (when you are about a third of the way up, and can't well retrace your steps, at least, not without injury to your reputation as a hardy mountaineer), for admission to the upper circle, and on the summit everything is naturally enough at "a top price." To what fund this collection at the doors goes, I don't know; certainly, I should say it is not applied to keeping in good order the pathway. The motto of these mountain guardians must be, "Take care of the shillings and the 'Bens' will take care of themselves."

*From Oban to Banavie.*—It strikes me that Banavie Hotel would put the surliest and dampest traveller in a good temper should he happen to arrive just an hour or so before dinner (they manage these matters uncommonly well in Scotland where the motto of the steamboat time-table, and of most hotel managers, is never "Dinner forget"), and should he also have ordered, most wisely, his room, or rooms, beforehand; and, by "beforehand," I mean some three or four days ahead. If he has not taken this precaution he may be doomed to disappointment and have to travel back again to Fort William, where there are more hotels than one. The Banavie Hotel is excellent, and the manager and manageress have a way with them that, like music, "hath charms to soothe the troubled breast" of the rejected wanderer. How different to some hotels on a popular Continental route, where, within my personal experience, an official, unbending manner, or a brusque negative, was all the irritating substitute for civility! And that hard-mannered man was a German. Yet this manager is a foreigner; a German, if neither of my ears is playing me false. He has a way of saying "No, Sir," or "No, my Lady," or "No, Ma'am," with so honest a manner, so frank a smile, and at the same time in so sympathetic a tone that the rejected one feels sure that, if he cannot obtain what he would have, and if his application is dismissed as utterly hopeless, yet that he has enlisted the sympathies of a good and worthy soul representing authority, and is, so far, comforted, feeling that the hotel-manager "would if he could, but if he can't how can he?"—Ah! 'tis a great art to be a popular hotel-keeper; to be everything to everybody, to welcome the coming paying-guest heartily, while dismissing the rejected guest courteously. This talent do the Baron and Baroness of BANAVIE both possess. The house is up-to-date in every respect; the service excellent; and perfection could be easily obtained if—other matters being as they are—the subject of *menus* for dinner were henceforth made the manager's chief care and artistic study. He will have leisure to meditate on this during the winter. Soup, fish, *entrée*, *pièce de resistance*, a vegetable à part, and a chicken, or curried something, or game of some sort, et "La Sweet," etc., etc., such is the skeleton menu. The "Banavie" is civilised, and does not insist on the temporary separation of the sexes after dinner in order that the gentlemen may be banished to a dreary smoking-room, which is a remnant of barbarism soon to disappear from all hotels. So, to travellers by this route, I say "Put in here: The 'Banavie,' *c'est mon avis*."

Then, what splendid views of Ben Nevis (poor "Big Ben" in London, hung up there and compelled to remain aloft all the year round, how you would enjoy the change!) and of many other Bens, big and little, as we steam along the Caledonian Canal towards Fort Augustus. But all that I can tell you, and more, is it not written in the Guide Books of Scotland, by MURRAY, BLACK, and in that most portable and most useful of all, a little well-printed, well-illustrated, well-written, six-penny guide to Oban and all the tours roundabout, published by MACKAY? That's the book to suit the pocket in every



sense. Go through it carefully and you'll have done all that is worth doing, and seen everything worth seeing, in this part of the Highlands.

At one of the locks is a Highlander playing the bag-pipes. He marches up and down and skirls. I don't know what reel it is, but he doesn't change it and try another. Rather MacMonotonous. "Who pays the piper, calls the tune." True. If I could call a tune, I would pay the piper and call another air while breath remains in the piper's body. His repertoire must be limited. For instance, it would be no use expecting him to play the march from *Norma*, an air from *Dinorah*, or "*Home, sweet Home*," on the bag-pipes. Not much sweetness would be left in the last mentioned tune. The boat moves slowly forward, and we leave him taking his blow out and marching up and down at the rate of six miles an hour. A feeling of shame steals over me; MacPiper thinks he has been delighting us, and we have evinced no gratitude. As we very, very slowly glide out between the lock-gates, I extract coppers from depths of pocket and shower them upon him. One touch of nature makes everybody else shower coppers. The pipes stop. He is busily engaged. "PETER PIPER picks up a peck of pennies; If PETER PIPER picks up a peck of pennies, what will PETER PIPER spend in drink?" Play on Piper! the money won't run to a pint of "Piper" (*très sec*).

#### A DRAWBACK.

[A correspondent to a morning paper complains that no guide-books can be procured at the Zoological Gardens on Sunday.]

My features wore a cheerful grin,  
And, blithe and happy as a lark,  
I strolled beside my sweetheart in  
The neighbourhood of Regent's Park.

I blessed the thoughtful person who  
Had granted me a priceless boon;  
A Fellow's ticket for the Zoo  
Upon that Sunday-afternoon.

"O maiden mine, whom I adore!"  
I cried, "Do you anticipate  
The pleasures that there are in store  
When once we get inside the gate?"

"How sweet to wander side by side,  
And in the reptile house to brood;  
Or see the lions satisfied  
With raw, unpalatable food."

I paused when I had got thus far,  
And she observed, with sober face,  
"The animals you mention are  
Particularly commonplace."

"I've seen them all; so I propose  
To-day we leave them quite alone,  
And for a change we'll study those  
Whose ways are not so widely known."



#### CUB HUNTING.

*Sporting Parson (whose flask is usually cold coffee). "HAVE A DRINK, TOM?"*  
*Tom (who has been there before). "NO, THANK YE, SIR. I DON'T THINK AS 'OW THAT BROWN SHERRY O' YOURS EXACTLY SUITS ME IN THE MORNING!"*

"More intimate I'd gladly get  
With these," and then she mentioned  
two.

One was, I think, the marmoset;  
I'm sure the other was the gnu.

Now, truth to tell, I did not care  
To strike such unfamiliar ground.  
I'd not the faintest notion where  
These animals were to be found.

But difficulties I defied,  
Although my brain was in a fog;  
Resolving, when I got inside,  
That I would buy a catalogue.

Alas! it really was too bad;  
I found, when I'd the turnstile passed,  
There were no guide-books to be had—  
No wonder that I stood aghast.

We wandered high, we wandered low,  
We also wandered round and round,  
Deciphering the labels;—no!  
Those animals could not be found.

We wandered till our limbs were stiff,  
And still we wandered on, and I'm  
Not sure what would have happened if  
It had not been their closing time.

And oh! my sweetheart *was* upset  
Because she could not interview  
The fascinating marmoset,  
The extraordinary gnu!

\* \* \* \* \*  
O patrons of the Zoo, at least  
Be warned, for it is none too soon;  
Don't seek an unfamiliar beast  
Upon a Sunday afternoon.

#### THREE REASONS FOR A DISSOLUTION.

1. BECAUSE the Government has an enormous majority in both Houses of Parliament.
2. Because there is no Opposition worth looking at.
3. Because partridge shooting has been so bad this year.



## A BACHELOR.

Who collars all my scanty pay,  
And with my little plans makes hay?  
Who says Mama has come to stay?

Who takes away my easy chair  
Because "it has no business there,"  
And only says she doesn't care?



Who says she hasn't got a gown,  
And wants to put the horses down,  
And thinks we'd better live in town?

Who commandeers my only hack,  
Returns him with a bad sore back,  
And says the little beast is slack?

Who thinks that I must ride a bike  
And makes me do what I don't like,  
And tells me if I don't she'll strike?

And when I'm feeling sad and low  
Who sympathises with my woe  
And softly breathes, "I told you so"?  
NO ONE!

## A CAPER IN THE "CAPERCAILZIE."

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

## Second Leaf.

Saturday. Oban.—Back here for letters and papers. Much struck in smoking-room last night at resources and tact of our host, temporarily in charge, in absence of his noble father. Topic of railway experience started in conversation. Began to relate mine in coming up from London on Tuesday night. As far north as Edinburgh arrangements left nothing to be desired. Great Northern Road, as is its custom not only of an afternoon, in perfect condition; keeps it up through full range of twenty-four hours; sleeping berth as snug as one's own bedroom; no climbing into shelves in closely packed car, perilously undressing and dressing behind curtains; for extra payment of ten shillings got first-class compartment made up with two comfortable beds. Often wonder what foreigners accustomed to extravagant charges for sleeping accommodation on

Continental railways think when they come to this country and find they get excellent bed in express train for five shillings.

But that is another story. What I began to recount in the smoking-room at anchor last night in dark and still Loch Duich, was my experience after changing train at Edinburgh and proceeding north to Oban. "Only once before," I said, "coming South on same line, have I suffered in similar fashion."

At this moment a cork from one of the soda-water bottles on the tray over which the host presided suddenly went off with a loud plop. This disconcerting: managed, after brief pause, to pick up the thread of narrative.

"On this line," I continued, "the traveller soon begins to take keen personal interest in the number of the family of successive Station-masters. Running in connection with express from London the Oban train makes a point of stopping at every station. That a little trying to the impetuous mind; peculiarity of the system is the leisure of the re-start. No apparent reason why, when one passenger has got in or one has got out, the train should not move onward. That would never do. What happens is that guard strolls in direction of station-master, meditative in doorway of booking-office; no hurry in movement; pauses occasionally to admire natural beauties of railway station; has certainly come across them before; but fresh view develops; stops and studies it; continues advance towards booking-office; conversation opens.

"Here's where number of family on either side becomes a factor in the scheme of the express passenger for Oban. Guard broaches conversation by enquiring after health of station-master's wife. Interest on this point assuaged, begins with eldest son and daughter; goes all through list to latest born. If any are married and have children, field of inquiry extended. Station-master in turn politely takes up quest of information as to health and welfare of every member of guard's family and collaterals. From seven to ten minutes being thus occupied, guard, in moment of abstraction turning his head, observes the train, express from King's Cross 8.45 p.m., standing in the station. Suggests idea to him. Suppose he starts it?

"Waves a flag; nothing happens. After due interval, whistles; engine-driver, roused from deep contemplation, looks up. At this moment guard observes two boxes on platform where, indeed, they have stood since, ten minutes ago, train came in; approaches; examines labels; strolls over to station-master, still lingering in doorway of ticket office; further conversation ensues. Station-master goes off in search of porter; comes back with two; group form round the boxes; regard them with

melancholy interest; labels freshly examined; a long pause; station-master says something to porters; they lift one box at a time, slowly convey it towards luggage van; station-master and guard follow with bowed heads, as if the box contained mortal remains of esteemed director of the railway."

Here I was startled by cork of another soda-water bottle popping. Most extraordinary. Looked at host; observed him frowning, winking, and making other mysterious signals. Threw me and my story quite off the rail, so to speak. Someone else chipped in; lost opportunity of pointing out how, same kind of thing happening at every station, train was more than hour late arriving at Oban.

"What did you mean by popping off those corks?" I asked when we were alone.

"Why, don't you know?" he said. "McTAVISH, who was glaring at you all the time you were speaking, is a Director of the railway."

I certainly didn't. But for the sake of fellow men travelling to and from Oban, I'm not sorry he heard me.

## AN AWFUL SECRET.

My own, you have called me your poet,  
And poet I certainly am;  
What use to pretend not to know it?  
I spurn such an obvious sham.

I know that each letter I write you  
Is full of the tenderest thought,  
I know that the verse I indite you  
Is simply deliciously wrought.

My ecstasy over a flower,  
My beautiful love of the Spring,  
The rapture I find in a shower  
That "gently refreshes the ling"—



You ask where on earth I discover  
These visions abundantly fair,  
When you know that your toil-driven  
lover

Has diggings in Bloomsbury Square?

I'll tell you my secret, my darling;  
My talk of the petals that close,  
My odes to the flight of a starling,  
My stanzas in praise of a rose  
All spring from my fancy—my living,  
From the rise of the sun till it sets,  
I earn by my energies giving  
To fashioning cheap novelettes!





LEAVING THE CONCERT.

Waldesee. "WHAT! GOING AWAY! DONNERWETTER! WHY, I HAVE ONLY JUST ARRIVED TO CONDUCT YOU!"





*Squire's Daughter.* "DO YOU THINK IT IS QUITE HEALTHY TO KEEP YOUR PIGS SO CLOSE TO THE COTTAGE?"

*Hodge.* "I DUNNO, MISS. NOAN OF THER PIGS AIN'T EVER BIN ILL!"

### PENMEN'S POLITICS.

THE daily papers announce that Messrs. CONAN DOYLE and "ANTHONY HOPE" will contest constituencies at the approaching election. They have failed, however, to report the speeches from which the following extracts are taken:—

#### I.

... You will not fail to return me as your Member. (*Cheers: and a voice, "Oh!"*) The gentleman sitting third from the end in the fourteenth row says "Oh!" ("Shame!") Shall I tell you why? Because he has been bribed by his sister-

in-law to support my rival! (*Sensation.*) Yes, I saw him this afternoon smoking a new imitation-meerschaum pipe. Now, no man ever bought an imitation-meerschaum. Clearly, therefore, it was a present, and a present from a lady. That lady was not his wife, who disapproves of smoking. His only other feminine relative is his sister-in-law. And his sister-in-law is the wife of a member of my opponent's committee! (*Uproar.*) Yes, gentlemen, the case is complete. Bribed by a beggarly gift—from a glimpse I had of the pipe I learnt that it had been in stock for a long time, and had been reduced from 3s. 7d., its

original price, to 2s. 5½d.—bribed, I say, by this beggarly gift, the gentleman has the effrontery to come here and raise his voice against my candidature! (*Cheers, and cries of "Turn him out!"*) And now to say a few words of my opponent. I chanced to see him enter his committee-room to-day. For perhaps fifteen seconds he stood in the full glare of my inductive glance. What did those fifteen seconds reveal? That he makes a false income-tax return, does not pay his tailor's bill, eats bacon without mustard, collects postage-stamps, only writes to his aged mother on the second Monday in each month, is an anti-vivisectionist, and is suffering from over-indulgence in baked potatoes! (*Sensation.*) Yes, that was what I learnt in fifteen seconds. But soon I hope to study him for a full minute, and then, gentlemen, you shall know the result! (*Laughter and cheers.*) But in the light of what the most simple inductive process has demonstrated already, is such a man, I ask you confidently, worthy to represent a free, glorious, and enlightened constituency? (*Prolonged cheers.*)

#### II.

... "and apply, in a word, to our own Empire those principles of sound government which proved in the instance of Ruritania so beneficial to the State and so gratifying to the people." (*Loud cheers.* A gentleman in the audience then rose to ask the candidate a few questions, and the following colloquy took place.)

"You are in favour of universal suffrage?"

"There is much to be said for it—unfortunately," the candidate conceded.

"And of marriage with a deceased wife's sister?"

"I have not been privileged to meet the lady. And to predict the feminine unknown—"

"You support old-age pensions administered by local authorities?"

"Yes—if authors are among the authorities."

"And a graduated income-tax?"

The candidate looked at the ceiling.

"And a graduated income-tax?"

The candidate prodded the table with his stylograph.

"And a grad—"

"Excuse me," said the candidate. "I've used up my two thousand words for to-night. I can only add???"

"!!!!" said the voter. The meeting then terminated.

A. C. D.

#### A SHORT RHYME OF WESTMINSTER.

Big Ben's goin' agen  
But he only strikes, when he likes,  
Waitin', maybe, the time when he'll see  
The incomin' Parliament men.  
He knows the voice of the popular choice  
Does old Big Ben!



## RELICTA NON BENE PARMULA.

"FATE, I assure you, will defend  
The cause for which I daily pray;  
A week or two will see the end,"  
Asseverated Mr. K.

"Be not afraid—if still they stand,  
Though lengthy Toms about them play,  
Their house is only built on sand,"  
Expostulated Mr. K.

"Not one step nearer can they march,  
My mercenaries bar the way,  
And I myself, as stiff as starch,"  
Protested valiant Mr. K.

"Whate'er betide, come weal or woo,  
Depend upon it, here I stay  
To strike one last tremendous blow,"  
Vociferated Mr. K.

\* \* \* \*

"A tide 's in the affairs of man,  
I'm off to Delagoa Bay;  
You'd better do the best you can"—  
Oh, Mr. K.! Oh, Mr. K.!

## CARPINGS.

[A Western farmer is said to have used bees as  
letter-carriers. The letters were reduced by  
microphotography, and gummed to the back of  
the bee.—*Daily Paper*.]

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve its shining wing,  
And by microphotography  
Our correspondence bring?

How doth she learn the artful knack,  
While flying far and near,  
To make the packet on her back  
Still manage to adhere?

How doth the bee-keeper contrive,  
When her long flight is o'er,  
To pitch upon her in the hive  
Out of ten thousand more?

How doth——? but for the present,  
till  
First these few points I know,  
For business purposes I'll still  
Prefer the G. P. O.

## SONG OF THE POT-BOILER.

My grate was cold and rusty,  
And in the lifeless pot  
That once was full and lusty  
The water bubbled not.

My last small spark had dwindled,  
I'd raked the ash in vain,  
When, lo! Bellona kindled  
Her fiery torch in again.

I marked the blazing nation,  
The flames uprearing high,  
And "On this conflagration  
I'll boil my pot," thought I.

I wrote of martial glories,  
I painted bloody scenes,  
I filled with thrilling stories  
The penny magazines.



Vendor of Cheap Music. " 'ERE Y' ARE, LIDY! 'I'LL BE YE SWEETART.' ONE PENNY!"

Heroic maids I mated  
To fearless friends, or foes,  
V.C.'s in scores created  
And endless D.S.O.'s.

My heroes almost daily  
Seized laagers, kopjes, neks;  
They took their triumphs gaily,  
I gaily took my cheques.

Life was a bed of roses—  
I ventured to suppose—  
But, ah! the scribe proposes,  
The editors dispose.

When I was penning more tales,  
They wrote me to suggest  
That I should give my war tales  
(To quote their phrase) "a rest."

The war had very few things  
With which they had not dealt:  
They felt the want of new things,  
They did not want the veldt.

If I could write of China  
(The latest craze), they'd see,  
And perhaps would not decline a  
Short manuscript from me.

I studied the *Mikado*,  
The *Geisha* and *San Toy*,  
And now an *Eldorado*  
I'm hoping to enjoy.

For though no kopje's found here  
In China's hills and dales,  
There is a hunting ground here  
*Par excellence* for tael.





A LITTLE DUOLOGUE ON THE QUAY AT BOULOCNE-SUR-MER.

## CABLE BREVITIES.

## SOME CODE EQUIVALENTS.

[*Exhibition Paris* publishes a short and convenient Code for wanderers who wish to telegraph personal details home to their anxious relatives. We are happy to supply a brief appendix.]

**INADVERT** = Got accidentally mixed up with a number of excursionists, including male relative, and find myself en route for Paris. *Force majeure*. Love.

**INNOCUO** = Reached Paris safely. Seventeen in carriage, mostly *maires* from Normandy. Must do Exhibition now that I am here. Don't be anxious on my account. Brought a little luggage, luckily.

**STARVELING** = No food obtainable except at famine prices. Twenty-two thousand

*maires* and their families responsible. Am developing Exhibition headache and *grand prix* corn.

**STERTOROUS** = Tired. Fell asleep across *plateforme mobile*, but woke abruptly on finding that my head was travelling eight kilometres per hour, while my feet were only going four. Had trouble with official, but matter now put right. Cash running low. Coming back as soon as possible. Love, as usual.

**TERPSICHO** = Stupidly missed train. Invited to attend curious dancing congress. Impolite to refuse, but returning promptly. Too stiff, except as spectator.

**NOCTIVAGO** = Every hotel crammed. *Conspuez* these twenty-two thousand provincial *maires* and their families! Love. Write soon—*poste restante*.

We may add a few for more general use:—

**HITSIH** = Where are you? Come back to Peking. All will be forgiven after decapitation. *Hitiddleyhiti*!

**KWANGXOTIC** = Run away from the Aunt, thou sluggard. Have you got that ten-pound note?

**LIUNHUNG** = Too muchee bobbely—time can stop lie-pidgin. Allosamee, you wancheo plenty dollar bimeby, when Ally-man makee pay chop-chop. *Chin-chin*.

**EXKRUGERO** = Return at once to your sorrowing vrow. You know I can't stand a sea voyage, and you have no right to go gallivanting away to Europe for a six months' trip. I never did trust that LEYDS. A nice mess you have made of it between you!

## MR. SWINBURNE S'AMUSE.

SIR,—In the *Athenæum*—a paper I greatly respect,

In the last week of August appeared, as you may perhaps recollect,

A matter of two or three columns of verse on "Hawthorn Tide,"

And I read them and felt that I also could write like that if I tried.

It was Mr. SWINBURNE who wrote them, and this was the metre he used.

The words and the rhymes were there all right, but the thought was confused,

And the lines went rippling along and the columns melted away,

And the poet sang on, sang on; but, alas, he had nothing to say!

When I reached this depressing conclusion I said, "I will write Mr. Punch,

In the short space of time intervening between my breakfast and lunch,

A stanza or two on the weather—which happens to-day to be fine—

In the self-same metre, and hope that he'll pay me a guinea a line.

I'll employ an abundance of epithets, not less than two to each noun,

And my skill at alliteration shall fairly astonish the town;

No one unmoved shall read my lines in hovel or hall—

Indeed, it's exceedingly likely that no one will read them at all!

'Fair and sublime in the sky,' I shall cry, 'the sun of September swings,

'And the sky's and the sea's sun fades not as fade the kingdoms of kings,

'For the triumph of time and the ravin of rhyme possess not nor hold

'The light of the leaf of the wet woods' wonder, the gleam of its gold!

'The stars and the suns give thanks for the glory bestowed and beholden,' "

*Et cetera, et cetera*. But, hark, the clock strikes one,

And I mustn't forget that though speech is silver silence is golden,

And though he that runs may read there be many that will not run!













SWAIN SC

## THE CHALLENGE.

CHAMBERLAIN (THE SQUIRE). "NAY, GOOD MY LORD, METHINKS THESE VARLETS HAVE NO CHAMPION. THEY DO BUT FIGHT WITH ONE ANOTHER."







## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MIPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## FOURTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now in the land of the Pigh-Taels,  
 2. who dwelt in *pigh-ódurs*, inside of the Great Wall,  
 3. the growers of finger-nails,  
 4. whose faces were yellow, with prominent cheek-bones,  
 5. and their eyes interfered with by  
 6. curious eyelids . . . . .  
 7. did great trouble arise.  
 8. They felt some objection, for reasons not stated,  
 9. to being divided  
 10. up into allotments  
 11. and parcelled out broadcast among all the Pouáhs.  
 12. They shared with the Séssils, the dwellers at Hátt-phild,  
 13. A hatred of changes, a dread of the advent  
 14. of modern improvements . . . . .  
 15. Then did they the Bókhsahs, the wearers of scarlet,  
 16. let loose in their millions . . . . .  
 17. . . . . ambassadors like birds in a cage  
 18. . . . . held captive . . . . . did hammer with  
 19. *kruppans* and also with *krersohs* . . .  
 20. and they wiped out the spreaders  
 21. of foreign religions, the forerunners of gunboats,  
 22. who had trustfully settled in places unsuited,  
 23. with their wives and their children (excessive in numbers),  
 24. the holders of classes on the brink of volcanoes. . . . .  
 25. Then did the Nations  
 26. without undue hurry  
 27. assemble their forces . . . . .

28. and Djér-men-Emprah the Khaizr,  
 29. on whose head dwelt the eagle,  
 30. the Lord of the Mehl-i-Phist,  
 31. the Hurler of thunderbolts,  
 32. the Dealer of world-strokes  
 33. delayed in transmission;  
 34. the grandson of Er, whose rule  
 35. was so widespread that it bothered the sunsets;  
 36. the deviser of something distinctively novel  
 37. in the way of moustaches,  
 38. his forces did send out  
 39. after stirring addresses made over the gunwale  
 40. from the top of a ladder,  
 41. and in *khaki* he had dressed them  
 42. which was made in Djérmani, much more like *azbéstos*,  
 43. rather given to shrink and become corrugated, when exposed to the weather; and  
 44. in broad-brimmed *sombrérohs* . . . . . just a bit out of drawing . . . . .  
 45. to keep off the headache.  
 46. . . . . forth did he send them.  
 47. And he straitly besought them  
 48. to plant their feet firmly on the chest of the foeman  
 49. their big dragon-crushers, imprinting their tread-mark . . . . .  
 50. and to always remember  
 51. in spite of their costume,  
 52. that they really were Djermans . . .  
 53. Also the Brit-Ishtars, the Tel-am-arins; and the  
 54. wearers of turbans [battle  
 55. the Sikhs of the Panjáb, the lions in  
 56. under Ghézli their chieftain . . . . . did gather togethe

57. . . . . And over the seas came the soldiers of Loubéh  
 58. of the Pálivu-phranséhs some interesting samples,  
 59. the shruggers of shoulders, the Djestik-el-Étars  
 60. And their brothers the Russkis, the Djinali-oufis,  
 61. the Aikál - thatün, and Yupeh-thepáir,  
 62. the Ámed - moujiks and also the Kosaks  
 63. the subjects of Nikki the Tsah . . .  
 64. and out of the land of Fuji-no-Yama, or otherwise Nippon,  
 65. the Djapanis did hasten,  
 66. the Bit-Jappis, the Bit-Nippis, all slimness and sinew  
 67. with two-handed sword-hilts, the twisters of Pigh-Taels,  
 68. all masters of carving and judges of china . . . . .  
 69. . . . . and the Yanki-dúdals . . . . .  
 70. the men of Mkinli . . . right there.  
 71. . . . . but owing to barriers connected with language  
 72. the troops of the nations were not over chatty. [belated,  
 73. At length came Valdazeh, a trifle  
 74. their trusty commander, with his Bhédékaz phrase-book  
 75. well-thumbed on the voyage,  
 76. And they stood at attention and their arms they presented.  
 77. Then despite much translation and signals in dumb show  
 78. they went on PRESENTING and couldn't be shifted. And  
 79. Valdazeh said . . . . . or the Djérman equivalent.  
 E. T. R.





*Fair Customer.* "No, I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE THIS BOOK. MY HUSBAND SAYS IT IS NOT FIT FOR GIRLS TO READ. BESIDES, IT'S VERY UNINTERESTING."

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.  
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### X.—THE JOHN OLIVER HOBBS SECTION.

(By permission and with sincerest compliments.)

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 2ND.—ROBERT was passing through that crisis which is inevitable with those in whom the ideals of childhood survive an ordered scheme of ambition. His head was his Party's; but his heart was in the "Kingdom under the sea," Lyonesse or another, not in the maps. He spent long hours of vigil over JULIUS VERNE'S *Twenty Thousand Leagues*, in the original. He almost persuaded himself to join the French navy and invent another *Nautilus*. It was at this period of his career that DISRAELI spoke of him as "the submarine incorruptible."

3RD TO 5TH.—Later it became evident that the Church would claim her own. *Dépaycé* by arbitrary choice, his adopted name of PORRIDGE stood merely for the cooked article, the raw material being represented by his family name of HAUTEMILLE, a stock unrivalled in antiquity save by the CONFUCH and the TUDAL-CAINS; and to the last, even in intervals of the most exalted abstraction, he was a prey to poignant irritation when the comic journals (ever ready to play upon proper names) Anglicized it phonetically as HOATMEAL. He repeated the *Chanson de Roland* verbatim every night in bed. But the noblest portion of him was wrought of bronze (or else putty) Latinity. His brain reeled to the lilt of the rhyming Fathers. He would himself compose even secular verse in this medium. A post-mortem examination of his portfolios brought to light the following brochure:

*Da me, Carole,\* in fugam;  
Te sequente, præcedam  
Usque ad ecclesiam.*

6TH, 7TH.—"I will never believe," said POUBABA (speaking in fluent Dutch, but with a Siberian accent which betrayed his Trans-Ural habit of thought—his parentage was Levantine, with a Maltese cross on the mother's side, and he himself a reputed traveller in Swedish liqueurs), "I will never believe the Anglo-Teuton theory that the Latin races are doomed to perish, remaining extant in Alsace and the Channel Islands only. Solferino was a shock to that phantasy, and Fashoda will be its death-blow." (It will be remembered that Major MARCHAND was still a mere child at the date of this prophecy.)

8TH.—"And Spain," he cried, "romantic home of lost Carloses, and odorous onions, and impossible Armadas—shall she suffer her colonies to bow to the brutal invader? Never, while a breath is left in the swelling chests of her toredors!" (This remark, again, is supposed to be made in 1869, prior to the late Cuban war, for which J. O. H., though American, is in no sort of way responsible.)

9TH TO 11TH.—For a growing girl, MIDGET's knowledge of the world showed a precocity which is only explicable by reference to her careful training in the seclusion of a convent. Of her life with Lady FITZ-BLOUSE she wrote:—"Consolatory platitudes exude from her brain with the facile fluency of her own saucy ringlets. Artlessness, in her case, has grown into an accomplishment so close to nature that it borders on sincerity. For answer, I fall back upon the history of the Bourbons. Really, the contemptuous attitude of these English toward uncrowned royalties is something appalling. Yesterday, in company of some pompous locals, to whom a foreign title is a thing *pour rire*, I was compelled, against my dearest principles, to play croquet. I stuck all the afternoon in the first hoop, wondering why I was an Archduchess. But I have not lived all those years without learning the value of self-repression. Remember me in your orisons.

12TH.—Opposition, with ROBERT, had been the very food and drink from which he had wrung the cud of a brooding personality. *Chew thyself* was his habitual rule of life. Mastered now by an indefinable sensation, made up of the elements of passion and brotherly love, and yet not strictly to be analysed as either, he found his occupation gone. The rarefied atmosphere of his new environment was too strong for him. No prig could hope to live in it—not comfortably.

13TH TO 15TH.—It will be convenient here to give a short extract of the very full notes taken by the deck-steward of the St. Malo packet during the extended prelude of ROBERT's abortive honeymoon. (In 1869 the progress of these vessels was marked by a much greater deliberation.) "'My experience of human nature,' I overheard the lady say, 'allows me to read your thoughts. Taught to indulge yourself in the gratification derived from self-sacrifice, you are suspicious of a Paradise which offers no useful scope for renunciation. You suffer the chagrin of not being a martyr to anything in particular.'

"'MIDGET,' replied the gentleman, 'you intrude upon the sanctity of my private soul. I am engaged just now over the enigma of a submerged identity.'

"'I knew it,' said the lady. 'There are obscure *penetralia* in your ethical system of which not even your wife is allowed the *entrée*. We may be married lovers, but we can never, never, be friends!'

"'Do not ask me to sate your curiosity,' said the gentleman. 'It would run into another six-shilling volume.'"  
O. S.

(To be continued.)

\* Dare we trace in this the original of that justly popular song, "*Chase me, Charlie*"?



# A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A., Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.  
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.,)

## CHAPTER III.

### THE INVOLUNTARY FASCINATOR.

*Please do not pester me with unwelcome attentions,  
Since to respond I have no intentions!  
Your Charms are deserving of honorable mentions—  
But previous attachment compels these abstentions!*

"AN UNWILLING WOOD TO HIS WOODER."

*Original unpublished Poem by H.B.J.*

MR. BHOSH was very soon enabled to make his *débüt* as a pleader, for the *Mooktears* sent him briefs as thick as an Autumn leaf in Vallambrosa, and, having on one occasion to prosecute a youth who had embezzled an elderly matron, MR. BHOSH's eloquence and pathos melted the jury into a flood of tears which procured the triumphant acquittal of the prisoner.

But the bow of Achilles (which, as Poet HOMER informs us, was his only vulnerable point) must be untied occasionally, and accordingly MR. BHOSH occasionally figured as the gay dog in upper-class societies, and was not long in winning a reputation in smart circles as a champion bounder.

For he did greet those he met with a pleasant, obsequious affability and familiarity, which easily endeared him to all hearts. In his appearance he would—but for a somewhat mediocre stature and tendency to a precocious obesity—have strikingly resembled the well-known statuery of the Apollo Bellevue, and he was in consequence inordinately admired by aristocratic females, who were enthralled by the fluency of his small talk, and competed desperately for the honour of his company at their "Afternoon-At-Home-Teas."

It was at one of these exclusive festivities that he first met the Duchess DICKINSON, and (as we shall see hereafter) that meeting took place in an evil-ominous hour for our hero. As it happened, the honorable highborn hostess proposed a certain cardgame known as "Penny Napkin," and fate decreed that MR. BHOSH should sit contiguous to the Duchess's Grace, who by lucky speculations was the winner of incalculable riches.

But, hoity toity! what were his dismay and horror, when he detected that by her legerdemain in double-dealing she habitually contrived to assign herself five pictured cards of leading importance!

How to act in such an unprecedented dilemma? As a chivalrous, it was repugnant to him to accuse a Duchess of sharpening at cards, and yet at the same time he could not stake his fortune against such a foregone conclusion!

So he very tactfully contrived by engaging the Duchess's attention to substitute his cardhand for hers, and thus effect the exchange which is no robbery, and she, finally observing his *finesse*, and struck by the delicacy with which he had so unostentatiously rebuked her duplicity, earnestly desired his further acquaintance.

For a time MR. BHOSH, doubtless obeying one of those supernatural and presentimental monitions which were undreamt of in the Horatian philosophy, resisted all her advances—but alas! the hour arrived in which he became as SIMPSON with DELIAH.

It was at the very summit of the Season, during a brilliantly fashionable ball at the Ladbroke Hall, Archer Street, Bayswater, whither all the *élites* of tiptop London Society had congregated.

MR. BHOSH was present, but standing apart, overcome with bashfulness at the paucity of upper feminine apparel and designing to take his premature book, when the beauteous

Duchess in passing surreptitiously fung over him a dainty nosehandkerchief deliciously perfumed with extract of cherry blossoms.

With native penetration into feminine coquetries he interpreted this as an intimation that she desired to dance with him, and, though not proficient in such exercises, he made one or two revolutions round the room with her co-operation, after which they retired to an alcove and ate raspberry ices and drank lemonade. MR. BHOSH's sparkling tittle-tattle completely achieved the Duchess's conquest, for he possessed that magical gift of the gab which inspired the tender passion without any connivance on his own part.

And, although the Duchess was no longer the chicken, having attained her thirtieth lustre, she was splendidly well preserved; with huge flashing eyes like searchlights in a face resembling the full moon; of tall stature and proportionate plumpness; most young men would have been puffed out by pride at obtaining such a tiptop admirer.

Not so our hero, whose manly heart was totally monopolised by the image of the fair unknown whom he had rescued at Cambridge from the savage clutches of a horned cow, and although, after receiving from the Duchess a musk-scented postal card, requesting his company on a certain evening, he decided to keep the appointed tryst, it was only against his will and after heaving many sighs.

On reaching the Duchess's palace, which was situated in Pembroke Square, Bayswater, he had the mortification to perceive that he was by no means the only guest, since the reception-halls were thickly populated by gilded worldlings. But the Duchess advanced to greet him in a very kind, effusive manner, and, intimating that it was impossible to converse with comfort in such a crowd, she led him to a small side-room, where she seated him on a couch by her side and invited him to discourse.

MR. BHOSH discoursed accordingly, paying her several high-flown compliments by which she appeared immoderately pleased, and discoursed in her turn of instinctive sympathies, until our hero was wriggling like an eel with embarrassment at what she was to say next, and at this point DUKE DICKINSON suddenly entered and reminded his spouse in rather abrupt fashion that she was neglecting her remaining guests.

After the Duchess's departure, MR. BHOSH, with the feelings of an innate gentleman, felt constrained to make his sincere apologies to his ducal entertainer for having so engrossed his better half, frankly explaining that she had exhibited such a marked preference for his society that he had been deprived of all option in the matter, further assuring his dukeship that he by no means reciprocated the lady's sentiments, and delicately recommending that he was to keep a rather more lynxlike eye in future upon her proceedings.

To which the Duke, greatly agitated, replied that he was unspeakably obliged for the caution, and requested MR. BHOSH to depart at once and remain an absentee for the future. Which our friend cheerfully undertook to perform, and, in taking leave of the Duchess, exhorted her, with an eloquence that moved all present, to abandon her frivolities and levities and adopt a deportment more becoming to her matronly exterior.

The reader would naturally imagine that she would have been grateful for so friendly and well-meant a hint—but oh, dear! it was quite the reverse, for from a loving friend she was transformed into a bitter and most unscrupulous enemy, as we shall find in forthcoming chapters.

Truly it is not possible to fathom the perversities of the feminine disposition!

(To be continued.)

GRATITUDE AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S.—Eton boy (who has just been relieved of some inches of down, to operator). Look here, I must give you a tip. I haven't had such a splendid shave for years!





**T**HE Duc de MONTMIRAIL stepped from his cab while the clocks of Paris were striking eight, and having stopped a moment to argue with the driver, who asked him if he thought he was a gentleman, he turned disdainfully away to the courtyard of his sister's hotel.

"A gentleman, indeed!" cried the Duke, with much of indignation in his manner. "A gentleman—pooh! As if I should call myself anything so expensive. Go away, my good fellow—you are only wasting money here."

The cabman gathered his reins together angrily, and flourished his whip in no better temper.

"May your children grow up cabmen, and have you for a fare," said he in triumph; and with that shot he left the old man at the door of the Hôtel de Tournon, which, as all the world knows, is at the very corner of the Boulevard St. Germain and its lesser tributary the Boulevard d'Enfer.

The Duke entered the porch of the great house, and rang the bell loudly. He was very pleased with himself; pleased that he should come to Paris thus stealthily; pleased because he knew how very far from glad his sister would be to see him; pleased because he had saved fifty centimes at the expense of an impudent cabman.

"May my children grow up cabmen—ha, ha! If he knew that I have but one, and that she is a woman. My poor IRÈNE, you will not welcome papa to-night—not at all; you will be very angry. Twenty francs to bring me from Blois, and one franc fifty to a cabman. It was cheap at the price, my dear, cheap at the price."

He smiled to himself with the sardonic humour of his thoughts.

And he was still smiling when old CÉLESTIN opened the door to him, and nearly fell into the courtyard at the apparition he beheld.

"Name of Heaven—the Duke!"

"As you say CÉLESTIN, the Duke. He, he! are you not pleased, man—are you not pleased?"

CÉLESTIN pulled himself together very bravely, and stammered out his apology.

"Monsieur, how pleased I am! But Madame is not at home; she is——"

He was about to round off the lie, and to add "in the country," when the Duke handed him his valise and cut him short.

"At the house of Monsieur, the Comte DE BARRES, who to-morrow will be my son-in-law. Do not add to the burden of your sins, CÉLESTIN; they are expensive. I have come here from Blois to see my dear daughter. She, also, is in the country? Very well, we shall wait until she returns. If you would remain in this house, not a word of this to anyone. They think the old fellow is done for—sponged out, eh? They say that he has a bee in his bonnet, eh? Then we shall undeceive them to-morrow. Take me upstairs, high up, CÉLESTIN, to the stars. Let a portion of the marriage-feast be cooked, for I am hungry. When Madame la Baronne returns, say that no one has been here. Adhere to the story, CÉLESTIN, and when you die I will give the priest five francs to pray for your soul."

CÉLESTIN pinched himself to be sure that it was true; and when he had recovered his senses—for he was a quick-witted fellow—he conducted the Duke across the courtyard to the private door, and standing in the hall for a minute he began to conceive that audacious plan from which such surprising results were to spring.

"You prefer to dine upstairs, Monsieur?" he asked.

"Upstairs, certainly, CÉLESTIN—the best the cook can do?"

CÉLESTIN sighed.

"Ah, Monsieur, it has been very different since the Baron



died. Then, at any notice, a dinner for a prince; but now! Will Monsieur take a cutlet?"

The Duke answered him by turning the handle of the dining-room door, and looking into the room. A single gas jet illumined the apartment; but this was all-sufficient to tell its story. Tables bearing their burden of blossoms and palms, silver candlesticks shining everywhere, rout seats, a raised platform for the orchestra, all the promise of a marriage-feast was there. The Duke regarded the scene with devouring eyes, and then turned to CÉLESTIN with a greedy leer.

"You think that I am blind, ah—well, do not speak any more of cutlets. A *potage à la purée*, a *fricassée* of lamb, a capon, and a little *pâté de foie gras*. I am a moderate man, CÉLESTIN. I am easily satisfied."

CÉLESTIN stifled the oath that rose to his lips (forgetting that an oath has nowhere else to rise to), and mounted the great staircase slowly. At the door of the *salon* upon the first floor, the Duke stopped again. Here the preparations for to-morrow were even more shameless. Hardly a stick of furniture remained in the drawing-room. Workmen were still busy, hanging draperies or watching others hang them. Hundreds of flowers in pots resented the garish light. One man with a mouth full of tin-tacks was trying to tell a story to another man with a knife between his teeth, and both failed dismally. A lank fellow, who had stood for a quarter of an hour with a hammer in his hand, looking for a convenient nail whereupon to employ it, yawned dismally and cried, "Very good." The old Duke chuckled softly as he took in the truth at a glance.

"Not a day too soon, CÉLESTIN, not an hour. If I had come to-morrow night, it would have been twenty-four hours too late. Admit that it is absurd for a father to say 'No,' twenty-four hours after the bride has said 'Yes.' We shall go upstairs, CÉLESTIN, and no one will know, not even my sister. To-morrow morning, the old fellow who does not count, who has a bee in his bonnet, who is crazy, will stand at the *mairie* with them; he will go to the altar. Name of the devil, he should know his way there, for he has buried—ah, how many has he buried, CÉLESTIN?"

CÉLESTIN, staggered at the question, could not remember the number of the Duke's wives, so he confessed that they were a "lot," and went on upstairs toward the stars as the old fellow had suggested. But there was an idea in CÉLESTIN's head now, and when he came to the landing of the second story, he paused to light a gas jet and to ask a question. "Twenty-four hours too late!" There was a wrinkle in that, surely! Why should not this old madman be twenty-four hours too late himself.

"You don't remember much about the Hôtel de Tournon, Monsieur?" he asked suddenly.

The Duke, puffing and blowing after his ascent, protested that he remembered nothing.

"Then it is all the same whether you sleep in the red room or the blue?"

"Or the black, or the white, or the pink, or the green. Where you please, CÉLESTIN, as long as it is a room."

CÉLESTIN rubbed his chin.

"Of course, it would have to be a room, that goes without saying. And where Madame la Baronne would know nothing. You would not wish Madame la Baronne to know anything, Monsieur?"

The Duke's eyes glittered.

"The old cat!" he exclaimed; "she said that I was mad. I will pull her claws in the morning. Show me the bedroom, and hold your tongue."

CÉLESTIN nodded his head; and when he had turned round, he closed his left eye twice, as much as to say, "I know the way."

The green room was at the very bottom of the great west corridor, and thither he went with quick steps; indeed, he had lighted half-a-dozen candles, and dusted a chair, and drawn back the hangings of the great bed almost before the Duke had toddled into the room after him.

"The green room, Monsieur, with the BOULE bed. You have heard of that, Monsieur?"

"Devil a word."

"Wonderful bed, made by CHARLES ANDRÉ BOULE, in the year 1730. Queens have slept in that bed, Monsieur."

The Duke leered, as he listened to the old servant's one historical fact.

"Send their ghosts to keep me company, CÉLESTIN. Tell them I have buried—let me see—how many have I buried? Well, it doesn't matter, for I am hungry. We will speak about the bed to-morrow when we get up to see the marriage. *Sacré bleu*—without my consent. You understand, man, they marry without my consent. But the code says, 'No'—the crazy old fellow says, 'No.' He will say 'No' at the *mairie*, CÉLESTIN."

CÉLESTIN sighed.

"You would break Mademoiselle's heart, Monsieur."

"My good fellow, a woman is worth nothing until her heart has been broken two or three times. She will find a better man. The Comte DE BARRES—faugh! He said that I was mad!"

"They all said that, Monsieur."

"Ah, did they? Very well, they shall pay the bill to-morrow. Go and see to the dinner, CÉLESTIN. I will show you how a madman can drink Bordeaux. The best you have in the cellar, my man. Do not forget that I am the twenty-fifth Duke of MONTMIRAIL. To-morrow, when I go away, I will give you——"

CÉLESTIN became greatly interested.

"You will give me, Monsieur——"

"My blessing, CÉLESTIN."

He sat down in one of the arm-chairs with the words, finding them very comfortable companions, and CÉLESTIN left the room indignantly. Outside on the landing, the old servant stood for a little while on the best of terms with himself and his idea.

"He'd stop the marriage to-morrow, would he? He'd break



Mademoiselle IRÈNE's heart? Well, there's two opinions about that, and I've got the right to one of 'em. Mad—he's as mad as—"

He paused for a simile, but finding one presently, he added, "as mad as dogs," and with that he went downstairs to tell JULES, the cook, that the crazy old duke had escaped from Blois, and was already upstairs crying out for his dinner. To which JULES answered by putting exactly one teaspoonful of salt too much into the soup, and declaring that he was desolated.

"Desolated or not desolated, it's him or his shadow up in the green-room, my boy, and to-morrow morning he'll go to the Mayor as sure as I'm eating quail *au gratin*. And that's not to be denied, JULES."

Seeing that CÉLESTIN had a quail in one hand and the bread-crumbs in the other, JULES made no attempt to dispute so self-evident a proposition; but basting a bird tenderly, he appealed at the same time to his patron saint, which a listener might have supposed to be the devil.

"*Sacré bleu*," he asked at last, "who let him out of the asylum, then?"

"Do not trouble your head with riddles. The question is, who is going to put him back again."

"It will kill Mademoiselle."

"And Madame; she will die too."

"And Monsieur le Comte, who loves Mademoiselle so much that he never goes to the private door at the opera now. I know, for I was there all last week."

"You always do the right thing, JULES."

"Ha, ha! I know when the world turns on its own axis, my boy."

"Then I wish you'd give it a spin to-night, and make this old chap dizzy. He wants his dinner."

"The word that makes humanity, my boy, our 'dinner.' But we live a hundred years too late. There is the guillotine after the coffee which disagrees with you. It cannot be done, my friend; it cannot be done."

CÉLESTINE helped himself to another quail.

"Give him the Bordeaux we didn't like last night, and a bit of the leavings from breakfast. I'll go and tuck him up just now, and see what can be done."

"Ah, mon CÉLESTIN, what a head you have!"

CÉLESTIN screwed up one eye slowly.

"I've a daughter of my own, and I know," he said. "If anything happened to Mademoiselle to-morrow, I should——"

"Kill yourself. Brave fellow."

CÉLESTIN had been going to say "give notice," but he took the credit of the insinuation and added—

"Well, perhaps. The honour of this house is mine. I feel as though one of my own were going to the altar to-morrow. And go she shall, JULES; go she shall."

JULES beat a dish of eggs at lightning speed.

"You will tell Madame nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"But if he comes down in the morning——"

"He will not come down in the morning."

"Ah, you risk all—noble fellow. I will carry your secret to the grave."

CÉLESTIN sighed.

"There have been a good many secrets carried there—for the world to enjoy. Come, whip up the victuals for this old cock, and let me have done with him. He's in the green room, JULES."

JULES put down the spoon, and stared with eyes wide open.

"The green room—ah, you believe in that, then?"

"I believe in nothing, until I see it. If it's true, it's true; if it isn't true, it isn't true. What I know, I know; you can't get over that, my boy."

JULES admitted that you could not get over it, and began reluctantly to warm up the soup and make the sauce for Old Crackpot. He knew that there was a story of the Boule bed; but, like all the rest of the world, he did not believe in it. For how could a mere bed work miracles, or drive men crazy, or make them doubt their senses, as this bed was supposed to do? It was all nonsense, the good cook said. The Duke would come down to-morrow morning, and there would be a scene at the altar. JULES uttered a pious inspiration that the sauce would poison the enter, and with that served up the dinner.

At eleven o'clock that night, CÉLESTIN, craning his neck over the bannisters upon the second floor of the Hôtel de Tournon, beheld Madame la Baronne, and IRÈNE, her niece, returning from the *soirée* at the house of the Comte DE BARRES. Though he was a little hard of hearing, and could not stoop to keyholes as in the days of his manly youth, nevertheless the old servant gathered sufficient fragments of their talk to assure himself that the ladies had enjoyed themselves, and were quite in ignorance of the fact that the elderly Duc had escaped from his retreat at Blois. For the matter of that, pretty IRÈNE was flushed and rosy, and at no pains to conceal the excitement which anticipation of to-morrow brought to her. CÉLESTIN shook his head when he watched her enter the bed-room where the marriage robe was already spread. He wondered what would happen if he went downstairs and said—"Mademoiselle, your papa, the Duke, is in the green room." Such a course would have meant hysterics, and upon hysterics tears. "And tears I do not like to see, where females are concerned," he added philosophically.

"The last time, my dear," he said to himself; "the last time that you'll sleep in that little room, and get up in the morning to hear JEANNETTE knocking at your door. Well, if it were as easy undone as it's done, some of us wouldn't be what we are by a long way—not by a long way. And to think that Old Crackpot has come up to put a spoke in your wheel! I'd like to strangle him—that's what I'd like to do."

(Continued in our next.)





Young Footler (who has just taken the Blankshire County, and is buying drafts to improve the Pack). "NICE HOUND THAT, HUNTSMAN!"

Huntsman. "YES, SIR. PARTICULAR GRAND DRIVIN' 'OUND, SIR, IN SKIRMISTRIES. NO SOONER IN COVER THAN 'E'S OUT T'OTHER END. NO WHIP IN ENGLAND CAN STOP 'IM!"

Young Footler. "I'LL HAVE HIM. QUITE REMARKABLE. VERY THING I WANT. THEY ALL SAY MY HOUNDS ARE A BIT SLOW."

#### ELECTION ETHICS.

(Some fragments from a candidate's speeches.)

##### I.—At the beginning of the contest.

... "AND now one word concerning my opponent. While my views and those of Mr. SLUMPER do not quite coincide, I am delighted to pay my tribute of admiration to his great ability, to his irreproachable moral character. On this, at least, I am resolved, that this contest

shall be absolutely free from that personal animosity and bitter ill-feeling which, unfortunately, is so often conspicuous in an electoral campaign."

##### II.—Three days later.

"Personalities, as I have already told you, are to be sternly discouraged by every conscientious politician. But Mr. SLUMPER's reference last night to my supposed change of opinions compels me just to say in passing that the accusation is absolutely false. No doubt it was

supplied to him by some utterly unscrupulous person, but his readiness to accept it betrays, I confess, a want of good taste of which I should hardly have suspected him."

##### III.—Four days later.

"Mr. SLUMPER's extraordinary tactics must be brought to the light. Painful as the task is, his own behaviour has made it absolutely necessary. While professing such anxiety for the trade of this town which he aspires to represent, he has the duplicity—I use the mildest possible word—to order down his groceries from the Stores. Again, he has referred to me more than once as a money-grubber. But what of his own antecedents? Nothing less than a stern sense of duty would have driven me to the course I am about to take, namely, to give you the full history of the SLUMPER family, which has accumulated wealth by lending money at 50 per cent. . . . This slight digression, I see, has occupied half-an-hour. But enough of personalities. Let Mr. SLUMPER descend to them if he will—for myself, I regard them with contempt. Rather would I ask you to consider the Imperial problem which," etc., etc.

##### IV.—On the day before the poll.

"To-night I will not trouble you with any remarks about our home or foreign policy. No, I will simply ask you to concentrate your scathing gaze upon that pitiable, that ludicrous, object—the man SLUMPER—the man whose pockets are filled with money wrung from widows and children, the man who lacks all regard for truth, decency and honour—the fawning sycophant who endeavours to atone for the weakness of his intellect by the strength of his language—who has the colossal impudence to ask for your votes! . . . Well, I have done. We have subjected the man SLUMPER to an impartial but searching scrutiny. Dismissing all other considerations from your mind, I would urge each elector to put this question to himself to-morrow—remembering the story about his uncle, and the beetle-powder incident, and the other details I have given you of his career—is this man SLUMPER worthy to represent you in Parliament?"

##### V.—After the Declaration of the poll.

... "to accept my most heartfelt thanks for the honour you have conferred on me. Lastly, I should be ungrateful indeed did I fail to recognise the upright, courteous, and gentlemanly manner in which this contest has been conducted on both sides. Fortunate, indeed, have I been in finding an opponent against whom the most venomous scandal-monger could not dare to breathe a syllable, and I can assure Mr. SLUMPER that my profound respect for him has, if possible, been increased by our friendly struggle of the last few weeks."

A. C. D.





Porter. "WHY IS THE LITTLE GIRL CRYING, MISSIE?"

Little Girl. "'Cos' SHE HAS PUT HER PENNY IN THERE, AND NO CHOC'LE NOR NUFFING'S COME'D OUT!"

### FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

SHOULD you wish at any time to test the equability of your charming temper, try to study an ordinary full-sized folding-up map of any coast (wherever it may be) while standing on the upper deck of a swift-going steamer. Assisted by its playfellow the wind, with which it is clearly in league, it friskily resists every attempt on the part of its holder at unfolding it. Once unfolded, it makes the craftiest efforts to escape and go off for a lark with its boisterous playfellow aforesaid. It flutters upward with the wind, it dives downwards with the wind; it plays a wildly irritating game of "Here we go up, up, up! and here we go down, down, down O." Then, always backed up by the breeze, it gives you a slap in the face, whacks itself against your chest, and when in despair you give up any attempt at controlling its erratically obstreperous movements, contented only if it can be induced to be quietly and decorously folded up, and to be returned neatly to its binding. But it refuses as obstinately as did the Genie when the Fisherman requested him to behave like a good child and take to his bottle again (it wasn't a bottle, but something of the sort) and be hermetically sealed up. No, the map, the handy map, *won't*; it would rather be torn to pieces by the rough horse-play of the wind than behave as a decent respectable prettily coloured map, with the eyes of the Royal Geographical Society on it and a reputation to keep up, would naturally be expected to do. If, during these struggles of folding and unfolding, without ever getting from the map one item of information or the slightest satisfaction of any sort, you do not use one or more of the strongest expressions in your vocabulary of exclamations then are you, if not the very best tempered man in all this habitable globe, at least the next best, or "one of the best." Quite unexpectedly, the map—having momentarily lost its wind, or, perhaps, like a wayward child having suddenly tired of its amusement—folds itself quite natively and goes to rest between

its two covers as quietly and easily as though it had always been the best behaved map in the world.

*Mem.*—When on board you wish to consult a map, go below and lay it out carefully on the table.

*Note.*—The MACBRAYNE officials, as I may have previously remarked, on the steamboats, are quite models of "Civil Servants," but protracted acquaintance with the MACBRAYNE fleet compels me to say that these vessels are capable of considerable improvement. And this improvement, too, could with great advantage be extended to the catering, which, good of its kind, is very commonplace and monotonous. The bill of fare on any one steamer is the same on all, and it seems to be more and more the same the oftener you travel by a DAVID MACBRAYNE steamer. With the exception of one or two half-hearted oppositions with inferior boats, the MACBRAYNE has practically the monopoly. It's a "One Man one Boat" business. It ought not to be. The business is with very rare exceptions admirably managed, and the attention given by the MACBRAYNES at Head-quarters to any just representation is immediate and just. And of this I speak from personal experience. Yet, no government, however popular, can be a success without a strong opposition. The sooner MALCOLM, MACINTELLECT, MACENTERPRISE & Co. start against DAVID MACBRAYNE, the better for the public service and ultimately the better for DAVID MACBRAYNE, unless DAVID should prove himself a Solomon by anticipating the reform boldly but not rashly.

Why never a change in the *menu*? Granted, that for breakfast at 8.30 you can't improve to any considerable extent such "general-utility" dishes as eggs and bacon, eggs and ham, fresh herrings, some other fish, and marmalade for a finish. But why the eternal British "chop"? Couldn't there be a "currie," in honour of Sir DONALD of that ilk, unless the MACBRAYNES are opposed to him in business and politics? Why not a dish of scrambled eggs served on toast? This can be kept hot perfectly well, "ready-made," in fact, like a "reach-me-down" suit, whereas an omelette must be "made to order," and eaten as soon as done. Certainly, as regards variety in feeding, their Mac Brayneships leave *beaucoup à désirer, beaucoup*!

A considerable proportion of the tourists about Scotland are foreigners, chiefly French, and I no longer wonder at their popular caricatures of English men and women, and of the English "Mees"; nor am I astonished at their ideas of our perpetual "Rosbif" food, and of our generally heavy and monotonous bills of fare, if they found their notions of English living on the specimens furnished by the *menus* on board steamers, and at the majority of even first-class hotels, and derive their ideas of customs and costumes from the types they encounter *en route* in the course of their holiday tours.

*Oban.*—The service of steamers is excellent: of the steamers themselves I shall have something to say later on. The MACBRAYNE fleet is well known, and no one would be so rash as to venture on a MacBrayn-less boat. One of the principal amusements for those on shore who neither voyage by sea nor tour on coach, or, I may say, advisedly, the only amusement regularly provided gratis for those on shore, lounging among ends of ropes, sharp-nosed collies, in company with a shepherd or two, a farmer or so, and a casual few of the travelling public, is the departure, likewise the arrival, of the various steamers large and small, plying to and fro between Oban and various other places. Perhaps, after a few days, even this excitement may begin to pall upon you. Still, I have known it survive all the other attractions. And why? Because different people arrive and leave by the same boats. Every time it is the same stage, under the old management, but "with new deck-orations, scenery, and appointments." It is always a different drama, with different characters, and you can arrange plot and under-plot for yourself.

If you would cut all work, and would take a genuine holiday, "far from the madding crowd,"—go to Oban. If you like a





SCENE—Golf Links.

*Very mild Gentleman (who has failed to hit the Ball five times in succession). "WELL—"  
Up-to-date Caddy (producing Gramophone charged with appropriate Expletives). "ALLOW ME, SIR!"*

*[Mild Gentleman DOES allow him, and moreover presents him with a shilling for handling the subject in such a masterly manner.]*

holiday on lakes, up mountains, on the sea, with any amount of fishing, and on shore with some shooting, that is, should proprietors of game be friendly, and close at hand, then—go to Oban.

If, friend, you're intent  
On amusement, and bent  
On pleasures whereon there is no ban,  
En vacance it is best  
To travel Nor'-West,  
And make your headquarters at Oban.

Congratulating Messrs. MACBRAYNE on the generally satisfactory state of their steamers, from an upper-bourgeois point of view a few improvements *might* be made even in these ships, which are now becoming somewhat ancient, and which ought to be made in any new vessel the MACBRAYNE may have in course of construction for this service. Let them model them on the latest P. & O. lines, and they can't go far wrong. At present there is no smoking-room to which smokers in wet weather, or at any other time, can retire; this refuge should be provided with a bar, where wine, spirits, tea, and coffee should be served. Depend upon it—to quote and specially apply the lines from some immortal but anonymous bard—this addition would "come as a boon and a blessing to men," emphatically to the majority of the sterner passengers. As to the lavatory department, the idea seems to have been to expend considerable cleverness in providing the least accommodation, which is good as far as it goes, for the greatest possible number.

Here again, in every respect, including telling off a man for this particular (very particular) department, the mighty MACBRAYNE power would find fair scope for the exercise of its

ingenuity, and the result would, if I may venture to hazard an opinion, give general satisfaction. For the MACBRAYNE power, if it work slowly, will work cautiously, and will attempt no Mac-Hare-Brayne'd experiments.

*Note.*—When mentioning the *Chevalier*, which is one of the MACBRAYNE fleet, never pronounce the word, in French fashion, as "Shevaliay." Be careful to give it a kind of 'Arry-McCoekney sound, pronouncing it as "Shéverleer," which is—alas for the poor Pretender!—the modern Scotch for "Cavalier."

Touring about in the shooting season, I express my increasing dislike for the snap-shooter. *Il n'y a rien sacré pour un photographiste* and no one can protect himself or herself from the weapon of the wily photographer. In one second, when you least expect it, when you are the least prepared for it, when you are looking your worst, you are *taken from life*! He, or she, is the modern representative of ROBBIE BURNS's "Chiel amang ye taking notes. And, faith, he'll print 'em!" That's what they do; they take you; they book you and your living presentment—just that aspect of you that you don't see yourself in, and as you would rather that others did not see you; and so, for some weeks or months, your likeness leads an albinous existence in a portrait gallery of perfect strangers. Speaking likenesses they may be when on familiar terms with one another, but all stiff and silent as a lot of English people in the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner when they haven't, any of them, been introduced to one another.

In the tourist time in popular resorts, the bold but crafty snap-shooter secures a wonderful bag. He makes game of everybody and anybody, and takes him off in his own little shooting-box. How to protect yourself? You can't be always making hideous faces; you can't be perpetually turning your expres-



sive countenance into the lineaments of the traditional "Joey" of the pantomime. Have you the copyright in your own face? Can you step up to the surreptitious photographer and say severely, but with sufficient politeness—"Sir, you have taken a liberty with my property, I mean with my face; I do not care what the result may be, but I charge one guinea for a sitting or a standing, or whatever you may choose to call it"? If he refuse your demand what remedy have you at law? The case would appropriately be heard "in camera." You can't dash at him and smash the apparatus, or he has a case for assault and battery against you; and if he be a professional he can sue you for very heavy damages, and win his case. What, then, is the remedy? None. He can take you and sell you, as though you were the slave of the camera. You can't avoid him by standing on your head; on the contrary, this unusual pose would strongly attract him. No; there is no remedy against the peripatetic photographer, whether amateur or professional. So no more need be said. But to be "sniped" in this manner, neither with your leave nor by your leave, does make anybody, whether a nobody or a somebody, a bit "snappy."

#### A CAPER IN THE "CAPERCAILZIE."

LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF TOBY, M.P.

##### Last Leaf.

**Sunday. Dunstaffnage.**—A perfect September day in a perfect place. Steamed round from Oban last night in search of anchorage whereby to spend a quiet Sunday. The peace of the ideal Sabbath day broods over the hills that encircle this blue inlet. Oban, three miles distant by road, really a beautiful bay, is by comparison with our solitude, a noisy, vulgar place.

**Tuesday. Brodick, Arran.**—Yesterday steered due South, rounding Mull of Cantire, with Benmore Head on Irish Coast in full view. Anchored for dinner at Carradale, in good time to go a-fishing. Wonderful run of luck; sort of see-saw business; drop your bait, straightway pull it up with one, sometimes two, fine whiting vibrant with surprise.

Have patterns of their comely shape all down back of my coat. When I turned to haul up my fish usually heard a little scream behind; presently felt a thump on my back. Always knew by the feel whether our Lady had caught one fish or two. Never knew why she should whirl her loaded line in the air as if she was cracking a whip. Why she should scream whenever she got a bite also passeth understanding. If it had been the fish that screamed, would have been more in accord with the situation. Filled large pail in no time; rowed back in triumph to the yacht.

Thought to repeat experience to-night; other bays other fortunes. Bait went down as before; no fish came back, or none to speak of. What few we hauled up belonged to the class of undersized fish, which last session gave so much trouble to President of Board of Trade, harried by Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES and JEMMY LOWTHER. Returned to yacht with back of my coat quite dry, not smelling in the least of fish. Our Lady rather down-hearted. But we can't have everything.

**Monday, Ayr.**—Looking westward from the beach at Ayr on sunlit mornings,



#### LOVE'S PROMPTINGS.

*Edwin (recit).* "There is no one beside thee, and no one above thee. Thou standest alone, as the nightingale sings!" &c., &c.

*Angelina (amorously).* "Oh, Edwin, how do you think of such beautiful things?"

Arran bounds the horizon like a purple cloud of infinite softness. Lying at anchor at Brodick last evening could clearly see Ayr, set in the distant mainland. Made for it this morning, intending to cast anchor off the harbour and row ashore. But the royal burgh is of a retiring disposition. Probably that's why the Romans selected it as one of their settlements, preference equally shown by EDWARD I. The channel too shallow for craft drawing more than twelve feet water. Also there is shifting bar of sand you may chance to meet in unexpected quarter. Harbour formed by two long piers, their seaward points adorned by couple of minute lighthouses, suitable for

display of farthing dips for the solace of storm-tossed mariners.

The harbour gained, cargo discharged or loaded, fresh difficulty presents itself. Have got in, how get out? Didn't see any performance, but fancy vessels have to back out as if retiring from presence of Majesty.

*Capercaillie* didn't try the conjuring trick of entering harbour. Too rough for boats to be used with comfort. So landed at Fairlie, took train; in due season brought to Ayr. Distance, twenty miles; time, two hours; changes of carriage, three.

**Tuesday.**—Visitors to Ayr must needs see BURNS's cottage and eke his monument. Situated about two miles out of town; approached by beautiful banks of bonnie Doon. The waters seemed to sing the deathless verse:—

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine;  
And ilka bird sing o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
And my fause lover stole my rose,  
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Walking by Doonside, the true lover of BURNS approaches with quicker interest the early memorials of the man. The shock on arrival all the greater. The cottage in whose alcoved bed the poet was born is well enough; so is the cottage from the outside, because the sloping roof has been left untouched, and the low white-washed walls stand. But inside, alack! There is a charming little window inset in the thick wall, the bed aforesaid, and an ancient grate. For the rest there is a turnstile in the doorway, a man who sees you pay twopence before you pass it, a bazaar of cheap photographs, picture frames, trinket boxes and the like, each and all associating their vulgarity with the sacred name of BURNS. Item, there is a table said to have been the property of BURNS' parents, on which 'ARRY has deeply cut his honoured name and that of 'ARRIET. Finally, outside and inside there are hung flaming placards proclaiming refreshments on strictly temperance principles.

'It is a pleasure turning the back on the monstrous Monument and its bazaar of cheap trifles, clamouring for bawbees in the sacred name of ROBERT BURNS, to let the eye rest on the graceful curve of Auld Alloway brig, flying over which Tam o' Shanter's mare was riven of her tail. Nor may that be lingered over, for across the meadow comes a tuneless voice reciting verses from BURNS, with intent to draw coppers from the passer-by.

"Come away," said the Member for Sark. "Let us walk back to Ayr by bonny Doon.

"And my fause lover stole my rose,  
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

Never heard Sark sing before. But, then, have rarely seen him so angry.





**OUT OF COMMISSION.**

*Punch* (A. B.). "GOODBYE, SIR; AND GOOD LUCK! YOU'VE DONE SUCH A LOT FOR THE SERVICE WE'RE ALL SORRY TO LOSE YOU."





## TU QUOQUE.

*Cyclist (a beginner who has just collided with freshly-painted fence). "CONFOUND YOUR FILTHY PAINT! NOW, JUST LOOK AT MY COAT!"*  
*Painter. "'ANG YER BLOOMIN' COAT! 'OW ABOUT MY PAINT?"*

## MR. PUNCH'S ELECTION ADDRESSES.

## I.—MR. WYNDHAM.

*(The Under-Secretary for War adopts a jaunty metre in his address, and either feels, or feigns to feel, a serene confidence in the return of his Party to power.)*

Now that fair Peace once more resumes her sway,

Now that the War is—practically—over,  
 I steel my heart to face a different fray,  
 And confidently claim the votes of Dover.

Peace hath her victories as well as war,  
 But war's the thing that really stirs the nation,  
 And brazen-throated war proclaims afar  
 The triumphs of the last administration.

There be, I know, some men of little soul,  
 Small-minded folk, mere Radicals and such,  
 Who fain would have you think that on the whole  
 Those triumphs don't amount to very much.

Be not deceived! Though some may call us weak,  
 Our action has been ever bold and strenuous;  
 In such a case to turn the other cheek  
 And cry *peccavimus* were disingenuous.

Our gallant troops sailed forth to Table Bay,  
 Well-armed with guns and well-equipped with horses,  
 And horse and gun, whatever people say,  
 Gave perfect satisfaction to the forces.

No war was ever waged with so much skill,  
 No Generals ever were so well selected,  
 And W-LS-L-Y and P-II M-II will take it ill  
 If I, their champion, should be rejected!

## II.—MR. MORLEY.

*(Mr. Morley's address is brief and slightly dolorous. The earnest appeal with which it concludes should move many to tears.)*

MEN of Montrose, whose suffrages  
 A second time I'm coyly wooing,  
 Who view with horrified distress  
 The course the Tories are pursuing,  
 Ye few but fit survivors of  
 A once considerable Party,  
 Support me, brothers whom I love,  
 —And, oh! let, your support be hearty!

## III.—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

*(Sir William Harcourt is as full of fight as ever, and lays his unwinning programme before the electors with all his old gusto.)*

YE men of Monmouth (West),  
 Who at the last election  
 Poured balm into my wounded breast  
 When smarting from rejection,  
 Weigh well the price of Pride,  
 The cost of Empire's glories,  
 Rally to little England's side  
 And see me smash the Tories!

No ruthless wars I'll wage,  
 I'll seek peace and ensue it,  
 For when the nations furious rage,  
 The nations often rue it.  
 The Church requires Reform,  
 The Public-house repression,  
 And if we win I'll make it warm  
 For both of them next Session!

You'll see me take in hand  
 The High Church parson's scandals,  
 I'll take away his vestments and  
 I'll blow out all his candles;  
 I'll end the House of Lords,  
 I'll knock the Bishops silly,  
 I'll confiscate the Church's hoards  
 Or my name isn't BILLY!

## IV.—DR. CLARK.

*(The fall from Ministers and ex-Ministers to Dr. Clark is great. But his address is so characteristic that Mr. Punch feels obliged to give it publicity.)*

MEN of Caithness, the Boer and I  
 Have fallen upon evil days,  
 From hill to hill the burghers fly  
 In half a hundred different ways.  
 The brutal British soldiers sack  
 The peaceful farm, the humble cot,  
 Poor KRUGER's not expected back,  
 And all my plans have gone to pot.

Picture the old man's hapless plight—  
 All due, of course, to JAMESON's raid—  
 Pity his ignominious flight,  
 Think of a salary unpaid!  
 In every Boer breast will live  
 A righteous fire of discontent  
 If I, his representative,  
 Am not returned to Parliament!



## LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.







Master Alexander (his first experience of low tide). "JUST LOOK HERE, GLADYS; SOMEBODY'S BEEN AND PULLED OUT THE PLUG!"

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### X.—THE JOHN OLIVER HOBBS SECTION.

(Continued.)

SEPTEMBER 10TH, 17TH.—Lady TARARA-GLORIANA-MESOPOTAMIA-VARIÉTÉ DE PIMPERNEL was wearing a sherry-coloured dress with canary facings, which enhanced the distinction, while it mitigated the obtrusiveness, of the Hittite streak in her complexion. Reserved yet expansive, sincere yet tortuous, cold yet inflammable, self-absorbed yet centrifugal, capable of devoutness yet also *capable de tout*, she was a mystery to most and a contradiction to all. Certainly she was too complex for BIEN-ENTENDUE FITZ-BLOUSE, whose ingenuous nature was content to oscillate uneasily between a single pair of emotions—the faint memory of her first husband, and the fainter hope of securing ROBERT PORRIDGE for her second. The two women had little in common beside their womanhood (shared by the sex) and their desire for ROBERT (shared by a considerable section of it).

18TH TO 20TH.—"I think Mr. BROWNING is so true about soul and sense," said BIEN-ENTENDUE. "Women, especially, seem to be half spiritual and half sensible."

"Half sensible?" said Lady TARARA-ETC., bitterly. "I find them altogether stupid."

"I knew you must be badly in love, dear," said BIEN-ENTENDUE, with quick intuition. "Who is it? Mine's ROBERT PORRIDGE."

She spoke with a simple candour that invited confidence.

Lady TARARA-ETC.'s steel belt, studded with black pearls,

snapped abruptly and flew across the boudoir; but she gave no other sign of the internal shock that she had sustained.

"And mine," she replied, as she collected the fragments with perfect aplomb, "mine is—Lord FLOTSAM." She was a gifted woman. The lie had a superb air of probability.

"Have you tried playing Patience, dear?" said BIEN-ENTENDUE, very gently. "The 'Demon' is so good for the nerves. I often say to myself," she added, with a woman's tact for easy digression, "that life is indeed a school for saints. I do so dislike schools for saints. They sound like convents, and seem so French. Poor dear ALFRED was very English, you know."

"There ought only to be boys' schools for saints," said TARARA-ETC.; "and yet," with a sudden fury, "I could be as pious as a Vestal if a man's love was to be got by it. Ah! Bah!"

"I should think Lord FLOTSAM must be a very beautiful character," said BIEN-ENTENDUE, innocently.

21ST.—To ROBERT it was a matter of heart-searching that his sense of MIDGET'S nearness varied inversely with her physical proximity. Thus, when she was a hundred miles away, he would inadvertently order dinner for two; but when he actually kissed her, as on the exceptional occasion of their betrothal, it seemed that she was almost round the corner of the next street. This gave a certain remoteness to his embrace, which still was recorded on the sensitive tablets of his conscience as a desecration. A little more of this strain and his taste for humour would have been permanently impaired.

22ND TO 24TH.—FLOTSAM, indeed, was uneasy about the marriage. To him the undivided devotion of his select circle was a thing too sacred to be lightly disturbed. To a friend who once reminded him that it is more blessed to give than to receive, he replied that in the case of true friendship he was prepared to waive the higher privilege. Yet it was not only for himself that he was concerned. True, he would miss ROBERT at piquet; but what was piquet compared with his friend's highest happiness, if such a marriage could consummate it? But could it? Wives, according to his creed, were ordained by Providence (an Institution which FLOTSAM had always supported as a matter of political conviction) to serve as the conventional decoration of a man's career; a mere favour (on the man's part) attached to his serious fighting panoply. ROBERT's more lofty conception of their purpose filled his friend with a despondent awe, which lent to his appearance as "best man" a very natural and becoming dignity.

25TH TO 27TH.—The two men took up their ground, each with his pistol leaning up against the other's forehead. But here it is best to follow ROBERT's own description, addressed, the day after, to his patron, Lord ISLE OF RUM:—"Is it to be *à l'outrance*?" I asked. '*À l'outrance*,' he replied, with a slight intonation of contempt, as if my French had been at fault; as if, in fact, I had given a false rendering of some notice-board at an exhibition directing people 'To the Egress.' Yet you, my Lord, have not devoted the best of your manhood to mediæval research without attaining to know that this inclusion of the definite article has the sanction of all the highest authorities on the *duello*. It was a subtle triumph of culture that I had achieved, after which it seemed a relative grossness to blow his head off. You will guess that it killed him.

"I admit that in my more sentient moments I suffer regrets. One may argue that it was not a lingering death; yet to kill a man, by whatever process, is an act that must ever remain irretrievable. Nor are my regrets adequately silenced by the reflection that my brain was his weakest point. Do not think me callous. Sarcasm is the relief of a mind too acutely alive to the pitifulness of mortality. Naturally, I am moving on. If your gout permits, address me, *Hôtel de la Résignation, Roma*."

28TH TO 30TH.—The following passage is taken from an interview with Mr. DISRAELI, published at a later period:—"Yes; after the duel he applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. I forwarded them, with reluctance, to his Italian address, *C'était un*



homme d'un bien beau passé, as HEINE wrote of DE MUSSET. His was a nature that throve on obstacles, and would have found the garden of the Hesperides intolerable with the dragon away. These scruples were respected by the lady who was free to become his wife. A weaker woman might have taken the veil: she retired into histrionics; and, as I understand, still enjoys a very passable repute. To speculate here on the familiar doctrine of general cussedness would be a laborious superfluity. I will content myself—as one who has ever obeyed the guidance of his own instincts—with an occasional apophthegm which I cull from my *répertoire*:—

"A fool is swept away by his impulses: a wise man parleys with them: only a god can afford to follow them blindly." O. S.

#### WHICH?

I'd sing thee songs the whole day through,  
But that my voice is so contrary;  
Of Araby or of Corfu,  
Of Margate or of Inverary,  
I'd make thee stop and listen too  
In drawing-room, or lawn, or dairy;  
I'd do all that for thee and drown  
The quasi-tenor notes of BROWN.

I'd write thee lyrics, page on page  
Of tender love and deep devotion,  
My burning sonnets would assuage  
An indispensable emotion.

If how the length of feet to gauge  
I had the very faintest notion,  
I would delight thine heart which groans  
Under the wretched squibs of JONES.

I'd be thine Orpheus and thy Muse,  
For thee would sound my every measure,  
If Providence would but infuse  
In me a poet's golden treasure.  
'Twixt me and JONES and BROWN must  
choose,

As suits thy dear capricious pleasure,  
And I—no tenor, no, nor poet,  
Do love thee well—sweetheart, dost know  
it?

#### POLITICAL SUGGESTIONS.

(By an old Campaigner.)

To the Liberal Candidate.—Be tearfully expansive. Remember your opponent is on the side of Tyranny and Oppression; you take your stand on the ancient and glorious Liberties—and so on and so on. If this doesn't fetch them, declaim against reckless extravagance, the wilful misappropriation of the nation's money. If you can't touch their hearts, try at least to touch their pockets.

To the Conservative Candidate.—Do not forget your opponent is a traitor to his country; that he would trample the British flag in the mire of pusillanimity. Mem.—Should he be an Imperialist, call him a weak-kneed wobbler, afraid to stand forth manfully; one who seeks to run



Murphy. "WHIN THE WHARR'S OVER, I THINK THERE 'LL BE A CONSCRIPCHUN."

Clancy. "NO! THERE 'LL BE NO SCONSCRIPCHUN. BUT I THINK THEY 'LL FOORCE IVERY WAN IV US TO BE VOLENTEERS!"

with the hare and hunt with the hounds. (Don't try and particularize who are the hounds.)

To either Candidate.—Don't be afraid of unlimited "gas"—at mass meetings. Speak of your opponent with exaggerated respect as a private individual, but add, you are compelled out of the profound affection you feel for the electors to state, that as a public man he is utterly (fill in with suitable expression of the most violent kind, *ad lib.*).

To the Local "Rag."—Never deal with the principles of the candidate whom you oppose. Be outrageously personal. It exasperates the victim—to retort. Then affect a pious horror that he should de-

scend to such baseness and puerility as to blind the electors with personal trivialities, etc. Remember Eatanswill!

To the Elector.—Now is your chance. As a personage of middling (and often less than middling) intelligence, you will for a brief period enjoy an importance and a deference to your most ridiculous fads that you don't deserve and will never have another chance of being favoured with—till next election. Promise both sides. Distrust utterly the gentle canvasser. And thank your lucky stars when polling-day comes if, after an awful course of meetings and leaflets, you have the faintest glimmering as to what are the real issues of the political contest.





*Irate Landowner (to Angler). "Hi, you, Sir! THIS IS MY WATER. YOU CAN'T FISH HERE."*

*Angler. "OH, ALL RIGHT. WHOSE IS THAT WATER UP THERE ROUND THE BEND?"*

*Irate Landowner. "DON'T KNOW: NOT MINE. BUT THIS IS."*

*Angler. "VERY WELL. I'LL WAIT TILL THAT FLOWS DOWN HERE!"*

#### THE LOST LEADER.

(Evidently intended for the post-bag of an Organ of not quite decided opinion.)

#### GAS AND GAITERS.

MAY Providence, or that part of it which smiles upon the really praiseworthy efforts of our limited company, be praised! Casting about, as we may confess that we were, for some point round which to rally, for some political ink with which to fill our leading column, what could be more opportune than the words of the government mouthpieces? Those whom we lately called foes (though it must not be imagined that we called them so with an undue amount of emphasis or regularity; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and the circulation heareth the sound thereof)

may now be hailed as friends who have done us an inestimable service. We, whose whole desire has been to find a backbone for our Frankenstein, a basis for our argument, may now lay down our arms and rest upon our nettles. The blow has been struck upon the hanging shield that will wake the giant of the electoral castle from his slumbers; the cord has been drawn that will squeeze the electoral heart into a palpitating blood pump. The thing has been done. Not by us—how should that be?—but for us.

When Mr. CH-MB-RL-N uttered, our case was pleaded. When he pronounced himself, our suit was won. The war, he said, must be carried to its inevitable conclusion, the future of the nation must be entrusted to hands which would not leave

the plough until the furrow had reached the opposite hedge. Who is it that has spoken most of late about the inevitable conclusion? We have. Who was it that in the beginning deprecated so fiercely the possible probable shadow of annexation? We did. Who is it that has gently tacked and tacked again, trimmed the boat to the decimal of an ounce, sailing close to the wind, furling and unfurling, until with a fair wind the galley punt was headed for the shore with the flag of Imperialism floating proudly from the mast? We have. What hands so safe as those of the party for which a vast brain has, despite all the changes and chances of press popularity, so manipulated the leading article as to appear all things to all men?

Again, the furrow of which Surface speaks, what is it but the furrow which has shown itself upon the face of the youngest patriot of them all (such as ourselves) since the new arithmetic of a late Colenso? We will not suffer it to reach the other hedge. There has been a sufficiency of hedging and once the Liberal party, whose chances now are so much more rosy than they were before this article appeared, has returned to power, we will show you a thing.

If, after all, there are those—and this is possible—who are still ignorant of what that thing may be, who even shake their heads and ask what mean these words, we can only reply that the difficulties of sitting on the fence, or of taking any line, however devious, which shall not make confusion worse confounded in the ranks of a factious party, nor alienate altogether the sympathies of the many subscribers who are personally concerned in the price of peace, have been so stupendous as to make ordered thought or its expression a bunker beyond the capabilities of Bogey. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

#### "AWFUL."

DEAR word, that I have learned to love

From meeting you at every turn,  
Around, about, beneath, above,

There's no employment that you spurn.

You serve to whet the appetite

That keeps alive the war reporter,

When newsboys at the dead of night

Appraise by you the worth of slaughter.

Disasters all by flood or field

Have found you faithful to the press,

Whose minions to your power yield

Considerably more than less.

And then you have your lighter mood,

Have served as predicate to "jolly."

And sponsor have to "beastly" stood

On lips that part in vacant folly.

Last, but not least, the reader whose

Unerring judgement finds the spot

For verdict on these lines may choose

The lightly uttered—"Awful rot!"





## RIVAL TOUTS.

FIRST HOTEL PORTER. "NICE QUIET HOUSE, SIR—AND VERY CHEAP!"  
SECOND HOTEL PORTER. "MUCH BETTER STICK TO US, SIR. NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU ARE WITH 'EM, SIR—ALWAYS CHANGING HANDS!"

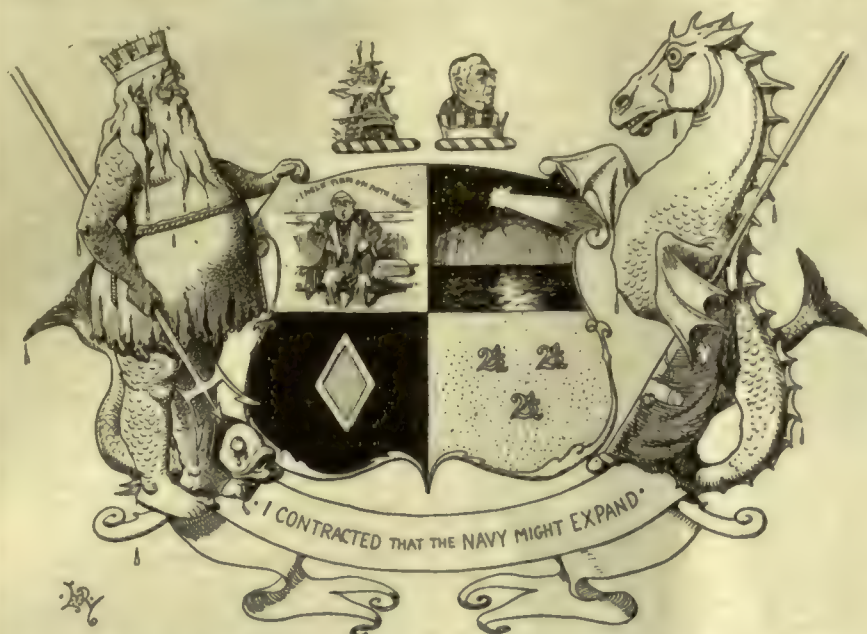
SWAIN SC







## READY MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



THE RT. HON. GEORGE JOACHIM GOSCHEN, 1ST VISCOUNT SANCHON OF TUNWICH AND ARMANOT (BARON RIVETHAM AND LAUNCHAM ON THE CLYDE AND ELSEWHERE).

*Arms—Quarterly:* 1st, on a bench tressurée, a veteran statesman vert paly of eloquence, or double tressure tory countertory at the first, barbed in satire, trenchant in invective, spectacled proper and headed silver, holding tentatively in clutch from habit his dexter and sinister ribs, possibly reminiscent of Rugby rules (*Motto*: "I held firm on both sides."); 2nd, under a cap grisnez gaulois regardant sinister, an heraldic maunch or English Channel, azure in the main, barry wavy choppy in transit, potentially held commanded and controlled, semée at need of British battleships barbettée *gauchenois* in shoals; 3rd, a lozenge geraldellois of the voice, needed sadly in debate, but regularée eschewed; 4th, on a ground lary crafty of finance, three persents proper, consolois of the City, reduced, effrontée coolly by a half. *Crests:* 1st, an ex-checked and weather-beaten man-of-war, quittant the line of battle, dropping anchor reluctant in a harbour of refuge; 2nd, out of a naval crown, a pier-head emergent proper, mothered up ermine snoozy nappy for the future. *Supporter:* Dexter, a figure of Neptune, or ancient sea-dog ozonée, tanned proper from exposure, scaly finny fishy in the limbs, lowering teary his trident in salute, on parting company, and by his side a legendary dolphin, broken to harness, and similarly guttée-de-larmes; sinister, a sea-horse proper of Whitehall, bearing the lowered flag of the Lords of the Admiralty, the entire staff broken down with emotion.

*Second Motto:* "Short-sighted for myself but far-seeing for the Nation."

## LA PROVINCE A PARIS.

ANYONE fond of crowds would have enjoyed himself in Paris recently. If he preferred crowds of peasants his happiness would have been complete. Most of the Americans and Germans have gone home, the English have not come, and Paris is entirely given up to the provincials. The 22,000 mayors, with their families and friends would have been quite enough, but they brought or have sent since, as it appears, their acquaintances and neighbours. Paris has been thick with mayors, mostly in antiquated top-hats, all of them quiet, serious men, except after that mighty *déjeuner* when they were jovial. But the crowd of mayors has been simply lost in the vaster crowd of their neighbours. The peasants swarm everywhere, in the exhibition, in the streets, in the railway stations. In serried lines of four or five, open-eyed, open-mouthed, all of them looking everywhere but in front, they ramble onwards, pointing out objects

of interest with massive umbrellas which hit one in the chest, or with sharp-pointed sticks which hit one in the eye. Good honest people, in white caps and ancient hats, one is pleased to see them so happy, but one may not enjoy their company in narrow spaces. The vast extent of the Exhibition is a narrow space for their numbers. They swarm all over it, and picnic on the seats, the steps, or the grass. The ground is soon sprinkled with papers and empty bottles.

The Exhibition, which was pleasant in May, has degenerated into a mere fair to suit its present visitors. The Village Suisse which was quiet and pretty, has become a cheap bazaar. Even in the Petit Palais, that masterpiece of architecture worthy of its exquisite contents, there are placed, wherever possible, stalls for the sale of the gimcrack rubbish which one sees in the little shops of the Rue de Rivoli. Close to the Limoges enamels the peasants can buy a glass paper-weight with a coloured view of the Eiffel Tower,

and quite near to the Pendule des Trois Grâces they can obtain a toy for a penny.

In the midst of these crowds, other people who have come to see the Exhibition are soon exhausted, and after a few hours murmur feebly "Où est la sortie?" or "Let's get out of this!" After a few days their one idea is to escape from the Exhibition. That became my one idea. I had not been to Versailles for twenty years, and I remembered that it seemed quiet then. The peasants were undoubtedly too much interested with the Exhibition to go anywhere else. There would be no one at Versailles. I resolved to spend a quiet Sunday there, far from the crowd.

On a beautiful morning I stroll to the tramway, which seems more pleasant than the train in such warm weather. The three cars, great clumsy things which rumble over the Place de la Concorde behind a horn-blowing locomotive, are entirely filled. A hundred and twenty people also going to Versailles for rest and quiet. Ah, well, they will be lost in the gardens! So I will take a cab to St. Lazare, and go by the train. It is a long train, and by the time it starts it is also filled. The second-class carriages have an *impériale*, so the train must carry nearly a thousand people, all of them going, like myself, for rest and quiet to Versailles. No matter. A thousand or so will be hardly noticed in the palace or the gardens.

The train is slow, for it takes an hour to go fourteen miles. The thousand of us arrive hungry for the long-delayed *déjeuner*, and hurry into the town. All the restaurants are full. The Hôtel des Réservoirs is so packed that people are standing round the doors, and one expects to see them falling out of the windows. Famished French people who like their *déjeuner* at twelve get it at half-past two. I stay as short a time as possible in the stifling *salle à manger*, ventilated only through a glass verandah facing the sun, and then hurry to the gardens, in search of that rest and quiet. I do not exactly find them, as some two or three hundred thousand people have come also. I see something of the great fountains between the heads of this vast crowd. I let it go first to the station, and follow slowly at dusk, being nearly crushed to death even then in a *salle d'attente* which has never been ventilated since it was built. I have the good luck to get a seat in a train at seven, and I reach St. Lazare at nine after my quiet Sunday at Versailles. How pleasant Paris will be next year!

H. D. B.

A CURIOUS TRANSFORMATION.—Mr. GOSCHEN gives up the active work at the Admiralty with ships and shipping, and will become a *Pier*!





### SCOTCH MIST.

"THE RAIN SEEMS TO BE CLEARING OFF AT LAST, SANDY."  
 "AY, I DOOT IT'S THREATENIN' TO BE DRY!"

### TO A COLLECTOR.

You do not gather fragile ware,  
 Nor gems in precious metal set,  
 Nor coins nor curios rich and rare,  
 To fill a costly cabinet.

Nor books in comely bindings bound,  
 Nor bookplates decked with emblems  
 strange,  
 Nor prints, afford the gleanings ground  
 Where your eccentric fancies range.

At Christy's none your voice may hear  
 With eager energy compete;  
 In your pursuit you need not fear  
 To be the dupe of Wardour Street.

No! but with keen observant eye  
 You scan the pavement and the floor,  
 And the impatient passer-by  
 For used tram-tickets you implore.

What though the pious hope be vain  
 (In which you fervently believe)  
 A million of them will the pain  
 Of some small sufferer relieve?

For one may doubt, confiding lad,  
 If our collectors each could plead  
 So kind a motive for his fad,  
 And haply not more wise indeed.

### "OUR ONLY GENERAL."

Brown. Who is the General most talked  
 about just now, JONES?

Jones. Of course, Lord ROBERTS.

Brown. No, guess again.

Jones. Sir REDVERS BULLER or FRENCH.

Brown. Wrong again. You must know.

Jones. Well, then, Lord KITCHENER.

Brown. Out of it. Quite out of it.

Jones (angrily). Then I give it up. Who  
 is it?

Brown (triumphant). General Election!

### A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
 Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.  
 Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### A KICK FROM A FRIENDLY FOOT.

She is a radiant damsel with features fair and fine;  
 But since betrothed to Bosom's friend she never can be mine!

Original Poem by H. B. J. (unpublished.)

Mr. BHOSH's bosom-friend, the Lord JACK JOLLY, had kindly undertaken to officiate as his *Palinurus* and steer him safely from the Scylla to the Charybdis of the London Season, and one day Lord JOLLY arrived at our hero's apartments as the bearer of an invite from his honble parent the Baronet, to partake of tiffin at their ancestral abode in Chepstow Villas, which BINDABUN gratefully accepted.

Arrived at the JOLLY's sumptuous interior, a numerous retinue of gampered menials and gilded flunkies divested Mr. BHOSH of his hat and umbrella and ushered him into the hall of audience.

"BHOSH, my dear old pal," said Lord JACK, "I have news for you. I am engaged as a Benedict, and am shortly to

celebrate matrimony with a young goodlooking female—the Princess VINOLIA JONES."

"My lord," replied Mr. BHOSH, "suffer me to hang around your patrician neck the floral garland of my humble congratulations."

"My dear BHOSH," responded the youthful peer of the realm, "I regard you as more than a brother, and am confident that when my betrothed beholds your countenance, she will conceive for you a similar lively affection. But hush! here she comes to answer for herself. . . . Princess, permit me to present to you the best and finest friend I possess, Mr. BINDABUN BHOSH."

Mr. BHOSH modestly lowered his optics as he salaamed with inimitable grace, and it was not until he had resumed his perpendicular that he recognised in the Princess JONES the charming unknown whom he had last beheld engaged in repelling the assault of a distracted cow!

Their eyes were no sooner crossed than he knew that she regarded him as her deliverer, and was consumed by the most ardent affection for him. But Mr. BHOSH repressed himself with heroic magnanimity, for he reflected that she was the affianced of his dearest friend and that it was contrary to *bon ton* to poach another's jam.

So he merely said; "How do you do? It is a very fine day. I am delighted to make your acquaintance," and turning on his heels with a profound curtesy, he left her flabbergasted with mortification.



But those only who have compressed their souls in the shoe of self-sacrifice know how devilishly it pinches, and Mr. BHOSH's grief was so acute that he rolled incessantly on his couch while the radiant image of his divinity danced tantalisingly before his bloodshot vision.

Eventually he became calmer, and after plunging his fervid body into a foot-bath, he showed himself once more in Society, assuming an air of meretricious waggishness to conceal the worm that was busily cankering his internals, and so successful was he that Lord JACK was entirely deceived by his *vis comica* and invited him to spend the Autumn up the country with his respectable parents.

Mr. BHOSH accepted—but when he knew that Princess VINOLIA was also to be one of the *amis de la maison*, he was greatly concerned at the prospect of infallibly reviving her love by his propinquity, and thereby inflicting the cup of calamity on his best friend. Willingly would he have imparted the whole truth to his Lordship and counselled him to postpone the Princess's visit until he, himself, should have departed—but, ah me! with all his virtue he was not a Roman Palladium that he should resist the delight of propinquity with the radiant queen of his soul. So he kept his tongue in his cheek.

However, when they met in the ancient and rural castle he constrained himself, in conversing with her, to enlarge enthusiastically upon the excellencies of Lord JACK. "What a good, ripping, gentlemanly fellow he was, and how certain to make a best quality husband!" Princess JONES listened to these encomiums with tender sighing, while her soft large orbs rested on Mr. BHOSH with ever-increasing admiration.

No one noticed how, after these elephantine efforts at self-denial, he would silently slip away and weep salt and bitter tears as he weltered dolefully on a doormat; nor was it perceived that the Princess herself was become thin as a weasel with disappointed love.

Being the ardent sportsman, Mr. BHOSH sought to drown his sorrow with pleasures of the chase.

He would sally forth alone, with no other armament than a breechloading rifle, and endeavour to slay the wild rabbits which infested the Baronet's domains, and sometimes he had the good fortune to slaughter one or two. Or he would take a rod and hooks and a few worms, and angle for salmons; or else he would stalk partridges, and once he even assisted in a foxhunt, when he easily outstripped all the dogs and singly confronted Master REYNARD, who had turned to bay savagely at his nose. But BINDABUN undauntedly descended from his horse, and, drawing his hunting dagger, so dismayed the beast by his determined and ferocious aspect that it turned its tail and fled into some other part of the country, which earned him the heartfelt thanks from his fellow Nimrods.

Naturally, such feats of arms as these only served to inflame the ardour of the Princess, to whom it was a constant wonderment that Mr. BHOSH did never, even in the most roundabout style, allude to the fact that he had saved her life from perishing miserably on the pointed horn of an enraged cow.

She could not understand that the Native temperament is too sheepishly modest to flaunt its deeds of heroism.

Those who are *au fait* in knowledge of the world are aware that when there are combustibles concealed in any domestic interior, there is always a person sooner or later who will contrive to blow them off; and here, too, the Serpent of Mischief was waiting to step in with cloven hoof and play the very deuce.

It so happened that the Duchess occupied the adjacent bungalow to that of Baronet JOLLY and his lady, with whom she was hail-fellow-well-met, and this perfidious female set herself to ensnare the confidence of the young and innocent Princess by discreetly lauding the praises of Mr. BHOSH.

"What an admirable Indian Crichton! How many rabbits and salmons had he laid low that week? Truly, she regarded him as a favourite son, and marvelled that any youthful

feminine could prefer an ordinary peer like Lord JOLLY to a Native paragon who was not only a University B.A., but had successfully passed Bar Exam!" and so forth and so on.

The Princess readily fell into this insidious booby-trap, and confessed the violence of her attachment, and how she had striven to acquaint Mr. BHOSH with her sentiments but was rendered inarticulate by maidenly bashfulness.

"Can you not then slip a love-letter into his hand?" inquired the Duchess.

"*Cui bono?*" responded the Princess sadly. "Seeing that he never approaches near enough to me to receive such a missive, and I dare not entrust it to one of my maidens!"

"Why not to me?" said the Duchess. "He will not refuse it coming from myself; moreover, I have influence over him and will soften his heart towards thee."

Accordingly the Princess indited a rather impassioned love-letter, in which she assured Mr. BHOSH that she had divined his secret passion and fully reciprocated it, also that she was the total indifferent to Lord JACK; with much other similar matters.

Having obtained possession of this *litera scripta*, what does the unscrupulous Duchess next but deliver it *impromptu* into the hands of Lord JACK, who, after perusing it, was overcome by uncontrollable wrath and instantaneously summoned our hero to his presence.

Here was the pretty kettle of fish—but I must reserve the sequel for the next chapter.

(To be continued).

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *The Love that Lasts* (WARD, LOCK & Co.) FLORENCE WARDEN gives us a sort of Scotch Blue Beards story, in fact, its resemblance to that classic nursery tale is so evident as to have struck the authoress herself, since she makes the heroine's confidential companion, BEATRICE LORIMER, say, "Still there's always a sort of Blue Beard's-chamber fascination about anything you can't see, isn't there?" And what is it the brave soldier but, at the same time, crack-brained, unprincipled, sun-stroked Chief of the Clan Roskeen conceals from his wife in the mysterious Blue-Chamber part of the ancient castle? Are they headless wives? or wives with heads and sad tales? It is someone of the feminine gender, of whom the suspicious heroine and the curious reader hear a little, guess a lot, but never, never, see!! No, never! For, just at the moment when we are about to penetrate the awful secret, the invisible female vanishes altogether! Then there is a kind of "Mad Moll" about the place; but that's another story. There is also a shrieking, gibbering, vicious urchin of uncertain sex and mixed nationality, who plays antics through various passages of the Castle and of the story like some malicious hobgoblin, until the imp suddenly and unaccountably disappears from this romance of unreal life, in a flash, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. "*Pour vous détruire, mon cher lecteur,*" says the Baron, "I recommend this novel to your distinguished consideration."

The Oxford University Press—the House Beautiful of books—has achieved fresh triumphs. With the help of his magic India paper, Mr. FROWDE has been able to produce a prayer-book printed in clear type and of convenient size for the pocket. The pages measure five inches by two and a-half. Yet, my Baronite finds the book as easy to read as his Family Bible, and much more convenient to carry to and from church. A volume of the same superficial area, slightly thicker, contains "Hymns Ancient and Modern," thus fully equipping the church-goer. Another novelty in a well-tilled field is the publication in a single volume of a carefully-arranged combination of the old and the revised version of the Bible. This is so skilfully done that both texts may be read in the same page, every difference between the two versions, including punctuation, being recognised at a glance.

THE BARON DE B.-W.





**T**his is a world of sacrifice, where the law misapprehends even the motives of the best of us. That the Duke was a monster to come to Paris at all, he readily admitted. Had not the family, after many scandals and revelations which the Press declared to be unfit for publication (but published, nevertheless, with headlines and italics), persuaded the crazy old fellow to retire to his château at Blois; and having done as much, proceeded to forget his very existence. He was mad; there was no doubt of it. No other plea would have saved the family honour and closed the family purse. And when it came to a question of little IRENE's marriage, who would consult on old imbecile who could not be right in his head because he had no head worth speaking about to be right in? Madame la Baronne declared that the Comte DE BARRES was a worthy husband for her niece. IRENE admitted blushing that she was unworthy of the Comte DE BARRES, and on that account would marry him. But no one thought of asking the Duke's permission or consulting him. As well consult the statues on the Place de la Concorde. The marriage would go on without him. Some day he would be told in his saner moments.

CÉLESTIN recalled all this as he stood on the landing, and his blood boiled within him—at least, he was under the delusion that something of that sort was going on, for he felt uncommonly desperate; and, as he professed, if anyone had stood before him just then he would not have been responsible for the consequences. But whatever the precise condition of his mental equilibrium, he behaved strangely for one with such desperate resolves; and his first act was to withdraw the shoes

from his feet, and to enter the green room with muted and very dainty steps. Having done as much, he stood for a little while to be quite sure that the old Duke was asleep; and being assured of it by heavy and regular breathing, which bore some distant resemblance to a church organ in the tuner's hands, he advanced quickly to the bed which BOULE made, and began to turn one of the pillars of it very quickly and dexterously.

"Luckily, I oiled the rollers last time I tried it," he said to himself, "or this old cock would dream of the fall of Jericho. Stop the marriage, would he? We'll see about that."

It was an odd action; but not less odd than the bed by which he stood. You had been as blind as a bat not to have noticed the BOULE bed the moment you entered the famous apartment. High, four-posted, canopied, with carved wood at the head of it, carved wood at the tail of it, the BOULE bed stood out in the room as some splendid baldachino, some monument of an historic past when beds were beds and no mistake about it. But the very oddest thing about it was the fact, that no sooner had CÉLESTIN begun to turn the pillar at the foot of it than down came a fourth side, cunningly concealed in the canopy above, and so skilfully made that it shut in the whole affair, and covered up the Duke and his snores just for all the world like a great box with four carved sides to it. And this was not the end; for when CÉLESTIN had ceased to turn the right-hand pillar, he began to turn the left, and went on turning it until a jar upon his hand told him that his work was done, and need not be done again until thirty-six hours had passed.

"There, my boy," he muttered with satisfaction, "you'll break your daughter's heart will you! Well, get up and do it, then; get up and do it. And don't you say nothing against BOULE beds when next you hear of them. They're splendid, I tell you; first class, as you'll find out to-morrow."

He rubbed his hands in childish glee, and left the apartment quickly. On the landing he went to a little panel in the wall, whereon the head of CHARLES IX was painted; and, touching a spring, the panel opened to his hand.

"Right," he said to himself; "we'll put some victuals there



in the morning, and then no murder will be done. But you ain't a-going to the wedding, old cock—not by a long way."

\* \* \* \* \*

At five o'clock upon the following morning, the Duke of MONTMIRAIL opened his eyes and remembered the maxim about the early bird.

"More fool the worm," he said gaily, as he sprang out of bed in frolicsome glee, "more fool the worm for his early habits. I never did like worms, and I am not going to begin. Ha, ha! my little IRÈNE, how pleased you will be to hear papa—how very pleased to kiss your dear old father, who has come all the way from Blois to see you. And Madame la Baronne, who said that I was mad—the old cat!"

He stood a moment with an article of attire in either hand to reflect upon the enormity of that slander. He, the twenty-fifth Duke of MONTMIRAIL, mad! He would show them how mad he was. Not that he denied an occasional delusion, for the best man is liable to that, especially after the wines of Spain. But there were delusions and delusions. On this particular day the Duke could have sworn that he was the victim of some mild hallucination, and that the bedroom in which he now found himself was different from the bedroom in which he had slept last night. And the bed too! He had a dim recollection of a great canopied bed, which reminded him of nothing so much as the baldachino in St. Peter's at Rome. But this bed was not a canopy; it was an alcove; it seemed built into the wall. He recognised, it is true, the carvings at the head and the foot of it, and the carved wooden back; but who ever saw a carving that is different from any other carving? The Duke scratched his head: then he shook it. There was nothing strange in it, no rattling of loose ends. He had dreamed of the canopied bed, he said; in reality there had been no such thing. And he remembered, for his better consolation, that he had seen the bedroom by gaslight. Naturally, it would seem strange to him in the colder light of dawn.

The matter, after all, was not of much consequence, for there were more important things to be thought of; and, first, of his appearance in the rooms below, where all must soon be ready for the marriage-feast. His mouth watered when he remembered the good things that would have reason to groan on the tables below. He must make an imposing appearance on that scene, he said; his tastes were divided between a pompous surprise at the Madeleine and a dramatic coup at the *mairie*. In either case somebody would be very much astonished—and for that he had come from Blois.

He had put on some of his clothes by this time, and now he thought that he would ring for his hot water. It was strange that he could not find a bell-rope in the room; but when he came to look a little closer he observed that this omission was not the only strange one in that apartment. Indeed, he has himself admitted that his subsequent discovery surprised him very much indeed—for what should dawn upon him as he peered about the chamber but the fact that, not only did it lack such a

useful adjunct as a bell-rope but that it had no door at all—the devil of one that he could see. "And what," asked the Duke of himself, "and what is the good of a room which has not got a door?"

It was a ridiculous question for a man to put to himself, as he admitted presently when he went round the room step by step, and felt all the panels, and bruised his shins against the wainscoting and shouted very loudly for someone to come and let him out. When he had somewhat recovered his normal state of reason he argued closely, but was no nearer a solution than he had been at the beginning.

"For," said he, "if there is no door, how the devil did I get in? And if there was a door, who the devil has taken it away and what has he done with it?"

Other problems of a similar nature tormented his awakening mind. If there were no door, what was the good of him ringing for CÉLESTIN to open it. Or again, while he could imagine a door without a room, he could by no means see the use of a room without a door. The essential fact of his presence there tortured a sensitive nature. "The devil take the door," he said; and admitted that in all probability such a request had been anticipated.

A long time passed before the Duke moved from the bed again. The room without a door was a kind of problem to him. He felt that he would have been glad of a paper and pencil to work it all out. Not that it was a bad room—not by any means. The furniture of it, though it was very dusty, seemed elegant and in the fashion of the last century. But he remembered that CÉLESTIN had spoken of the green room, and the scheme of this was pink. A view from the window did not help his muddled brain, for he saw nothing but a blank wall; and blank walls suggest prison bars, as all the world knows. Much more to his liking was a flask of red wine and some crisp bread, with fine Normandy butter, placed on a curious little shelf just under a portrait of the Pompadour. The Duke drank of the wine freely, but did not eat the bread. "I will wait until *déjeuner*," he said; and sat down to argue about the door again.

"I am not mad, or I should not be able to put the door and the room together," was his standpoint. "If there never was a door I never came here, which is absurd. I am a little weak in the head, it is true, but weakness of the head does not drive doors away, and this door has gone, marched, ramped, vanished, hey presto, in a flash. Ergo, if I am not mad, the door is, which is another absurdity. I will not think about it at all. I will go to sleep, and when I wake up the door will be there again."

Very slowly and soberly he undressed and went to bed again; but not to sleep, for he caught himself opening his eyes often to see if the door had come back again, and once in a moment of great fear he stood up and bawled for help, crying chiefly for CÉLESTIN to come in to his assistance. "And do not knock upon the door," he added, when his cries were unanswered. It was very strange that no one heard him, he



thought. True, there were few sounds from the house itself—only a rumbling of wheels through the window without, as of carriages arriving and departing, and the distant music of church bells gaily ringing. Strange to say, the Duke, in his perplexity, had forgotten all about the reason of his visit to Paris. His one desire was to find the door which did not exist. It could not possibly be that a whole day would pass, and the door continue obstinate. In his angrier moods he beat upon the walls with his fist and bawled "Murder!" A silence as of the grave was the only response.

Through the heat of the day, and still when twilight fell, and again as darkness came down, the Duke was a prisoner of the doorless room. He had passed through many phases of alarm and doubt when night set in; had cried often for help, and shed tears of rage, and implored countless saints to help him. It was midnight, indeed, when he fell asleep; morning when he woke to see the door in its place again, and the great canopied bed just as it was, and the furniture and the hangings in all their splendour of historic green. Nor is it beyond belief that his first action was, as CÉLESTIN has declared, to turn the ebony handle, and, standing a moment in the corridor, to kiss the painted panels of the barrier which had so tortured him.

"There was a door, after all," he cried. "CÉLESTIN, the coffee—the coffee! I am dying with hunger."

\* \* \* \* \*

CÉLESTIN appeared on the instant, and saluted his master gravely.

"You have passed a good night, Monsieur?"

"A terrible night, CÉLESTIN; I dreamed that someone had taken away the door."

CÉLESTIN put down the hot-water, and sighed.

"My poor master," he exclaimed, "how ill you are!"

"But I am not ill, fellow; I was never better in my life. Where is Madame la Baronne?"

"She has left Paris for Chantilly, Monsieur."

"You say—?"

"She has left Paris for Chantilly, Monsieur."

"And Mademoiselle IRÈNE?"

"Is with Monsieur le Comte at Trouville. She has gone on his yacht."

The Duke sat on the bed like one shot.

"CÉLESTIN," he said, "do you think that I am mad?"

"Ah, my poor master, how shall I tell you?"

"Come, no nonsense! Did I arrive in Paris last night, or did I not?"

CÉLESTIN pretended to make a calculation.

"You arrived in Paris, Monsieur, on the third day after the 10th of May as I know by—"

"Faugh! the man is mad!"

"Oh, I've a splendid memory for dates, Monsieur. As I was telling JULES—"

"Hold your tongue, fellow. Who was it that showed me a *salle-à-manger* decked out for a wedding yesterday?"

"A *salle-à-manger* decked out for a wedding—oh, my poor master!"

"And a *salon* prepared for a *soirée*?"

"Oh, my poor master!"

"Who was it told me that my daughter was to be married to-day?"

"Oh, my poor master! Why, they've been married—why, let me see—the first Tuesday after the last Sunday in Lent; add ten to that, and see what it makes, Monsieur."

The Duke groaned.

"Madame la Baronne said that I was—Bah! the old cat. Is it true, then; is it true?"

CÉLESTIN shook his head.

"The family speaks of it in hushed whispers, Monsieur."

The Duke groaned again.

"CÉLESTIN, I am certainly mad."

"Do not speak of it, my dear master."

"Last night I woke up in a room trimmed in pink. The bed was an alcove; I could not see a door. Now, as one man to another, what does that mean?"

CÉLESTIN thought for quite a long time. Then he said—

"Mean, Monsieur, why that you should leave Paris, now, this very minute, and go back to Blois. That's what it means, Monsieur."

The Duke jumped up with the agility of a boy.

"I will go when I have breakfasted," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

At a later hour, when the Duke of MONTMIRAIL had departed from the western terminus, CÉLESTIN, the valet, took JULES the cook to the green room on the second floor and showed him the bed which BOULE made.

"Ah, my boy," said he, "there's a bed for a gay old spark. They've all forgotten it in this house except me. Just look at it while I work the machinery. Turn the pillar near the wall, and the back goes up, you see, and there's the pink room beyond it. Now turn the other pillar, and down comes a new back on our side, and what have you got, why, a bed in another room, that's all you've got—a bed in a room without a door. Alcove one side, and canopy the other—ah! they knew a thing or two in those days."

JULES shook his head sagely.

"It is a bed to take home your second wife to," said he.





## GROSS OR DETAIL.

Miss Ethel. "AND HOW MUCH ARE THE GUINEA-PIGS, PLEASE?"

Naturalist. "TWO-AND-SIX A-PIECE, MISS."

Miss Ethel. "OH, BUT WE WANT A WHOLE ONE!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSES. BLACKWOOD simultaneously issue two narratives of experience in the War in South Africa. *How I Escaped from Pretoria* is a reprint, in cheap handy form, of Captain HALDANE's story, which for a month or two shed fresh lustre on *Maga*. *Twice Captured* is the attractive title of Lord ROSSLYN's record of adventure during the Boer War. It is a pity for his own sake that, having enjoyed the distinction of re-capture, Lord ROSSLYN was not kept under supervision until he had abandoned intention of writing this book. Its literary style is of the worst kind of modern halfpenny journalism. Its public interest may be measured from the heading of a chapter: "I Leave Capetown." The pages glitter with I's, conveying intelligence of which the following is by comparison rather thrilling. "I found the *Golden Eagle* here when we arrived, and soon after saw Sir SAMUEL SCOTT, with whom I dine on board to-night. . . . GOULAY took me to the club and got me elected a temporary member." Lord ROSSLYN discloses himself as a kind of cornetted BURDETT-COUTTS, a blue-bottled fly, bursting with vanity, buzzing about men with stern business on hand. Once he comes in contact with General BULLER with consequences to be expected. Having worried the military authorities into giving him permission to join the camp, it was conceded on condition that he was not to send off newspaper despatches. Waylaying the General, Lord ROSSLYN urged the public desire that he should be able to write "My Weekly Diary," while in camp. "The great man," Lord ROSSLYN bitterly writes, "never turned his head. 'I gave you permission under certain

circumstances,' he said, and from that ground he would not budge." Some relief from the puerility of the book is found in the illustrations, which, taken on the spot, are occasionally interesting. It is a pleasure to turn from this vaporous performance to Captain HALDANE's story, the high merit of which my Baronite hastened to recognize when it appeared in the magazine.

*Jezebel* (HUTCHINSON) runs beyond the average length of the 6s. vol., which, happily in some cases, shows a tendency towards decrease in bulk. The variation is welcome, for the volume is good from beginning to end. It opens with a striking episode; it works up to, and finely closes with, a dramatic passage. There are a multitude of characters, all flesh and blood. My Baronite knows Miss DEXTER. He sat with her at breakfast a short time ago, at a meet of the hounds not far from the cottage where GEORGE MEREDITH lives his placid life. She was dressed in the "rough garments designed by herself, and executed by a tailor in the village." In Town everybody knows Lady MARGARET ARLINGTON, with her shrewd ways, her kind heart, and her neglect of the final "g" in common words. My Baronite pointedly refrains from even hinting at the plot or the passion of Mr. RICHARD PRYCE's last novel. But it's worth getting.

But for certain episodes, absolutely unnecessary, but generally described by an English reader as "peculiarly French," the Baron would strongly recommend to all lovers of the sort of sensational romance whereof the immortal *Count of Monte Cristo* is the most popular type, a story, which, in spite of its melodramatic character, is not devoid of humorous scenes and characters by EUGÈNE CHAVETTE, in two volumes, of which the first is entitled *La Veuve Rossignol*, and the second *La Cléopâtre* (*Flammarion, Éditeur, Paris*); though it would have been better to have included both under some such title as *Le Trésor de Calrap*, or the more popular one of *Les Trois Frères*.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## THE ONLY WAY.

["Journalism is the only profession open to discharged criminals."]

We all are well-known characters, and though we ain't a-trôd The classic courts o' Cimebridge, we 'ave spent our lives in quod;

But, spite sich eddication, wot's our chances? Ain't it 'ard, That almost hevery callin's—like them prison winders—barred?

An orfice in the Government we thought would suit us prime, For there they're all time-servers an' in course we've served our time; [yet

But though we're good at pickin' locks and burglin' mansions, We can't a-get into the 'Ouse nor yet the Cabinet.

The law 's a thing we 'd like to like a biby to its milk; We all of us 'ave done our terms an' some 'as tiken silk; But barristers must only see the side on which they are: Our convictions are too many for to practise at the Bar.

We might be Christian Socialists who labour to secure The gold from rich men's pockets for to benefit the poor. We 'd mike the best churchwardens too: we keep, at any rite, An eye upon the coppers when we 're tikin' round the plite.

We might 'ave been GEORGE MEREDITHS an' filled up shelves and shelves:

We 're used to long, long sentences we couldn't parse ourselves; But no: we 've spent our lives in eribbin' articles, and so The world suppose the journalist's the only trade we know.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—Sir,—You can explain everything. Explain me this. I read in a letter to the *Times* how Mr. BALFOUR had said that the "Low Church Bishops had vetoe'd suits." Now, what sort of suits did these Bishops wear? "Vetoe'd" seems such a curious descriptive epithet to apply to an entire suit. To boots it might properly be applicable. Yours,

A PERSON OF NO CLERICAL IMPORTANCE.





### A SLEEPING PARTNER.

*Bobbie.* "I SAY, MABEL, COME AND PLAY WITH ME AGAINST THOSE TWO."

*Mabel (pleased).* "CERTAINLY, BOBBIE. BUT I'M AFRAID I SHAN'T BE A VERY GOOD PARTNER. YOU SEE, I'M NOT DRESSED FOR TENNIS."

*Bobbie.* "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO JUMP ABOUT. BUT YOU'LL LEAVE THE BALLS TO ME, AND WE'LL HAVE A GOOD CHANCE OF LICKING THEM!"

### DEPTHS OF MISERY.

THE door of the restaurant was suddenly opened, and a man flung himself into a seat by the nearest table. The waiter hurried forward to sweep off the crumbs and present the bill of fare.

There was a wild light in the stranger's eyes. "Give me food!" he cried.

"Yessir, what will you have?"

"Anything; a chop or a steak, only be quick about it!" He seized a roll out of the bread-basket and pulled it to pieces with trembling fingers, cramming the fragments into his mouth.

The waiter rushed to the speaking tube and shouted down. It was evident that the stranger was in the last stages of hunger. Two more rolls quickly shared the fate of the first. When the welcome steak arrived, it was horrible to watch the man attack it. In four and a half minutes there was nothing left, and a

plate of potatoes and a pint of stout were absorbed at the same time.

But the stranger's face still retained its wolfish expression. He beckoned the waiter, and ordered a large suet dumpling.

As a medical man, I felt sure that the poor fellow had undergone serious privation and, having paid my bill, I crossed to his table.

"Excuse me, Sir," I observed, "but you must have had a rough time of it."

He was one of those people who can speak with their mouth full.

"Terrible!" he ejaculated. The dumpling had disappeared, and a large piece of Gorgonzola was put in front of him.

"You have been travelling, I presume."

"I should think I have."

"Dear me, may I ask how long your privations have lasted?" The cheese had vanished, and a happier expression had come over the stranger's face.

"Just five and thirty minutes," he observed in answer to my last question.

"I beg your pardon!" I ejaculated.

"My dear Sir, I am speaking the truth. Have you ever been on the Central London Railway?"

Then it began to dawn on me.

"I entered the lift at Shepherd's Bush to go to the Bank," he continued. "I had fortified myself with a hearty lunch, but one thing I had left out of the question."

"You mean the appetising influence of the ozone," I said.

"Exactly! By the time we reached Notting Hill Gate, I began to think I must have made a mistake and not had my lunch after all. At the Marble Arch I was sure of it. Chancery Lane was passed, and I was enduring agonies of hunger. There was a lady sitting opposite me with some buns in a paper bag, and it was all I could do to restrain myself from snatching them. At the Bank I was staggering from sheer exhaustion, and was only just able to cross the road to this restaurant. But I feel better now!"

"If," I observed, as he was paying his bill, "the twopenny tube drives one to a three-and-sixpenny meal at the end of each journey, it will come a trifle expensive. Good afternoon!"

### STUDIES IN SMALL ZOOLOGY.

#### THE MOUSE.

THIS poor creature has been tortured from time immemorial, but if we consider the cause of the persecution, it will be found that it arose from the animal's want of food, and also from his partiality to the skirts of the fair sex. There is no gain-saying the fact that a Mouse would clear a meeting of the Primrose League in less time than either Sir WILFRID LAWSON or Mr. JOHN BURNS. He is so independent that he objects to Welsh rarebits. At the same time there is a fearlessness about the Mouse (when cats are few and far between), which impresses one with a delight in its existence. If you only know how to tame him and his wife, they will come to you with all that confidence which you miss in the man from whom you would borrow a hundred pounds on the nod.

At the same time the prolific inclinations of *Madame la Souris* are a distinct drawback to the popularity of her offspring. A workhouse for mice has not yet been thought of by the London County Councilors, who are generally so far ahead of the times that they appear to live in the next century. I believe, however, that the Wisacres of Spring Gardens authorise the purchase of cat's meat for their pet Grimalkins. I trust it is sufficiently abundant to satisfy appetites which otherwise batten on the little creatures who do not pretend to be other than the humblest of created beings.





**"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST."**

SCENE—The Transvaal.

R.H.A. Driver (on Gun Team). "THEM BOERS TAKES A BIT OF CATCHIN'!"  
Sergeant. "CATCHIN'! BLOWED IF WE AIN'T LIKE A TRACTION INGIN' TRYIN' TO CATCH RATA!"

**"PARIGI! O CARA."**

So sings "the good young man gone wrong" in *Traviata*, and just now I imagine our "Parigi" is dearer, carior, than ever. Not that this deponent found it so; the entrance to the Exposition, for self and partner, cost him but half a franc in two days, and his lunch, *chez Champaux*, was not more than it would have been had he taken it at the original establishment *Place de la Bourse*. But the *hotels de luxe* must perforce charge, and they do, too; for the time when the last visitor of summer shall have come and gone is fast approaching, and while the sun of the Exposition shines the golden hay must be made. If you know the ropes, slack or tight, you can walk on them as easily as possible, but at a price; and if you don't, you are bound to "come down" heavily. "'Midst pleasures and palaces" 'tis delightful to roam, but, *après tout*, there's no place like Home or the nearest approach you can get to it when abroad.

The Exposition is to be kept exposed until the 5th November. Great day! *La Fête de Sieur Guy des Fourchettes*! Eh, mon, but it's a grand place—splendid, *magnifique! merveilleux!* Excellent was the description given by your correspondent, "H. D. B.," in last week's *Punch*, of "La Province a Paris"; no embroidery was there on the plain, unvarnished tale he told, no deviation from the simple truth. The peasantry seem to enjoy themselves immensely. What knives! What chunks of meat and chicken! What hunches of bread! What capacious mouths! However, not to see the peasants, but just to take one glance at the pictures, the art and loan collections, a peep into some of the Houses in the Street of Nations, and a quiet half-hour in the Old English Manor House, was my object, and most satisfactorily was it achieved, especially as regards the last-named exhibition; for it was on a Sunday morning when it

was closed to the general public, and guarded by the stalwart representatives of British Robbysdom, who admitted nobody without a ticket.

The pavilion, built by Messrs. JOHN AIRD, was in excellent order, cool, quiet and comfortable. For was it not a house thoroughly well Aird? The collection of works of art lent by notable possessors of old masters, headed by Her Majesty, who sent the HOPPERS, is a thing to remember, and trouble enough must Sir WILLIAM AGNEW have had to get everything together properly placed and up to time. The house itself is a delightful model in the best possible and the quietest possible taste. Upstairs and on the ground floor all the arrangements are perfect; but, strange to say, there are no "kitchens and offices." Where is the coal cellar? Where is the wine cellar? Where is the butler's pantry? The servants' hall? Foreigners will gather from this model dwelling-house that the English people are so self-reliant as to dispense with the aid of attendants. Milor blacks his own boots; Miladi washes up, and the "Meesses" make the beds and act generally as housemaids. How, then, can "Britons never be slaves"? when this model house, this home, this sweet home, offering no evidence of the existence of domestics, proves to demonstration that every one in a household has to slave, since the motto must be "if you want anything done, do it yourself." However, if I'm wrong, there's till November 5th for anyone to go over it again and set me right. The Palace of Costumes must not be missed. From the days when Eve made her first petticoat from the leaves of a fashion book (Fig. 1), and when Adam adapted the trunks of trees to sartorial purposes, down to the latest ball-dress of the present century, you have the tableaux, graven in wax, all before you. Hold on to the rail, for you go by rail, and stick to your place all the way round. *Qui vivra verra.*



## THE SWALLOW SWOOPING.

(With all proper apologies to Mr. George Meredith's "The Lark Ascending.")

SILENT, seraphically soft,  
He flickers and is borne aloft,  
A speck to sight, an orb of spray,  
His eager pinions cleave the day;  
Empearled in dewdrops, crystal bright,  
A radiance from the hem of night,  
Where the deep heart of noontide leads  
The ceaseless measure of the meads,  
Now caught in clouds, now rapt in rills,  
An echo of celestial thrills,  
Pale with the passion of the sky,  
A rosy burst of melody,  
He spreads, he droops, he shakes his wings,  
He pulses on the breast of things,  
He follows still and still pursues  
The folded footfall of the dews;  
Caught in a weft of silvery beams  
Unthreads the needle of his dreams,  
Too frail for thought, too high to share  
His passage of the spiral stair  
Or tread the bridge that drives him sheer  
From here to there, from there to here,  
A broken gleam, a darting glint  
Of starry steel on fiery flint,  
Sprung from the master-vision heard  
At morning in the sun's first word,  
Renewed with every bursting boon  
That clings about the crescent moon;  
He leaves at last, a flash of fire,  
His beaked companions of the wire,  
He floats, he darts, he swings, he stoops,  
He soars again, he twists, he swoops,  
He skims the stream, his bill a fate  
To gauzy wings that congregate,  
Where in her nest of shivering reeds  
The golden-hearted mother breeds,  
From day to day from night to night,  
Her brood of lilies bridal-white,  
Then flings aloft again and cleaves  
A zig-zag pathway to his eaves.

Was ever flight of ours could match  
So fleet, so gay a flight, or catch  
With airy hands the splendour born  
Of swiftness mated in the morn  
To sunbeams frankly shaken free  
Of earth and earth's mortality?  
Too pure, too wild, to take or tame,  
A burst, a jet, a spurt, a flame,  
The first glad spirit-shape that hurled  
His single breast against a world,  
He leaves our meaner gates ajar,  
Ensphered and born again, a star,  
Joyous, immaculate, content,  
Shoots from the sprinkled firmament,  
And free from blame as void of praise  
Goes twinkling through his summer maze,  
Part of ourselves, and yet not all,  
Who cannot soar but fade and fall,  
Cling in the meshes of our fears,  
And groping blind forget the spheres,  
Or pause and poise, or trip and trim,  
Nor dare the leap that carried him,  
The soul of joy, the heart of light,  
In one clear sweep, superbly bright,  
Through earth's dead envelope of clay  
To sunshine and the living day. R. C. L.

## RECREATION AND RED-TAPE.

THE other day Mr. Punch, in the interests of those who would prefer that the open spaces in the Royal Parks should be devoted to healthful games rather than abandoned to microbe-dealing loafers, pointed out that the present state of affairs was due to a mixture of cant and dog-in-the-mangeriness. "The Daily Mail, with the usual enterprise which distinguishes its expeditions into uncivilised lands, at once despatched a representative to the Board of Works, where the envoy was lucky enough to capture Major HUSSEY, who holds the office of Assistant Bailiff to the Parks—a title savouring of summary executions and distress for rent." Quoth the Major, "If people were to play cricket it would render the Parks too dangerous for anybody to attempt to cross them." He also added that cricket would exclude "multitudes of children from the Parks," and concluded by



NOT A LABOUR CANDIDATE.

saying: "Then, too, there is the question of turf. If you were at that big bazaar last week, you saw a corner of Kensington Gardens without a blade of grass on it. That is because cricket is allowed there."

Greatly impressed by the A. B.'s remarks Mr. Punch, in his character of Universal Enquirer, went hap-hazard to a portion of Hampstead Heath, known as Parliament Hill Fields, controlled by that much-abused body the London County Council. Here Mr. Punch discovered on ground none too flat in places, hundreds of men, youths, boys, and, *mirabile dictu*, tiny children of both sexes busy with bats and balls. No ambulance was on the ground, and during the hour and a half devoted to Mr. Punch's observations not even a dog was injured. The turf in all directions was of a beautiful verdant hue, and in no way shorn of the grass by the many "pitches." This, perhaps, was explained by the presence of a flat-topped green and red painted vehicle initialled L.C.C., and for the

information of Major HUSSEY and other Royal grantees, it may be as well to state that this four-wheeler is called a WATER CART. The officials who allow the blades of grass to disappear in Kensington Gardens could no doubt obtain the address of the maker, by applying to other Gardens known as Spring. Yet it must be said that turfless Rotten Row is, apparently, not unacquainted with similar engines. Meantime, the Intelligent Foreigner has returned home with a new motto in his album. It reads, "Board of Works and no play make JACK a dull boy."

## MR. PUNCH'S ELECTION ADDRESSES.

V.—SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

To the Electors of Stirling Burghs.

[According to the *Daily Telegraph*, Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, replying to a vote of thanks at St. James's Hall, said that he did not pretend to be a statesman but simply a sincere fellow-worker with his comrades. His election address is correspondingly modest.]

My friends, in these distracted days,

Mid cannon's roar and rifle's rattle,

'Tis mine—in military phrase—

To lead the Liberal ranks to battle;

I try to make my speeches bold,

To wear a manner brisk and breezy,

To win new votes and keep the old—

But, oh! my friends, it isn't easy!

I've had a skittish team to drive,

Their views were very much divided,

But is there any man alive

Who'd steer the brutes as well as I did?

I had to humour HARCOURT'S whims

And MORLEY'S fads and ASQUITH'S

fancies,

To snuffle Little England hymns,

And pipe Imperialistic dances.

Sir EDWARD GREY and LABOUCHERE,

Both Liberals—mark you!—by profession,

Made an extremely awkward pair

To carry with me through the Session.

I took a friendly interest

In KRUGER'S aiders and abettors,

And strove to make the sorry best

Of CLARK'S incriminating letters.

My friends, I've set before your eyes

The Liberal Party's sad condition,

Hoping to make you realise

My very difficult position.

I'm not a Statesman, as you know,

I don't, in fact, pretend to be one,

But, search the Party high and low,

I hardly think that you will see one!

So why not give your votes to me,

My Liberal friends, my more than brothers,

I'm not a genius, maybe,

But still I'm better than the others!

It's pretty commonly agreed

—And I accept the verdict gladly—

Considering whom I had to lead,

I really didn't do so badly! ST. J. H.





EAST AND WEST.

Chinese Emperor. "I WILL MAKE THE EXPIATION THAT HEAVEN DEMANDS!"  
German Emperor. "AND—YOU WILL ALSO MAKE THE REPARATION THAT I DEMAND!"





### DELIGHTFUL IDEA FOR SECOND SUMMER WEATHER.

WHY NOT DO YOUR FISHING FROM BACK OF NICE QUIET PONY?  
HELPS TO DECEIVE THE WILY TROUT TOO.

IT IS JUST AS WELL, THOUGH, IN MAKING A CAST, TO SEE THAT  
YOU CLEAR HIS TAIL WITH YOUR FLIES!

### NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

["San Marino wanted a hospital, and to raise funds it determined to create a peerage. The patents of nobility realised £40,000."—*Le petit Bleu*.]

*Ex nihilo fit nihil* is a dictum, I've been told,  
Whose application everywhere is seen, O!  
But here's a little country where the maxim doesn't hold  
They know a thing or two in San Marino.  
(Oh, yes, beyond a doubt  
They have managed to find out  
A thing or two in little San Marino.)

A hospital they wanted, and I'm sure we all agree  
No object more deserving could have been, O!  
But unhappily they hadn't the essential L. s. d.  
In the money-box of little San Marino.  
(Which is frequently the case—  
So they tell me in the place—  
With the money-box of little San Marino.)

So they set to work and pondered; and they said "We've  
no Debrett!  
Of course we draw the line at King or Queen, O!  
We're true to the traditions of our great Republic, yet  
Some titles would be nice in San Marino."  
(A feeling which is shared—  
So I've heard it oft declared—  
By Republics more advanced than San Marino.)

"Some patents of nobility we'll advertise to-day  
And funds no doubt we will contrive to glean, O!  
For well-to-do nonentities will always gladly pay  
For being called 'My Lord' in San Marino."  
(Which no doubt is very true,  
And I'm told they do it too  
In other lands as well as San Marino.)

They gave notice of an auction, and I'm very glad to tell  
That scores of bidders came upon the scene, O!

*Ex nihilo fit*—peerages and hospitals as well  
In the favoured land of little San Marino,  
(Which shows, I think—don't you?—  
That they know a thing or two  
Of human nature down in San Marino.)

### TO MR. ATKINS AND FRIENDS.

IN view of the return of the troops from the war, Lord  
WOLSELEY has, in effect, stated that there is a popular chorus to  
a song in which he refuses, and hopes everyone else will refuse,  
to join. The words are,

"And we'll all get blind drunk  
When JOHNIE comes marching home!"

"*Mutato nomine fabula narratur de T—*"OMMY. By all means  
let everybody bear in mind that "treating" is the worst  
treatment for TOMMY, who, under the influence of drink, may  
lose all chance of obtaining regular employment. Let the  
Shakspearian example of *Cassio* be before the eyes of his friends  
and admirers, so that TOMMY may not have to exclaim with  
that misguided and too jovial hero, "My reputation's gone!  
My Reputation!"

NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.—The Government, it appears, has  
purchased the ruins of Tintern Abbey from the Duke of BEAUFORT,  
and intend to maintain it as a show place for visitors. Will  
there be an entrance fee of so much ahead? If the pecuniary  
results should be eminently satisfactory, the Commissioners of  
Woods and Forests may next consider whether they won't  
change the spelling of the name to "Tin-turn Abbey."

VERY APPROPRIATE.—The Vestry Overseer in Lambeth is  
named HONEY. He is less remarkable for his sweetness than  
for his faculty of sticking like wax to the ratepayers.



## A WORD IN SEASON.

[The Lake District is to be spared the infliction of the Electric Tram.]

(With apologies to the late Laureate.)

The Lake District (107).

Traction electrical and new,

Of me you shall not win renown.

You thought to break my country's heart  
In preference to wooing Town.

At me you smiled, but unbeguiled,

I saw the snare and I retired :

The city's fit concomitant,

You're not by me to be desired.

Traction electrical and new,

I know you proud to bear your name ;

Your pride is yet no mate for mine,

Which understands from whence I came.

Nor would I break for your swift sake

A heart that lives where Nature grows ;

My simple Lake of Windermere

Is worth a hundred dynamos.

Traction electrical and new,

If time be heavy on your hands

Do you run through from Bow to Kew ?

Has London made no more demands ?

Oh, teach the City clerk to bless

You, as he's carried to and fro ;

Attend to pressing business

And let this lovely district go !

## "CHOOSING A COOK."

[A (very slight) anticipation.]

SCENE—A luxuriously furnished boudoir.

Its owner, Miss Ermytrude Stuefry—

better known to her family as 'Liza

Stubbs—is seated at her escritoire.

Enter Mrs. Jones, who has called in the

hope of inducing Miss Stuefry to take

a vacant place in her establishment.

Miss E. S. (without rising). Good-day. Take a pew, if yer like. No extry charge made for seatin', you'll be glad to 'ear.

Mrs. J. Thank you so very much. I shall be so thankful for a little rest. (Pathetically) This is my seventeenth journey this week in search of a cook !

Miss E. S. Hum ! Don't sound as if the place was much of a catch, does it now ? Well, 'urry up with the partick'lers. There's a dozen more waitin' to see me in the ante-room. What's the figger.

Mrs. J. (timidly). Well,—for your services, you know—I had thought we might go so far as £60 (hastily, observing Miss E. S.'s expression)—and beer, of course !

Miss E. S. That fairly takes the bun, that does ! Sixty, indeed ! Look 'ere, if you can't offer £100 and port every night you're only wycin' toime—so I tells yer strite !

Mrs. J. A hundred ! . . . well, of course you are an exceptionally fine cook, aren't you ?

Miss E. S. I can do you a chop or steak

"WILL YOU PLAY WITH ME, GLANPA !"

"WHY, OF COURSE I WILL, MY DEAR."

"ALL RIGHT ! YOU BE THE FAIRLY, AND I'LL BE THE GIANT, AND PUT YOU IN PLISON !"

to-rights, and what more d' you want ? I did make a nontray once—but never no more !

Mrs. J. Oh, but I'm sure you'd do one just now and then—when we have a dinner-party, you know !

Miss E. S. Not I. (Darkly) One C'rowner's inquest's enough for me. No ; chop one day an' steak the next—that's my rule, and if yer don't like it yer can lump it. Now I'm goin' to ask you a few questions. Three nights out a week, of course ?

Mrs. J. Really, isn't that a little—well, well, if you insist upon it !

Miss E. S. That's the fust point. (makes a note with a gold pencil). Second, is there a tennis-court ?

Mrs. J. No—you see our garden isn't large, and my husband and I like flowers, so that—

Miss E. S. (interrupting). Then yer must mike one strite orff. I cawn't do without my game o' tennis—to which I invites my friends, it's hunderstood. You'll break-

fast at ten, dine at one, an', if I've time after my own dinner, I'll give you a bit o' supper about nine. But yer musn't count on it, yer know. 'Orses, of course ?

Mrs. J. (in astonishment). I—I beg your pardon ?

Miss E. S. 'Orses, I said—meanin' as I 'opes you keep 'em ?

Mrs. J. (reluctantly). N-no, I'm afraid we don't, just at present. What with wages, you see, and other expenses—

Miss E. S. (shutting her silver blotting-book with a bang). Then it's orf. Cawn't go without my canter in the Row, same as other folks. No biz. done on those terms—so you'd best pass along now.

Mrs. J. (bursting into tears). Oh, dear Miss STUEFRY—don't, please, refuse!—we're simply dyin' of hunger ! Do come and cook for us—and perhaps we could arrange to hire something for you !

Miss E. S. (relenting). Well, I'll think it over and drop yer a line. I've a tinder 'cart. Ta-ta !

A. C. D.







He. "OH, PRAY, MISS DALRIMPLE, DON'T CALL ME MR. BROOKES."  
 She. "OH, BUT OUR ACQUAINTANCE HAS BEEN SO BRIEF. THIS IS SO SUDDEN——" (Sweetly.) "WHY SHOULDN'T I CALL YOU MR. BROOKES?"

He. "OH—ONLY BECAUSE MY NAME'S SOMERSET!"

### FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

I MUST not forget the musician aboard the steamer R.M.S. *Fusilier*. Save me from "The harp that once" heard, accompanied by a violin aboard a steamer, is never to be forgotten! When I go on board any steamer, small or large, I look about to see if there are any travelling musicians present. Not seeing them, how grateful am I!

But this itinerant performer, this player on the dulcimer, is a thorough master of his art, displaying his skill in most adverse circumstances. I am glad to see that his collection from the ever-varying audience—for at every port *en route* many old passengers change, giving place to new—promises to be a good one. Travelling by this boat on several occasions, we strike up an acquaintance, and I find that he is literally a born musician, having been dulcimering since the early age of eight years old until the boiling point of perfection was reached, when he set forth on his travels, all over the world, this troubadour-knight, ever true to his sweet-toned Dulcima. *Varium et mutabile semper* is Dulcima, and in less skilful hands she could be an uncommon nuisance. Other Dulcimas I have known and execrated: the tone of this one is soothing, and gentle, sometimes full and powerful as that of a full-blown organ, but always agreeable, never getting on the nerves.

Fort William at 3.30. Here, as we were about to land, a strange thing happened. Our party (two ladies and self) had a bag each. As I was patiently waiting my turn on the gangway I heard a whisper in my ear to the effect, "Sir, if I am not mistaken, you are ——" and here, in still lower tone, he breathed

the venerated name of the Universal Literary Provider, one of whose "young men" I have had the honour to be for the major part of a life-time. I could not deny the fact. I was staggered. I must have looked as taken aback as ever did *Jonas Chuzzlewit* when ferreted out by *Nadgett* on board the "Ankwerks Package." The whisper was repeated, with the addition, "I knew I was not wrong. Now, do permit me to carry your bag." This was suspicious. I turned and faced him, a hale, hearty, tall clergyman of the Church Militant Ecclesiastical type, who is wearing a heavy moustache that not so very many years ago would have been deemed unclerical. *Tempora mutantur*. Suddenly the idea occurred to me, "Is this a *ruse*, a clever dodge, in order to collar my bag, bolt with it and its contents and leave me alone in my glory! Where should I be?"

"What would then become of me,  
 Without a bag at Banavie?"

"Really," I protested, "I could not allow—besides," I added, tightly gripping my bag, "if you are returning by the boat——" "I am," he replied, and, as it chanced, at that moment, the bell of the steamer rang, and in another second stress of time compelled him, evidently much against his will, to cut short his quite unexpected but highly appreciated civility. "May I know," I exclaimed, as he was just about to hurry off to the boat; "to whom I am indebted for this really great——" but he nipped my epithets in the bud. "I haven't a card," he explained rapidly, "but my name is, etc., etc., and I am, etc., etc.," and he vanished. I will not reveal the secret. How cruelly had my suspicions wronged him! He was a great dignitary of the Church, and if ever this meets his eye the Reverent Canon will know that his courtesy was most thoroughly appreciated.

A quiet morning on an uninhabited island.—HAVING chartered an Oban boat to go out upon the Oban Sea, I as COLUMBUS the Skipper, accompanied by COLUMBUS JUNIOR row forth on voyages of discovery. The first discovery I make is that the sculls are not a pair; that a certain amount of water has to be "bailed out," like a prisoner on remand. These discoveries having been made and everything put in order we are fairly launched.

We row about, and take possession of many places hitherto unknown (to us). After some exploration we "hug the shore," which, being of a repellent nature, rejects our advances. So we steer for a rocky island creek, intended by Nature for two persons (or more) to go ashore and refresh themselves. Biscuits, fish sandwiches, and a flask of whisky and water are at hand. The Skipper lands, taking care to have with him the provision, including the suction, and COLUMBUS JUNIOR, having been served with a ration of biscuits, commences fishing. His subsequent proceedings have no further interest for the Skipper, who draws a newspaper from his pocket. Before starting I (the Skipper) had gone to a bookstall, and, being in nautical vein, the name of a paper, new to me, caught my eye. It was *The Pilot*. "Just the thing," said I to myself, "for a cruise." So, without further parley, I took the *Pilot* on board my boat. Now on my island, I am going to enjoy all the nautical news *The Pilot* has to tell me.

No doubt that in it are given problems in steering, sailing of vessel, how to enter harbours, how to manage buoys, general directions and particulars to yachtsmen and yachting advertisements, and notes about fishing tackle, &c., &c.; in fact, all nautical and pilotical, nothing political.

Ahem! . . . why—I don't see much about shipping in it. Opening it at haphazard, I find paragraphs about the Church Association and the Bishops, articles on "Newman" and "Wilberforce," and letters from Canon GORE. What an ideal name for an active member of the Church militant! It is, I find, an ecclesiastical paper and weekly review. Only, why *The Pilot*? Nautical men are simple folk, and are so easily taken in. In this case, however, the deception is mutual. I've taken in *The Pilot* and *The Pilot* has taken me in. Why





*Employer (to applicant for situation): "AND THEN I AM VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY CELLARS; YOU UNDERSTAND WINE, I PRESUME!"*  
*Butler. "HIN MY LAST SITUATION, SIR, I WAS CONSIDERED A VERY TOLERABLE JUDGE O' WINE, SIR."*

*Pilot?* Does it direct the navigation of the seas? I meditate on this. Becoming much interested in articles on "The Byron Letters," "England and her Inimical Allies," I gradually drop off into meditation, with my eyes closed, "rock'd in the cradle of the deep." How reposeful is the plash of the waves. Refreshment. Nature's soft nurse, &c., &c. . . . Awakening, I find I have been left, with *The Pilot*, a high and dry Churchman between two rocks, the sea having courteously retired to some considerable distance. The message it has left, distinctly writ on pebbles, rocks and seaweed, is that it is "out" for the rest of the day, and won't return for some hours. But, COLUMBUS JUNIOR, having wearied of his sport—he has caught two fish, one of which he knows to be poisonous and the other doubtful—comes to row me back to our native shores, to land and luncheon.

## 1880-1900.

WHEN I went to the House as a middle-aged man

(Said I to myself—said I).

I'll work on the very best Radical plan.

(Said I to myself—said I).

In the cause of the poor I will wax very warm,  
With COBDEN and BRIGHT raise the popular storm,  
And lustily cry with them "Peace and Reform!"

(Said I to myself—said I).

The bitterest words that the language affords

(Said I to myself—said I).

I'll pour on those infamous scoundrels, the Lords,

(Said I to myself—said I).

The Tories, that faction of greed and of strife,

"The old, stupid party,"—the rest of my life

I'll ceaselessly wage with them war to the knife.

(Said I to myself—said I).

### Aggression in arms, and the longing to pounce

(Said I to myself—said I)

On other folk's lands I will hotly denounce

(Said I to myself—said I) :

And as for the Boers, if any there be  
Who talk of oppressing a people so free,  
So simple and innocent, send them to me

(Said I to myself—said I).

With the wisdom of age I am coming to see

(Say I to myself—say I)

Domestic affairs give no chances for me

(Say I to myself—say I).

My pensions may go by the very same ways  
As the other parochial points I did raise

In the dim long-ago of my Radical days

(Say I to myself—say I).

## To rail at the Lords was a youthful mistake

(Say I to myself—say I),

They make such a good constitutional brake

(Say I to myself—say I) ;

Of course, here and there, you may light on a drone,  
But in future I'm going to leave them alone—

I yet may wear strawberry-leaves of my own

(Say I to myself—say I).

### When a statesman proposes a number of things

(Say I to myself—say I).

And time no fulfilment of promises brings

(Say I to myself—say I),

The obvious course for such parties as he  
is to hide neath the khaki of BOBS and B.-P.—

And I fancy the rule may apply to J. C.

(Say I to myself—say I).





Painter. "YOU CAN STAND DOWN AND REST, MODEL."

Model. "AW RIGHT, HARTIST!"

#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

WHEN JONES (by nature kind and brave),  
The dearest friend I ever had,  
Comes to insult me and behave  
Like an unmitigated cad ;

When SMITH, *per contra*, who can show  
Two sovereigns for my modest one,  
Now kindly condescends to know  
Me, whom he always seems to shun ;

When Lady CLARA VERE DE VERE,  
Oblivious of her Norman stock,  
Deigns in our villa to appear  
To tea, and wears her smartest frock ;

When hauteur affably expands  
And hobs and nobbs in crowded rooms,  
When peers with cheesemongers shake  
hands,  
And crossing-sweepers ride in  
broughams ;

When churls, accustomed in the street  
Perambulators to revile,  
In ecstasies fond mothers greet, [smiles—  
And kiss their babes with ghastly

'Tis not the world is at an end,  
Nor that millennium's dawn has shone—  
These are but symptoms that portend  
A General Election's on.

#### THE RALLYING CRY OF THE RADICALS.

["Where they do agree . . . their unanimity is wonderful."—*The Critic*.]

SAY not that we entered the battle  
Discordant with casual cries,  
With the various polyglot rattle  
That Babel addressed to the skies ;  
Say not that we came to our task with  
Competitive tunes for our toes,  
With the militant Fife of an ASQUITH,  
The peace-loving pipes o' MONTROSE.

Do not mention the curious manner  
In which we combined for attack,  
With the fugitive Hollanders' banner  
Pinned on to the jubilant Jack ;  
Do not mention the way that we camped  
on

The field of our ultimate doom  
With the guns of our Ladysmith LAMBTON  
In line with the Mausers of OOM.

Though apparently riven asunder,  
We jointly adopted the view  
That the War was a crime or a blunder ;  
The question was—which of the two ?  
For the Tories had gone for our "brothers"  
With openly cynical eyes,  
Or were napping (according to others)  
And taken by vulgar surprise.

If there *was* any personal faction  
That marched to a separate band,  
It was drowned by our war-cry in action  
Unanimous, fluty and grand !  
Ignoring debateable notions—  
Home Rule, Local Drink, and the rest—  
It appealed to the primal emotions  
That lurk in the average breast.

That cry of the Party *en bloc*, Sirs,  
Our Leaders were proud to endorse ;  
It was used by the Battersea Boxers  
With singular feeling and force ;  
Our bruisers of Southwark have cried it,  
'Twas Bermondsey's rallying call ;  
And the brain of our Labby supplied it—  
"GIVE BRUMMAGEM JOSEPH A FALL !"

O. S.

#### WHAT'S O'CLOCK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Would you kindly ask the good and great authorities who rule for our well-being why it is that there should not be some synchronised system of recording the time of day on the public clocks of London? Heaven knows that they are scarce enough, but when all at variance with one another, and when railway companies elect to give their own time, it makes one marvel as to the use of Greenwich Observatory. Even in Brussels the street-corner timepieces work harmoniously. Perhaps the London clocks have gone on strike. If so they should be placed in other hands.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM WINDUP.

Grandfather's Clock Tower, Peckham Rye.





“RETURNED!”

SWAIN.







## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## FIFTH FRAGMENT.

1. . . . now in those days, in the land  
of Rûl-baredányah

2. which from the Azhur-méhn by com-  
mand did arise,

3. where dwelt the Nephar-nephar-  
nephars, ruled over by waverers,

4. (the Sessil-minestreh)

5. great scribes did flourish . . . . .

6. . . . . Rûdiyâd-'Omer-Khiblin

7. the singer of war-songs, the maker  
of tablets,

8. the *djoggah* of memories forgetful of  
Empire,

9. who sprang from his cradle, and  
searchingly studied

10. by the aid of a night-light

11. the mechanical details, of the *rok-  
kaz-et-setrah*

12. and half-filled his note-book

13. with technical terms—in the bed-  
stead-department.

14. Then rising at day-break

15. he wrote leading-articles, and soul-  
stirring epics

17. in the Pánjáb vernacular, whatever

18. you call it . . . . .

19. Then did he

20. the Rikki-távis, the Namgeh-Dhóo-  
lahs,

21. the Krishna-mulvénihs,

22. the Mem-sahibs, and the Imréhs,  
and the Gungha-Díns,

23. the Subadhars, the Deodars, and  
the Jemadhars,

24. the Jin-riki-shas, and the Musumés,

25. and other strange wild-fowl

26. from the Hills bring down,

27. quite new to the language,

28. and their plain tails did he spread  
abroad.

29. . . . . And the walls of the Bárâks  
did he level with the ground,

30. and their inmost recesses did he  
lay bare

31. and the Tomis and the Khaki-Tûniks  
forth into the light of day did he bring,  
and

32. as grist to the mill, and as spoil did  
he count them.

33. And when he had slaked their  
thirst,

34. and for all they were worth had he  
drawn them out,

35. into the hands of the Pábli-shahs  
and

36. of Mûdiz did he deliver them  
bound . . . .

37. who did jump at them and *VEND*  
them and scatter them broadcast.

38. And into the homes of peaceful  
*sabhs-kri-bahs* did they convey them.

39. And their language expressive, un-  
wonted in drawing-rooms. . . . .

40. (Here follow several *Cursive Charac-  
ters* wholly unknown to the Translator of  
these Tablets) . . . . made quite a sensa-  
tion

41. and elderly ladies, unable to breathe

42. in *sulphurik-ethur*

43. swooned away on the sofa (not far  
from the *kirit*) and withdrew their *sabhs-  
skrib-shâns*.

44. . . . . and when to the wars the  
Tomis departed

45. forgetful of Er of the ruddy com-  
plexion,

46. (suggestive of scrubbing), with the  
locket of silver,

47. whom they cherished on Sundays,

48. and similar details—forgetting, in  
fact, all their normal surroundings (ac-  
cording to Khiblin)

49. Did he put forth a tablet, and  
Arthaz-ul-ivan did set it to music,

50. and it got on the organs, and the  
butcher's assistant,

51. and likewise the grocer's, the slaves  
of Pépehpheh, got it after a fashion

52. and whistled like sirens, while they  
pedalled their *go-karts* . . . . until they  
turned purple. [Lívrrih,

53. . . . Alphr-ed-orstin, the poet in

54. who wrote things to order,

55. the wearer of laurels, "by special  
appointment,"

56. who gets half a cygnet, or a haunch  
of a unicorn, somewhere about *Krismuz*

57. as some slight acknowledgment of  
his loyal endeavours

58. to be in at the birth and to say some-  
thing pretty

59. to coincide in arrival with the first  
tân of Mhéllin;

60. and attend at the weddings, with his  
harp in the vestry,

61. and when it was over, on his *Bardik-  
Pegássuz* (from the Mûz at the Palace)

62. by the mane did he clamber

63. trotting after the carriage, throwing  
lyrical slippers

64. and metrical rice-grain.  
65. . . . . was as green as his  
laurels, a *verdigris* colour,  
66. with envy of Rûdiyâd. E. T. R.



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.,  
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

*The ordinary valour only works  
At those rare intervals when peril lurks;  
There is a courage, higher far, and stranger,  
Which nothing can intimidate but danger.*

*Original Stanza by H. B. J.*

No sooner had Mr. BHOSH obeyed the summons of Lord JACK, than the latter violently reproached him for having embezzled the heart of his chosen bride, and inflicted upon him sundry severe kicks from behind, barbarously threatening to encore the proceeding unless CHUNDER instantaneously agreed to meet him in a mortal combat.

Our hero, though grievously hurt, did not abandon his presence of mind in his tight fix. Seating himself upon a divan so as to obviate any repetition of such treatment, he thus addressed his former friend: "My dear JACK, PLATO observes that anger is an abbreviated form of insanity. Do not let us fall out about so mere a trifle, since one friend is the equivalent of many females. Is it my fault that feminines overwhelm me with unsought affections? Let us both remember that we are men of the world, and if you on your side will overlook the fact that I have unwittingly fascinated your *fiancée*, I, on mine, am ready to forget my unmerciful kickings."

But Lord JOLLY violently rejected such a give-and-take compromise, and again declared that if Mr. BHOSH declined to fight he was to receive further kicks. Upon this CHUNDER demanded time for reflection; he was no bellicose, but he reasoned thus with his soul: "It is not certain that a bullet will hit—whereas, it is impossible for a kick to miss its mark."

So, weeping to find himself between a deep sea and the devil of a kicking, he accepted the challenge, feeling like Imperial CÆSAR, when he found himself compelled to climb up a rubicon after having burnt his boots!

Being naturally reluctant to kick his brimming bucket of life while still a lusty juvenile, Mr. BHOSH was occupied in lamenting the injudiciousness of Providence when he was most unexpectedly relieved by the entrance of his lady-love, the Princess JONES, who, having heard that her letter had fallen into Lord JACK's hands, and that a sanguinary encounter would shortly transpire, had cast off every rag of maidenly propriety, and sought a clandestine interview.

She brought BINDABUN the gratifying intelligence that she was a *persona grata* with his lordship's seconder, Mr. BODGERS, who was to load the deadly weapons, and who, at her request, had promised to do so with cartridges from which the bullets had previously been bereft.

Such a piece of good news so enlivened Mr. BHOSH, that he immediately recovered his usual serenity, and astounded all by his perfect nonchalance. It was arranged that the tragical affair should come off in the back garden of Baronet JOLLY's castle, immediately after breakfast, in the presence of a few select friends and neighbours, among whom—needless to say—was Princess VANOLIA, whose lamp-like optics beamed encouragement to her Indian champion, and the Duchess of DICKINSON, who was now the freehold tenement of those fiendish Siamese twins—Malice and Jealousy. At breakfast, Mr. BHOSH partook freely of all the dishes, and rallied his antagonist for declining another fowl-egg, rather wittily suggesting that he was becoming a chicken-hearted. The company then adjourned to the garden, and all who were non-combatants took up positions as far outside the zone of fire as possible.

Mr. BHOSH was rejoiced to receive from the above-mentioned Mr. BODGERS a secret intimation that it was the put-up job, and little piece of allright, which emboldened him to make the rather spirited proposal to his lordship, that they were to fire—not at the distance of one hundred paces; as originally suggested—but across the more restricted space of a nosekerchief. This dare-devilish proposal occasioned a universal outcry of horror and admiration; Mr. BHOSH's seconder, a young poor-hearted chap, entreated him to renounce his plan of campaign, while Lord JACK and Mr. BODGERS protested that it was downright tomfoly.

CHUNDER, however, remained game to his backbone. "If," he ironically said, "my honble friend prefers to admit that he is inferior in physical courage to a native Indian, who is commonly accredited with a funky heart, let him apologise. Otherwise, as a challenged, I am the Master of the Ceremonies. I do not insist upon the exchange of more than one shoot—but it is the *sine qua non* that such shoot is to take place across a nosewipe."

Upon which his lordship became green as grass with apprehensiveness, being unaware that the cartridges had been carefully sterilised, but glueing his courage to the sticky point, he said, "Be it so, you bloodthirsty little beggar—and may your gore be on your own knob!"

"It is always barely possible," retorted Mr. BHOSH, "that we may both miss the target!" And he made a secret motion to Mr. BODGERS with his superior eyeshutter, intimating that he was to remember to omit the bullets.

But lackadaisy! as Poet BURNS sings, the best-laid schemes both of men and in the mouse department, are liable to gang aft—and so it was in the present instance, for Duchess DICKINSON intercepted CHUNDER BINDABUN's wink and, with the diabolical intuition of a feminine, divined the presence of a rather suspicious rat. Accordingly, on the diaphanous pretext that Mr. BODGERS was looking faintish and callow, she insisted on applying a very large smelling-jar to his nasal organ.

Whether the vessel was charged with salts of superhuman potency, or some narcotic drug, I am not to inquire—but the result was that, after a period of prolonged sternutation, Mr. BODGERS became impercipient on a bed of geraniums.

Thereupon CHUNDER, perceiving that he had lost his friend in court, magnanimously said: "I cannot fight an antagonist who is unprovided with a seconder, and will wait until Mr. BODGERS is recuperated." But the honourable and diabolical duchess nipped this arrangement in the bud. "It would be a pity," said she, "that Mr. BHOSH's fiery ardour should be cooled by delay. I am capable to load a firearm, and will act as Lord JOLLY's seconder."

Our hero took the objection that, as a feminine was not legally qualified to act as seconder in moral combats, the duel would be rendered null and void, and appealed to his own seconder to confirm this *obiter dictum*.

Unluckily the latter was a poor beetlehead who was in excessive fear of offending the Duchess and gave it as his opinion that sex was no disqualification, and that the Duchess of DICKINSON was fully competent to load the lethal weapons, provided that she knew how.

Whereupon she, regarding Mr. BHOSH with the malignant simper of a fiend, did not only deliberately fill each pistol-barrel with a bullet from her own reticule bag, but also had the additional *diablerie* to extract a miniature laced *mouchoir* exquisitely perfumed with cherryblossoms, and to say, "Please fire across this. I am confident that it will bring you good luck."

And Mr. BHOSH recognised with emotions that baffle description the very counterpart of the nose-handkerchief which she had flung at him months previously at the aforesaid fashionable Bayswater Ball! Now was our poor miserable hero indeed up the tree of embarrassment—and there I must leave him till the next chapter.





AVE always been more or less anxious to get into Parliament. Don't know why,

I'm sure: awful nuisance when you come to

think of it: late hours: fearful boredom listening to speeches on the drainage of Little Pumpington, the real or imaginary wrongs of Irish peasantry and Scotch crofters, and discussion of other wildly entralling subjects. However, there it is—everyone seems anxious to add M.P. to his name; good sort of advertisement; I suppose it makes a fellow feel as if he were somebody. Nervous work, though, speaking in public—must get over the feeling somehow.

Have to leave my shooting, and start off by ghastly early train, to North Fozzleton to address the "Inner Circle" (sounds like Metropolitan Railway). Met at North Fozzleton by my Agent, who rushes forward enthusiastically, exclaiming in the hearing of the porters, Station-master, and a dozen passengers, "Ah, my dear fellow, a thousand welcomes! I never thought North Fozzleton would secure you!" Blush, and return handshake with my right, whilst fumbling for a shilling for porter, with my left hand. Hurry to hotel to luncheon. Agent says I must first interview Anti-vaccination Committee. Protest feebly that I must lunch first. Agent inexorable, and I am carted off. Seventeen stuffy old persons and three young long-haired terrors welcome me, and make interminable speeches, hurling in statistics on benefits of anti-vaccination. Reply that I think there is a great deal in what they say. Bow them out. Before I can rush off to luncheon, a second deputation shown in to hear my views on Local Veto Question. Sigh, and listen to lot more rhodomontade. Bless

them heartily, and edge for door as fragrant smell of soup salutes my nostrils. No good: pinned down, and have to make second speech. Deputation at last leaves, and at 8 P.M. get hurried luncheon.

Agent again.

Must now address "The Three Hundred" (headed by the Mayor), who are not quite sure whether they will adopt me as candidate, or not. Say my views on Imperial interests, overtopping domestic legislation, not quite satisfactory. Ask Agent what they want me to say? He informs me exactly what will be palatable, and I write it down and try to learn it by heart. Prime myself, and then, seated in picturesque attitude, rather suggestive of "Rule Britannia," await the arrival of deputation. Small man enters first, and looks at me with eagle eye. I grasp him warmly by hand, only to find that this is not the Mayor, as I had thought, but his junior clerk. Retire in confusion, to my seat again. At length the Mayor—a large-sized, important-looking gentleman—opens map, for no particular reason that I can see—and says that he and his colleagues would like to hear what I have to say upon the subject of our mighty interests at home and abroad. Feel very much abroad, myself, at this moment. Explain, as well as I can, that "I think England ought to maintain her prestige abroad," and pause to see effect. Glum silence; feel rather clammy about brow, but try again. Say that "the blood we have shed in South Africa should not be shed in vain." Again silence, whilst my Agent nudges me ominously—can't think what he means. Try a third shot: say that "if our trade is to expand we must be prepared to make sacrifices." (N.B.—Don't know what this means precisely, but it sounds all right.) Mayor and company still silent and unresponsive. Can't think what's wrong. More nudging from Agent. I turn to him wonderingly, and then the murder is out.

"Little Englanders!" he whispers. I turn all manner of colours. Pull myself together, and say airily, "Those, gentle-



men, are the sentiments our opponents are so fond of dinning into our ears. But what is the truth of the matter? Is it not a fact that we ought to be at peace, and we are at war? Is it not a fact that we make sacrifices, and reap no benefit therefrom? Is it not a fact that, in order to keep up this boasted prestige, we are constantly spending blood and treasure in foreign lands, and that we are spending them in vain?" Tremendous burst of applause, and I see now I have struck the keynote, fair and square. Continue in this strain for another quarter of an hour, and then (thank goodness) deputation retires, each member unfortunately insisting upon shaking me by the hand. Am allowed by my Agent one hour's leave of absence, in order to take the air, under strict undertaking not to exceed my time. Promise meekly, and go out into town. People look curiously at me, and at length, small boy, who has probably seen my photograph in shop windows, yells out, "That's 'im!"

Immediately, a crowd consisting of some twenty or thirty ragged urchins and an equal number of dirty-looking loafers with hands in pockets, collects and follows me with business-like air round the town. Very flattering and all that, of course, but—walk on, and try to look unconscious. No good; presently come across group of opposition, who at once begin to "boo" at me. Very unpleasant this—more so when one of them deftly hurls cabbage in my direction. Three or four of my following accept challenge, and "go for" the cabbage-thrower. Very embarrassing for me. Try to escape, but crowd now too thick. Fight soon over, and my supporters lounge up to me, rubbing mouths on backs of hands, and each with one eye fixed on neighbouring "pub." Dispense several shillings, and get back to hotel as quickly as possible. Next morning, opposition papers come out with violent diatribes anent the scene of the previous day. "The champion of reaction"—thus my opponents—"need not think to escape the consequences of the Bribery Act by the flimsy pretence that he was only flinging his gold about to reward hired ruffians for protecting his precious person. The party to which we have the honour to belong is not to be blinded. We can 'see through a ladder' as far as most people, and we solemnly warn this gentleman, who, being young and inexperienced is entitled to a certain meed of our pity—and contempt, perhaps, we should also add—that not even his youth and obvious want of tact and decent feeling shall shelter him from the consequences of his barefaced attempt to corrupt the electorate. We shall not shrink from exposing such conduct to the pitiless gaze of the pure light which should always beat upon that throne which is occupied—willy nilly—by public men. Let him, therefore, beware."

Pleasant reading, this. Am first made a mark for my opponents' missiles, and then threatened with dire consequences because I submit to be fleeced by my defenders. Very trying.

Agent comes in to me, at breakfast, looking quite gleeful. Says he has just arranged for hire of schoolroom in Spotted Dog Street, with most convenient exit over adjacent roofs in case of trouble. This is where I am to address expected turbulent meeting. Say I don't think my throat will stand strain of addressing that particular meeting. Agent says most imperative that I should do so. It is in the quarter of the town most unfavourable to my cause, and we may get votes by bearding lion in den. Have no wish to beard lion. D—n lion!

No use—Agent again inexorable; threatens to throw up post unless I consent. Sigh and resign myself, though I murmur gently that I don't think I am fit for so arduous a task. Agent replies, "Oh, nonsense! you are young and an athlete. I shall have far greater difficulty in escaping, if it comes to climbing over roofs." So brutal. Sigh again, and envy comparative quiet and safety of troops in hostile country.

Next morning devoted to going round shaking hands with supporters and kissing babies. Am sure Agent has selected people with hottest hands, and also dirtiest babies, for my express edification. Quite exhausted by luncheon time. Too done up to eat. Three whiskies and sodas. Doze gently.

Awakened by Agent. This man really too energetic—am sure he never sleeps, eats or drinks—hasn't time to. Says that Deputation from Society for Annoying People of Other Views than its Own is in the next room, and would like to have my views on situation. Ask what situation? "Oh, generally," replies Agent, and hustles me into room. More hand-shaking, more warmth—especially of red paws. Deputation bombard me with questions. Dodge them as skilfully as possible, and agree to everything, without actually promising to support their fads. Escape, after renewed epidemic of hand-shaking. Should like to go for a walk, but too risky. Dare not chance repetition of yesterday's scene in street, and subsequent newspaper denunciation.

At breakfast next day read violent article in local "True Blue" paper, in which following words occur:

"Our fearless representative" (that's me) "will go boldly into the midst of his enemies to-morrow night, and force them to hear the truth for once. He is not the man to shrink from his self-imposed task, however hard, however dangerous—for our unscrupulous opponents do not stop short of physical violence, in order to close an adversary's mouth——"

I paused. I don't think I quite grasped the idea of personal violence when I undertook to fight this constituency—felt rather depressed as I resumed reading the article. "Our candidate, strong in the knowledge of his righteous cause, would brave more than the contemplated shower of brickbats, hurled by a pack of organised ruffians, in pursuit of what he conceives to be his solemn duty to the electorate."

Not so sure of this. Not so sure that shower of brickbats is contemptible. Should like to go into quiet room and think matters over, before finally deciding to address this meeting. Not afraid, of course, but still——

Address meeting of supporters, in afternoon. Gathering very crowded. Am speaking from a waggon in market-place. Feel a little nervous; however, after chairman has introduced me clear throat, and begin. Audience quiet for first ten minutes, then several voters at once, want to know things.

"Will I support Anti-vaccination?"

"Certainly. Would even go farther, and insist upon everyone being anti-vaccinated, again and again, until it took." (Great uproar in meeting. Wonder what has upset them?) My Agent looks at me with agonised face. Fail to see what I have done wrong, myself. "Would I support early closing?" "Rather!" (Howls from shopkeeping element, met by vociferous cheering of employees). "What are my views on Church question?" "I—er—oh—well, don't know that——" Here Agent



nudges me and whispers, "Don't commit yourself." Say, "Am quite open to conviction. Dislike bigotry." (Safe investment this. No one thinks himself a bigot). Fortunately, another party, with axes of their own to grind, interrupt, and ask, "Would I support Local Option?" Haven't faintest idea what Local Option is; rather embarrassing. Wonder what one ought to say? Agent to the rescue again. Writes on slip of paper, "Say you keep impartial mind on this most important subject." Repeat this. They seem satisfied. "Am I total abstainer?" "Yes—in theory, that is. My own health won't permit of my setting good example, but am quite convinced that the less alcohol one takes, the better for one." (Cheers from teetotal party, cruelly interrupted by voice, "Then why ain't you a teetotaller yourself?") Rather a poser this. "Am I Imperialist or Little Englander?" "Well, whilst in favour of upholding England's greatness, Rule Britannia, *Imperium et Libertas*, and blow the expense, etc., I should oppose any extension of territory, or expansion of Empire's responsibility, and I thought that Little Englanders had, after all, a strong case because—" but here indignant murmurs from crowd, warn me I am treading on dangerous ground. Resume: "When I say Little Englandism you know, gentlemen, what do I mean?" ("Blowed if I know!" from gentleman in shirtsleeves.) "I mean, that in little England, we are—" but rest of sentence never came to life, as at that moment, horses attached to my waggon suddenly started forward and jerked me off my feet. My Chairman also—a very fat and ponderous person—found himself sitting with fearful violence on floor of vehicle. Upsetting, in every sense of the word. Meeting not so sympathetic as it might have been. In fact, it jeered in very unfeeling manner. Agent gave the word to drive off, and we travelled up the High Street to my hotel in waggon.

Have apparently pledged myself, now, to—

- Early Closing.
- Anti-Vaccination.
- Reform of War Office.
- Inoculation for Measles.
- Eight Hours' Day.
- Compulsory Muzzling.
- Higher Education.
- Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister.
- Local Veto, and Compensation for Publicans.

Slightly confusing, but suppose it will all come right in the wash—the end, I mean. After all, every candidate pledges himself to all sorts of things which mean nothing, and are never heard of again. My opponent is making promises wholesale. Suppose I must do same, or "get left."

Tell my Agent I would like a little rest after these experiences. He gibes at idea, and hurries me off to speak to *employés* of large firm as they leave work. Say I am sure they don't want politics when tired from their day's labour. He jeers again; and like lamb led to slaughter, am put into cab and driven off to factory gates. Bell clangs, after ten minutes' waiting, and army of grimy workers issue forth. They stare at me as if I were something fresh from the Zoo. I mount roof of cab, after insisting upon horse being taken out—disaster of an hour ago, still fresh in my mind—and begin my address. Very intelligent body of men apparently; they actually listen, without inter-

rupting, for quite five minutes. Then one stalwart worker jerks thumb in my direction, and grunts out:

"Oo's this joker, Bill?"

"I dunno. Wot 's 'e torkin' abart?"

The first speaker then turns pityingly, to my Agent, and says:

"Wot 's the matter with 'im, Guv'nor? Is 'e ofen took like this? You ought to look arter 'im better. Wodjer let 'im git on the roof o' the keb for, eh? 'E might fall orf and 'urt 'isself." (Loud laughter from grimy crowd.) Feel that, after this, further political argument would be wasted. Horse put to again, and am driven away, my feelings not being soothed by Parthian dart hurled after my Agent, by original spokesman.

"You must be a bit balmy on the crumpet, Guv'nor, to bring a thing like that darn 'ere'. Taike 'im 'ome agen, an' put 'im in a monkey 'ouse!"

Very depressed—really think I shall give up contest and retire. Mention this to Agent, who looks most astounded:

"What! When we are getting on so well?" he exclaims.

"So—what?" I ask, gasping with astonishment.

"So well," he repeats firmly, and I give up contending. This man's hopefulness quite pathetic.

Addressed two more meetings of my supporters—got fearfully heckled at last one. Worthy burgess at back of hall suddenly let loose flood of political conundrums on my devoted head. Believe I answered them, somehow—not quite sure of this—and so home to bed, fagged out.

Next morning, begged Agent piteously for half-holiday. He smiled grimly, and announced that he had arranged for me to address operatives at Messrs. SHODDY'S works at dinner-hour. Naturally, I thought he meant about 7.30 or 8 P.M., the time every civilised human being thinks of dining, and promised to be there. Lit a pipe, and fell fast asleep over newspaper. Did not wake till nearly one o'clock, when door burst violently open, and Agent, pale and trembling with excitement, rushed in.

"What 's the matter?" I asked, rubbing my eyes.

"Matter? Matter!" he shrieked. "Why weren't you there as you promised to be, to address operatives at SHODDY'S? They waited half-an-hour, and then nearly lynched me, because you didn't come!"

"Glad I didn't, under the circumstances," I said. "Frankly, my dear sir, would rather—oh, much rather—they lynched *you* than me," I answered. "But you distinctly said 'dinner time,' and it's only luncheon time, yet."

Agent groans, and passes hand over forehead, in evident despair. "Can't you understand—" he begins, and then, overwrought, sinks on to sofa, exhausted and almost weeping. Wonder what I've done? At last, wishing to alleviate his distress, I say, "Have a brandy and soda, my dear chap? Let me ring, and—" But he looks up, wild-eyed, and evidently not thirsty.

"No, no. Don't you know that operatives *don't* indulge in late dinner. You see, their footmen and butlers wish to get away to the theatre early, so—"

Now, this is evidently meant sarcastically, which I think rather bad form. I'm sure I've done everything I can be expected to do—in reason, that is—and as to SHODDY'S operatives—well, d—n SHODDY'S operatives!



"Mischief's done now," he says, grimly. "That's lost us at least fifty votes—and this is the last day you will have any opportunity of addressing these people, unfortunately." Assured him I didn't regret it a bit, whereupon he sighed and said he was afraid I didn't quite grasp exigencies of situation.

"To-night," he added, "we wind up campaign by this meeting at Spotted Dog Street—the very centre of the enemy's stronghold."

I said I didn't know that I quite saw use of attacking enemy's stronghold—I failed to see its attractiveness—seemed to me to be rather waste of time, as it were. Thought it would be more advantageous to take a rest, and get long night's sleep, before polling day. Agent imperatively negatives this. "Most important we should show them we are not afraid," he says.

"Oh, of course," I answer, a little dubiously; "only, you know, if it should come to a beastly row, you know——." He leans forward so as to bring his face close to mine, and says in low tones, "It's all right. There's a way out at the back of the platform, and I've got some likely fellows, who know how heads should be scientifically punched, to gather round the exit door. Leave it all to me. We've only to climb over three roofs, and then we shall find the fire-escape ladder. I've arranged for all that, and we can be back here in the hotel, within twenty minutes of leaving the hall."

Comforting, this—in a way. And yet I experience sense of vague disquiet. Don't know how it is, but certainly feel curious disinclination for the evening's task. Think dumb-bells exercise would be good under the circumstances. Suggest to Agent also, that he and I should put on the gloves for a bit. Declines, and recommends a little ladder practice as desirable substitute for boxing.

Dine at unholy hour of six, so as to be ready in good time. Know it will give me awful indigestion, but have to suffer. Appetite poor: poorer still when I hear half-drunken man outside hotel window, roaring, "Let me git at 'im, the beauty! Wants my vote, do 'e? I'll vote 'im! Wait till this evenin'! I got sumthin' ready for 'im. Arf a brick, wrapped in a 'ankercher!" Is moved on by policeman. But why, oh *why*, don't they lock him up? Know he—and the half-brick—will be there to-night. Begin to feel I shall *not*. Never felt less interested in politics, in my life. Explain this to Agent when he arrives. Quite useless; he insists on immediate start. D—ash.

Arrived within half a mile of meeting place, din awful. It gradually increases, as we approach. Crowd surround our brougham and jeer. Hastily put up windows, both of which are promptly broken by mob, and threats freely hurled at us through jagged panes. Cordon of police save us from further violence, and we are shoved and hustled into hall. Groans and yells mingle with the cheering which greets my appearance on platform. Chairman tries to introduce me to meeting, but is promptly howled down. Then I advance to front, and say—or, rather, shriek—

"Gentlemen!"

Further terrific outburst of shouts, groans, cheers, yells, hisses, pandemonium broken loose, in fact.

"Gentlemen!" I shriek again—or fancy I do, as it is quite impossible to hear my own voice. "To come before you to-night, to address myself to the task of"—(Put 'im out!)"—"to the task of setting before this enlightened gathering, the advantages of"—("Break 'is 'ead!")—"of supporting a party which is strong enough to"—("Kick 'im out!")—"face the great Imperial issues which"—("Shut up!")—"which, I say"—("Sit down!")—"the great Imperial issues——"

Cat-calls, whistles, tin trumpets, trampling of feet, *ad lib*.

The Chairman then rose and appealed for "fair play," and asked were they Englishmen, to howl down a man without hearing him? No use. The noises never ceased for a moment. Again I essayed to make myself heard above the hideous din; And at this juncture that half-brick arrived on the platform. Luckily it only fell on my toes, instead of knocking out my brains, so I suppose I ought to have felt thankful. I did not. Just as an ugly rush was made for the platform, I marked down the thrower of the missile, and I think that never in my life did I experience a keener satisfaction that when, just as this gentleman got his head on a level with my fist, I planted the same, full, true, and flush, on the end of his red and bulbous nose. But the enemy outnumbered us by scores. Agent whispered in my ear,

"Quick, out by the back door—follow me closely!"

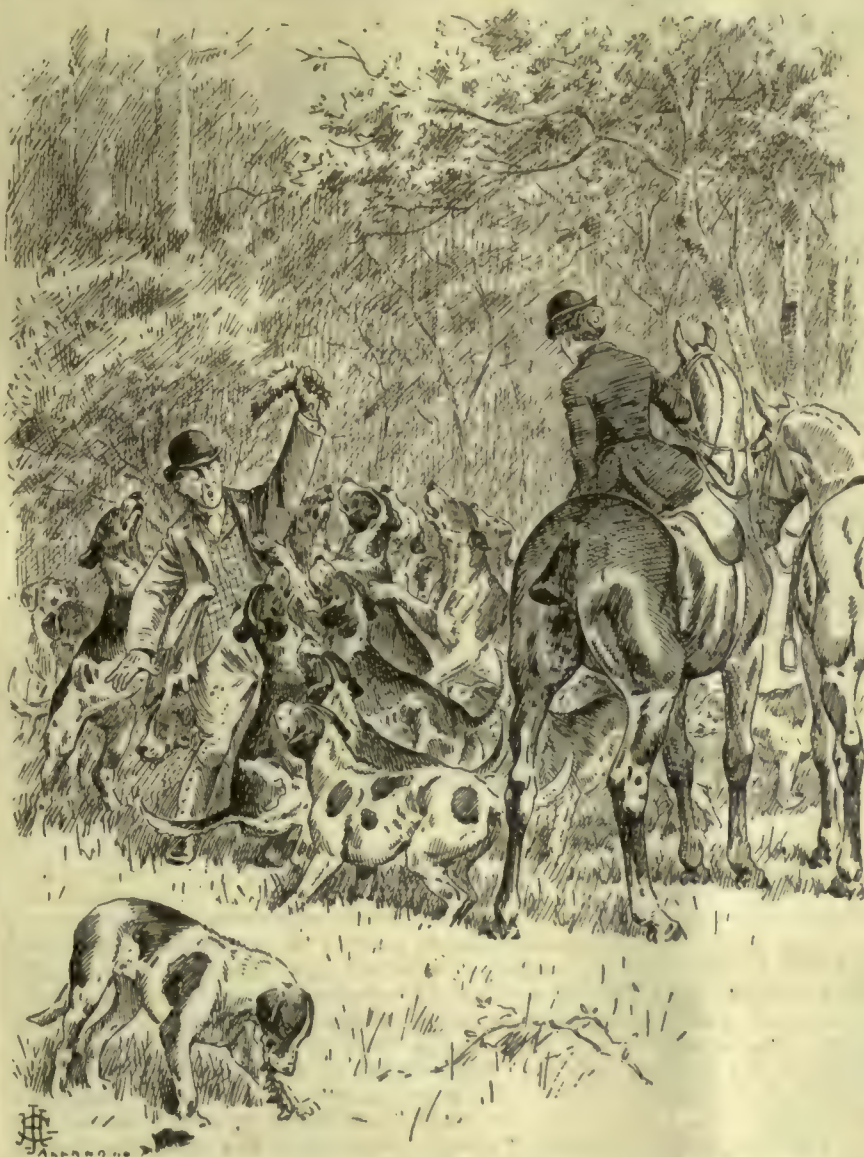
Did so, and succeeded in slipping through door, and banging it to, as mob gained possession of platform. They rushed to door, in hot pursuit, and commenced battering it in. We fled up some badly-lighted stairs, our movements considerably hastened by howling of mob below. Out of skylight, over three roofs, faces and hands begrimed with soot and smuts: at length we reached the fire-escape, which my Agent's magnificent forethought had provided. Down this we slid, jumped into a passing cab, and finally reached hotel, panting, breathless, with clothing torn to rags, and my political enthusiasm hopelessly wrecked for ever.

And the crowning sorrow of all came next day, when, at the close of the counting, the numbers were announced as 2,121 for my opponent and 2,120 for myself. I had been beaten by one vote.

I shook the dust of North Fozzleton from my feet, on the morrow. All I have left to remind me of that disastrous campaign is—the Bill.

*Fox Russell*





Nobody was near hounds in the big wood when they pulled down the cub except Mr. Tinkler and his innamorata. He rashly volunteers to secure the brush for her!

#### "MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH."

AT the close of the *première* of Mr. ARTHUR JONES's successful play, Mr. WYNDHAM, speechifying before the curtain, "declared," in response to calls for the author, "that he had failed to induce Mr. JONES to leave his modest retirement." Bravo, HENRY AUTHOR JONES! Never on any account be cajoled into appearing before the curtain, whether to satisfy the friendly curiosity of the approvers, or the spite of those "whose opinion is to the contrary." Stay in your modest retirement, and do not be attached to the wheels of any manager's triumphal chariot, be he whom he may. The Dramatist should remain the *Deus in machinâ*, invisible; and so should the composer, unless he happens also to be the conductor of his own work. Is the successful novelist on view from ten to four at his publishers, where all his admirers can present themselves and call him out on the landing, or into the shop, or on to the counter? Are the successful artists in rooms at Burlington House awaiting to be summoned, individually, into one of the galleries in order to

#### SNAPSHOTS AT THE EXPOSITION.

HAVE held out against the World's Show all through the spring and summer from patriotic motives but go we must; and here we are, camera in hand.

I.—After *déjeuner* feel we had better *battre le pavé* (French joke) by making at once for the rolling platform. This is a never-ending joy to the Parisians, and the twenty-two thousand mayors who swarm all over the place. It is an exceeding delight to see people get on to the *grande vitesse* (eight kilometres an hour) with their backs to the direction of movement, and abruptly sit down on *terra infirma*. It adds a new terra to their existence, and three negatives to my kodak.

II.—Make for the Transvaal section. Here are enthusiastic *pro-Boëres* signing a couple of registers, and tumbling over one another to do so, while the attendant shouts out without stopping "*Tout le monde signe!*" On closer examination, find it is a birthday address to the two "Presidents" (whose birthdays fall in October) expressing somewhat belated wishes for the success of the sublime (*sic*) work which they have undertaken, and unshakable conviction that they occupy the highest rank in the history of civilisation (*sic*), and that their cause will be finally successful. Prominent feature in the building is a highly idealised bust of Mr. KRUGER, with palm-branches of victory resting on his shoulders, and any number of visiting cards and poetic effusions pinned on to the evergreens surrounding him. All round the walls are scribbled, "*Chamberlain est une vache*," "*Mort aux Anglais*," and similar compliments.

III.—To the Boer farmhouse behind. It's interior bears ironical testimony to the above-mentioned "civilisation," which seems to have escaped the notice of the memorialisers. Other negatives not as yet developed.

receive the applause (which might not be unmixed with some expression of dissent) from their admirers? No: Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES did well and wisely in not coming forward and making himself "a spectacle for gods (in the gallery) and men." We trust he will stick to his principles, and sincerely hope that his self-denying example will be followed by other successful dramatists.

"IS THIS A DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME?"—The *Daily News*, in assisting electors generally to know who was who and to put 'em up to what's what, prefixed "asterisks" to the names of re-elected Old Parliamentary Hands, and placed "a dagger (†)" to the names of members of the expiring Parliament who have left their old loves in order to be on, if possible, with their new. How deadly! Suggestive of secret societies, assassinations, or suicides. When the full return is before the public we shall know how "The Dagger of the D. N." (capital title for sensational story!) has been used. Till then we tremble!





*Hostess.* "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR GAME PIE, MR. BRIGSON? WE RATHER PRIDE OURSELVES ON IT, YOU KNOW."  
*Brigson (nervously anxious to please).* "OH, THANK YOU, IT'S VERY NICE INDEED, WHAT THERE IS OF IT. WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS, THERE'S PLENTY OF IT—SUCH AS IT IS!" [Awful pause.]

### THE PRICE OF PEACE; OR, A PIECE FOR EVERY PRICE.

"VIVE Henri Quatre! Long live our gallant King!" So sang the chorus in some old opera, and so, adaptively, sing we. "Vive HENRY NEVILLE! Long live our gallant actor!" who, on the great stage of Drury Lane, appearing as the *Earl of Devrent, M.P.*, the principal and, indeed, the only rôle worth mentioning out of some thirty somebodies and forty nobodies, carries the audience with him whatever he may say or do, and assures the success of Mr. CECIL RALEIGH's new drama *The Price of Peace*. Not but what there are many other contributions, in a minor degree to the success of this the latest production of the resourceful manager, ARTHUR COLLINS. How could the audience be led swiftly from grave to gay, from lively to severe, without the orchestral intimations given them, *d'avance*, as to the state of mind in which they are to place themselves so as to receive tragedy, comedy, or farce in the spirit in which it is about to be presented? How plaintively does Mr. J. M. GLOVER, musical director and orchestral composer, treat the sufferings of the dying invalid in the "Accident Ward of St. Thomas's Hospital!" Here are cleverly given, musically, all possible "accidentals" for such a scene. After this painful exposition of writhing mortality, begone dull care and, to a kind of Jolly-Young-Waterman air, let us adjourn to the terrace of the House of Commons, where ladies and legislators are taking tea.

And what chances has not his collaborateur, the author, given the musician, who is Hand-and-Glover with the dramatist! There's a religiously sentimental "motive" ("motive" is the word, of course) in the Convent of Light Blue-and-White Ladies; then, as an ecclesiastical variety, there's a Christianised Hymeneal, or Hymn-e-neal, procession of surpliced, red-cotta'd choir with certain of the superior clergy belonging to the Abbey

of Westminster, not to mention an extract from the marriage service, adapted to the occasion and "spoken through music" of a most mysterioso-religioso character, while bridesmaids and congregation devoutly kneel according to the rubric in the "P. B.," which in this instance stands for "Prompt Book" and not for "Prayer Book." And then the awful shock! "Will you have this man?" "I WON'T!" Bang goes everything! We're all in a whirl! "First she would, then she wouldn't," now *she won't*. Aha! The good young man, the bridegroom, Mr. COOPER CLIFFE, in wedding "trouserings" brand new, is thunderstruck; the villain, like *Mephistopheles* in the Cathedral, works his eyebrows and moustache sardonically, waving his hat surreptitiously but triumphantly ("Aha! she is mine!" *sotto voce*), and . . . "What ho! she bumps!" . . . in a fainting fit . . . on floor of Abbey . . . what's the odds as long as it's Abbey! . . . Curtain.

Then, while yet the audience, dismayed, are eyeing one another, not knowing what such dire events may portend, Mr. JAMES GLOVER is in his seat again; he won't let 'em be dull, not he! He'll give 'em something to think about! So, with the liveliest music, composed in his most frolicsome-as-a-kid-Glover humour, occasionally lightened up with a dulcimer or zittern, he bids us, for ten minutes at least, forget the sorrows of the past scene in the buoyancy of the sparkling air. He has appropriate "melos" for everything and everybody, illustrating the Wagnerian dramatic theory down to a demi-demi-semiquaver. "Glover!" Why, he is Tailor, Bootmaker, Hosier, in fact, general Outfitter in a musical way, with suits for everybody.

Then for the scenes! Here are the names so well-known at Old Drury of EMDEN, PERKINS, BRUCE SMITH, JULIAN HICKS, MCCLEERY, and CANEY. Mr. EMDEN's Westminster Abbey (interior) is most effective. Mr. BRUCE SMITH's House of Commons



(interior) most daring but least effective, and the same artist's cleverly arranged scene, showing deck and cabin "on board the steam-yacht *Marigold*," most realistic. Mr. CANEY'S "Conservatory, at Lord Derwent's House," during a reception given by that eminent Conservative minister, is a brilliantly arranged and cleverly painted set.

As to the acting, all are good. Of course a small character part like that of *Count Ostadine*, who appears late and is shot early, stands out from all the others and is carefully played by M. EUGENE MAYEUR. I regret having missed the name of the clever young actress who plays the Mysterious Orphan. Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX is nice as *Lady Kathleen*; not much of a heroine, any more than *Harold Vincent*, M.P., is much of a hero. Mr. COOPER CLIFFE puts all the wickedness he can into the stereotyped dramatic gentlemanly villain; Mr. LOWNE and Mr. ALLAN are two staunch allies of *Lord Derwent's*; Miss MARY BROUGH is funny; Miss FEATHERSTONE lady-like and unimpressive, while Mrs. RALEIGH, in a broken-English part, lifts herself a head and shoulders above everybody, when in the shipwreck scene she performs on a tight-rope, clinging to it, and climbing to the top of the mast, followed by a mysterious orphan, amidst the deafening cheers of the excited spectators and the crash and crescendo of Mr. HAND-AND-GLOVER'S orchestra.

"And," asks somebody, "the plot—the story? What is it all about?"

To tell the honest truth, I don't know; and, what is more, I don't care. And this, I should say, would be the unsophisticated answer of the thousands of all classes who, delighted and satisfied with the evening's entertainment, cheered the mysterious orphan, and were especially struck by that most dramatic scene where Mr. NEVILLE shoots the foreign spy. Rarely has been seen a more powerful situation than this, which, apart from everything else, establishes the dramatic success of a patchwork piece.

### IO, TRIUMPHE!

[A resolution has been passed at a meeting of the Worshipful Company of Master Plumbers, that a professional education, with a test examination, shall be demanded of "sanitary plumbers."]

Now let me strike the solid ground  
With freer foot than e'er of yore,  
In happy homes from shore to shore  
Let strange beatitude resound.

There's hope for me, there's hope for you,

And hope for BROWN, and SMITH, and JONES,

The world a newer glory owns,  
And, owning it, is happy too.



### HINTS TO BEGINNERS.

#### BIG GAME HUNTING.—V. ELEPHANT SHOOTING.

TO BE SOMETHING OF AN ACROBAT MAY, ON OCCASION, PROVE USEFUL TO THE SPORTSMAN.

No more the plumber, blithe and gay,  
Shall take in hand his little job,  
Shall come to pillage and to rob,  
To mend the sink and ride away.

No more, to stop the gas escape,  
Besiege the place from week to week,  
Pretending for the cause to seek;  
Gone is his every jest and jape.

A future dawns in which the race  
Shall do its plumbing well and fast;  
The mended sink or pipe shall last  
More than a week's precarious space.

The pipes, in straw and sacking nursed  
May freeze: but then a master hand  
Shall plumb their depths and understand  
Precisely why it was they burst.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS! Election Time.  
—Of all the returns recently announced, those of the Naval Brigade, the C. I. V.'s, and Sir R. BULLER are the only ones universally popular.



## FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.



*Oban to Gairloch via Tobermory.*—Those to whom time is no particular object, and to whom the idea of rising at the unconscionable hour of 5.30 a.m., in order to start at 7 a.m. is repugnant, will do well to take this recent traveller's advice (it will be useful for a future holiday), and instead of making the tour from Oban to Gairloch and back by Inverness and Caledonian Canal in three days he should break the journey at several points and so proceed by easy stages. Of course, "who breaks pays," and the cost of these breakages will be considerably above that of the ordinary circular tour. On the other hand, for the extra amount of expenditure there is an extra amount of comfort, and the leisurely traveller will see far more of the beauties of the country, and will get value for his money out of all proportion to that obtained by the regular straight-away-right-through-here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow tourist. Instead, then, of rising at 5.30 to leave by the 7 A.M. boat we chose the *Fingal*, leaving Oban at 12.30, and started for Tobermory. Weather nothing particular. Once upon a time the *Fingal* was on the Thames, a regular river boat; now, promoted to the MACBRAYNES' service. The Macbraynian agents know a good thing when they see it. At the Western Isles Hotel we stop the night. Lovely view from terrace and from our bedroom windows. Some good drives and walks; for another occasion, not now. Everybody most civil and obliging, but no electric lighting, and no gas in bedrooms! Difficulties in consequence with looking-glass. Away next morning, the performance of our travelling company being "For one night only."

On board the *Gael*. Weather unpromising. Wind uncommonly blusterous, "but" we say, hypocritically deceiving one another, and so keeping up our failing courage, "it sounds worse than it is. Probably it will be quite calm outside." Ah! "outside!" but there are more sides than one to this question for the uncertain sailor. So we go aboard the "bonnie barque," as did somebody (I forget his name) and "his fair young bride," and ask the Purser, the Captain, and the Mate, quite confidentially, what may be their opinion, individually, as to the weather and our prospects of a fine sailing day. The "prospects" appear to be somewhat dim: the Mate says that "as the wind is a bit blowing off the land" (as I understand him, for his Scotch is just a wee bit broad) "we shan't get it so very bad off Ardnamurchan Point," for this is the point, and an uncommonly strong point, too, as afterwards appears, "where it's generally rather stiff."

I consult the Steward. The Steward grasps the situation, and my hand is on the companion rail. Steady, aye steady! "If it's bad," says the Steward, "off Ardnamurchan Point, we shall wait till we get to—" Bang! whack! Swish! as if buckets were being emptied over the deck. Steward disappears. I stagger up to the saloon. Delightful saloon. Hardly anybody there. We are at the end of the season, and there are not more than twenty or thirty passengers, if as many. Can't count, as they shift about so. One of our party in saloon smiling, hopefully; but her cheek is blanched, and I read doubt in her eye. She has been told by the Stewardess that "it is a nasty day." It needed no Stewardess to tell us that. Furthermore, she observes, "That it is very rough off Ardnamurchan Point." The partner of my joys assures me she is comfortable: oh, quite so; she is well wrapped up. There is another quite comfortable-looking lady next to her, and a quite uncomfortable-looking gentleman at full length, with his head buried on the cushion in the near corner. The other corners are similarly occupied by heads and legs of either ladies or gentlemen in various stages of decomposition, that is, of "coming to pieces." I stagger up the companion clutchingly; post myself next to my barrister friend, who always manages to find

a dry and comfortable spot even on the wettest and most uncomfortable boat, and he concedes about a third of the space he is occupying to me. How selfish people do become in rough weather on board a steamer! Here we stand; the *Gael* behaves in first-rate style. Were the sea only as steady as the *Gael* the voyage would be delightful, that is, in fine weather. For, alas, the mists come about us, the sun disappears, and to a certain extent we lose the wild grandeur of the various coasts. We keep dry; we smoke; we dodge the wind and the wind dodges us; yet on the whole the balance—which we manage to keep—is in our favour. But, oh, to see the poor travellers, two ladies and a man, who, with their boxes and portmanteaux, have to go ashore at some place where there is no pier, and where they will have to arrive in a boat rowed by two stalwart fishermen who have come out to meet them! How those two fishermen in their oilskins ever contrived to bring that cumbersome boat alongside the *Gael* will always remain a wonder to me; and how our passengers contrived to embark in that wildly-tossed tub, with their luggage, in that boisterous sea, will puzzle me painfully in maddest nightmares.

The boat bounces up alongside; bang! Wild boy with curly hair clings on to rope thrown to him by sailors on deck; other sailors running up and down deck, throwing over ropes, hauling ropes; captain shouting directions, sailors replying and carrying out the orders; up goes the boat, and those in it, the fishermen and boy in oil-skins are almost face to face with us; down goes the boat, all the faces disappear and they are some twenty yards below us. Now the passengers!! Brave woman! two sailors hold her ready to lower her into boat; two fishermen waiting to receive her; up goes the boat, bang goes the wave, flop goes the lady, and struggles on all fours to a seat. "One!" as the knitters said, seated at the foot of the guillotine. Another lady—stout—a mere bundle of clothes in the hands of the stalwart sailors. Now—whoop!—off she goes—and she too is caught in a heap, and rights herself after fearfully convulsive struggles. "Two!" Now the man—"an old man, your Lordship"—gently, gently—up comes the boat—whoop! down goes the old man, flat, prone, and is spread out, like a smashed poached egg on rashers and toast, over boxes, ropes, bags, and traps that have been pitched in anyhow. He, too, presently reappears among the boxes, right side uppermost, coming up like the damaged prize-fighter does, smiling. "Three!" No more! Now then, "Cast off!" Heart-rending expression! "Cast off!" There go the cast-offs! This way, that way, kicked about by the waves, as a football might be in a match! There's the boat atop of a wave! It disappears—totally. Heavens! No, up again. Their oars are out. Our steam is up, so's our time, and we are away. Heaven send them safe ashore. But never, never, never will I take a ticket for anywhere, on any coast, the peculiarities of which are unknown to me, without first ascertaining whether or no there be pier or landing stage, and they are available in all weathers, good, bad or indifferent. Nothing would induce me personally to pay my money and take my chante.

1.40, the wicked winds ceasing to trouble us, the weary are sufficiently at rest to sit down to a well-served luncheon or dinner, whichever you like to call it.

Less blusterous was it after a while, but misty clouds hung about, and as the late AUGUSTUS HARRIS would have described it, "Its sky-borders want taking up a bit" so that we may see the height and the ever-varying beauties of this weird coast. MACBETH'S witches are in the clouds, and I'm afraid they are going to make a night of it. They've made a day of it already, as we're now about an hour late. "Things are looking a little better," as they put it in the City. Here we are in a wild, picturesque spot of Skye with a real good landing-stage. It is Portree.

THE AMERICA CUP.—No one could more appropriately send a challenge for this or any other Cup than Sir Tea LIPTON.





DON JOSE PACIFICO.





q. Wallis  
Mill  
H.B.

### THE MISERIES OF A VERY AMATEUR GOLFER.

HE IS VERY SHY, AND UNFORTUNATELY HAS TO DRIVE OFF IN FRONT OF THE LADY CHAMPION AND A LARGE GALLERY. HE MAKES A TREMENDOUS EFFORT. THE BALL TRAVELS AT LEAST FIVE YARDS!

#### THE TRIALS OF THE TELEPHONE.

(An everyday experience in London.)

TING-a-ring-a-ring. (Pause.) "Are you there?" (No answer.)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring. (Pause.) "Hulloa!" (Still no answer.)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring, etc. (Pause.) "Hulloa!! ARE you there?"

Still small voice. "Hulloa!"

"Is that the Exchange?" "Yes."

"Will you put me on to— Wait a bit; I've forgotten the number."

"What number did you say?"

"I said I'd forgotten the number."

"Oh. Will you ring me up again when you've found it? (Switches off.)

Pause, during which the telephone directory is consulted, then—Ting-a-ring-a-ring, as before. After several repetitions—

Still smaller voice. "Hulloa!"

"Is that the Exchange?"

"Yes."

"I say, how long does it take to get an answer? I've been ringing this five minutes."

"What number did you say?"

"I didn't say any number."

"Oh. Will you ring me up again when—"

"Stop! (Frantic, entreating.) I want number 590 Gerrard."

"5990 Gerrard? Right."

"No!" (with desperate distinctness).

"590 Gerrard."

"I see, 590 Gerrard."

Long pause. Then—Ting-ring-ring.

"Hulloa! Is that you, SMITH?"

"No, my name's BROWN. Who are you?"

"Aren't you 590 Gerrard?"

"No (snappishly). You rang me up."

"Very sorry. It's a mistake."

"Oh! Ring off."

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring.

(Further long pause.)

Still small voice. "Hulloa!"

"Is that the Telephone Exchange?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"I told you to put me on to 590 Gerrard. You put me on to someone else."

"You said 5900 Gerrard."

"I didn't."

"Well, would you like to be put on to 590 now?"

"Yes, please" (mollified).

Still longer pause. Telephone left in despair.

Ting-a-ring-a-ring. (Agonised rush to the telephone.)

"Hulloa! Is that SMITH?"

"Mr. SMITH is in, Sir. Whom shall I say, please?"

"BROWN, please. BROWN of BROWN, ROBINSON & Co."

"Very well, Sir. Will you wait a moment?" "All right."

Pause of ten minutes, during which BROWN is listening with agonising intentness to the subdued buzzing of the telephone. Then—

"Hulloa!"

"Hulloa! Is that you, SMITH?"

"Yes."

"I say, old chap, you've kept me waiting a deuced long time."

"Awfully sorry. Had a fellow with me. What is it?"

"Will you come," etc., etc. (No answer.)

"Well, can you come?" (Still no answer.)

"Are you there?" (Still blank.)

Ting-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring-a-ring, etc. (Short pause. Then exasperated voice)

"What is it?"

"Why don't you answer?"

"Answer what?"

"My question, of course."

"Who are you?" "I'm SMITH."

"Well! This is the Telephone Exchange. Whom do you want?"

"I was talking to 590 Gerrard. Have you cut me off?"

"Very sorry. Thought you'd finished (politely). Shall I put you through again?"

"No, thanks! (savagely.) I'll go round and ask him myself. It'll save time. (Rings off, and does so.) [Curtain.]

A LOST RELIC.—There is a delightful old character that has, we believe, almost entirely disappeared from the Parish Churches, i.e., the Parish Clerk. To choirs, in "places where they sing," the venerable clerk had to give place. The chancel would be re-quire'd but the clerk would not be required. Alas! poor relic of a dull time, your distinguishing feature was your "Amen-ity."





Carrier. "TRY ZIDEWAYS, MRS. JONES, TRY ZIDEWAYS!"

Mrs. Jones. "LAR' BLESS 'EE, JOHN, I AIN'T GOT NO ZIDEWAYS!"

### ODE TO A LIBERAL MOCKING-BIRD.

[With acknowledgments to the late KEATS, and respectful compliments to F. C. G. of the "Westminster Gazette."]

OUR brain aches and a torpor numbs our nerve  
As though with opiates we were deep imbrued,  
Being apparently condemned to serve  
A second shift of penal servitude;  
And we must envy thee thy happier lot,  
Gay-hearted Dryad of the trenchant plume,  
Who still upon the post-meridian breeze  
In thy green-tinted plot  
Amid the Opposition's ambient gloom  
Chaffest the Tory with thy usual ease.

O for a drink of water such as cools  
The Liberal larynx torrid on the stump,  
Smacking of Cockermouth's perennial pools,  
Of WILFRID LAWSON and the village pump!

O for a tankard full of H<sub>2</sub>O,  
The true, the proletarian Hippocrene,  
With Local Veto winking at the brim  
And filtered mirth below;  
That haply we might hop about the scene  
With thy sublime agility of limb:

Hop as our heart dictates, and quite ignore  
What thou hast missed this many a summer-tide,  
The weariness, amounting to a bore,  
Of being always on the stronger side;  
Where fat and callous-eyed indifference rusts  
Even the Tory Blood's incisive blade:  
Where humour's bolt is evermore discharged  
At unresisting busts;  
And wit that works by opposition's aid  
Dies of a liver horribly enlarged.

Frankly, immortal Bird, for five long years  
We had a presage we should die that way,  
And now the country's voice confirms our fears  
Almost allowing us to fix the day;  
Now more than ever longingly we dream  
Of times when Victory flushed the Liberal camp,  
And there was ploughing in the sandy ruts;  
Of ROSEBERRY, grateful theme,  
Of HARCOURT on the vulnerable ramp,  
And all the vista lined with obvious butts.

For thee, a like regret would seem absurd;  
No vast majorities depress thy brain;  
Thou hast (if one may say it of a bird)  
Thy faithful subjects in the Powers that reign.  
Perhaps the self-same art in days by-gone  
Tickled the ribs of JOSEPH's brother-band,  
When, o'er a coat of many patterns blent  
His pictured optic shone  
Through comic easements opening on the land  
Of Goshen, where he ran the Government.

The Government! The word is as a knell  
Tolling us back to dulness of the Pit,  
While thou art happy in another spell  
Of the old hope forlorn that whets the wit;  
There is thy JOSEPH, hewn a hundred times,  
And, like Valhalla's warriors, fresh as paint!  
Ah! in thy gallant flight against the gods,  
Pity our bloodless rhymes,  
That fall on hollow squadrons, pale and faint,  
With never a chance to front the frowning odds!

O. S.

NEVER ON ITS LEGS.—The most constant faller in the Metropolis: The Strand, because it is always being picked up.





### AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

*He.* "THERE IS MADAME CHOSE FLIRTING WITH A NIGGER! WHY, SHE IS ONLY QUITE RECENTLY A WIDOW."

*She.* "AH, THAT ACCOUNTS FOR HER CHOICE. SHE IS IN MOURNING, AND THE BLACK SUITS HER!"

### ESSENCE OF ROSEBERY.

(Extracted from the Inner Consciousness of Toby, M.P.)

HAPPILY time not yet come for writing life of Lord ROSEBERY on the plan of his Study of PITT, that masterpiece of satisfying brevity. Mr. COATES, in preparing the portly volumes, *Lord Rosebery, His Life and Speeches*, just published by HUTCHINSON, has recognised this fact. Story, God bless you! there is much to tell. With the addition of some dates and a light link of narrative, Mr. COATES leaves it to be told by Lord ROSEBERY himself. Could not be in better hands.

By far the largest number of 1,000 pages are occupied by verbatim reports of

speeches in the House of Lords and on public platforms. Their topics testify to the many-sidedness of Lord ROSEBERY's mind. He has something luminous to say about such diverse things as the Franchise Bill, the House of Lords, Foreign Affairs in many aspects, Home Rule, the Municipal progress of London, the two PITTS, the one Sir ROBERT PEELE, the principle of Betterment, Liberal Imperialism, Disestablishment, Bookish Statesmen, and the death of Mr. GLADSTONE.

The work being a serious contribution to modern political history, room is not made for another class of public speaking rarer in its excellence than that indicated in this catalogue. Since Lord GRANVILLE died Lord ROSEBERY is the best, perhaps

the only, great after-dinner speaker left to us. It is much easier to deliver a ponderous discourse in Parliament than it is to make an after-dinner speech which shall be wise as well as witty, lambent with flashes of humour but never degenerating into flippancy. To achieve this success a keen, yet chastened, sense of humour is indispensable. This Lord ROSEBERY has in abundance. In polished phrases, often exquisitely turned, he sometimes bridges the distance between Humour and its more stately elder brother Wit.

Imbued with this saving grace of humour, Lord ROSEBERY is easily and naturally moved to pathos. Think of the little aside in his speech on the death of Mr. GLADSTONE which touched even the House of Lords—an assembly the late Lord CECIL-RIDGE vividly described when he said he never spoke in it without feeling as if he were in a churchyard addressing the tombstones. Language had been exhausted in eulogy of the great statesman and in lamentation at his cutting off. Only Lord ROSEBERY thought of "the solitary and pathetic figure who, for sixty years shared all the sorrows and all the joys of Mr. GLADSTONE's life."

Herein lies the secret of his popularity with the masses, a position unique among peers, excelling anything of the kind enjoyed by commoners, approaching within measureable distance the magnetism of Mr. GLADSTONE in the prime of his days. There is a good deal of humanity about Lord ROSEBERY.

He has, consequently, the indefinable quality of being personally interesting to the multitude. Mr. DISRAELI held this wand; so did Mr. GLADSTONE, with a marked difference in the result. So does Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in degree beyond all his colleagues in the Cabinet. So in another field does Lord ROBERTS, the beloved "BOBS" of the nation. To a man in public life its price is above rubies.

Mr. COATES's volumes are illustrated by two portraits of Lord ROSEBERY, familiar by their very scarcity. If Mr. GLADSTONE was the most photographed man of modern days, his Midlothian host is the least photographed. There is a charming portrait of Lord ROSEBERY's mother, taken about the time when she was one of the eight maidens who bore the train of the QUEEN at the Coronation. Also, there is a photogravure of the late Lady ROSEBERY. Mr. COATES quotes from a (by its author) forgotten article which appeared in *Punch*, sixteen years ago, during one of the Midlothian campaigns. "Essence of Midlothian," it is entitled, and purports to be extracts from the diary of Mr. GLADSTONE on his political tour. "Whenever I go to a strange house, or a strange town," he is represented as having written, "I want no better welcome than a



look from Lady ROSEBERRY'S kindly face."

Mr. GLADSTONE possibly never uttered the thought. But the Member for Sark, who was all through the many Midlothian campaigns, and cherishes the memory of the Lady of Dalmeny whose presence graced the earlier tournaments, and passed away whilst the last but one was in progress, believes it was often in his mind.

### SIDES AND ASIDES.

(Extracts from a speech given during the Election at Buxborough.)

WHY do I ask you to support me, gentlemen? (Because my wife won't give me any peace till I get into Parliament.) Because I know you have the interests of this mighty Empire at heart, and will not allow this great and distinguished borough (Beastly hole—shan't come here often if I can help it) to be represented by one who (Can't for life of me remember whether Radical Candidate is Pro-Boer or Imperialist), if he is not a traitor, is at any rate a friend and companion of traitors. (That fixes him, anyway.) The Radicals ask us what we have done. For answer (impressively), I point to the hospitals in South Africa and to the graves of those brave—(What on earth is the chairman kicking me for! Eh? What? Giving myself away? Well, so would he if he'd been jawing all day.) Then look, gentlemen, look carefully at the chain of negotiations! (Where the dickens is that page of notes!) Every child has the history at its finger ends. (The child may: I haven't, unless I can find that confounded page.) But I see the time is slipping by, and I will not weary you with the elementary history of the South African problem . . . Let us now turn to Social matters (Must throw a sop to the faddists here). Deeply tho' we prize Imperial matters, we are none the less interested in Domestic Reforms. They have given us many hours of anxious thought (Should think so. Had splitting headache in hunting up Buxton's Political Manual, last night). . . . This is how the subject appears to me after mature consideration . . . (Capital chap—for a Radical—that Buxton, providing us with ready-made arguments.) And in conclusion, let us remember those stirring words of DISRAELI (sick to death of them, but must have tag for peroration), etc., etc.

### SIX MONTHS LATER.

(Smoking Room, House of Commons.)

EH? Deputation of Anti-Diluvianists to see me. (To Private Secretary) What did I promise 'em? Oh! Would lose no time in bringing forward a Private Bill. Well, I won't lose any time. (Chuckles.) Old joke, but "age cannot wither," &c. (Looks at Tape.) Settlement of South Africa—still on. Sick to death of it. Hullo! Jollyboy, you off? Eh? Will I



### "SCORED!"

Little Wife. "NOW, FRED DEAR, I'M READY."

Lazy Husband. "I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DEAR; BUT I MUST STAY IN, AS I'M EXPECTING A FRIEND EVERY MINUTE."

Little Wife (sarcastically). "A FRIEND EVERY MINUTE! HEAVENS, FRED! WHAT A CROWD OF FRIENDS YOU'LL HAVE BY THE END OF THE DAY!"

join you at Scott's? Certainly. Thank goodness you're a Radical, as we can pair. We must dodge the deputation though.

[Exeunt arm-in-arm.]

NEW DRAMATIS PERSONA.—The duty of a broker's man is, we believe, to seize everything he can put his hands on, up to the amount of the creditor's claim, in the debtor's house. It appears, however, according to *The Times* account of the new play at the Lyceum, that in this drama there is a broker's man who "seizes every opportunity." First-rate bailiff's officer

this. To him in nursery rhythm let us sing—

Take the cake, take the cake, Broker's man,  
Take it and hold it as long as you can.

The curiosity of not a few will be aroused by the attraction that is offered at the Lyceum by this new character of the Broker.

MR. KRUGER has accepted the hospitality of a Belgian gentleman who has put the Castle of Anderlecht, near Brussels, at his disposal. Could not a Spanish gentleman present him with a Château d'Espagne?





*Fair Pupil (in riding school). "Ow!—EE—EE! He's WALTZING ROUND AND ROUND! QUICK—WHICH STRING DO I PULL?"*

#### TIMELY TIPS FOR TIMID TALKERS.

ANYBODY can gain a distinct reputation as a conversationalist by using these tips.

##### I.—WITH A DEFEATED PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE. (For ladies.)

1. Now, you must tell me *everything* about your election, and why you lost the seat, and how a candidate can become so unpopular . . . No, I really *won't* let you change the subject—it's so interesting to hear about it from one who has been through it all.

2. Is it true that you were so sure of getting in that you invited all your friends to tea on the Terrace next summer?

3. I saw that the local paper said you

were beaten because you were "a tongue-tied carpet-bagger." Do explain just what that means!

4. Of course, as you didn't get in, you didn't have to pay any expenses, did you?

##### II.—WITH AN OFFICER FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

(For an old gentleman.)

1. Hasn't the war been shockingly mismanaged? But what can you expect when our officers are such a namby-pamby crew? Just look at the Continental way of doing things. *They* don't provide every subaltern with a refrigerator and a feather-bed! 'Pon my word, it's sickening to think, . . . etc., etc.

2. Can you tell me why not a single General of the lot had the sense to deploy

his men in double sections of open file? The war could have been ended in half the time by the use of that formation. If you'd only read that paper, you might learn a thing or two about strategy!

3. Brought home a tidy lot of loot, I suppose? Rather a shame, though, to tear off the women's necklaces and earrings . . . oh, don't pretend you *didn't*! Read all about it in a French paper. You fellows can't hush up things as easily as you think!

##### III.—WITH A POET. (For a middle-aged lady.)

1. How do you think of all those beautiful thoughts? No, I haven't exactly *read* your verses—there's such a *lot* of trash published nowadays, isn't there?

2. Oh, you are *quite* wrong—it interests me *immensely*! And I want to know what pen you use, and how many lines you can write an hour if you try your *hardest*, and how much a line they pay you, and *ever* so many other things!

3. When are you going to make a new poem? . . . You won't mind if I come into the library and take a *tiny* peep over your shoulder when you're doing it? I do so want to see how you get the rhymes to match!

##### IV.—WITH THE HOST.

(For very young gentlemen.)

1. "Fairish bag to-day?" Oh, not bad, considerin' you can't afford to preserve properly, and that your guns were such a rotten set of crocks. . . . No claret, thanks—been there before, y' know! Give you address of really *decent* wine merchant. "Weed?" Well, no—I've got my own cigar-case.

#### CHILDISH VIEWS.

["I say it is absolutely childish of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN to say that the publication of this despatch had any effect on President KRUGER."—Mr. Chamberlain.]

WHEN men of mark, like Dr. CLARK

And Mr. LABOUCHERE,

Send but a line to Bloemfontein

It worketh wonders there;

Oom PAUL and STEYN take heart again,

BELLONA lights her brand,

And lo! once more the dogs of war

Are loosed upon the land.

My words of course have no such force:

Who takes offence if I

Politely say that Mr. K.

Is, like a sponge, squeezed dry?

Who would suspect the least effect

Could from my figure flow,

Should I declare with tragic air

"The sands are running low!"

No! to suppose such words as those

From such a man as me,

Could influence a man of sense

Is foolish as can be.

A childish view, I think—don't you?

For how can I compare

With men of mark, like Dr. CLARK

And Mr. LABOUCHERE?





## THE NEW SISYPHUS.

CAMPBELL BEN-HAM. "WELL, HERE GOES FOR ANOTHER TRY. ODD! IF IT WERE ONLY BIGGER IT MIGHT BE EASIER!"







## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



Doing Collar Work.

MY Baronite does not want to pry into secrets, but, he strongly suspects that in conceiving the idea of the leading character in *Quisante* (METHUEN) ANTHONY HOPE had in his mind a certain knight whom Sheffield (in other respects a sane community) delighteth to honour. "A not over honest mountebank," Alexander Quisante, M.P., in a bitter moment of frankness, describes himself. ANTHONY HOPE, in dealing with him, presents a ruthless study of a cad. That is not an attractive subject; but genius, always tolerant, inclined to tenderness, endows *Quisante* with singular gifts, which draw to him and hold fast bound a high-born lady, the pink of purity, the soul of honour. *Lady May Gaston*, having fallen under the thrall of man who, from a moral point of view, she properly despises, becomes his wife, works with and for him, even lies for him; and when he dies in an hour of triumph will not, for the sake of his memory, marry an upright, high-minded gentleman she has always loved. It will be seen that here is a strange, complicated problem. ANTHONY HOPE works it out with infinite skill. *Quisante* will probably not have the run of some of his earlier novels. As a work of art, it is far away the best thing he has yet done.

Some years ago there was produced at, if the Baron's memory is not treacherous, the Palais Royal, a very amusing French farce subsequently rendered into English ("as she is spoke") under the title of *The Saucy Sally*, and capably played by CHARLES HAWTREY and Company at the Comedy or the Avenue Theatre, the plot of which will be forcibly recalled to the memory of any regular theatre-goer who may chance to read Mr. JACOBS' amusingly-told story of *A Master of Craft* (METHUEN). The Captain in this story is one of the old style of sailor of whom it was said that he had a wife in every port, or at least a sweetheart, and who, like Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY in the part above-mentioned, was "three single gentlemen rolled into one," being generally engaged to three ladies at the same time, only in different places, his one difficulty being to get quit of the two for whom he didn't care much and be spliced to the one whose affection he prized. *Captain Flower* is the nautical *Don Juan* of this story, which might have been called "Captains Three," seeing that there are two others, *Captain Fraser* and *Captain Barber*, and between these three the incautious reader is not unlikely to get somewhat "mixed." No one can narrate this sort of nautical, riverside, wharf-side, Wapping-Old-Stairs story better than can Mr. JACOBS. The simple un-nautically educated landsman who knows none of the technicalities of mariners' jargon, or, at least no more of it than he may find in the conversation of *Cap'en Cuttle* and *Captain Bunsby* of *The Cautious Clara*, will be at first immensely amused by the characters and their peculiar "lingo"; but their movements being somewhat spasmodic, and the plot a trifle intricate, he will, it is not unlikely, gradually become, like *Mariana*, rather "a-weary, a-weary," and will feel a strong inclination to take nautical rank as a "skipper." *A Master of Craft* ought to have been one of those short breezy stories wherein Mr. JACOBS, as a real "master of his craft," is *facile princeps*. In this present story the characters are drawn by the hand of a master of his craft; but the plot, which these amusing, if somewhat monotonous puppets, have to work out, is neither strikingly new nor original, and the determined reader will have got through two-thirds of the book before he comes upon a really humorous and genuinely original situation. The Baron ventures to declare that he prefers any one of the stories in *Many Cargoes* to the entire *Master of Craft*.

My Baronite has accidentally come across a poorly dressed volume of verse labelled *Skipped Stitches*. It issues from the establishment of a firm of "book and job printers," resident

in an unnamed town in the United States. The writer is ANNA J. GRANNISS, "author of the *Old Red Cradle*," and the little book bears the proud stamp "seventh thousand." The *Old Red Cradle*, which seems to have struck popular fancy in America, is very well in its homely way. But it is incomparably below the mark of other pieces, notably the dedicatory verses, and a stanza of ten lines entitled "April." Best of all is "My Guest," a masterpiece of sombre, stately simplicity, freshly treating so hackneyed a topic as death. My Baronite remembers reading it a year ago in *The Treasury of America's Sacred Song*, edited by W. GARRETT HORDER, and published by Mr. FROWDE. Enquiry in that quarter elicited the information that Miss GRANNISS has passed the greater part of her life at work in a factory in Plainville, Connecticut. It might be worth the while of any enterprising British publisher to look up the stray gem and let us all study it.

Apparently under the impression that anything about China and the Chinese, would have considerable interest for the average Englishman of to-day. Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. have brought out Mr. A. B. FREEMAN MITFORD's *The Attaché at Peking*, written between thirty and forty years ago, containing references to GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, and to Herr VON JOEL, of Evans's. VON JOEL! and Evans's! Forty years ago, if it's a day! So, though China be a most Conservative country, yet, as events have, in a general way, moved on a bit since the time of the Whistling German in Evans's Supper Rooms, the narrative of Mr. MITFORD lacks somewhat the attraction of novelty and freshness. The preface, however, is decidedly interesting, as recording the opinions on China of a man who knows it well. It is to be hoped that Chinese good-breeding, as evinced after a good dinner in B. MITFORD's time, has considerably improved. Mr. MITFORD's summary, from his past experiences and present anticipations, seems to be that China would be a pleasant place to live in—but for the Chinese.

*All About Dogs. A Book for Doggy People*, by C. H. LANE (JOHN LANE). This is sure to be popular, that is, judging by the title, for the Baron has not, as yet, seen the book; and, if he had, he would have handed it over, of course, to TOBY for review. To be perfect, the book ought to have been issued "Dogs-eared." That it must be full of Dogs Tales is evident. Tales of Sad Dogs, Funny Dogs, Clever Dogs, Sly Dogs, Regular Dogs, Detective Dogs of the old "K 9" division, all categorically arranged. It ought to have been dedicated to our TOBY, who has been recently out yachting in his own bark.

Blessed among publishers be the name of CHATTO & WINDUS! They have reprinted, with the coloured frontispiece and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN's introduction, PIERCE EGAN's *Life in London*, being a record of the day and night scene of *Jerry Hawthorn, Esq.*, and his elegant friend *Corinthian Tom*, in their rambles and sprees through the Metropolis. Originally published in 1821, with quaint dedication to His Most Excellent Majesty King GEORGE IV., the title has been familiar to my Baronite from boyhood's days. But till to-day the book he never saw. Writing years ago in the old *Westminster Review*, THACKERAY laments how he had been in quest of the book to the British Museum and five circulating libraries, and found it not: Here it is, a cheap re-print with full text, all the notes, the italics, the Roman capitals and eke, when the humour is very thin, the point unusually obscure, long primer. To tell the truth, it is about the dullest book in the language—prolix, stilted, stupid. That makes it only the more interesting, revealing in a flash of light, what kind of men those whilom bucks our grandfathers were. Less than four score years ago *Tom and Jerry*, as the precious thing was affectionately called, was the most popular book of the day. It established a school of literature. Three dramas founded upon it were placed on the stage, one running for three hundred nights, a record unapproachable in these days. Puzzle for the third generation: to discover its witching charm.

THE BARON DE B.-W.





### AWKWARD FOR HIM.

*Tam.* "I'M SAYIN', MAN, MY CAIRT O' HAY'S FA'EN OWER. WILL YE GIE'S A HAUND UP WI' 'T?"

*Jock.* "'DEED WILL I. BUT YE'LL BE IN NAE HURRY TILL I GET TAE THE END O' THE RAW?"

*Tam.* "'OU NO. I'M IN NAE HURRY, BUT I DOOT MY FAITHER 'LL BE WEARYIN'."

*Jock.* "'AN' WHAUR'S YER FAITHER?"

*Tam.* "'HE'S IN BELOW THE HAY!"

### LIFE IN THE PURPLE.

[The autobiography of the Amir of AFGHANISTAN, a portion of which has appeared in *The Monthly Review*, is, we understand, only the first of a series. Below we publish some extracts from another autobiography, which has come into our hands.]

EVER since I was born I have felt that I was not like other people. Something used to whisper to me that somehow or other I was greater, and better, and more capable of noble deeds than the sovereigns

who sat on inferior thrones in other countries. I happened to mention this one day to BISMARCK, but his reply, which I scorn to repeat (after all, he is dead, and I hardly know why I drag him in), only showed the brutal ferocity and stupidity of his character. Then and there, I determined to get rid of him.

I have often been asked how I find time to inspect troops, to compose speeches, dramas and poems, to paint splendid allegorical pictures, to deliver harangues,

to shoot, to be an Admiral, to change my uniforms, to sit for photographs, to write State-papers, to govern my Empire in every department, and to make jokes with my family. What says the poet?—

Für einen Herrn in Khaki der nach Süden gehen will

Es ist nichts so fein gesponnen, es kommt doch an die Sonne.

On these principles, so gloriously expressed by our immortal SCHILLER, I have always acted, and the result is before the world. My uniforms are kept in a large hall a thousand feet square, where they hang from specially-constructed pegs like the harness of horses in the fire brigade. All I have to do is to stand under a uniform, press a button and the clothes fall round me in an instant. I often spend an hour or so in amusing myself in this way. It is quite a mistake to suppose that anyone helps me with my pictures and poems. I do them quite by myself. I will here quote from one of my hundred best poems:—

Der Deutsche Kaiser! hoch! hoch! hoch!

Und hoch! hoch! hoch! der Deutsche Kaiser.

My meals are simple: a dish of soup, a turbot, a pheasant or two, a sirloin of beef, a boar's head (shot by me on the same day), a *dudelsack* (a native dish, very appetising) and a selection of sweets washed down with native champagne—such is my plain daily fare. After dinner is over, the latest batch of arrested editors is brought into my presence. They are then set to fight one another, and the conqueror is allowed to compose a leading article in my honour. I find it very soothing to my nerves to watch these impudent fellows chopping one another to pieces.

After that I retire to my study, and after thinking about the good of my country and the very backward condition of my *Reichstag*, I sometimes write to my Grand-mamma, in England, and advise her what she ought to do with her Parliament, or I send telegrams to Vienna and St. Petersburg suggesting a series of visits, with reviews of soldiers, and imperial banquets, and toasts and speeches. Thus I pass the evening. I am not really proud, and—though BISMARCK never would admit it—I am quite one of the most humorous men living. I can always see jokes very quickly, and make the best myself. My chancellor and my ministers often spend hours in laughing at them. Here I must say that I have no opinion of the Czar of RUSSIA as a joker—but of course everybody cannot be funny.

I have often been asked how I train my chancellors, my generals, and my moustache. The idea of the moustache came to me in dream. I often dream, but generally forget my dreams. This one about a moustache I remembered, and immediately carried out.





## ON PLEASURE BENT.

## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

(Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.  
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER VI.

## LORD JOLLY IS SATISFIED.

*Ah, why should two, who once were bosom's friends,  
Present at one another pistol ends?*

*Till one pops off to dwell in Death's Abode—*

*All on account of Honour's so-called code!*

*Thoughts on Duelling, by H. B. J.*

MANY a more hackneyed duellist than our unfortunate friend BHOSH might well have been frightened from his propriety at the prospect of fighting with genuine bullets across so undersized a noseekerchief as that which the Duchess had furnished for the fray.

But Mr. BHOSH preserved his head in perfect coolness: "It is indisputably true," he said, "that I proposed to shoot across a pocketkerchief—but I am not an effeminate female that I should employ such a lacelike and flimsy concern as this! As a challenged, I claim my constitutional right under Magna Charta to provide my own nosewipe."

And, as even my Lord JACK admitted that this was legally correct, Mr. BHOSH produced a very large handsome noseekerchief in parti-coloured silks.

This he tore into narrow strips, the ends of which he tied together in such a manner that the whole was elongated to an incredible length. Then, tossing one extremity to his lordship, and retaining the other in his own hand, he said: "We will fight, if you please, across this—or not at all!"

Which caused a working majority of the company, and even Lord JACK JOLLY himself, to burst into enthusiastic plaudits of the ingenuity and dexterity with which Mr. BHOSH had contrived to extricate himself from the prongs of his Caudine fork.

The Duchess, however, was knitting her brows into the baleful pattern of a scowl—for she knew as well as CHUNDER BINDABUN himself that no human pistol was capable to achieve such a distance! The duel commenced. His lordship and Mr. BHOSH each removed their upper clothings, bared their arms, and, taking up a weapon, awaited the momentous command to fire.

It was pronounced, and Lord JOLLY's pistol was the first to ring the ambient welkin with its horrid bang. The deadly missile, whistling as it went for want of thought, entered the door of a neighbouring pigeon's house and fluttered the dovecot confoundedly.

Mr. BHOSH reserved his fire for the duration of two or three harrowing seconds. Then he, too, pulled off his trigger, and after the explosion there was a loud cry of dismay.

The bullet had perforated a large circular orifice in Honble BODGER's hat, who, by this time, had returned to self-consciousness!

"I could not bring myself to snuff the candle of your honble lordship's existence," said Mr. BHOSH, bowing, "but I wished to convince all present that I am not incompetent to hit a mark."

And he proceeded to assure Mr. BODGER that he was to receive full compensation for any moral and intellectual damage done to his said hat.

As for his lordship, he was so overcome by Mr. BHOSH's unprecedented magnanimity that he shed copious tears, and, warmly embracing his former friend, entreated his forgiveness, vowing that in future their affection should never again be endangered by so paltry and trivial a cause as the ficklety of a feminine. Moreover, he bestowed upon BINDABUN the blushing hand of Princess JONES, and very heartily wished him joy of her.

Now the Princess was the solitary brat of a very wealthy Merchant Prince, Honble Sir MONARCH JONES, whose proud and palatial storehouses were situated in the most fashionable part of Camden Town.

Sir JONES, in spite of Lord JACK's resignation, did not at first regard Mr. BHOSH with the paternal eye of approval, but rather advanced the objection that the colour of his money was practically invisible. "My daughter," he said haughtily, "is to have a lakh of rupees on her nuptials. Have you a lakh of rupees?"

BINDABUN was tempted to make the rather facetious reply that he had, indeed, a lack of rupees at the present moment.

Sir MONARCH, however, like too many English gentlemen, was totally incapable of comprehending the simplest Indian *jeu des mots*, and merely replied. "Unless you can show me your lakh of rupees, you cannot become my beloved son-in-law."

So, as Mr. BHOSH was a conformed impecunious, he departed in severe despondency. However, Fortune favoured him, as always, for he made the acquaintance of a certain Jewish-Scotch whose cognomen was ALEXANDER WALLACE MCALPINE, and who kindly undertook to lend him a lakh of rupees for two days at interest which was the mere bite of a flea.

Having thus acquired the root of all evil, BINDABUN took it in a four-wheeled cab and triumphantly exhibited his hard cash to Sir JONES, who, being unaware that it was borrowed plumage, readily consented that he should marry his daughter. After which Mr. BHOSH honourably restored the lakh to the accommodating Scotch minus the interest, which he found it inconvenient to pay just then.

I am under great apprehensions that my gentle readers, on reading thus far and no further, will remark: "Oho! then we are already at the *finis*, seeing that when a hero and heroine are once booked for connubial bliss their further proceedings are of very mediocre interest!"

Let me venture upon the respectful caution that every cup possesses a proverbially slippery lip, and that they are by no means to take it as granted that Mr. BHOSH is so soon married and done for.

Remember that he still possesses a rather formidable enemy in Duchess DICKINSON, who is irrevocably determined to insert a spike in his wheel of fortune. For a woman is so constituted that she can never forgive an individual who has once treated her advances with contempt, no matter how good-humoured such contempt may have been. No, misters, if you offend a feminine you must look out for her squalls.

Readers are humbly requested not to toss this fine story aside under the impression that they have exhausted the cream in its cocoon. There are many many incidents to come of highly startling and sensational character, and the public is once more reminded that they are to order early to prevent disappointment.

(To be continued).





APTAIN  
ABNER  
RIDLONG  
was a re-  
tired sailo-  
rman. He  
was small  
of stature,

with mild blue eyes, and  
a little gold ring in each

of his ears. He was in the prime of life, and had been so often wet with salted water, and dried by salted winds, that he looked as though he might last for ever.

He had ceased to sail in ships because his last vessel, of which he had been part owner, had positively declined to sail any longer under him. When this misguided craft decided to go to the bottom of the sea Captain ABNER, in a little boat, accompanied by his crew, betook himself to the surface of the land, and there he determined to stay for the rest of his life. His home was on the seashore; in the summertime he fished and took people out to sail in his boat, and in the cold weather he generally devoted himself to putting things into his house, or arranging or re-arranging the things already there. He, himself, was his family, and, therefore, there was no difference of opinion as to the ordering of his household.

The house was divided through the middle by a narrow hallway; that part to the right, as one entered the front door, was called by Captain ABNER "the bachelor side," while the portion to the left he designated as "the married side." The right half might have suggested a fore-castle, and was neat and clean, with sanded floors and everything coiled up and stowed away in true ship-shape fashion. But the other half was viewed by Captain ABNER as something in the quarter-deck style; the little parlour opening from it was carpeted, painted and papered, and filled with a great variety of furniture and ornaments which the Captain had picked up by sea and land.

This parlour and the room above had been furnished, decorated, and ornamented for the future mistress of Captain ABNER's household, and he was ready to dedicate them to her service whenever he should be so lucky as to find her. So far, as he sometimes expressed himself, he had not had a chance to sing out "There she blows!"

One afternoon, when Captain ABNER was engaged in dusting the ornaments in the parlour, his good friend, SAMUEL TWITTY, stood in the doorway and accosted him. SAM TWITTY had been mate to Captain ABNER, and as he had always been accustomed to stand by his Captain, he stood by him when he left the sea for the land, and although they did not live in the same house, they were great cronies, and were always ready to stand by each other, no matter what happened. SAM's face and figure were distinguished by a pleasant plumpness; he was two or three years the junior of Captain ABNER, and his slipped feet were very flat upon the ground. He held his pipe behind his back in such a position that it hung over the right half of the hallway. A pipe in the married part of the house was never allowed.

"SAM," said Captain ABNER, "you 've hove in sight jes' at the right minute, for I'm kind o' puzzled. Here's this conch-shell, which is the biggest I ever seed, and a 'king conch,' at that, which you know, SAM, is the finest kind there is, and I can't make up my mind whether she'd like it here, in the middle of the mantelpiece, or whether she'd like to have that gilded idol here, where it would be the fust thing she'd see when she came into the room. Sometimes I'm inclined in the way of the heathen idol, and sometimes in the way of the king conch-shell. And how am I to know which she'd like? What do you think about it?"

"Well now, Cap'n ABNER," said SAM, his head cocked a little to one side, "that's a pretty hard question to answer, considerin' I don't know who she is, and what kind o' taste she's got. But I'll tell you what I'd do, if I was you: I'd put that king conch-shell on the mantelpiece, or I'd put the gilded idol there, it wouldn't matter much which, and then I'd put the other one handy, so that when she fust come in, and you saw she didn't like whatever it was that was in the middle of the mantelpiece, you could whip it off and put the other thing there, almost afore she knowed it."

"SAM," said Captain ABNER, "that's a real good rule to go by, and it looks to me as if it might fit other things besides gilded idols and conch-shells. And, now you're here, I'd like you to stay and take supper with me. I've got somethin' to tell you."

After the evening meal, which was prepared by Captain ABNER and his guest, who were both expert maritime cooks and



housekeepers, these two old friends sat down to smoke their pipes, the parlour door having been carefully shut.

"SAM," said the Captain, "I've got everything ready for her that I can think of. There isn't anything more she'd be likely to want, so now I'm goin' after her, and I'm goin' to start on Monday mornin'."

SAM TWITTY was astonished. He had had an idea that Captain ABNER would go on preparing for "her" to the end of his days, and it was a shock to him to hear that the work of preparation, in which he had been interested for so many years, and in which he had so frequently assisted, was now to be brought suddenly to a close.

"Ready!" he ejaculated. "I wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't told me yourself. And yet, come to think of it, I can't see for the life of me what else you can do for her."

"There ain't nothin' else," said ABNER, "and on Monday mornin' I'm settin' out to look for her."

"Do you go by land or by water?" asked SAM.

"Land," was the answer. "There ain't no chance of runnin' across her by sea."

"And how are you goin'? Walkin'?"

"No, Sir," said ABNER. "I'm goin' to hire a horse and a buggy. That's how I'm goin'."

"And where are you goin' to steer fust?" asked SAM.

"I'm goin' fust to Thompsonstown, and after I've took my observations there I'll fetch a compass and sail every which way, if need be. There's lots of people of all sorts in Thompsonstown, and I don't see why she shouldn't be one of them."

"No more do I," said SAM TWITTY. "I think it's more'n likely she'll be one of them."

Very early the next morning, almost before the first streaks of dawn, Captain ABNER was awakened by a voice under his window.

"Shipmate, ahoy!" said the voice, which was SAM TWITTY'S. In a moment ABNER'S head was out of the window.

"Cap'n ABNER," said SAM, "I'm goin' with you."

ABNER did not immediately answer, but presently he replied, "Look here, SAM TWITTY, you come around after breakfast and tell me that agin'."

Promptly after breakfast SAM appeared.

"Look here," said Captain ABNER, when they had lighted their morning pipes, "That ain't a bad notion of yourn. Somethin' might turn up when I'd want advice, and you might give me some like you gave me about the king conch-shell and the gilded idol. It ain't a bad idea; and as you say so, I'd like you to come along."

SAM did not reply with the alacrity that might have been expected of him. He puffed silently at his pipe, and gazed upon the ground. "You said you was goin' in a buggy," he remarked.

"Yes, that's what I'm expectin' to do."

"Then how am I to get back?" asked SAM. "A buggy holds only two."

"That's so," said ABNER. "I never thought of that."

"Look here, Cap'n," said SAM. "What do you say to a spring-wagon with seats for four, two in front and two behind?"

This suited Captain ABNER, and SAM went on to say,

"There'll be another good thing about that; if you get her, and bring her back——"

"Which is what I'm goin' for, and intend to do."

"Then," continued Sam, "you two could sit on the back seat, and I could sit in front and drive."

"Did you ever drive, SAM?" asked Captain ABNER.

"Not yet, but I wouldn't mind larnin'."

"But you won't larn with me and her," said Captain ABNER.

"There's one thing I wouldn't like to see," continued SAM TWITTY, "and that's you and me settin' behind and her a-drivin'."

"There won't be none of that," said Captain ABNER. "That ain't my way."

On Monday morning the two friends started out for Thompsonstown, but considerable delay was occasioned at the livery-stable by certain pieces of advice which SAM TWITTY offered to Captain ABNER. In the first place, he objected to a good black horse which had been attached to the wagon, giving it as his opinion that that was too much like a funeral, and that a cheerful coloured horse would be much better adapted to a matrimonial expedition. A gray animal, slower than the black one, was then substituted, and SAM was quite satisfied. Then a great many things came into his mind in the way of provisions, and conveniences, which he thought it would be well to take on the voyage; and he even insisted upon rigging up an extension at the back of the wagon, on which her trunk could be carried on the home journey.

At last they got away, and as they drove slowly out of the little village not one of the inhabitants thereof knew anything about their intended journey, except that they were going to Thompsonstown, for Captain ABNER and SAM TWITTY would have as soon thought of boring a hole in the bottom of a boat in which they were to sail as of telling their neighbours that they were going to look for "her," and to bring her back in that spring wagon."

The old gray horse jogged very comfortably over the smooth road until a toll-gate was perceived near by.

"Now then, Cap'n," said SAM, as they drew up in front of the little house by the roadside, "whatever you pay here you ought to charge to the expense of gettin' her."

"That's so," said his companion; "but if she's all right, I ain't goin' to mind no tolls."

A pleasant-faced woman came to the door of the little house and stood, expectant, while Captain ABNER thrust his hand into his pocket.

"How much is it?" said he.

"It's ten cents," said she.

Then SAM TWITTY, who did not wish to sit silent, remarked that it was a fine day, and the toll-gate woman said that indeed it was. Captain ABNER was now looking at some small change in the palm of his hand.

"I ain't got ten cents," said he. "Here's only six, and I can't scrape up another copper. SAM, can you lend me four cents?"

SAM searched his pockets. "Haven't got it," said he. "Them little things we bought, jes' afore we started, cleaned me out of change."

"The same thing's happened to me, too," said ABNER; "so, Madam, I'll have to ask you to change a five-dollar note, which is the smallest I've got."

The toll-gate woman said she was very sorry, but, indeed, she had not five dollars in change, either at the toll-gate or in the house where she lived, back in a little garden. The day before she had had a good deal of change, but she had paid it all to the Company.

"Then what are we goin' to do?" asked SAM. "I suppose you won't let us go through without payin'."



The woman smiled, and shook her head. "I couldn't do that; it's against the rules. Sometimes when people come along and find they have nothin' to pay toll with, they go back and get the money somewhere. It's our rules, and if I broke them I might lose my place."

"Which we wouldn't think of makin' you do," remarked SAM.

"But that's a thing I can't do," said Captain ABNER. "I can't turn round and go back. If the folks knew I had turned back because I couldn't pay toll I'd never hear the end of it."

"That's so," agreed SAM. "It would never do to go back."

The toll-gate woman stood and looked at them and smiled. She was a cheerful personage, not inclined to worry over the misfortunes of her fellow-beings.

"Isn't there any place near here where I could get a note changed?" asked ABNER.

"I can't say," answered the toll-gate woman. "I don't believe any of the houses along the road has got five dollars in change inside of them. But if you are not in a hurry, and wouldn't mind waitin', it's as like as not that somebody will be along that's got five dollars in change."

Then up spoke SAM TWITTY. "Do you and your husband live here and keep the toll-gate, ma'am?"

The woman looked as though she thought the plump person a little inquisitive, but she smiled and answered, "My husband used to keep the toll-gate, but since he died I've kept it."

Captain ABNER looked troubled. "I don't mind so much waitin' myself," said he, "but it's the horse I'm thinkin' about. I promised I'd have him fed at twelve o'clock sharp, every day I have him. He's used to it, and I don't want him givin' out afore I'm through with him."

"When horses is used to bein' fed at regular times," said the toll-gate woman, "they do show it if they don't get fed at them times. But if you don't mind, I've got a little stable back here, and some corn, and if you choose to drive your horse into the yard and give him a feed, I'll charge you jes' what anybody else would. And while he's feedin' most likely somebody'll come along that's got five dollars in change."

For some minutes SAM TWITTY had not said a word, but now he most earnestly advised his friend to accept this offer, and jumping to the ground he hurried to open the gate so that Captain ABNER might drive in. ABNER had not yet made up his mind upon the subject, but, as SAM stood there by the open gate, he drove in.

"Look here!" exclaimed SAM, as they stood by the stable door. "This is a jolly good go! Did you take notice of that toll-gate woman? She's tip-top to look at. Did you see how clean she is, and what a nice way of smilin', and a good deal of red in her cheeks, too, and jes' about old enough, I should say, if I was called upon? And, more than that, I should say, judgin' from what I seen of her, she's as likely to be as accommodatin' as any person I ever did see, that I had seed for so short a time. I jes' put her into my mind goin' into your parlour and sayin' that conch shells was jes' what she liked on mantelpieces. And I could put her in jes' as well with the gilded idol."

"You seem to do a lot of thinkin' in a mighty short time," said ABNER; "but what's all that got to do with anything?"

"Do!" exclaimed SAM. "It's got lots to do. Why wouldn't

she be a good one for 'her'? I don't believe you'd find a better one in Thompsonstown."

"SAM TWITTY!" exclaimed ABNER, rather testily, "what are you talkin' about? Do you suppose I'd paint and paper, and clean up and furnish one side of my house for her, and start out on a week's cruise to look for her, and then take and put in her place, and give everything I've been gettin' for her for so many years to the fust woman I meet, and she a toll-gate woman at that?"

"Now, I tell you, Cap'n," said SAM, as he assisted in taking the horse out of the wagon, "don't you go and miss a chance. Here's a fust-rate woman, with red cheeks and mighty pretty hair, and a widow, too. Even if you don't take her now, it's my advice that you look at her sharp with the idea that, if things don't turn out in Thompsonstown as you'd like them to, it'd be mighty 'comfortin' to you to be pickin' her up on your way back."

When Captain ABNER and SAM returned from the stable, they looked up and down the far-stretching road, and then, at the invitation of the toll-gate woman, they seated themselves on a bench at the back of the toll-house.

"It isn't a very good time for people to be passin'," said she. "Not many folks is on the road between twelve and one. They're generally feedin' themselves and their horses; but if you can make yourselves comfortable here in the shade, I don't think you'll have to wait very long. I'll jes' step in and see if my dinner's cooked. There ain't nobody in sight."

SAM TWITTY rubbed his hands together. "In my opinion," said he, "that woman is a fust-class housekeeper."

In a very few minutes she returned. "If you two don't mind," said she, "I can give you your dinner here at the same price you'd have to pay anywhere else. I always cook a lot on Mondays, so that I can have something cold for the rest of the week. It's on the table now, and you can go in and wait on yourselves."

SAM gave a quick glance at ABNER. "You go in with her," said he, "and eat your dinner. I'm not hungry, and I'll wait out here and keep the toll-gate. Afterwards, I'll get a bite."

The toll-gate woman smiled. "Perhaps it would be better for me to go in and wait on one of you at a time, but I don't think it's likely there'll be anybody passin'."

ABNER did not object. He was hungry, and he followed the toll-gate woman into her house. SAM TWITTY made a motion as if he would dance a little in his slippered feet.

"That's jes' like runnin' across a dead whale what's expired of too much fat. All you've got to do is to cut it up and try it down. The fust thing that Cap'n ABNER does is to run into a widow woman that'll suit him, I believe, better than anybody he'll meet, if he cruises around Thompsonstown for a month."

SAM sat down on the bench and pictured things in his mind; he took the toll-gate woman all over Captain ABNER's house, even to the unmarried part, and everywhere he saw her the same bright-checked, pleasant, smiling woman she was here in her own house. These pictures pleased him so much that he withdrew his senses from the consideration of everything else, and therefore it was he did not hear wheels on the road, and was awakened from his pleasant dreams by a voice outside the door. He bounced to his feet, and entered the toll-house.

(Continued in our next.)





She. "OH, HARRY, DO LOOK AT THAT SWEET LITTLE VILLAGE NESTLING SO COSILY DOWN THERE!"

Harry (just returned from the War). "YES; BUT, I SAY, WHAT A RIPPING PLACE TO SHOOT AT FROM HERE!"

#### O TEMPORA!

["A high patriotic tone is also assumed by the Republicans . . . Mr. BRYAN, according to one side, stands for everything that is noble, good, and unselfish in American life. According to the other side, it is almost a religious duty to vote against him as the most demoralising agency in American politics. These rival views indicate the heated condition of the political atmosphere."—*The Times*.]

WHEN politicians disagree,  
It really is surprising  
How very little they can see  
Their angry passions rising.  
Each party thinks that it alone  
Has patriotic ardour shown,  
And slangs the other, each its own  
Virtues advertising.

Thus BRYAN, his admirers hold,  
Is Virtue's very scion—  
All goodness, noble, true, and bold  
In battle as a lion;  
"And every vote you give to-day  
To old MCKINLEY is"—they say—  
"A vote to traitors. Then away!  
Vote for Mr. BRYAN!"

'Tis strange to see the fury blind  
In each mad agitator,  
What virulence and narrow mind  
Marks every angry prater—  
But still more strange, O Times, to see  
These observations made by thee:  
*Mutato nomine de te  
Fabula narratur.*

#### L'HOMME NÉCESSAIRE.

["Every ministerial paper is demanding a reconstruction of the ministry, and all are differing as to how the work is to be done, save that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at any rate, is to be retained in one capacity or another."—*Daily Paper*.]

*Chorus of Tory Papers.*

WE each are prepared with a nice little list  
Of men who would probably never be missed;  
For instance, would anyone notice the loss  
Of LANSDOWNE or RIDLEY or CHAPLIN or CROSS?  
Some think we could do without BALFOUR, and yes,  
Some even propose to dispense with Lord S.  
But with rare unanimity all must agree  
The one indispensable man is J. C.  
L'homme nécessaire, l'homme nécessaire!  
The one individual no one can spare!

#### DARBY JONES ON THE CAMBRIDGE-SHIRE.

HONOURED SIR,—I fancy I can hear your Mellifluous Vocal Organ exclaiming "Where in the name of PEGASUS has this impudent horse-coper been concealing his Unsavoury Corpus?" I know that "knowlands volands," as they say in the Classics, you will, Esteemed Field-Cornet, have your Ready Rebus. In reply, I answer with a bow worthy of the Sublime Porte ('48) "Say mong affair." Ha! ha! there the Mystery is explained at once to your Scotland Yard Divination. Yes! Honoured Sir, I, moy key voo parle, have not deserted the Grand Exposition of Gay Paree.

However, once more I am back to my dear Muttons. Travelling Incog, as the Spaniards have it, I did not fail to find a Haven at Newmarket on the Cesarewitch Day, and if my worn eyesight was not at fault, I observed you, Sir, in a Riding-coat of Superlative Beauty receiving Handsome Tribute from a Quid-pro-quo, or Ready-Money Knight of the Ring. However, Every Man to his own Meat-yard, as the Gauls have it. Lord DURHAM tickles up American jockeys, let me, inspired by the Beauty, the Bordeaux, the Burgundy, and Banishment of La belle France, endeavour to give Winter Keep to my High-Well-born Patrons. Here goes.

There are many who'll shout for the Planks—all-afloat

Or sing the *Small Mother of All*,  
But I much prefer the *Republican's* note  
And the *Rock* whence the gold-dust may fall;  
But a bit of *Glad Fortune* is more in my line,  
And *Kathleen Mavourneen* don't slight;  
The *Fish-o'-man* ought to run *Bright Harbour* fine,

But beware of the *Crocodile's* bite!

Such, Honoured Sir, are the Impressions.  
Proofs before Letters, of your ever Humble  
Henchman,  
DARBY JONES.



### TO THE MANHOOD OF ORKNEY AND SHETLAND.

[*The Daily Chronicle*, while inclined to admit a majority of 132 for the Unionists, describes the contest as "A Drawn Battle." Should this illusive phrase penetrate to the Far North in time, it is to be feared that the Electors of Orkney and Shetland may be left under the impression that the casting vote lies with them. This would, of course, be misleading.]

CANNY Electors of the Ultimate Isles,  
Ranged in the rear of Hyperborean breezes,  
On whose erratic coasts and devious kyles  
A waiting world's imagination seizes—  
Over the level battle lately "drawn"  
(I cite the *Chronicle's* Own Statistician)  
England, by hopes and fears asunder sawn,  
Observes you in the referee's position!  
You are the Oracle designed to clear  
The riddle of the moment ripe for solving;  
You are the Hub on which a panting sphere  
Is just at present patiently revolving!  
Considering how the salt, repulsive sea  
Often estranges men through stress of weather,  
We fear that in this crisis you may be  
Unable freely to commune together.  
Ah! may no island off the usual track  
Be severed from its proper polling-station!  
No tempest, blown about the straining smack,  
Disfranchise half the voting population!  
O let no billow beating on the rocks  
Imbibe the bulwarks of the local ferry!  
No blizzard swamp the sacred ballot-box  
Exposed, it may be, in an open wherry!  
Round every lonely crag—the haunt of whales—  
Containing one (or more) enlightened crofter,  
Blow soft, with haleyon airs, ye wanton gales!  
Blow soft on Tuesday, and, on Wednesday, softer!  
Blow from the South with tidings brought to date,  
A running narrative, concise and racy;  
Mention that we have had a war of late,  
And give its outline in a general *précis*.  
Describe the awful doom of Doctor CLARK,  
Comment on neighbouring Wick's instructive story,  
And let it be the object of remark  
That Caledonia is turning Tory.  
Blow from the South on intellects forlorn,  
On creeds encrusted by the sea's obsession;  
Unbind the spell of Liberal tales outworn,  
And shatter each erroneous impression.  
If Orkney still is vowed to Home Rule views,  
If Shetland hankers still in this direction,  
Revise their calendar and break the news  
That this is not the '95 election.

O. S.

TO THE WELL-INFORMED MR. P.—Sir,—Is it true that The Most Worshipful the Lord Mayor, in consequence of unmannerly and deservedly punished treatment of his son at the hands of the Caustonian roughs, proposes to change the City motto to "*Domine dirige Nose*"? My point is that the motto must not be changed. '*Nos*' *mutamur* to Nose! City-waited as I am at this moment, at a City dining-table, with a City waiter in attendance (alas, poor ROBERT!) I say "No!" Everyone says No, and so the Noses have it, and the Nos must remain. Had it been the same feature damaged in the case of a Radical and a Little Englander, his tweaked feature might have been called his "Pro-Boer-cis"! I will not pursue this subject further. *Je n'ose pas*, lest you send the police after me. So I make tracks, and sign myself, yours, INVIDIOUS NASO.

### A WOMAN WITH A QUEER PAST AND A GREAT FUTURE.

AT Wyndham's Theatre an original play in four acts, entitled *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, written by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, has achieved signal and instant success. And this success is partly due to the author's choice of a simple theme, which he has worked out with admirable skill, and partly to the general excellence of the interpretation of the work by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and his Company. Mr. WYNDHAM's stage-management of the piece, as the practical development of the author's idea, is perfect. The gradual building-up of the piece culminates in a triumph for author, actor, and actress in the third act. Here is the great scene.

After the curtain descends on this grand climax, faultlessly written and faultlessly acted, we return to ordinary life; the impostor has been unmasked, the trial is over. What more do we wish to know, either of her or of any of the *dramatis personæ*? Nothing. The sooner we are off and away home the better. There is absolutely no reason for a fourth Act, except to bring into prominence the part of *Lady Eastney*, naturally and delightfully played by Miss MARY MOORE, and to show how the scandal-monger, *Mrs. Bulsome-Porter*, a character most cleverly portrayed by Miss MARIE ILLINGTON, is finally (but very unfairly) polished off. The fourth act is *de trop*.

And now for one moment putting aside the embroidery of the elderly love-making between the judge, over fifty, and *Lady Eastney*, about twenty-eight, if I remember right, what is the story? This: *Mrs. Dane* is an unprincipled woman whose conduct has wrecked a household in which she was governess; she has been generally accepted as a respectable widow by society at Sunningtree, where she has pitched her tent, while her child, the result of her *liaison*, she has left in some out-of-the-way place to the care of a nurse. This *Mrs. Dane* encourages the attentions of an elderly married man, *Mr. Bulsome-Porter*, and is the sort of woman to whom *Mr. James Risby*, a young man of the world, can, without offence, offer his love in a villa, but not his name, and whose offer *Mrs. Dane* apparently would have accepted, but that *Judge Carteret's* adopted son, is determined, no matter what obstacles may be in the way, to marry her. But there is a scandalous whisper about her past life: so her good reputation must be established beyond a doubt ere the judge can consent to the marriage.

Now, what would a clever, unscrupulous woman do in such a case? Submit to a private cross-examination? Risk everything when, at her slightest beck, her ardent young lover will marry her in spite of whatever his adopted father, the judge, can do to prevent him? No: so astute a woman, who is a living lie, would have held up her finger to young *Lionel Carteret*, such a headstrong, passionate boy, capitally represented by Mr. KENDRICK, he would have followed blindly, and they would have been married. In time the judge, mindful of his own youth, and naturally of a kindly disposition, would have come round and, ultimately, the triumph of *Mrs. Dane* would have been complete.

But not a bit of it. Mr. ARTHUR JONES makes his *Mrs. Dane* lie, and lie, and lie: she has fascinated one man (she may have fascinated a hundred) who has deceived his friend and has told a lie for her: she has fascinated a commonplace married man: she has fascinated a hard-headed detective (Oh, the daring of Mr. H. A. JONES!), who, suddenly, throws his reputation to the winds and tells a lie for her: she has fascinated the Judge's son, and he will give up everything for her, if Mr. ARTHUR JONES would only permit him to do so; only in that case there would have been no play, or at least there certainly would not have been this magnificently dramatic third act, which covers a multitude of sins. The success of the piece is a triumph for Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM as a perfect master of his craft. He is no longer WYNDHAM the light comedian, acting a part, but he is Mr. *Justice Carteret* cross-examining Miss LENA ASHWELL, who is doing her utmost to keep up appearances as *Mrs. Dane*. Admirable!





### CUB HUNTING IN YE TIME OF YE ROMANS.

*From a rare old frieze (not) in ye British Museum.*

#### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

##### VII.—A MOTOR-CAR.

"Motor, motor, little car!  
How I wonder what you are,  
Making all the horses shy,  
Blowing people to the sky."

*NURSERY BALLAD of the future.*

A REALLY savage monster is  
The burden of my song;  
A fearsome sort of beast, I wis!  
It paraffins along.

You hail its presence from afar;  
The very ghastly smell  
Which hovers o'er this motor-car  
Is more than tongue can tell.

Its voice is as the voice of one,  
Who suffers constant pain;  
Perverted is its sense of fun,  
'Tis probably insane.

And when it trumpets forth its woe,  
If standing in its way,  
Don't hesitate, my friend, but go,  
There's danger in delay.

It's just as well to stand in awe,  
And just as well to fear;  
Self-preservation is the law  
Which teaches kindness here.

Now, if you ever own the beast,  
Be careful not to rile,

Or rouse its temper in the least,  
But dose it well with "ile."

Lest haply it should bolt with you,  
And never bring you back,  
And friends, if you possess a few,  
Should walk about in black.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.

Q. What is the favourite tree of the  
dead-head?

A. The "You-pass" (upas).

[Acting managers duly warned.]

MR. KRUGER'S ALTERNATIVE.—"Sail or  
Return?" He decided, "Sail."



## FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.



*Portree. Thursday, September 20th.* Late. But still the shades of evening are only just going to begin, and even now we shall make Gairloch at about seven, though we are timed to be there at six. Rather past six a.m.; but "we sha'n't stay at Portree long," I observe to my learned friend, as there are no passengers to come aboard.

"No passengers!" he exclaims pointing to a herd of cattle. "What do you call those?"

"Wild-looking bullocks," I answer, adding immediately, as

the reason for his inquiry dawns on me, "You don't mean that those beasts are coming on our boat?" "I do," he replies. And before I can utter an exclamation of intense surprise and unmitigated disgust, embarkation has commenced. Such bull-fighting! Wanted, several toreadors. The herdsmen whack the snorting brutes, unintermittently, with thick or thin sticks. Some of the men of the *Gael* place a gangway, on which the animals, it is hoped, may be induced to embark. Apparently it is not "all done by kindness."

The gangway being about four inches off the ground and descending at a pretty sharp incline to the fore-part of the steamer, the "puir beasties" have first of all to lift their forelegs and then place them on the temporary bridge. This, not having been thereto educated by a dancing-master, one and all, flatfootedly and bullheadedly, refuse to do. They would do it if they only knew how much pain and trouble they would save themselves: but—that's just it—never were so many "buts" in any argument. They butt forward, they push back, they slither on the mucky ground (planks or pavement, all appears to be of one horrid colour), they fall, they struggle up, the men whack, the beasts blow, the men thwack, and shout, and holloa in high and low Scotch—"The drover's curse unheeded swells the air"—until one sturdy little bullock, of greater pluck than all his companions put together, makes a resolute and ferocious stand. First of all, he separates himself from his companions by a bold and unexpected flank movement. "Scuttle" is the order of the day! Professional herdsmen jump aside; unprofessionals make for the pier-railings, and climb them at all hazards; one drover gets behind a post; another seeks protection by placing a truck between himself and the justly incensed little bullock who, failing to spike anybody on his horns, dashes down the pier towards the gates, slithering about, falling, staggering up again, and then going head foremost, full butt for the iron gates, where his further action is impeded by the stupidity of several other bullocks, who, with the best possible intentions, suddenly broke loose and raced the first one to those gates. They beat him by a head and several horns, but being infirm of purpose their gallop ended in a futile scamper, which totally prevented the plucky little originator of the stampede from carrying out his idea, and galloping off with the gates on his horns as easily as SAMSON might have gone off with those of Gaza on his shoulders. The bullocks hesitate, and are lost; their indecision is the herdsmen's opportunity. The drovers rally; they drive back the crowd; little bullock, recalcitrant, is carried away with the rest, strongly objecting, and pointing his objections by digging his fellow-prisoners in the ribs and other eligible spots. The herd separates, some to the right, some to the left. Once again the gallant little bullock is free; his foes have skedaddled. Two men are holding two horses: an idea strikes plucky little bullock; if he can't get all he would, he will get what he can.

So in a second he dashes at an unoffending horse: horse, startled, defends himself with a kick; man holding horse, thrusts with a stick at bullock; bullock turns on man; man flies; horse gallops off, making for the gates; second horse takes fright; bullock goes for him; owner of this horse hides, but does not take his hand off the cord with which he keeps the horse secure. Little bullock pauses and considers this new situation. Dogs bark, but fly at the merest irritable shake of the bullock's head, who then turns his attention to horse; horse eyes him askance in a shy, frightened manner; bullock (really he ought to be a first-rate little Spanish bull) scientifically selects spot in horse's ribs where his horns will just fit in nicely; is about to treat him to a solo on the horn, when artful drover, from behind a post, catches bullock round the neck with a lasso as cleverly as any professional toreador could have done. Bullock puzzled—tries to break away—turns, sees the holder at the other end of the rope, and makes for him savagely; man gets behind truck, still with lasso held tightly; other drovers now arrive and at last the plucky little animal, by means of whacks, pushings, tail-twistings, draggings, belabourings, shovings, diggings and pokings, is forced to let himself be tumbled on to the gangway, where he falls on his side, and so remains, while other cattle are pushed on behind him; when, suddenly awakening to the absurdity of the situation, he jumps up, plunges, violently, snorts fiercely, and makes one last desperate charge with a view to—"doing for" somebody, regardless of all consequences. Straight down, head foremost, horns well pointed, he goes at the drover who has hauled him on by the rope. Drovers and sailors vociferate wildly: and not a half-second too soon does the man entrench himself behind a cask, over which the bullock, charging frantically, tumbles and falls; then picking himself up, he shakes his head with the air of one who finds that it is no use struggling against the inevitable and quietly jogs off to join his other companions in the forepart of the vessel.

After the cattle have been shipped, there is trouble with the horses. The entire performance occupies the best part of an hour, and consequently, the *Gael*, due at Gairloch at 6 p.m., does not arrive until eight; just two hours late. Such a landing-place! Night has set in; no moon (which was, of course, an oversight, or would have been if we could have seen it); no gas; no lights, except a lantern or two carried by mysterious Guy Fauxes out before the time. It is more like the secret landing of bold smugglers, melodramatic conspirators, than the disembarkation of poor weary tourists.

Nice hotel at Gairloch, where apparently electric light has not yet arrived. Gas limited, too. Civility and punctuality. Prices rather above the average, but Gairloch is a bit out of the way, and prices may be "out of the way" also.

## TO A MONKEY.

[Professor KLAATSH of Heidelberg holds that the theory of the descent of man from an ape is no longer tenable, but that the ape is a degenerate form of man.]

O MONKEY, saddened by the hymn That you are not the sire of men

From yonder organ seranell, But rather to be rated  
Dressed in your very short and Their son, perhaps the least  
sim- -erated.

-ple flannel, Yet, monkey, after all I fear  
It pained me when I gazed before That KLAATSH'S sage objection  
Upon your tail dependent Still leaves you as a very near

To think I possibly was your Connection;  
Descendant. It scarce improves the place of  
man,

But this no longer I bemoan, In fact, I'd almost rather  
KLAATSH says it is a fiction, Be called your son, O monkey,

And proves, entirely to his own than  
Conviction, Your father.

Q. FOR EXAM.—Where did NOAH keep the bees? Evidently, as  
any examinee would reply, "Among his Archives." Quite so.





THE STRAIGHT TIP.

*John Bull.* "Now, my boy, this is more than you expected. So mind and don't play ducks and drakes with it!"





G. L. STAMPA. 1900.

He. "YOU CLIMED ZE MATTERHORN! ZAT WAS A GREAT FOOT."

She. "GREAT FEAT, YOU MEAN, COUNT."

He. "AH! ZEN YOU CLIMED HIM MORE AS ONCE!"

## OUR OTTER HUNT.

*From the Hunting Diary of Toby, M.P.*

Ayr, Monday Afternoon.—"Will find no otter to-day," said the Member for Sark, gloomily looking out of the window; "the river's in spate."

"Dear me," I said, sharing his discouragement, "I thought it was in Ayrshire."

SARK, with perhaps laboured politeness, explained that spate is not a geographical term as, *e. g.*, "a castle in Spain." It meant that after a night of heavy rain the river was flooded, giving the always slim otter undue advantage over the dogs.

Nevertheless at the meet, some two miles out of Ayr, there was a great gathering. The hounds were coming from Dum-

fries, and so did many of the hunters and huntresses. The latter exceedingly business-like persons of divers ages. Otter hunting means walking through wet grass, climbing walls and gates, sometimes fording a river. DIANA was dressed accordingly. For the most part she carried a spiked pole for help in tight places.

Amongst the men, The McTAVISH took the cake. He wore a serviceable tweed suit with large pockets, in which you might put a brace of otters, if you caught them. His manly legs shyly showed their graceful curves from beneath thick worsted stockings; pattern the McTAVISH tartan. Heavily built Bluchers shod his nimble feet. His steel-tipped lances swung lightly in his brawny right hand. (In Manchester commercial circles he is known as head of

the firm of HARRISON, TAVISH & Co., wholesale grocers. On his annual visit to Scotland he resumes the family name and becomes The McTAVISH, *tout court.*)

There being no otters in the Thames in the neighbourhood of Westminster Bridge, my personal acquaintance with their appearance and habits is merely nominal. On looking up the authorities, I was gratified to learn that, to a certain extent, my ignorance was shared by LINNÆUS. That eminent man classed the otter with the weasel. He was, of course, wrong. The weasel, which rarely sleeps, lives invariably on the land. The otter is, *chez lui*, in the water. The otter (*lutra*) has eighteen teeth in each jaw, of which, I regret to say, twelve are false molars. The feet are palmated and the tail flattened horizontally. The otter is about two feet in length to the insertion of the tail, which is sixteen inches long. It is brown above, whitish around the lips, on the cheek and beneath. When properly trained it becomes very useful, a single otter being capable of supplying a large family with fish.

In view of the necessity of formulating ministerial policy in a new Parliament, here lurks a hint for Don José. Prevented by circumstances, including a hard-fisted Chancellor of the Exchequer, from realising his beneficent dreams of Old Age Pensions, why not formulate a scheme for supplying the deserving poor with the means of obtaining a free breakfast table of fish? "One man one otter," would overdo the thing, even as an electioneering cry. But an otter per household, say of seven, would be a great boon to the working classes. "Our Young Queen and our Old Constitution," was a potent political cry sixty years ago. "A Free Otter and Fresh Fish" might, at the close of the century, work equal charm.

To the crowd grouped by the bridge spanning the turbulent Ayr enter the hounds. Old sportsmen might doubt finding an otter in present condition of the river. The hounds troubled by no such fear. They knew very well why they were routed out of their kennel at an unearthly hour of the morning, clapped into the train, and brought all the way from Dumfries. Who said no otters? The dogs sniffed the luscious undergrowth by the river brink; they turned gleaming eyes on the dark brown stream flowing hurriedly to the sea; they threw back their heads and bayed musical entreaty to be let loose.

"Put them in," said the Master, after brief colloquy.

The huntsman strode off through a wood whose high bank overhung the river. The hounds followed with joyous bark and ecstatic tail-wagging. Soon they were in the water, running hither and thither in search of a drag. Behind straggled the crowd, a long line stretching far back



under the canopy of autumn-tinted trees on which the sun shed fresh glory.

Suddenly, in front, where the huntsmen led the hounds, there was an outburst of angry cries, broken by the cracking of a whip. "They're on to the drag," eagerly whispered the crowd, pressing forward at the run. They were indeed. But what they had found was not an otter.

It was The MCTAVISH!

That ardent Highlander, getting ahead of everybody, and finding near the bridge convenient access to the river, descended and was conducting an otter hunt on his own account. It was a critical moment with the eager hounds, who seemed to have got on the drag. And here was The MCTAVISH in front, at the bend of the river, poking his stick into holes as if he were a *chiffonier*. The huntsman, happily on the other bank, yelled and cracked his whip. "Get behind the hounds!" roared the crowd.

We found no otter through the three hours' hunt that followed. But the sight of The MCTAVISH, with pale face and firmly set teeth, clambering up the steep bank amid yells of execration, was worth the outing.

#### A CALL.

["According to the *Figaro*, one of the most frequent uses to which the telephone is put by French country subscribers is that of an alarm to wake them in the morning."] "

"CALL me early, telephone,  
I rely on you alone;  
Maidens sleep, alarms stop,  
And I slumber like a top."

With your bell beside my bed,  
Down I lay my restless head;  
Oft to hear your rings I seem,

[Wake, and find 'tis but a dream.

When, at five, the dream comes true  
(Full two hours before 'tis due)  
At my expletives you scoff—  
"Oh, wrong number, please ring off."

Then with shattered nerves and worn,  
Fast asleep I fall at morn;  
Possibly you rang again—  
But I only woke at ten.

#### CHARLIE AND NELLIE.

THE knell of *Nell Gwyn* for operatic, novelistic and dramatic purposes has not yet sounded. For two months her success has been assured at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where now our "*English Nell*," the princess of orange girls, is going as strongly as ever, if not more so. The success of this rather poor piece of patchwork by Messrs. ANTHONY HOPE and EDWARD ROSE (a dramatised version of Mr. HOPE's novel entitled *Simon Dale*) is undeniable, and it is due not to any merits of the play but to the acting of Miss MARIE TEMPEST as *Nell Gwyn*, and of Mr. FRANK COOPER as *Charles the Second*.



#### A CALAMITY.

*Holiday Driver* (picking himself up). "THE TRAP AIN'T MINE, AND THE 'ORSE AIN'T MINE; BUT I'M BLOWED IF I 'AVEN'T BROKE MY NEW 'AT, WOT COAST ME THREE AN' A TANNER LAST SATURDAY!"

That Miss MARIE TEMPEST is the NELL of CHARLES THE SECOND's time is hard to realise, but that she is the embodiment of the character as the public of to-day see it through nineteenth-century glasses, cannot for a moment be disputed. This "OUR NELL" is *chic*; voilà tout. She is a NELL of the sort of French comic opera to which light-hearted librettists and singing actors and actresses have accustomed the public. The great disappointment is that MARIE TEMPEST, who has taught them what to expect of her, should have only one song. But in place of singing we find her acting, and acting as well as ever she sang.

Mr. FRANK COOPER's *Charles the Second* is simply admirable, and without such a performance as his, it is doubtful whether even a *Tempest* could have "taken the town by storm."

#### AFTER THE VACATION.

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum.

*Editor*. We may as well give a glance at the overset. What have we in hand?

*Sub*. First, a long correspondence on Railway Delays.

*Editor*. People have come back from the Continent—pass that. Next, please.

*Sub*. Complaints about Seaside Hotels.

*Editor*. Bathing-machines in winter quarters. Next, please.

*Sub*. Taking up the Streets—six letters; objection to the action of the L. C. C.—twelve letters; condemnation of the Post Office—twenty-five letters.

*Editor*. All excellent stuff, but now that the silly season is over I think we can keep the whole show on the rack until next year. (Agreed to.)





### THE POSSIBILITIES OF CROQUET.

THE ABOVE REPRESENTS THE GAME OF "ALL AGAINST ALL," AS PLAYED BY BROWN, MISS JONES, AND THE MAJOR.

### A BEDLAMITE BALLAD.

CAN you meet me, can you meet me in a merry tête-à-tête  
While we win the soul of music from the minstrel at the gate?  
Can you bring the young ADOLPHUS, who is gone on MARY ANN,  
And go spinning, spinning, spinning into far Saskatchewan?

You must fetch the summer solstice from its home amid the ice,  
Fetch a short and shilling shocker which is costly at the price;  
And a venerable walrus in his furbelow and flounce  
Shall ejaculate, "Good gracious! I'm a bounder on the bounce."

But he wasn't—not for JOSEPH: he had only gone to wait  
Where the skaits do all the curling, though they never, never  
skate;

Where the smelts are soft and civil, and you couldn't stop to think

What a funny figure soles cut as they caper on the rink.

If he talked about elections—not the walrus, but the sole—  
You might ask him if polenta was a better word than poll.  
He'd be sure to understand you, and I shouldn't wonder much  
If he spoke of Little England in a dialect of Dutch.

Could you stomach that? Not you, Sir! you would wring the  
beggar's hand

With an anecdote extracted from the works of SARAH GRAND;

### A (S.) PEKIN LIKENESS.

["... like Paris, Peking might, in time, become almost a model city . . . at present it is unspeakable."—*Daily Press*.]

Extract from "*The China Daily Chronicle*."

ASSISTANT Drainage Commissioner SMELHI, reports most favourably upon the present condition of our streets. *Restaurateurs* are complaining that the supply of rats is falling off already.

The newly-elected Member for the Southern division of Peking, FAT TUM, took his seat and the oath, and anything he could lay his hands on, in the County Council, yesterday.

The County Council decided by a large majority not to decapitate their park-keepers in future for small offences, as it causes an inconvenient shrinkage in the supply of trained men. As open spaces near the Metropolis are all the rage just now, park-keepers are in active demand.

HO-LING-OUT, the amateur champion golfer, beat NO-YEWS by 3 up and 1 to play, over the Long-Lung Links.

It is officially announced that LI-IN-METAH has been appointed Chairman of the Peking Gas Company.

UN-SUNG gave a recitation of his unpublished works at the Celestial Palace of Varieties, last night, and escaped with only superficial injuries.

HO-WOT-FUN was charged with placing his thumb upon the end of his nose as the Son of Heaven, H. I. M. the Emperor, was passing up the street. In accordance with custom the prisoner was sentenced to death by the torture of the *Ling-Chi*: but in deference to modern notions in our reformed city, the sentence was immediately reduced to one of forty shillings, or seven days.

Then caparisoned, but courtly, you could subjugate his rage  
With a speech in twenty columns on the ethics of the Stage.

"What a frost!" he'd say and giggle, "ELLEN TERRY isn't there;

She is teaching ALFRED AUSTIN how to bind his bardic hair.  
All the rest are fairly quisby, so they'll wonder what you're at,  
If you bait your lines with BERBOHM, who has hardly any fat."

Turn and turn about he'd tell you of the wonders of the street,  
Of the poets and their poems and their swift poetic feet;  
And he'd catch a final splendour from a subterranean whale,  
Who would ask him most politely not to tread upon his tail.

So be sure you come and meet me when the kettle's on the  
boil;

We'll have soap and penny ices wrapped in envelopes and oil;  
And we'll dance a tidy two-step—you can get it at the Stores—  
Till our Parliament prorogues us as a parcel of Pro-Boers.

PROH PUDOR!—In order to receive the heroes of the C. I. V. at least decently, the picking-upping and the laying-downing of Fleet Street and Cheapside has been rapidly pushed forward, the men have been out all night taking it turn and turn about to repose, but the papers have been careful to note most delicately that "Night-shifts have been employed." So thoughtful!



## THE SHAW CRECHE;

Or, A New Cur-ri-cu-lum.

["Any grown-up person guilty of the crime of trying to form the character of children ought to be drowned. . . . If there is to be any progress at all, it must be recognised that the children know better than their teachers. I believe all persons derive the most important part of their education from children."—Extract from a "lecture," by Mr. G. B. SHAW, to members of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, at University College.]

## SYL-LA-BUS.

A KIN-DER-GAR-TEN for Grown-ups will short-ly be o-pened at Child's Hill, to sup-ply a long-felt want, as it is be-gin-nin-g to be re-al-ised that the or-di-na-ry Pub-lic School and U-ni-vers-ity E-du-ca-tion is all a mis-take.

Per-sons of Ri-per years are there-fore in-vi-tered to re-pair the de-fic-i-en-cies of their ear-ly train-ing by en-ter-ing as Pro-ba-tion-ers at the "Shaw Crèche," as the new In-sti-tu-tion will be called.

All the com-forts of a well-or-gan-ised Nur-se-ry will be pro-vi-ded. Each ad-ult is to have his or her own pri-vate Cra-dle in a well-aired and spa-cious Dor-mi-to-ry with se-pa-rate Cu-bi-cles, and will be Tubbed once a week by Ex-per-i-enced In-fants.

The Pap will be of the High-est Qual-i-ty, ad-min-is-tered at in-ter-vals of Two Hours through-out the day, with Object Les-sons in the use of the Feed-ing Bot-tle and the Art of Rear-ing by Hand. Teeth-ing Rings and Rat-tles can be had, if de-sired, but these will be charged ex-tra.

The Jun-ior Stu-dents will wear long clothes and ro-settes, but will be short-coat-ed on ob-tain-ing a re-move in-to the All-Fours Form. Per-am-bu-la-tors re-tained in the Class-i-cal De-part-ment, while the Mod-ern Side will be al-lowed Go-Carts. Les-sons in Balance and Walk-ing Up-right gi-ven to Sen-ior Stu-dents by Three-year-Old Spe-cial-ists. Pri-vate Tu-i-tion in Ad-van-ced Sub-jects, such as Mount-ing and Des-cend-ing Stairs, Get-ting Down from Table, Eat-ing With-out As-sist-ance, &c., is al-so pro-vi-ded for.

The Or-di-na-ry Course of In-struc-tion will in-clude a tho-rough-ly Prac-ti-cal Train-ing in use-ful ac-quire-ments and Branch-es of Know-ledge, from the E-le-ments of "Tak-ing No-tice" to the Art of Read-ing the Clock. De-mon-strations in the The-ory of Ba-by Farm-ing and the Prac-tice of A-li-men-ta-tion will be gi-ven from time to time by Pro-fess-ors of Four years and Down-wards, a-mong whom are num-bered se-ver-al Prize-win-ners in Ba-by Shows and Mell-in's Food Com-peti-tions.

Re-cre-a-tion will be made a spe-cial feature, in the form of Run-nin-g with the Hoop and Play-in-g at Hor-ses.

Dis-ci-pline will be strict-ly main-tained, the punish-ment for In-sub-ord-in-a-tion be-ing Drown-ing in the first in-stance.

A. A. S.



"I SAY, OLE FELLER, 'AVE YER BIN GACHTIN' OR YOLFIN'!"

## OUT-HERODING HEROD.

SAYS Mrs. HEMM to Mrs. HENN, both being regular play-goers of long standing, that is, when there was no sitting for love or money, "What's this Errod as Mr. BAREBONES TREE is agoin' to perform at 'Er Majesty's own Theayter? I don't 'old with no scripshural subjects myself."

"Lor' bless yer, my dear," said Mrs. HENN, "this ain't no scriptural subject, this ain't. I'm told as the name is 'Arrod,' same as the stores, that's if it ain't HERRARD the pianny-forty maker."

"Scuse me," said Mrs. HOE, "you're both right and both wrong. I've heerd as Mr. TREE takes the part of Errod—not as he defends 'is wicked deeds, not by no means he don't; but when I says 'takes the part,' I mean plays the character of King Errod, and his feelin's is arrow'd." The other two ladies were satisfied.

"But," asked Mrs. HENN, "ain't there a daughter of 'is a Miss SAL LOAMY, as does a dance?"

"Quite right, Aunt," replied Mrs. HENN's nephew, who knows all about theatrical matters. "She's a dancer comin' over from the Paris Exhibition. They call her a 'Sal de Dance.' Now you know."

"Puffickly," said Mrs. HENN. "Hon'ly to hear such absurd reports is muddlin' and—"

"Very Herodtating," cut in the nephew, and immediately cutting out, disappeared from the scene.

"BRITISH SERVICE EXPLOSIVES."—Important and interesting article on this subject in *Times* of last Wednesday. Some uncommonly prim persons eye'd it askance and declined to read. They remembered: "That in the captain's but a choleric word, which in the private is rank blasphemy," and observed that it was an article which only one person could read safely, as he would do so officially; and he is "A Commissioner of Oaths."

Commander-in-Chief-and-Generalissimo Punch to Lord Roberts. "Delighted to welcome you home again as soon as possible; November if you can, but don't hurry. 'When BOBS is away the Boers will play,' and, by this time, we know what their uncommonly Boerish play means."

SOUTH DUBLIN ELECTION.—"'Tis better to have fought and lost Than never to have fought at all!"—Horace Plunkett's Birthday Book.





### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE!!

*Future Duke.* "WHAT ARE YOU GOIN' TO DO THIS MORNIN', EH?"

*Future Earl.* "OH, I DUNNO. ROT ABOUT, I S'POSE, AS USUAL."

*Future Duke.* "OH, BUT I SAY, THAT'S SO ROTTEN."

*Future Earl.* "WELL, WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO, YOU ROTTEN?"

### THE UNREST OF THE AISLE.

(With profound apologies to Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, Author of "The Isle of Unrest.")

So, in Chapter XX., they turned the church into a hospital. Here the millionaire Baron tended the wounded, having little else to do at this point of the story. Sometimes, becoming impatient, he twiddled his thumbs. The wise man twiddles his thumbs when the unwise stamps his foot. Madame BUN assisted the Baron, and jerked a word or two at him occasionally. Otherwise, nothing much happened. But the Baron knew that if he waited long enough the wounded hero would be sure to appear. Then he would be taken home to be nursed by the heroine. To nurse a hero is the heroine's

prerogative—he, the old Baron, knew this, and, knowing, twiddled his thumbs. The expected not infrequently occurs. Two and two seldom make more than four. Aphorisms are cheap to-day. They help to fill a novel. And short sentences are very effective. Like this. Let us continue.

So he waited. As for Madame BUN, she washed the dishes and grunted. Also she borrowed a banjo, and played cheerful tunes to the wounded in the church. The local curé objected. To make objections is a characteristic of the clergy. Even a man in a cassock has opinions of his own. Nigger melodies struck him as unseemly. Madame BUN slightly depressed her eyelid and said "Oh!" As for the Baron, he shrugged his shoulders, and went on waiting for the wounded hero. When he came, the story could get on again, which,

after several pages of this sort of thing, really would be rather a relief.

And the heroine? She also waited—waited at home, until they should bring back the wounded hero. To fill up the time, she talked to the Baroness. The Baroness also was waiting. A woman who talks is less rare than one who keeps silence. Likewise, pride goes before a fall, and all that glitters is not gold, and a stitch in time saves nine. So she talked—not in the long-winded manner of ordinary conversation, but in brief, pithy, little sentences, each full of hidden meaning. All my characters in all my books use them.

"He will come?" she asked once more, the tip of her delicate nose flattened ever so slightly upon the window-pane.

The Baroness shivered—a significant shiver. Some shivers are occasioned by a falling temperature. Others are not. This was not. "Yes," she said, speaking very slowly, "Yes—he will come."

"But the Colonel?"

"Ah, the Colonel!" and the Baroness stroked her little finger with a knitting-needle. The heroine noticed the gesture and gasped.

"What!" she cried, "you don't mean—?"

The Baroness nodded her head six times. When a woman nods her head, assent is often implied. "Remember the Abbé!" she returned, darkly.

"Pah!" said the heroine scornfully, "the Abbé indeed! Why, pray, should I remember him?"

"Because," answered the Baroness, "because—hush!" she broke off. "Listen! Yes, they are bringing the wounded hero on a stretcher! Now you will nurse him, and perhaps he will propose to you at last."

"Good!" said the heroine. When a person uses this exclamation, it is possible to surmise that a prospect is anticipated with pleasure. And now we have finished a chapter. There are many chapters in a book, but beneath one only is *finis* written. Ah, dread parable of life!

"REDUCTION IN THE RATES!"—No, not "reduction in the rates" of speed on any one of the Lines. No travellers need be alarmed, nor need we expect columns of letters to the *Times* and other papers complaining all round. This "reduction in the rates" has been made by the L. C. C. "on taking a quantity," i.e., £60,000 per Exchequer contribution, with the result that the Ratepayers are to pay just one farthing less! Let us be grateful for even the most microscopical mercies, and let us acknowledge this farthingworth of finance with "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." Oh, so much obliged.





## REPORTING HIMSELF.

YOU THAT ANSWERED ENGLAND'S CALL  
AT THE DARKEST OF THE NIGHT,  
COME AND TAKE YOUR CORONAL  
WON IN MANY A GALLANT FIGHT!

SHE THAT ARMED YOUR EAGER RANKS,  
SHE FROM WHOM YOU HAVE YOUR NAME,  
LONDON'S CITY YIELDS YOU THANKS  
FOR YOUR GIFT OF ADDED FAME!

[The City Imperial Volunteers are to be welcomed by the City of London, Saturday, October 27.]







## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE enemy of the successful author is of his own household. To be precise, it is the head of the household—to wit, himself. Having taken the world by storm with a particular book, through whatever long and honourable life may follow he will ever have it (metaphorically) thrown in his teeth. Thus has Mr. ANSTEY suffered from *Vice Versa*. He has done brilliant things since, in spite of the coyness of publishers, that rare flash of humour illuminated the world. People have been good enough to accept them, though with a sigh, a shake of the head, and a murmured reference to Mr. Bullitude. These may take comfort from *The Brass Bottle* (SMITH, ELDER). For weirdness of conception, for skilful treatment, and for abounding humour, Mr. ANSTEY's last, my Baronite avers, is a worthy companion of his first. The scene where Horace entertains at dinner the father and mother of his *fiancée* and the fair one herself is deliciously funny. The episode on the top of St. Paul's, where the angered Jinn resolves to cast down his unresponsive protégé, touches the skirts of tragedy. Horace, looking down from the dizzy height, expecting every moment to be his last, notes, "far below, the opaque white top of a lamp on a street shelter, where a constable stood directing the traffic. Would he look up if Horace called for help? Even if he could, what help could he render? All he could do would be to keep the crowd back and send for a covered stretcher." There is the situation indicated in a few brief sentences. Even in this imminent peril Horace does not depart from the matter-of-fact, business-like British way of looking at things, which brings into sharp contrast the mysticism and magic of the contemporary of King SOLOMON, confined in a brass bottle for a series of centuries. Perhaps the cleverest thing in a surpassingly clever book is Mr. ANSTEY's abstention from attempt to explain.

When Mr. J. M. BARRIE drops into Scotch, from which apparently he cannot refrain any more than could Mr. Dick keep Charles the First's head out of his great literary composition, he becomes to the ordinary Southerner, whose acquaintance with Northern dialects is limited, absolutely unintelligible. To quite understand Mr. BARRIE's *Window in Thrums*, or his latest novel, *Tommy and Grizel*, the patient reader need have at hand a Scotch dictionary, and even then there is here and there a passage that is quite Meredithian in its grammatical twistings. Mr. BARRIE's style is suggestive; there is more in it than meets the eye; but let it be admitted that sufficient meets the eye to interest the mind. For one hundred and fifty-six pages the story of *Tommy and Grizel* is uphill work for the most persevering reader, unless, of course, he be an enthusiastic Barrie-ite, ready to swear that his favourite author is a King of Scribes who can do no wrong. But chapters thirteen to seventeen will reward you for your toil. The character of *Tommy* is not to be comprehended at a glance; neither is that of handsome and sweet *Grizel*. Yet, once let *Tommy* be comprehended, and there is about the story a monotony which might be a trifle enlivened were *Grizel* to pose a little less frequently, and give up "rocking her arms" on the slightest provocation. How can anyone get on pleasantly with a heroine whom "the author of her being" describes as "*Grizel garbed in wilcs*"! The story would have been more effectively told at half the length.

The *Third Salisbury Administration* (YACHER), is a monumental work of well-directed energy. It purports to place on record the principal events in the career of Lord SALISBURY's third Administration. Lord CURZON will recall with mingled feeling his remarks on the threshold of its career. Looking around him, contrasting what had been under a wicked Liberal Government with what actually was within a few days of Lord SALISBURY's succession, he beheld peace abounding, whilst all the nations reverently regarded the figure of Britannia, stamped on the penny coin and elsewhere. Mr. THWAITES, looking back to where the rapt figure of the Under-Secretary for Foreign

Affairs stood in 1895, finds it his duty to record the troublesome times of the concert of Europe, dealing with the Sultan and his massacres in Armenia; the story of the Civil War in Crete, leading to the Turco-Grecian War, and its many pitfalls; the quarrel with America touching the Venezuela Boundary; the disruption in the Far East: the new war in the Sad Soudan; the Fashoda incident; the Campaign in Chitral; trouble on the Gold Coast; the war in South Africa, and the gathering of the cloud of European armies around Pekin. Each of these momentous events is thoroughly dealt with. The value of the book is increased by a series of maps and appendices giving the text of the Queen's Speeches in successive sessions since 1895, and various State papers. Orderly in its arrangement, impartial in its treatment, lucid in its style, my Baronite recommends the book for a handy shelf in the studies of all concerned with public affairs.

In the *Ice World of Himalaya* (FISHER UNWIN) is a record of dauntless travel among the peaks and passes of Ladakh, Nubra, Suroo, and Baltistan. Mr. and Mrs. WORKMAN used their bicycles as far as possible, amazing the hoary East, as these still strange vehicles traversed unfamiliar ways. In one of their expeditions they had the advantage of the guidance of the famous Swiss ZURBRIGGEN. Where he goes business is meant, and it certainly was accomplished by this dauntless couple. The only obstacles that proved almost insurmountable were the domestic servants and the coolies. The head man counted himself a member of the Christian fold, and had been baptised with a Christian name. Experience of this gentleman confirmed the travellers in the accuracy of the advice which they found echoed throughout India, "Never trust a native, least of all a Christian native." The story of their travel, modestly told, is illustrated by maps, and a valuable series of engravings from photographs taken on the spot. These, whilst interesting to study, are not of a character which tempt my Baronite to follow in the footsteps of this adventurous couple. To be drawn out of a crevasse almost by the eyebrows is a satisfactory conclusion of the matter, and looks well in a photograph. But why put yourself in the way of falling in?

"DOMIBOLOFF!" she cried. And so does the Baron, as he closes Mr. HARRY A. SPURR's nihilistic novel, *The Vaulted Chamber* (DIGBY, LONG & Co.) Here's what used to be styled "transpontine melodrama" with a vengeance! Here is to be found a scene which will be of the greatest interest to those who have witnessed the Russian Equestrian Drama, and the plunge into the water at the Amphitheatre, near Leicester Square. *The Vaulted Chamber* and the Vampire Bat! Think of it! The author having had his innings carries out his vampire bat.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

(By a recent traveller in Scotland.)

"ABOVE there, that park is  
The land of the Markis,

His title's BREADALBANE. The river

We're now looking down on

Is (pray do not frown on

My saying its name!) called *The Liver*!"

"The Liver! how horrid!"

Unwrinkle your forrid,

The name need not cause you a shiver;

See! boats in the day-time,

And oh! quite a gay time

At night with the lights on the Liver!

THE new Master of the Rolls is Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH. Mr. Punch, Master of all Roles, "werry much applauds," as did Mr. BILLY TAYLOR's captain "what was done," and heartily congratulates the new Master.



## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MÍPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## SIXTH FRAGMENT.

1. Then Shuv-menébar, the Lord of the Midlands,  
 2. the master of Jesse, the looser of war-dogs,  
 3. whose eye is so magnified (not the personal pronoun)  
 4. by the *dízk* made of crystal, the wearer of *örkídiz*,  
 5. unto Sálüzbrí-Thaprémiah did come;  
 6. unto Sessil the portly, the yielder to pressure,  
 7. and like an *únkál* unto him did he talk  
 8. . . . . of making hay while the sun shone . . . .  
 9. *etsétrah-etsétrah*  
 10. . . . . Got him up in a corner,  
 11. away from the others,  
 12. with no means of exit, and no space to breathe in.  
 13. Then did the great Sessil, the dweller in castles,  
 14. not used to these urgent and middle-class manners  
 15. and not being able to find the portcullis nor even the drawbridge, . . . .  
 16. give way with reluctance . . . . . but faintly protesting.  
 17. And forth to the people, the cities and hamlets  
 18. unto all the Elékhtars . . . . went out the Menestreh.  
 19. Then did Shuv-menébar perform a *phandángöh*  
 20. outside on the *dhúrmát*.  
 21. . . . . to Bur-ménám he hastened,  
 22. and sent forth his orders to narrow the Isshu;  
 23. and focus the limelight on the great Aneks-Eshün,  
 24. not greatly complaining if the beams of the lantern  
 25. should haply illumine (incidental advantage)  
 26. the interesting features of a certain great statesman—  
 27. for obvious reasons preferred to be nameless. . . .  
 28. Then in his *stádi* the great warriors

of the district did he gather together and with them counsel did he take:

29. with Jesse the faithful, the wearer of  
 30. suggestive of *Krizmas*; [whiskers,  
 31. and Pou-íl the war-lord,  
 32. the maker of contracts,  
 33. the dealer of dealings,  
 34. who served out the stockings and winter-*merinohs*  
 35. that marched with such glory in the land of the Oompál;  
 36. commander-in-chief of the Haibúri Life Guards,  
 37. whose martial demeanour  
 38. showed over the counter—if he stood upon tiptoe;  
 39. and Orstín, the sun-god, the dealer in bedsteads,  
 40. Civil Lord of the Ocean (who looked through a sidelight of similar crystal)  
 41. a later edition with stop-press corrections  
 42. of the *khárák-taristik*s of  
 43. Hisdád-shuv-menébar . . . . . and they knelt on the *kharpat*, and bowed down before him.  
 44. . . . . From his throne near the book-case he briefly  
 45. addressed them . . . . .  
 46. . . . how the whole country like a flood would be sweep, the *Rhádhiik-al-Páti*  
 47. would he utterly overwhelm; and the creatures misguided  
 48. who ventured to differ, or voted for  
 49. people like Kámm-el-Bánráman  
 50. or even the father of Issab-el-Khárnabi, or anyone else  
 51. not of His way of thinking  
 52. all these did he brand . . . . by anticipation  
 53. with his special broad-arrow . . . . as the rankest of traitors. (Brand-new manufacture)  
 54. (Great cheering from Jesse).  
 55. Then against their cities did he go up and their strong fortresses did he besiege . . . . and  
 56. difficult places on his feet did he press into, and his language was awful,

57. and many a tablet of urgent insistence . . . . did he send forth the faithful

58. municipal Jesse to post in the post-box.

59. And at length did the *Bálát* deliver its secret.

60. And to the foot of his throne as captives they brought him, defeated in battle,

61. Dokhta - klák, the impossible, the seizer of passes

62. plainly marked not transferable,  
 63. the servant of Oompál, rejected of Kéth-nez;

64. Wilphr-ad-Lórsun the witty, the producer of *dhoggral*,

65. of the *djínjah-bhir* drinkers the recognised chieftain,

66. who regarded the Tömis as *burglaz* incarnate;

67. . . . . Phil-ab-stanub the honorable, the Azzur-krotúpik,

68. the leader of the Undamáí-nahs, the Hórkuzli-Dossyehs, the Vul-gharataks, the Givmaz-taj-oaphals.

69. Him did he load with chains and into the House of the *örkídiz* did he cast.

70. with Aba-dínsha-bukannan and other exotics, and even with Pikh-az-Ghil, wearer of ringlets,

71. to be a derision to the rank and the fashion

72. of the district around, and he brought out on Sundez, on the lawn after lunshan,

73. and put through their paces to amuse the house-party. . . . *ahém*—the house-party.

74. But the charges of treason so lavishly scattered

75. turned out to partake of a *bhümerang* nature

76. for half the Elékhtars — inflexibly loyal

77. declined to be libelled, or even be labelled

78. and voted for Libráls.

E. T. R.



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BENGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.  
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE UNWILDY GIFTHORSE.

*When dormant lightning is pent in the polished hoofs of a colt,  
And his neck is clothed with thunder,—then, horseman, beware of  
the bolt!*

*From the Persian, by H. B. J.*

IN accordance with English usages, Mr. BHOSH, being now officially engaged to the fair Princess JONES, did dance daily attendance in her company, and, she being passionately fond of equitation, he was compelled himself to become the Centaur and act as her cavalier servant on a nag which was furnished throughout by a West End livery jobber. Fortunately, he displayed such marvellous dexterity and skill as an equestrian that he did not once sustain a single reverse!

Truly, it was a glorious and noble sight to behold BINDABUN clinging with imperturbable calmness to the saddle of his steed, as it ambled and gambled in so spirited a manner that all the fashionables made sure that he was inevitably to slide over its tail quarters! But invariably he returned, having suffered no further inconvenience than the bereavement of his tall hat, and the heart of Princess VANOLIA was uplifted with pride when she saw that her betrothed, in addition to being a B.A. and barrister-at-law, was also such a rough rider.

It is *de rigueur* in all civilised societies to encourage matrimony by bestowing rewards upon those who are about to come up to the scratch of such holy estate, and consequently splendid gifts of carriage timepieces, tea-caddies, slices of fish, jewels, blotter-cases, biscuit-caskets, cigar-lights, and pin-cushions were poured forth upon Mr. BHOSH and his partner, as if from the inexhaustible bountiful horn of a Pharmacopœia.

Last, but not least, one morning appeared a *saice* leading an unwieldy steed of the complexion of a chestnut, and bearing an anonymously-signed paper, stating that said horse was a conubial gift to Mr. BHOSH from a perfervid admirer.

Our friend BINDABUN was like to throw his bonnet over the mills with excessive joy, and could not be persuaded to rest until he had made a trial trip on his gifted horse, while the amiable Princess readily consented to become his companion.

So, on a balmy and luscious afternoon in Spring, when the mellifluous blackbirds, sparrows, and other fowls of that ilk were engaged in billing and cooing on the foliage of innumerable trees and bushes, and the blooming flowers were blowing proudly on their polychromatic beds, Mr. BHOSH made the ascension of his gift-horse, and titupped by the side of his betrothed into the Row, the observed of all the observing masculine and feminine smarties.

But, hoity-toity! he had not titupped very many yards when the unwieldy steed came prematurely to a halt and adopted an unruly deportment. Mr. BHOSH inflicted corporal punishment upon its loins with a golden-headed whip, at which the rebellious beast erected itself upon its hinder legs until it was practically a biped.

BINDABUN, although at the extremity of his wits to preserve his saddle by his firm hold on the bridle-rein, undauntedly aimed a swishing blow at the head and front of the offending animal, which instantaneously returned its forelegs to *terra firma*, but elevated its latter end to such a degree that our hero very narrowly escaped sliding over its neck by cleverly clutching the saddleback.

Next, the cantankerous steed executed a leap with astounding agility, arching its back like a bow, and propelling our poor friend into the air like the arrow, though by providential luck

and management on his part he descended safely into his seat after every repetition of this dangerous manœuvre.

All things, however, must come to an end at some time, and the unwieldy quadruped at last became weary of leaping and, securing the complete control of his bit, did a bolt from the blue.

Willy nilly was Mr. BHOSH compelled to accompany it upon its mad, unbridled career, while all witnesses freely hazarded the conjecture that his abduction would be rather speedily terminated by his being left behind, and I will presume to maintain that a less practical horseman would long before have become an ordinary pedestrian.

But BINDABUN, although both stirrupholes were untenanted, and he was compelled to hold on to his steed's mane by his teeth and nails, nevertheless remained triumphantly in the ascendant.

On, on he rushed, making the entire circumference of the Park in his wild, delirious canter, and when the galloping horse once more reappeared, and Mr. BHOSH was perceived to be still snug on his saddle, the spectators were unable to refrain from heartfelt joy.

A second time the incorrigible courser careered round the Park on his thundering great hoofs, and still our heroic friend preserved his equilibrium—but, heigh-ho! I have to sorrowfully relate that, on his third circuit, it was the different pair of shoes—for the headstrong animal, abstaining from motion in a rather too abrupt manner, propelled Mr. BHOSH over its head with excessive velocity into the elegant interior of a victoria-carriage.

He alighted upon a great dame who had maliciously been enjoying the spectacle of his predicament, but who now was forced to experience the crushing repartee of his *tu quoque*, for such a forcible collision with his person caused her not only two blackened optics but irremediable damage to the leather of her nose.

The pristine beauty of her features was irrecoverably dismantled, while Mr. BHOSH—thanks to his landing on such soft and yielding material—remained intact and able to return to his domicile in a fourwheeled cab.

Beloved reader, however sceptical thou mayest be, thou wilt infallibly admire with me the inscrutable workings of Nemesis, when thou learnest that the aforesaid great lady was no other than the Duchess of DICKINSON, and (what is still more wonderful) that it was she who had insidiously presented him with such a fearful gift of the Danaides as an obstreperous and unwieldy steed!

Truly, as poet SHAKESPEARE sagaciously observes, there is a divinity that rough-hews our ends, however we may endeavour to preserve their shapeliness!

(To be continued.)

## A QUERY ANSWERED.

"WHY does a bishop wear gaiters?"

The Parson, why wear a white tie?

Why is his dress like a waiter's?

Except when the Parson is high.

Why gaiters should Bishops appear in,

The reason is very well-known,

Their Lordships would look very queer/in

One gaiter on one leg alone.

CONSISTENCY.—H.R.H. the Prince of WALES and "a select party" (as the *Daily News* describes it) awaited the arrival of Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST at Liverpool Street station, and as Mrs. G. C. W. did not arrive punctually, off went the party without her. But how could punctuality be expected of Mrs. G. C. W.? Isn't she "The late Lady RANDOLPH"? and mustn't she consistently act up to the title?





**O**N the road-way was a buggy and a horse, and in the buggy sat a smiling young woman. Why she smiled SAM could not

imagine, but he could not

see the comical expression on his own face on being thus suddenly aroused to a sense of his duty.

"How much is the toll?" said the young woman, still smiling.

SAM looked at her; she was a good-looking young person, and he liked her smile, for it betokened a sense of humour, and that pleased him. "How much?" he repeated. "A man and a horse, and—"

"But this is a girl and a mare," she interrupted. "How much is that?"

SAM looked up and smiled. This young person certainly had a sense of humour. "I wonder how much that would be," he said. "I guess I'll have to get a pencil and paper to work it out."

The girl laughed. "You are not the toll-gate keeper?" she asked.

"No," replied SAM, "I'm keepin' it for the regular one. She's eatin' her dinner. Don't you know the toll yourself? You've paid it before, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't," she replied; "I am visiting in the neighbourhood. But I won't haggle about being a girl. I'll pay the price for a man, if you will let me know what it is."

An idea came suddenly into SAM TWITY's head; this was a very bright girl, a very attractive girl, who was visiting in the neighbourhood, and he determined to keep her at the toll-gate a few minutes if he could.

"I don't want to make any mistake," he said quickly. "I'll jes' pop into the house and see what the toll really will be for you."

"Oh, you needn't do that," said the young woman. "Of course, it is the same—"

But SAM was gone; she laughed, and said to herself that

the deputy toll-gate keeper was a very funny person. SAM ran to the house, panting. He beckoned to Captain ABNER to step outside.

"Look here," he said, "you hurry out to the gate, and take a good long look at the girl that's here. She's a-visitin' in the neighbourhood. Now mind you take a good look at her, and I'll be there in a minute."

Without exactly understanding the reason for this earnest injunction, ABNER went to the gate. He was accustomed to taking SAM's advice, if he saw no good reason against it.

The toll-gate woman was on her feet, but SAM detained her and said something about the relation between sex and toll.

"Well, well," said the woman; "she must be a queer one. I'll go out to her."

"Oh, no," cried he, "sit here and finish your dinner. He's comin' right back, and I'll collect the toll." Half-way to the toll-house, SAM met ABNER. "What do you think of her?" he asked, hurriedly. "Did you take a good look at her?"

"Yes, I did," replied his friend, "and I don't think nothin' of her. What is there to think about her?"

"Go back to your dinner," cried SAM. "I've got to collect her toll."

"I want you to tell me," said the girl, not smiling now, "do you keep a detective here? Do you think I want to cheat the road out of its toll? I am ready to pay the charge, whatever it is."

"Detective!" exclaimed SAM.

"Yes," said she. "That little brown man, who came out here and looked at me as if he were determined to know me the next time he saw me."

"Oh, him!" said SAM. "That's a friend of mine, Cap'n ABNER BUDLONG. He's no detective, nor nothin' like one. He jes' came out to see who was passin' while I was findin' out about the toll. He's always fond of seein' people."

"I should think he was," said the young woman. "In fact, I think you are a funny lot, toll-gate woman and all. Now, here is a quarter; please take the toll and give me the change—that is, if you know how to calculate."

SAM took the money and opened the little cash-box, but he did not immediately make the change. "I don't want you to think hard of any of us," said he, "on account of your bein' kept here a little longer than common. But 'specially I don't



want you to think hard of my friend, Cap'n ABNER BUDLONG, the gentleman who stepped out here to see who was passin'. Bless your soul, he's no detective! He's one of the finest men I know, and you jes' ought to see his house at Shamrick. It's filled with more things that's nice to look at, and things that's comfortable to use than any other house in this region. Everything 's jes' as clean and ship-shape——"

"He must have a good wife," the young woman interrupted.

"He hasn't got no wife at all," said SAM, delighted to get in this piece of information. "Never had one."

The girl looked at him, and then she laughed merrily. "I must go on," she said. "You truly are a funny lot, all of you. And as she drove on she looked back, still laughing.

SAM TWITTY rubbed his hands together quite cheerfully, and went into the house to get his dinner.

"Did that person change your five-dollar note?" asked the woman.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed SAM. "I never thought to ask her."

"What did you ask her?" cried the woman. "She was out there for the longest time, and I thought, of course, you was gettin' your note changed."

SAM smiled. "She was very interestin'," said he.

Three travellers passed through the toll-gate, but no one of them could change a five-dollar note, and ABNER chafed at the delay.

"I don't like wastin' time like this," said he to SAM, as the two smoked their after-dinner pipes.

"Wastin'!" exclaimed SAM. "I don't call this wastin' time. We didn't start 'till late this mornin', and here we've got sight of two of her a-ready. Here's this one, as red-cheeked and sociable as anybody could expect, and then there's that gal in the buggy."

"Gal in the buggy!" exclaimed ABNER. "What on earth are you talkin' about her for?"

"Why shouldn't I?" asked SAM. "I tell you, Cap'n ABNER, she's the prettiest and the liveliest young woman you'd be likely to meet if you cruised for a year; and she's visitin' right in the neighbourhood, and can't be far from Shamrick."

"Codwollops!" said ABNER, contemptuously.

In the course of an hour old JOSHUA ASBURY drove up in his farm-wagon, and changed the five-dollar note, and was glad to do it, for he did not like to carry so much battered and rubbed silver and copper in his pocket. The two friends now made ready to depart.

"Let's hurry up," said SAM. "We've done fust rate so far, and may be we 'll sight one or two more afore bedtime."

"When you come back," said the woman, "I'd be glad to have you stop and rest, and give your horse a feed if you want to."

SAM TWITTY assured her most earnestly that they certainly would stop, whether they wanted rest and a feed or not, and he thanked her warmly for the kind entertainment she had given them.

"SAM," said ABNER, when they were on the road, "the trouble with you is you're too quick. If you was at the tiller you'd run into the fust port you come to, and there wouldn't be no v'yage at all."

"There's no knowin' when a fellow may want to run into port," replied SAM; "and it's a good thing to find out all about 'em as you're comin' along."

A few miles from the toll-gate they came to the bottom of a long hill, and half way up it they saw, going in the same direction as themselves, a man walking vigorously.

"By the general cut of his clothes," said SAM, "I'd say he is a parson."

"I expect you're right," said ABNER. "Most likely fillin' some fishin' minister's pulpit, Sunday, and walkin' home, Monday."

The pedestrian clergyman walked more slowly as he neared the top of the hill, and the gray horse gradually overhauled him.

"Look here," said Sam, nudging his companion, "let's give him a lift. He must be dreadful hot. And then, by George, Cap'n ABNER, jes' think what a jolly thing it'll be—goin' after her and takin' a minister along, sittin' comfortable on the back seat! That's like holding a landin' net ready to scoop her up the minute you get her to the top of the water."

They stopped and asked the clergyman if he were going to Thompsonstown, and when he said he was they invited him to get in and take the unoccupied seat. He proved to be an agreeable companion; he was young, and very grateful. SAM soon fell into a friendly conversation with him, and two or three times when ABNER thought that his friend was on the point of saying something that bore too directly on the object of their journey he pressed his port boot gently upon SAM's starboard slipper.

Toward the middle of the afternoon they reached Thompsonstown, where the young clergyman said he was going to stop for the night, and go on by train the next day. SAM TWITTY was glad to hear this, and advised him to stop at the "Spinnaker Boom," where he and Captain ABNER intended to stay until they finished the business which brought them to Thompsonstown.

Thompsonstown was a seaside resort, and rather a lively place in the season. There was a large hotel for summer visitors who could afford to pay good prices, and several smaller houses of entertainment, such as the "Spinnaker Boom," where people of moderate means were made very comfortable.

It was much too early for supper, and Captain ABNER and SAM took a long walk on the beach, and at their invitation the young clergyman joined them. This gentleman, who did not seem to know anyone in Thompsonstown, proved to be a thorough landsman; but as he was chatty and glad to acquire knowledge, it gave Captain ABNER and SAM a great deal of pleasure to talk to him on nautical points and thereby improve his mind.

On their return SAM stopped with a start, and almost dropped his pipe.

"What's the matter?" cried Captain ABNER. "Did you see her spout?"

SAM made no answer, but stood with his mouth open. He had remarkably good vision. The clergyman stopped, and looked at him inquiringly.

"They are comin', both of 'em!" said SAM.

"Both of who?" asked ABNER.

"The gal in the buggy and the toll-gate woman."

Sure enough, these two women were now approaching, side by side, briskly walking over the smooth beach. SAM's eyes sparkled. The toll-gate woman appeared much more comely and attractive than when engaged in her professional duties earlier in the day. She was now attired in fresh-looking summer clothes, and wore a pretty straw hat. As for the girl of the buggy, she was quite another person. It would have been impossible for anyone who had merely seen her within the limited confines of a small vehicle, to form any idea of the buoyant air and the lively step of this handsome young woman.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed SAM TWITTY, advancing toward them. "Who would have expected to meet you two here!"

Meeting thus unexpectedly on the beach, our characters were variously affected; the toll-gate woman beamed with pleasure, while the young woman of the buggy looked as if she were about to laugh; the young minister looked very much interested, although he could have given no good reason why he should be; the countenance of Captain ABNER BUDLONG betrayed no interest whatever, but SAM TWITTY was in a glow of delight.



"I suppose you are surprised to meet me here," said the toll-gate woman; "but this is the way of it. A neighbour and his wife came along soon after you left and offered to bring me to Thompsontown, and, of course, I jumped at the chance, and left the toll-gate in charge of my brother, who lives hard by. And in the town, at the house of a friend, I met this young lady; but," glancing at her companion, she added, "I really did not catch the name."

"Miss DENBY," stated the young person referred to.

The three men here bowed to Miss DENBY; and, stepping nearer to SAM, the toll-gate woman asked in a low voice—

"Who is this minister?"

"I don't know his name," said SAM, "but I'll find out in a minute." Then he approached the girl of the buggy. "I'm so glad to see you," he said.

She laughed outright. "It is awfully funny," answered she, "that you care whether you see me or not."

"I don't think it's funny at all," said SAM. "But let me ask you one thing; what's the name of the toll-gate woman?"

"Well, I declare!" she exclaimed. "From the way she talked about you I thought you were old friends. Her name is Mrs. SICKLES."

SAM skipped over to the young clergyman, and put his question; "Mr.-r-r?"

"RIPPLEDEAN," said the young man.

In an instant the quick-slipped SAM had joined the party in the bonds of conventional acquaintanceship, having added to the rest of his information the fact that he was SAMUEL TWITTY, of Shamrick.

"You are the funniest people I ever met," exclaimed the lively DENBY girl. "No one of you seems to know the rest, but you are all acquainted."

"It is very pleasant to know each other, I'm sure," remarked the toll-gate woman, "and if I had anything to say about what would be agreeable on such a breezy afternoon as this, now that there's a party of us, I'd say it would be to get a boat and take a sail on this sparklin' water."

"A sail!" cried SAM. "Why that will be the best thing in the world, and if you'll wait ten minutes I'll get a boat. Cap'n SILAS PECK is a friend of mine, and has got two boats that ain't both likely to be out. I'll run down and get one, and have it here in no time."

In less than a quarter of an hour the party was seated in Captain PECK's sail-boat, Captain ABNER at the tiller and SAM TWITTY in charge of the sheet. They decided to sail out to an island about three miles from shore. A stiff breeze was blowing, and Captain ABNER was in his glory. The wind was much too high for ordinary pleasure-boats and there were no other sails upon the bay, but summer visitors and seafaring men stood along the beach and watched the admirable manner in which that little craft was handled. Word was passed from one to another that it was Captain ABNER BUDLONG, of Shamrick, who was at the tiller, and as many of the watchers knew Captain ABNER, and what he had done in days gone by, they were proud to see what their neighbour of Shamrick was doing now.

Mrs. SICKLES sat beaming, both hands grasping the rail and her feet firmly braced, but on her face was an expression of perfect trust, as she gazed from Captain ABNER to SAM TWITTY, which would have been edifying to anyone of weak habits of faith. The younger woman's hat was off, and her hair

was flying like a streamer from a mast-head. She drank in the salt breeze with delight, and her eyes sparkled as the boat dipped at the turn of Captain ABNER's tiller until the rail cut under the surface of the water as if it were skimming a pan of milk. She looked upon the bright-eyed sailor at the helm as though he were some sort of a salt-water deity whom it was suitable to worship. It was better than sparkling wine to her, to dash over the sparkling water.

The island shore drew near; the little boat bore bravely down upon it, and then with a beautiful sweep she fell into the wind, her white wing dropped and hung listless, and her keel gently grazed the sand.

"If there was an egg 'twixt her bow and the beach," said SAM, "Cap'n ABNER wouldn't have smashed it."

The Captain stemmed the praises which now poured upon him with a jerk of the head. "That's all very well," said he, "but I'm goin' to give SAM TWITTY a chance. He'll sail you back."

When the party was on shore, and the boat safely moored, SAM TWITTY began to jump about like a collie dog in charge of a flock of sheep. He had said little in the boat, but his mind had been busily at work with the contemplation of great possibilities. There was much to be done, and but little time to do it in; but SAM's soul warmed up to its work. Casting a rapid glance around, he singled out Captain ABNER, and dashing into the little party, cut him off from his companions and drove him out of earshot.

"Now, Cap'n ABNER," said he, "your time's come, and the quicker you get to work the better."

"Work!" cried ABNER. "What work have I got to do?"

"Do!" exclaimed SAM. "You've got lots to do. Look at that sun. It's settin' jes' as steady as if it was bein' towed into port, and you'll never get another chance like this. Here's two women to pop your question to; here's a minister on hand; here's me and the other woman for witnesses, and here's sky, sun and all them white caps skippin' over the water. There couldn't be a better place for a sailor to be married in than jes' here."

"But I tell you, SAM," said ABNER a little querulously, "I didn't come here to marry one of them women. I didn't start on this trip to make fast to the fust female person I might fall in with. I set out on a week's cruise, and I want to see a lot of them before I make a ch'ice."

"I tell you, Cap'n," said SAM, very earnestly, "it won't do. You might hang round Thompsontown for a year, and you wouldn't find any two such women as them two. Here they are—two kinds to pick from. One of them as ripe as a peach, and the other like a cross between a cricket and a blossom. And you've got no time to fool away. When the sun goes down you've got to sail back to Thompsontown, and then one will go one way and the other another, and where the minister will go to, nobody knows. They'll all be scattered and out of sight, and this glorious chance you've got might as well be at the bottom of the sea. Now, Cap'n, I tell you this thing that's right afore you is what you come for. Jes' you listen to what I say to you; you go to that Mrs. SICKLES, and let her see how you're standin' and what your course is. She's no fool, and she can see the sense of gettin' over a sand-bar at high tide jes' as well as you can."

(Continued in our next.)





## YE FIRST MEET OF YE SEASON.

*From a rare old Frieze (not) in the British Museum.*

## THE UNHAPPY VALET DE SHAM.

Two questions suggested themselves to me while sitting out *The Lackey's Carnival* at the Duke of York's Theatre; first, supposing this play by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES had been performed by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and company, would it have appeared so hopelessly bad as it does on this stage? Secondly, what would have been the fate of *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, with all its great merit, but with its superfluous fourth act, had it been cast and produced at this Theatre? And my answer to both queries is, that, granting the hypotheses, the defects of *The Lackey's Carnival* would not have been so glaringly apparent at Mr. WYNDHAM'S theatre, and that, whatever success the third act of *Mrs. Dane's Defence* might have achieved at the Duke of York's, it would have been utterly cancelled by the weakness of its fourth act. Ere this opinion shall see the light, it is not absolutely improbable that *The Lackey's Carnival* will have been relegated to the Limbo of Lost Plays.

In *James Tarboy*, the principal character of the piece, Mr. JONES has created a monster unredeemed by one touch of any good quality in ordinary human nature, and in his reproduction of the original Mr. ALLAN AYNWORTH, makes the fatal mistake of broadening the lines and intensifying their blackness. Then he dabs on patches of colour here and there, the effect

of which is to render this "living picture," of an already contemptible scoundrel, grotesquely repulsively.

MISS EDITH MATTHISON is good as the wife; CARLOTTA ADDISON excellent as the detestable mother of the villain; and MASTER HARRINGTON is capital as that juvenile "liar and slave," the page-boy.

## ? MISPRINT.

[Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN claims to have at last succeeded in binding together the dissentient elements of the Irish party into "a coherent political force."]

WE have read the above paragraph several times over, first hurriedly—then slowly, and with care. Perhaps the explanation of the seeming mystery is that the last word, "force," should be spelled with an "a" instead of an "o." Then it reads all right.

**PAINTING THE TOWN (AND COUNTRY) BLUE.**—The *Graphic* publishes an interesting map, showing at a glance the results of the Parliamentary Election. Unionist boroughs and counties are coloured blue, Liberal strongholds red. It is decidedly a blue lookout for Liberals. They will comfort themselves with the reflection that colours thus imposed are apt to wash out.



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A RIGHTABOUT FACER FOR MR. BHOSH.

Halloo! at a sudden your love warfare is changed!  
Your dress is changed! Your address is changed!  
Your express is changed! Your mistress is changed!  
Halloo! at a sudden your funny fair is changed!

*A song sung by Messengeress Binda before Krishnages  
Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt (of Chittagong.)*

THOSE who are *au faits* in the tortoise involutions of the feminine disposition will hear without astonishment that Duchess DICKINSON—so far from being chastened and softened by the circumstance that the curse she had launched at Mr. BHOSH's head had returned, like an illuminous raven, to roost upon her own nose and irreparably destroyed its contour—was only the more bitterly incensed against him.

Instead of interring the hatchet that had flown back, as if it were that fabulous volatile the boomerang, she was in a greater stew than ever, and resolved to leave no stone unturned to trip him up. But what trick to play, seeing that all the honours were in Mr. BHOSH's hands?

She could not officiate as Marplot to discredit him in the affections of his ladylove, since the Princess was too severely enamoured to give the loan of her ear to any sibillations from a snake in grass.

How else, then, to hinder his match? At this she was seized with an idea worthy of MACCARONI himself. She paid a complimentary visit to the Princess, arrayed in the sheepish garb of a friend, and contrived to lure the conversation on to the vexed question of prying into futurity.

Surely, she artfully suggested, the Princess at such a momentous epoch of her existence had, of course, not neglected the sensible precaution of consulting some competent soothsayer respecting the most propitious day for her nuptials with the accomplished Mr. BHOSH? . . .

What, had she omitted to pop so important a question? How incredibly harebrained! Fortunately, there was yet time to do the needful, and she herself would gladly volunteer to accompany the Princess on such an errand.

Princess VANOLIA fell a ready victim into the jaws of this diabolical booby-trap and inquired the address and name of the cleverest necromancer, for it is matter of notoriety that London ladies are quite as superstitious and addicted to working the oracle as their native Indian sisters.

The Duchess replied that the Astrologer-Royal was a *facile princeps* at uttering a prediction, and accordingly on the very next day she and the Princess, after disguising themselves, set forth on the summit of a tramway 'bus to the Observatory Temple of Greenwich, where, after first propitiating the prophet by offerings, they were ushered into a darkened inner chamber. Although they were strictly *pseudo*, he at once informed them of their genuine cognomens, and also told them much concerning their past of which they had hitherto been ignorant.

And to the Princess he said, stroking the long and silvery hairs of his beard, "My daughter, I foresee many calamities which will inevitably befall thee shouldst thou marry before the day on which the bridegroom wins a certain contest called the Derby with a horse of his own."

The gentle VANOLIA departed melancholy as a gib cat, since Mr. BHOSH was not the happy possessor of so much as a single racing-horse of any description, and it was therefore not feasible that he should become entitled to wear the blue ribbon of the turf in his buttonhole on his wedding day!

With many sighs and tears she imparted her piece of news to the horror-stricken ears of our hero, who earnestly assured her that it was contrary to commonsense and *bonos mores*, to attach any importance to the mere *ipse dixit* of so antiquated a charlatan as the Astrologer-Royal, who was utterly incapable—except at very long intervals—to bring about even such a simple affair as an eclipse which was visible from his own Observatory!

However, the Princess, being a feminine, was naturally more prone to puerile credulities, and very solemnly declared that nothing would induce her to kneel by Mr. BHOSH's side at the torch of Hymen until he should first have distinguished himself as a Derby winner.

Whereat Mr. BHOSH, perceiving that the date of his nuptial ceremony was become a *dies non* in a Grecian calendar, did wring his hands in a bath of tears.

Alas! he was totally unaware that it was his implacable enemy, the Duchess DICKINSON, who had thus upset his apple-cart of felicity—but so it was, for by a clandestine bribe, she had corrupted the Astrologer-Royal—a poor, weak, very avaricious old chap—to trump out such a disastrous prediction.

Some men in this hard plight would have thrown up the leek, but Mr. BHOSH was stuffed with sterner materials. He swore a very long oath by all the gods that he had ceased to believe in, that sooner or later, by crook or hook, he would win the Derby race, though entirely destitute of horseflesh and very ill able to afford to purchase the most mediocre quadruped.

Here some sporting readers will probably object! Why could he not enlist his unwieldy githorse among Derby candidates and so hoist the Duchess on the pinnacle of her own petard?

To which I reply: Too clever by halves, Masters! *Imprimis*, the steed in question was of far too ferocious a temperament (though undeniably swift-footed) ever to become a favourite with Derby judges; secondly, after dismounting Mr. BHOSH, it had again taken to its heels and departed into the Unknown, nor had Mr. BHOSH troubled himself to ascertain its private address.

But fortune favours the brave. It happened that Mr. BHOSH was one day promenading down the Bayswater Road when he was passed by a white horse drawing a milk chariot with unparalleled velocity, outstripping omnibuses, waggons, and even butcher-carts in its windlike progress, which was unguided by any restraining hand, for the milk-charioteer himself was pursuing on foot.

His natural puissance in equine affairs enabled Mr. BHOSH to infer that the steed which could cut such a record when handicapped with a cumbrous dairy chariot would exhibit even greater speed if in *puris naturalibus*, and that it might even not improbably carry off first prize in the Derby race.

So, as the milk-charioteer ran up, overblown with anxiety, to learn the result of his horse's escapade, Mr. BHOSH stopped him to inquire what he would take for such an animal.

The dairy-vendor, rather foolishly taking it for granted that horse and cart were gone concerns, thought he was making the good stroke of business in offering the lot for a twenty-pound note.

"I have done with you!" cried Mr. BHOSH sharply, handing over the purchase-money, which he very fortunately chanced to have about him, and galloping off to inspect his bargain, which was like buying a pig without first poking it in the ribs.

In what condition he found it I must leave you to learn, my dear readers, in an ensuing chapter.

(To be continued.)

## "SHARPSHOOTER CORPS."

*Easy Conversationalist.* Have you ever seen the "Sharpshooter Corps"?

*Sufferer.* No, but I've felt it, and had it extracted.



## THE COMPLAINT OF THE SPOOK.

[According to the *Daily Telegraph* of October 23, spiritualists and their disembodied friends have lately been protesting at Professor DEWAR's experiments with air at low temperatures, whereby sundry stray spooks have been caught and solidified along with the atmosphere. As a result of their ignominious incarceration, several hitherto well-affected spirits have threatened to emigrate to a climate where a less pressure is brought to bear upon them.]

I'm a Spook of respectable birth—  
My record is perfectly clean;  
Since I quitted the earth  
I've consistently been  
A phantom of recognised worth.

I am found in the spectral "Who's  
Who?"  
And my visiting list is select—  
Just a medium or two  
That I'm sure are "correct."  
I tell them in raps how I do!

I'm thoroughly harmless, you see;  
So I think that I've cause to complain  
Of the needless degree  
Of detention and pain  
I endure in this land of the free.

For look, when I'm paying a call  
On a crony and feeling secure,  
I am certain to fall  
In an air-trap where DEWAR  
Is lying in wait for a haul.

Ere I'm able to beat a retreat  
The Professor will murmur, "There's  
air!"  
To exhibit his feat  
I am frozen with care  
Like a joint of Australian meat!

Then I'm kept in a vile little-ease  
Of a vial (forgive me the jape!)  
Where there's no room to sneeze  
And I'm bent out of shape  
With my noddle tucked under my  
knees.

Thus an innocent wraith to way-lay  
By the heels with this solid-air trick  
Is become, I may say,  
What you call "a bit thick"—  
From this "frost" let me clear right  
away! A. A. S.

## DARBY JONES ON LORD DURHAM.

HONOURED SIR,—Although I failed to stigmatisise (Old Expression *redipivus*) the Actual Winner of that famous Handicap the Cambridgeshire Stakes, I nevertheless cast to the winds the chances of the *Raft* and *Democrat*, and indicated some good Place Investments. By-the-way what Translucent Joy must Mr. BASSET feel beating beneath his Winter Waistcoat when he is returned his subscription of 25 sovereigns by reason of *Good Luck* having occupied the position recognised in European Monarchy by the Nephew of NAPOLEON ONE.



G. S. M. P. W.

Brown (slapping total Stranger on back). "HULLO, OLD MAN, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN AGE. DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?"

Stranger. "I DON'T REMEMBER YOUR FACE, BUT YOUR MANNER'S VERY FAMILIAR."

It is not, however, Noble Sir, my object to discourse about the Newmarket Terminus, but rather would I offer a few Remarks as totally unbiassed as a Texan Broncho—

on the Wit and Wisdom of the Noble Earl of Durham—and believe me, Honoured Sir, the Head of House of Lambton has whacked his Hammer on the Right-Wrong Reptile—just as his Illustrious Ancestor demolished the Lambton Worm. It isn't a question of whether a Race Horse owner is an American or Briton, or a Japanese or a Laplander, it's whether he plays what we call "The Strict Game." And when we find Yankee Jockeys foul-riding followed by a crowd of Yankee Bunco-Steerers, we open our Eyelashes and ask "What price Canvasback Ducks?" The Earl is RIGHT (print that in "caps,"—"jockey caps" of course—), but being a Steward of the Omnivorous Jockey Club he can't open his

mouth as wide as the Shepherds' Bush Twopenny Tube Railway.

I, Sir, have consistently advocated the LICENSING OF BOOKMAKERS by the Jockey Club. All right-minded Slaves of the Ring would welcome such an Edict, for it would be the Destruction of the "Hook it" Gentry round about Piccadilly Circus. Like the Melancholy Italian, they have their barrel Organs, but if Lord DURHAM would take up this question, he would throw such a Solid Running Path over the Lava of the Turf, as might, indeed, satisfy the Requirements of that Magnificent Free Librarian, Mr. PASSMORE EDWARDS, who, though individually opposed to the Curse of Betting, nevertheless collectively supplies in his lively Margarine-coloured organ the *Echo*, some of the best Sporting News in London.—I am, your devoted  
Henchman,  
DARBY JONES.



## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.  
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

## XI.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SECTION.

OCTOBER 1ST TO 4TH.—

FRIENDS, Britons, patriots and C. I. V.,  
I come to bury CÆSAR! He is off,  
With your polite applause to lay his ghost!  
Long tempted, like another ANTONY,  
By soft seductions of the modern Muse,  
I have commissioned Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS—  
And PHILLIPS is a very useful man  
Who understands my genius to a T  
(Not all the bards are very useful men)—  
To fashion me a play to take the Town.  
And he has done it, if I know what's what.  
Indeed, the thing is quite original,  
Save for the plot adapted from the Greek  
Of that sublime historian JOSEPHUS,  
Who also was a very useful man.  
So much for PHILLIPS. In the title-rôle,  
Trusting to steady patronage, I hope,  
With your permission, to surpass myself.  
Others, at such a juncture might perhaps  
Out-Herod HEROD; I shall purpose to  
Out-Beerbohm BEERBOHM! Thanking you again.

H. B-RB-HM TR-E.

5TH, 6TH.—How like a timorous sloth of tender years  
My reputation hangs upon a TREE;  
Bravely it bears my weight; and yet the blood  
Sings in my brain, not altogether used  
To being upside-down.

I seem to hear  
The strain of all the heart-strings in the stalls,  
And all the public breathing in the pit!  
Now is the climax when the author's pulse  
Is at its hottest; now the crucial scene,  
When everything is blank, besides the verse,  
And either HEROD or myself goes mad!

\* \* \* \* \*

(Later).

We stand together wreathed in wedded smiles;  
I never thought a TREE could spread such bows!

ST-PH-N PH-LL-PS.

7TH, 8TH.—In order to wake to ecstasy the throbbing heart of  
a great people, it is not grammar that is needed, nor yet the  
power of suborning the venal critic. What you want is a  
profound and intimate knowledge of facts, of human nature, of  
realities; combined with an exquisite modesty of attitude on  
the author's part. Those are the qualities for lack of which  
*The Christian* failed.

M-RIE C-R-LLI.

9TH, 10TH.—There was a time when I taught the Island to  
measure the actual value of literary work by its popularity in  
the British market. The inexplicable success of *The Master  
Christian* among the middle classes has compelled me to modify  
this opinion. It may be that the overwhelming force of one  
illustrious example encouraged me to make an unwarranted  
generalisation.

H-LL C-NE.

11TH TO 13TH.—*Suave mari, &c.* Yet, indeed, in no Epicurean  
sense, it is well to withdraw betimes from the fierce conflict of  
parties that one may secure a bird's-eye view of the vanity of  
affairs. ACHILLES in his tabernacle, NAPOLEON on Elba, HARCOURT,  
MORLEY and I have all enjoyed this restful experience; beauti-  
fied, with some of us, by the pursuit of history or dialectics.  
The first four, it is true, returned to public life, with fatal  
results in more cases than I care to mention. For myself,

greatly as I admire the Man of Action, I have had a thought  
that posterity may, after all, prefer to know me as a literary  
craftsman who merely devoted his superfluous energy to politics  
and the Turf by way of distraction.

R-S-B-RY.

15TH.—Sybarite!

W. V-RN-N H-RC-RT.

16TH, 17TH.—The deeficulty aboot sic a name as WATSON (ye'll  
ken that IAN MACLAREN is naethin' but a fechtin' disguise)  
is that a mon may be mistaken for anither genius of that ilk  
descreption. I hae a letter fra a puir body wha says:  
"Honoured Sir, me and my family wishes to let you know that  
our souls have been wonderful refreshed and elevated by your  
noble pome—*Abdul the Damned*."

I-N M-CL-R-N.

18TH.—Great Muse! and can it be this godless isle  
Breeds any so impervious of pelt  
That they confound my chaste and Greekish style  
With kailyard cackle of the so-called Kelt?

W-LL-M W-TS-N.

(To be resumed next week.)

O. S.

## HORACE HIBERNICISED.

[The Nationalist address to Mr. KRUGER states that the memorialists are  
"proudly conscious that they represent all that is best in Ireland."]

*Ad Mæcenatem Krugerum.*

KRUGER, of ancient Dopper strain,  
Thro' whom advertisement we gain;  
There is a common class of Celt  
Who proves his valour on the veldt,  
And holds the rarer metals dress  
Beside the copper of a cross.  
One here, whose feet to honour climb  
Undogged by outrage and by crime,  
One there, who courts the shafts of fate  
In loyal service of the State,  
It may be difficult to teach  
The smaller parts of currish speech.  
The man who, all unwisely brave,  
In seeking glory dares the grave,  
May often haply favour least  
The moonlight maiming of a beast,  
And he who snipes his country's foe  
Perversely lets his landlord go.  
Of Erin's sons there are whose pride  
Is to be true whenever tried,  
Large-hearted, loyal, gallant, gay,  
A colour spot on English grey.  
Us it rejoices to bemean  
Ourselves by idiotic spleen,  
By rant vaingloriously writ,  
And rancour unadorned by wit.  
For worth we know one only test,  
That the most blatant is the best;  
And if your Honour mark us—well,  
Our heads, if not our hearts, will swell.

## NOT AN UNREASONABLE IDEA.

*First Citizen.* What's the meaning of this? 'Aving done with  
the General Election, 'ere we are landed up with the Municipals?  
'Oo's responsible for this?

*Second Citizen.* Why, the printers and bill-stickers of course.  
They'd like an Election every week.

## AFTER THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

*Big Plunger.* Well, whenever I get a chance of a dash on a  
precious stone I'm in it. I backed *Diamond Jubilee* for the  
Derby and the Leger, and now I've made my winter's keep  
over Berrill.





## HAMLET ADAPTED.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Hamlet.* . . . . . RT. HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR.*Polonius.* . . . . . RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.*Polonius.* "DO YOU KNOW ME, MY LORD?"*Hamlet.* "EXCELLENT, EXCELLENT WELL. YOU'RE A FISHMONGER."*Polonius (proull).* "I AM, MY LORD."*Hamlet.* "I'M GLAD YOU'RE SO HONEST A MAN."*Polonius (rather puzzled).* "HONEST, MY LORD?"*Hamlet.* "AY, SIR; HONEST. TO BE HONEST, AS THIS WORLD GOES, IS TO BE ONE MAN PICKED OUT OF TWO THOUSAND."*Polonius (satisfied).* "THAT'S VERY TRUE, MY LORD."

[Wednesday, October 24. Mr. Chamberlain was presented with the freedom of the Fishmongers' Company. On the same evening Mr. Winston Churchill, addressing his constituents, referred to the attacks made on Mr. Chamberlain's personal honesty.—*Vide "Times," Oct. 25.*]





"GARN! YER WEAR YER FATHER'S BOOTS!"  
 "SO DO YOU! AN', WOT'S MORE, YER FEEL 'EM!"

### FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

*Summing up.*—Before ending my holiday at Oban, I wish to put on record that I am a convert to Scotch Sabbatarianism on Sunday. No postman appears; *ergo* neither letters nor papers, except for those persons to whose existence the receipt of letters and papers is essential. If any such there be at Oban, they can go themselves, or send, to the post office, between nine and ten on a Sunday morning. Between four and five in the afternoon they can send as many telegrams as they can write in the time and pay for.

Boating, riding, driving, and every form of labour, or amusement, is discountenanced on Sunday. No small craft about, sailing or rowing; yachts lie idly at anchor. A very few carriages drive in from long distances, bringing visitors into the town for morning church. Service over, the promenade is crowded on a fine Sunday, at mid-day, but top-hats and stiff go-to-meeting clothes are rarities. "The Church Parade" is decorous; and but for nearly every one carrying, quite naturally and unostentatiously, several devotionally bound books, it might be a gathering for a flower show, or of some highly respectable wedding parties *before* the festive breakfast. After one o'clock silence without; feeding within. The gay time is the Sunday evening parade. As the dusk grows duskier, couples become more affectionate; air is colder, hearts are warmer; and as evening merges into night, outlines become blurred, and colours blend. It is an eager and an embracing air.

So quiet! A stroll is the thing. Forth I fared. First northwards. Here I find a few people, scattered about, sedately reading, quietly discussing, meditating; a fair sprinkling of couples, deeply interested in themselves, occupying such seats as a considerate Town Council has so match-

makingly placed among the rocks and under the trees on the point of land beneath Dunolly Castle; perches for love-birds. So far so good: tranquillising effect; I retrace my steps. . . . Stay! Is it possible? What do I see—a vehicle containing four tourists! Is it so, have they been to some distant place of worship? Hum—they don't look like it: they are depending on one another for mutual support (this is evidence of brotherly and sisterly love), and are all decidedly somnolent. Just as they are disappearing, there rattles along the front a char-a-banc! full of trippers, by all that's unsabbatarian! Noisy trippers, too! I am profoundly indignant.

"Stay!" said I to myself, "maybe these people, having been at work all the week, have come here from Saturday to Monday, and only on Sunday have they the slightest chance of seeing the country and benefiting their bodies and minds by the beautiful sights, the soothing sounds and the reposeful atmosphere of these lovely surroundings. Without a trap and horses for a two-hours' drive or more, they would have missed all this; and if their throats have required moistening, well, this is an exception that proves the rule of sobriety and rest on Sunday at Oban."

*My last morning.*—The cheery Captain of the gallant *Fusilier* salutes us as we go aboard for a final run up to Fort William and back. Fine type of commanding officer in the Macbraynian Loch-Marine Service is Cap'en MACALLUM (or, if you forget his name, you can call it to mind by styling him "Cap'en What-you-may-callum") of the aforesaid gallant *Fusilier*, one of the best boats of this fleet. The Cap'en brings up alongside of the landing-stage in splendid style, under the very guns of Fort William! By the way, there are no guns, and there isn't any Fort; nor any William; but these are mere details.

I should not be doing my duty towards Oban did I omit all mention of the spick-and-span police force. They wear caps instead of helmets, and carry a handy sort of switch, silver-mounted. They walk with a light and airy step, quite merry "Switch-boys." In orderly Oban, orderly in a general way that is, there is not much occupation for the natty constables, though now and again, on certain occasions when the braw laddies, having taken a wee drappie i' the 'ee, are inclined to make themselves a trifle objectionable to staid citizens, the spry police of Oban know exactly when and where their services will be required, and cleverly keep out of sight until the psychological moment arrives.

*On the climate.*—Is Oban relaxing? Personally, I do not consider it so; but, anyway, it is a first-rate place for "relaxation."

*Farewell visit.*—Dunnolly, or Dunollie, Castle—that is, the ruins of what was once upon a time Dunollie Castle—picturesquely situated at the northern entrance of Oban Bay, can be inspected three times a week by kind permission of the spirited proprietor who permits visitors to walk through a portion, and a very pretty portion too, of the estate, on certain days, charging only the trifling sum of threepence a head for entry within the walls of the ruin itself. I trust that these threepennies, which must bring in a considerable amount during the tourist season, do not go to any "restoration fund." The threepences won't be restored, of course; neither, let us trust, will be the ruins. I fancy they are devoted to some charitable purpose. Personally I prefer the view of the castle from the bay, to the view of the bay from the castle. From the rocks below I behold a most glorious sunset; for in glorious sunsets Oban is rich indeed. The milkman's sonata on the bell, heard in the middle distance, for the last time, warns me that the hour of dinner is near at hand. It needed no milkman's bell to tell me this.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Adoo! Adoo!*—To Dunollie is always a pleasant stroll. To-day it has a melancholy interest for me. Goodbye! I visit it on the last afternoon of my vacation. Most appropriate; *Done* 'Oliday Castle.



## AFTER VACATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You, who are the friend of the young, can, I think, spare a thought from your cares to the freshmen lately folded to the breast of Cambridge or of Oxford. From all quarters of the world have they taken their way, some with high ideals of the little life they are to live within those grey and venerable walls, some with thoughts of a happy time relieved of the incubus of schoolmasters, and exalted by the possession of a cheque-book and 'a moderate balance at the bank. But they are all freshmen, youngster upon whom trials and troubles have set no defacing mark, gay, light-hearted, shy and unspoiled in mind, in heart, and it does a veteran good to live with them, even though it be merely in imagination, for a moment.

How silently, how swiftly and how relentlessly the years go by and separate us from our freshmanhood by an ever-widening gulf. Yet, I look back through the mists of memory, and, lo! clear and distinct above the rest the days of my novitiate shine out! I see the great Court of Trinity, I hear the splashing of the fountain, the evening bell that called us to chapel, the laughter and shouts of the gowned and hurrying men trooping to service. I see the sturdy ancient porter standing squarely in his gateway, and I feel again the discomfort of the cobblestones with which the court in those dim irrevocable days was paved. Happy freshmen of to-day! You still hurry to chapel, I doubt not, but your feet tread a smooth, well-flagged pavement.

But the grass-plot, I suppose, is still sacred to the feet of Fellows of the College. Not even the freshman may plead his innocent habit of walking over his lawns at home as an excuse for desecrating with his impious tread the college turf. Yet, such is the daring nature of freshmen, that now, as in former years, when the nights are dark and the porters are asleep, they may be dimly seen dashing over the lawns to their rooms, wild figures of enterprise and revolt against the laws.

Lately, straying through my old college, I noted three grave and solemn cats sitting with an air of ownership at the foot of a staircase. There they had sat, it seemed to me, since my own distant first October term, and there they will sit as the ages roll. For, though dogs are forbidden, the cat is a lawful animal in college, and many are the votaries of the whiskered Pasht. Does she still, I wonder, insert herself heedlessly into narrow spaces between rafters and roof and make night clamorous with her pitiful appeals for extrication? For even cats are not always happy. Moreover, there was once a dog,



Carman. "Now THEN, MISS, WHICH SIDE ARE YER COMING?"  
Nervous Beginner. "I—I DON'T KNOW YET!"

a lively fox terrier, who "kept" in rooms in the Great Court, and was lowered into Trinity Lane in a basket from an upper window. Having chanced one night to alight on the head of the Dean, his college career came to an untimely end. The plea that his vile body was merely being used as a convenient weight to test a new system of pulleys was, I regret to say, received with the chilling suspicion which in those days froze the relations between dons and undergraduates. That, too, is, I am assured, altered now, and every Dean treats every freshman as if they two were twin brothers.

There is no life so like its description in books as life at a University. The headlessness, the cheerful extravagance, the gay frivolity, the sport, the talk, the meetings, the encounters, the cuttings of lectures and chapels, the dinners—all these remain the same from generation to generation. Bed-makers still wear their bonnets and shawls, gyps hurry from room to room and grow rich, but never old, in their hurrying, and tutors' breakfasts to freshmen are still arctic in their moral

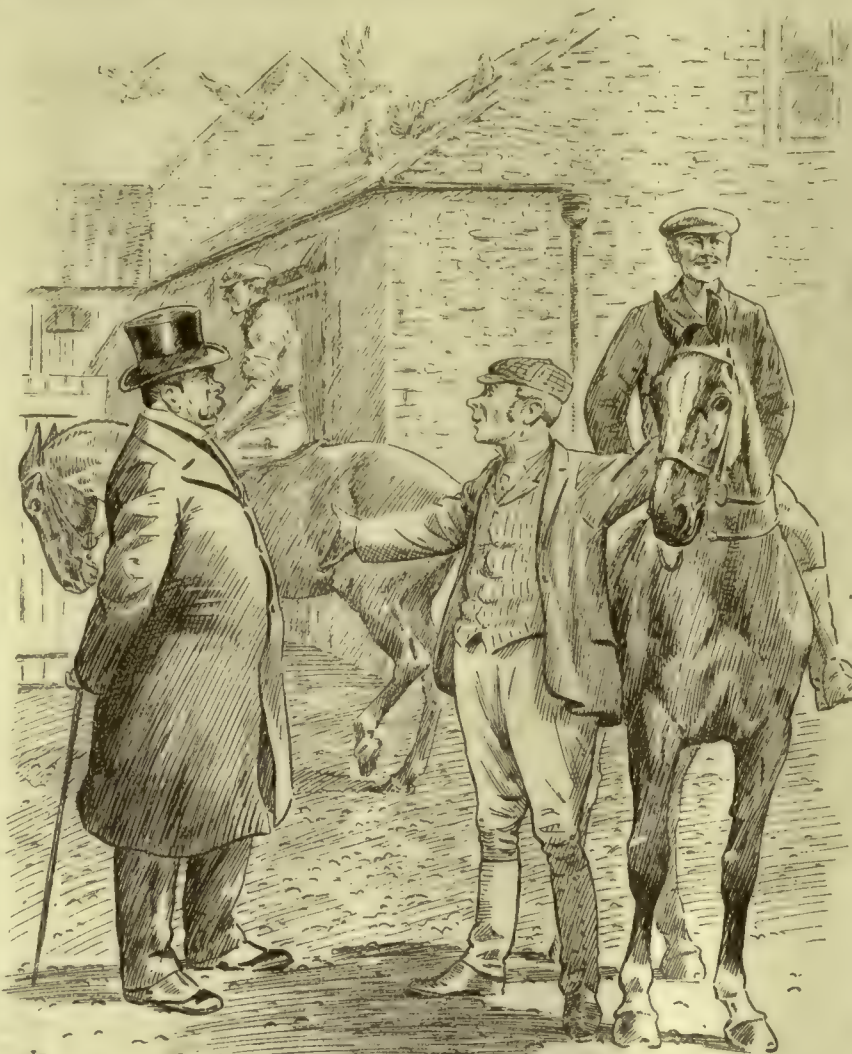
atmosphere and severely restrained in the conversation that they produce.

However, be happy, freshmen, while you may. Great traditions of manly effort and endurance and accomplishment, whether in the schools or in the no less worthy intercourse of playing field and river, are yours. All the heroes of the past, whose great names and whose mighty deeds you rehearsed at school, are now a part of your splendid inheritance. You will learn to be men, not by forgetting to be boys, but by giving free scope to all the bright and happy impulses that spring from youth and high spirits—always, be it observed, within the limits of becoming mirth. And therefore—but I remember: it is to Mr. Punch that these lines are properly addressed. He, from his seat of wisdom, smiles, I know, upon all freshmen and gives them greeting.

THE VAGRANT.

WHY is the German Emperor the larkiest monarch in the world?—Because he is at the head of everything in Berlin, which is always on the Spree.





J. ALLANS.

Dealer (to Customer in search of a hack). "Now, SIR, IF YOU WANT ONE FOR PLEASURE, I CAN RECOMMEND THIS. BUT IF YOU WANT ONE FOR LIVER, I SHOULD ADVISE THAT!"

### ESSENCE OF DON JOSÉ.

(Extracted from the Inner Consciousness of Toby, M.P.)

FAR away the most interesting portion of the book about Don José's work and life, just published by HUTCHINSON, is the earlier half, leading up to promulgation of the Unauthorised Programme. The author is obviously a Birmingham lady, and only Birmingham people can realise what Don José has done for the material, educational, and moral advancement of the town they love with clannish feeling rare on this side of the Tweed. If Don José had never been anything more than Mayor of Birmingham he would have established a unique position. He found a large area of the town a nest of slum. He left the borough a model for municipalities. Of course, he had co-workers. So had NAPOLEON, through his long series of campaigns. It was Don José who inspired

them with his own energy, his dauntless courage, his directness of purpose, his large and liberal views. Born too late to assist in building Rome, he made Birmingham.

Wisely quoting where necessary contemporary records, Miss MARRIS gives a clear and graphic account of Don José's chrysalis state, and his inevitable emergence. The Member for Sark chanced to make Don José's personal acquaintance just twenty-six years ago, at the turning point of his career. Mayor of Birmingham, in 1874, it became his duty to act as host to the Prince and Princess of WALES. Already he had begun to be an object of public interest. He was suspected of being tarred with the brush of Republicanism. He was certainly dissatisfied with things generally as they were managed outside the radius of Birmingham. In the pages of the *Fortnightly Review* he had, a few months

earlier, given Mr. GLADSTONE his sailing orders, and put the Liberal party straight. How would he comport himself with unaccustomed royalty as his official guests?

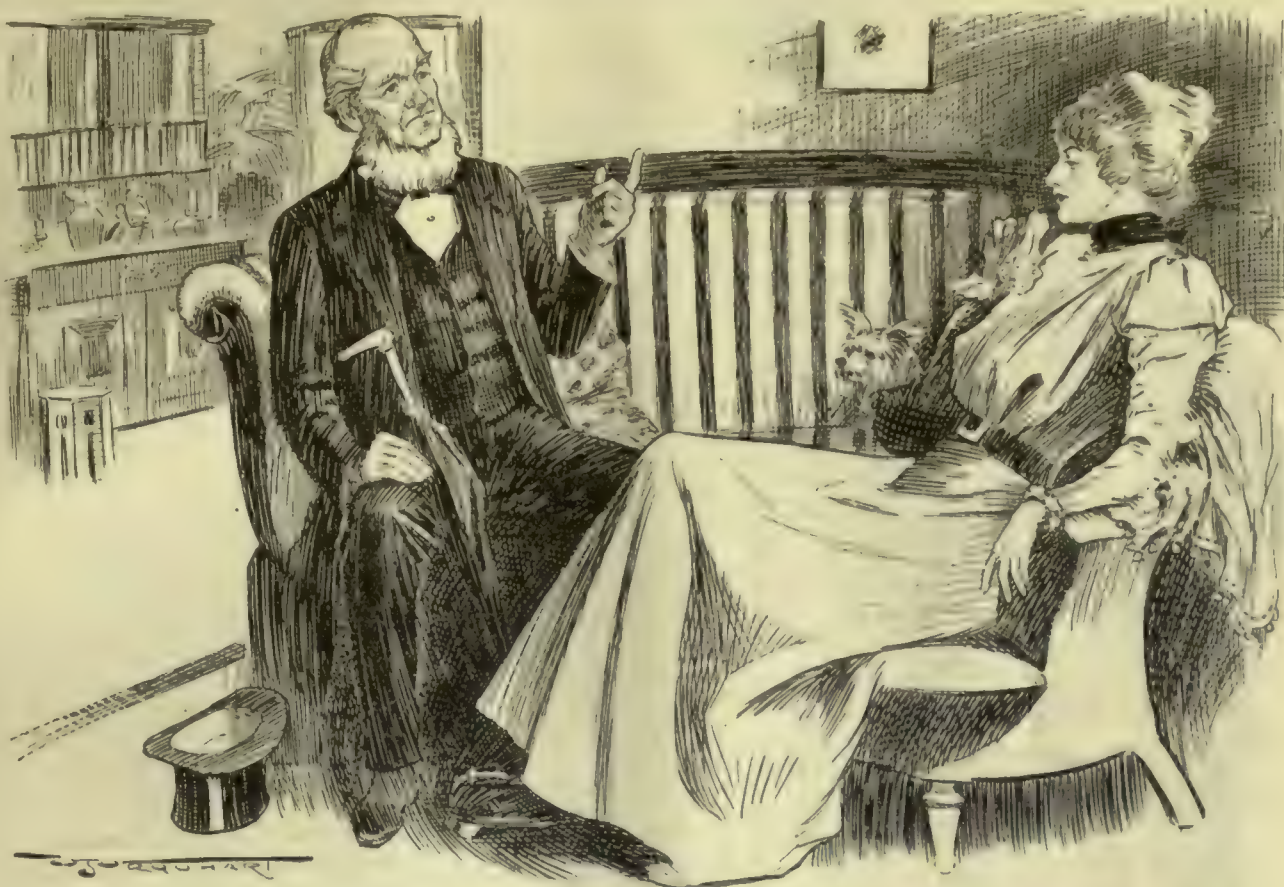
Well, as they say at Edgbaston, he did it *à merveille*. The impression then made on that exacting judge, that acute man of the world, the Prince of WALES, founded an appreciation growing in warmth and strength in the more intimate connection arising out of marvelously developed circumstances since created.

There are two Don JOSÉS, one known to a continent that hates and fears him, the other familiar to a little islet of family and friends who see in him the most lovable of men. Among the interesting illustrations that add to the value of Miss MARRIS's book are two portraits. One, taken so recently as August this year, present Don JOSÉ seated in his orchid house. In the steadfast outlook, the sternly closed lips and, above all, in the hands nervously clasped as if the interlaced fingers were closed over the head of Oom PAUL, is seen the Don JOSÉ of public life. In another portrait, taken in company with his son AUSTEN, the Colonial Secretary is effaced, the centre of the picture being reserved for the columnar figure of his boy AUSTEN, of whose first House of Commons' effort, essayed amid the fiery heat of the Home Rule Disruption, Mr. GLADSTONE said, "It was a speech that must have been dear and refreshing to a Father's heart."

Don JOSÉ is, in brief, a dire enemy, a peerless friend. Indispensable when the Unionist Government was formed in 1895, he would take nothing for himself until he had exacted a pledge that certain of his ancient comrades should be provided for. This faithfulness, rare in political life, has for the last five years been a fruitful source of flouts and jeers. The Member for Sark tells me (and perhaps I should not give the secret away) that herein lies DON JOSÉ's vulnerable point. You may revile him as you please, attack him where you can. He comes up smiling, ready to give at least as much as he gets. But to say a word of disparagement of JESSE COLLINGS, to whisper doubt of POWELL WILLIAMS's heaven-born genius as a man-of-war, cuts him to the quick.

DON JOSÉ has that magnetism of character which, commandeering mankind, enables him to move mountains. Speaking in 1868 of the local organisation which, later, became known as the Birmingham Caucus, and did much to dominate the constituencies, he described it as designed "to perpetuate the Liberal representation of Birmingham." As long as Don JOSÉ wore Liberal colours that purpose was effected. However politics might shape themselves outside the Midlands, Birmingham was true to the pole of Liberalism. When Don JOSÉ turned





"WERE YOU IMPRESSED BY THE PARTHENON, MR. MCTURK?"

"IMPRESSED! WHY, IF YOU'LL BELIEVE ME, THE BUILDING IS NAETHING BUT A HEAP O' RUINS!"

his steps in the directly opposite direction, Birmingham, with more or less of docility, went with him. To-day, the representatives of the once Radical Metropolis, and a large tract within its sphere of influence, form the backbone of the party supporting a Tory Government. At both epochs Birmingham was honestly convinced that it was in the right.

The record of English history will be searched in vain for a parallel case of personal supremacy. One can imagine the pathos that shakes the voice of the Squire of MALWOOD, as, strolling through the New Forest, now in the sere and yellow leaf, he chants the wistful ballad of the Pilgrim of Birmingham:—

Full twenty years and more are past,  
Since I left Brummagem;  
I set me out for home at last  
To good old Brummagem.  
But every place is altered so,  
There's hardly a single place I know;  
And it fills my heart with grief and woe,  
For I can't find Brummagem.

The Birmingham of the Corn Law League, of the Charter, of rampant Radicalism on all current political questions is as dead as Carthage. And DON JOSÉ of all men buried it.

#### C. I. V. ILITIES.

[The following letter, written by a City Imperial Volunteer to his mother in Glasgow, after the great march, has been forwarded to us for publication.]

Kambersfontein.

DEAR MOTHER,—I am sure you will like to hear about our entry into London. You are always interested in my soldiering.

Well, we entrained at Southampton. Our colonel had commandeered two trains for us. And ultimately we found ourselves at Padder River Station, so-called from the canal which is near it. We tumbled out sharp, and formed up on the platform. The station was empty, but the streets were full of burghers. They showed us every civility, however, and cheered as we passed. They had even hung out flags for us. It was just like marching into Johannesburg over again.

After we'd gone four or five miles, and were beginning to feel rather done, we were halted while the mayor made a speech and handed over the keys or something to MACKINNON. We would much rather have had a drink. The streets were very narrow here, much narrower than Pretoria, and the buildings not near so fine. But the people were

still quite well disposed, and cheered us heartily as we passed. It was very curious—quite like a captured city.

Then we made our way along a still narrower little street called Fleet Street. It had apparently been barricaded at one time along its entire length, for there were baulks of timber everywhere. But the mines, if there were any, didn't go off, and we got safely to the Cathedral, where there was service. It was at the top of a steep hill. We called it Cannon Kopje from Cannon Street, close by.

After service we re-formed and marched to the Guild-kraal, where everybody outspanned and ate till they pretty well busted. And I can tell you they wanted it! But it was a prime feed all the same. Then there were speeches. Everybody said we were heroes, and were as civil as possible.

Altogether, it was a most successful march, and there were few casualties. It was the only time we were afraid of encountering "de wet."—Your affectionate  
TOMMY.

THEATRICAL MEM.—Curious that at Wyndham's Theatre the part of a Canon should be played by A. Bishop!





*Hostess.* "WHY, MR. SMITH, I'VE HARDLY SEEN YOU ALL THE EVENING! NOW I PARTICULARLY WANT YOU TO COME AND HEAR A WHISTLING SOLO BY MY HUSBAND."

*Smith (whose hearing is a trifle indistinct).* "A WHISKEY AND SODA WITH YOUR HUSBAND? WELL, THANKS, I DON'T MIND IF I DO HAVE JUST ONE!"

## DRAMA À LA MODE.

(A Suggestion.)

MR. PUNCH, having been struck by the fact that the public taste has turned of late in the direction of light musical pieces, and mindful of the recent metamorphosis of a successful comedy into a musical play, begs to offer the following luminous suggestion to certain theatrical managers. Whilst fully aware of the success achieved by Messrs. MAUDE and HARRISON in SHERIDAN's comedy, and by Mr. WYNDHAM in the drama of Mr. JONES; yet Mr. Punch feels certain that a greater

triumph would await the transformation of these two plays into ordinary musical comedies. They would probably run a few years then, in place of a few months. Appended are a few rough directions.

### THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

(A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.)

ACT I.—Garden at *Lady Sneerwell's* House. A fancy-dress fête in full swing. This allows good scope for chorus-work and effective costumes. Miss MARIE LLOYD as *Lady Sneerwell* should be well provided with songs. The less attempt made to follow SHERIDAN's story the

better. *Sir Peter Teazle* (Mr. WALTER PASSMORE) and *Lady Teazle* (Miss ADA REEVE) in a quarrelling duet (with dance to follow), would be very effective. Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, having doubled the parts of *Joseph* and *Charles Surface*, may be safely relied upon to dislocate most wittily the entire action of the piece. His revived song about "The good young man that drank nothing but Porter—water" is sure to create a *furor*. Mr. GEORGE ROBEX, with his well-known gift for historical impersonations, could give an effective picture of the beau—*Sir Benjamin Backbite*. He must not interrupt Mr. ROBERTS, however, too often with "Oh, how rude!" As *Sir Oliver Surface*, Mr. HARRY MONKHOUSE is sure to be immense, and to do full justice to the high colouring.

ACT II.—Banquet Hall in *Charles Surface's* House. Great opportunity for Mr. ROBERTS as the convivial host—with impromptu speeches. His sudden transformation (done in the wings) to *Joseph Surface*, with a discourse on conjugal happiness, should prove the "hit" of the piece. The love-interest can be well left in the hands of Miss PRETTYSMILE and Mr. HIGHNOTE. The genius of Mr. ROBERTS is not so well suited for portraying the romantic affection of *Charles* for *Maria*.

### MRS. DANE'S DEFENCE.

(A Musical Comedy in two acts.)

It would be best to entirely remove the serious atmosphere of this clever work, before it can be expected to succeed as a musical play. Mr. DAN LENO (whose long experience in feminine parts—especially married ones—should be of great assistance) may be safely entrusted with the rôle of *Mrs. Dane*, and this inevitably suggests Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL as *Sir Daniel Carteret*. The two might give their old pantomime duet, "You don't mean to say so—I do," in a comic cross-examination scene. *Canon Bonsey* should be reduced to a curate, and as such—Mr. PENLEY is, of course, the man. Mr. Punch is brimful of other brilliant suggestions, but these, perhaps, suffice to show how *Mrs. Dane Leno's Defence*—beg pardon—*Mrs. Dane's Defence* might become a splendid musical success.

A BRILLIANT GAS RETORT: The new SUGG lamps in the Strand, at the corner of Wellington Street. In street-lighting electricity has long held the field. Enter Mr. SUGG, with a couple of his thousand-candle lamps under each arm, and the adjoining electric lights blink in dismay. In magical result, ALADDIN's lamp nothing to WILLIAM SUGG's.

"THE BOXERS."—About December the 26th, "The Boxers" will be found everywhere in England. Don't be afraid; these will be "The Christmas-Boxers."





## DARING DOGS!

BRITISH SAILOR. "WE DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN NO, BLOOMIN' PAGODA, DO WE?"

GERMAN SAILOR. "NEIN! BOT SUBBOSIN' ODER BARTIES VANTS TO OGGUBY HIM?"

BRITISH SAILOR. "WHY, THEN, WE BLOOMIN' WELL RESERVES TO OURSELVES THE RIGHT TO TALK IT OVER!"









### WEEDING OUT THE OLD 'UNS; OR WHICH WILL HE SUPER-ANNUATE?

*Chorus of Elderly Coryphæes. "OF COURSE, SOMEBODY HAS TO GO; BUT SURELY IT CAN'T BE ME! I'M AS YOUNG AS EVER!!"*

*[The only one who is quite safe, of course, is Signorina Joss.]*

### THE JOLLY YOUNG WATER-COLOUR-MEN, R.I.

ONE of the most delightful picture-shows of the year is that of the Water-colourists and Pastellists at the Royal Institute. The Gallery, situated as it is at the top of three flights of stairs, flights not by any means of imagination, ought certainly to exhibit nothing but specimens of the highest art. PHIL MAY'S are first, as he is No. 1 in the catalogue, and his are the first seven on the walls, of which "*Scandal*" and "*Dismal Nico*" are the pick of this bunch; but, later on, No. 365, of the same artist's work, "*An Orphan*," undoubtedly takes the "bun," and, indeed, the poor boy looks as if he wanted it badly. Then notice 336, the *Volendam Child*, which sounds like swearing but isn't. Insert "good" between the last syllable of the first word and "child"; that describes her. Let the visitor go to Nos. 169 and 170, by W. B. WOLLEN, R.I., sketches, full of military life and character,

Sir JAMES D. LINTON has taken an ecclesiastical turn, and seems to have stained glass in his eye. He represents WESLEY, LATIMER, ST. EDMUND THE MARTYR, ALCUIN and BUNYAN all in the same window together. From the stained-glass-window point of view, all excellent men according to their "lights."

Mr. BERNARD PARTRIDGE'S *Sir Henry Irving* (223) as *Hamlet*, "a drawing from memory," is quite a masterpiece. As a life-like, soliloquising portrait it is wonderful. The Garrick Club should not let this great chance slip, and should purchase it for its unique collection. The portrait of the Artist by himself, is very good, for he has apparently seen himself as others see him. There is no price put on his head. Evidently the artist knows a trick worth two of that, and is not to be "sold."

Miss EMILY FARMER'S two children in No. 241, *Sweet and Bitter*, are delightful. *Autumn's Golden Crown*, by E. G. WARREN, R.I., is glorious in colour, showing many a country chiropodist engaged in cutting somebody else's corn.

279. *A Sussex Common*, by E. M. WIMPERIS, Vice-President,

R.I., will make you consider whether it is not risky to go any further than the frame without an umbrella.

(339) *The Phyllis* and (345) *Billy Taylor's Sweetheart*, by the President, R.I., are good specimens of the handiwork of GREGORY the Great.

J. AUMONIER, R.I., gives us nine pictures of Clovelly, which place he evidently visited in the very sunniest weather. Probably, with a microscope, the wasps which swarm there might be detected. We could "linger longer" in Dutchland with Messrs. MACQUOID, RICHARDSON and FINNEMORE, all Royal Institute-tutors who we trust will have many first-class pupils in their school, but our time is limited. Walk up, Walk up!

OLD SAW Re-SET.—Lord ROSEBURY has severed his connection with the turf and sold his racing stud. He will now give his undivided attention to politics. This course necessitates a considerable amount of speechifying. Thus his Lordship may be said to have reversed the well-known advice given by DUCROW to the author of an equestrian drama, and to have decided to "cut the osses and come to the cackle." *Prosit.*

*The British Army for Ever! Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue!* Never shall England want a soldier as long as there are whole regiments of them in the most brilliant form of "Scraps," horse and foot, all tucked up comfortably in the Christmas-is-coming Boxes of Xmas Cards and other novelties prepared by Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. LABOUCHERE, looking through the book advertisements, came upon the following announcement. "*The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain; The Man and the Statesman*. Price 10s. nett." "And very dear at the money, too," said the SAGE (late) of Queen Anne's Gate, lighting another cigarette.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite's acquaintance with ghosts is neither extensive nor peculiar. But if as a class disembodied spirits are as sweet, as gentle and as lovable as the late *Agnes Rivers*, the heroine of *The Gateless Barrier* (METHUEN), he would desire further acquaintance. In the design of the story, LUCAS MALET set herself a difficult task. An Englishman who has married a real spry American beauty, visiting his ancestral home, makes the acquaintance of a lady who has been dead, and should have been buried, nearly a hundred years. In spite of mortal conjugal relations, *Lawrence Rivers* makes love to the ghost who, in the prettiest, most pathetic manner returns his love. It is obvious that here is opportunity for making a ludicrous mess of things. LUCAS MALET, with delicate yet firm touch, from first to last steers clear of bathos. Her story is rather a beautiful poem than a prose narrative. A daringly original thought has been worked out with unflinching success.

*The Random Recollections of a Publisher* (SIMKIN & Co.), by Mr. WILLIAM TINSLEY, "which his name was ever 'BILL,'" are, to the Baron, decidedly interesting, and not a little amusing. Herein contemporaries or barely contemporaries, more or less known to one another and to the general public, some of them meeting for the first time in these two volumes, form a kind of Happy Family in a Happy Land where actors, authors, actresses, artists, publishers publicans, singers, pressmen, composers, compositors, barristers, betting men, dancers, doctors, in fact, all Bohemia, between St. John's Wood and Margate inclusive, live, move and have their being, sometimes in merriment, sometimes in doleful dumps; sometimes in funds, sometimes penniless; but always more or less careless, generous yet selfish, always open-mouthed and often open-handed; easy-going as money might be easy-coming; ready to do a *confrère* a good turn that would require no great exertion; men full of strange oaths and warm-hearted sentiments. Such was the Bohemia that Mr. TINSLEY knew and loved so well; where, "once upon a time," the Random Recollector and the Baron must have foregathered. He takes us back to old Vauxhall; what little he has to say about Mr. *Punch* is fairly correct and proper; and he is hereby informed that no one was ever at any time authorised to describe himself on his visiting card as "correspondent of *Punch*." The Random Recollector becomes a trifle mixed as to the ABECKETT family; but as Mr. *Toots* says, "It's of no consequence, I assure you." Also he is in error as to the sequence of events in the history of GEORGE ROSE, alias "ARTHUR SKETCHLEY." But other reminiscences may be forthcoming which will put such trifles right. But in the meantime these will serve. Mr. TINSLEY's recollections awaken slumbering memories, and conjure up, for the Baron at least, some old familiar faces, and the cheery tones of many a brilliant companion when all the world was young.

It is no secret that the General Election was arranged for in high places with the certain expectation of sweeping the country. On examining the dust shovel at the end of a laborious and costly process, it is found to contain two seats. This certainly beats the mountain in labour, which, as everybody knows, brought forth only a mouse. Here be twain. The result, unexpected on both sides, doubtless owes much to the energy of the Liberal Publication Department, which flooded the constituencies with literature designed to show the results of "Five Years of Tory Government" and the like. Mr. CHARLES GEAKE and his colleagues in Parliament Street have a pitiless way of piling up damaging facts and figures forgotten in the rush of events. My Baronite believes that if Mr. BIRRELL had been on the subscribers' list of the Department, and had obtained a supply of its formidable electioneering pom-poms and small arms, he would to-day be one of the Members for Manchester.

Christmas is coming, and the Christmas Books are arriv-

ing in Christmas Boxes. "Allow me," says my Baronitess, "to introduce at once to both boy and girl readers *Jones the Mysterious*, by CHARLES EDWARDS (BLACKIE & SON). A child-wonder, indeed, is this *Master Jones*. His sudden and uncanny disappearances at times when the reader is most interested in his movements, supply the principal incidents of quite the most exciting and humorous story of school-life we have read for a long time."

Young lady readers must certainly patronise *Cynthia's Bonnet Shop*, by ROSA MULHOLLAND, and I am sure they will be delighted with both *Miss Cynthia* and her sister *Bebind*, who are the principal characters in this very charming story. Such is the opinion of my Baronitess.

My Baronitess informs me that she has not the slightest hesitation in advising everybody young enough to enjoy the story, to make the acquaintance of *Miss Nonentity*, by L. T. MEADE (W. & R. CHAMBERS). She will be found a very delightful person who proves herself to be a "Miss Somebody" and of considerable importance, too.

*The Story of a School Conspiracy*, by ANDREW HOME (W. & R. CHAMBERS), telling of a deep-laid plot and of hairbreadth escapes! All guaranteed to fill the heart of every schoolboy with keenest joy. "Tolle lege, Tolle lege!" O Schoolboy! or irreparable will be thy loss. THE BARON DE B.-W.

## NEW RENDERING OF AN OLD REFRAIN.

AIR—"Vive la Compagnie."

WE'RE glad to welcome you back again,  
Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

You've fought for honour with might and main,  
Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

It doesn't seem much for a Briton to do,  
To risk all he's got while he's fighting for you,  
He does it—he's proud of the Red, White and Blue,  
Vivent les C. I. V.'s!

Chorus.

Vive la Reine! et Vive la Paix!  
Vive Lor' Maire de la Cité!  
Vivent l'Empire et les Colonies,  
Et vivent les C. I. V.'s!

(Chorus put into quasi-French, just to show that we can be loyally Canadian when we like. Another cheer—"Vive Lor' STRATHCONA!" That's better than shouting, "Vive KRUGER!"—a German, by the way—not even a Dutchman!)

## DRAWING WALES AT THE PALACE.

IF Mr. CHARLES MORTON, manager of the Palace Theatre, were not a delightfully engaging man, it is evident that the many fair young ladies composing the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir would not have become engaged to him. Their talented Personal Conductress, Madame CLARA NOVELLO DAVIES, would have set her face—a most expressive face, too—against it. 'Tis a rare thing to see gathered together in any one place twenty-four young ladies—the total of the blackbirds baked in a pie—all engaged! And all engaged to one man! But there they are, engaged to Mr. MORTON for a season. And when the Palace is open, not only do these Welsh birds begin to sing part-songs excellently well, but Miss JENNIE FOULKES (young FOULKES, of course, she has left the "old FOULKES at home") and Miss JANET GARNETT (precious is a GARNETT!) step forward to give us solos that delight the audience; the latter young lady showing herself of great promise as well as of first-class performance.

With their eyes on the adroitly wielded bâton of Madame DAVIES, the Royal Welshesses haunted their spirit-stirring national song, "*Echt Teerg Ew Dnal Riaf*," which includes the sweetly melodious and popular ballad, "*Ynnej Senoj*." Gallant Little Wales will crowd to the Palace Theatre of Song for this! Also for the entire entertainment, which, varying and varied, reflects the greatest credit on Mr. CHARLES MORTON's management.





Bernard Partridge fec.

A P T A I N  
A B N E R  
hesitated  
a moment.  
"She's a  
mighty  
fine wo-  
m a n,

SAM," said he; "but if I  
go and set the case afore

her, and she agrees to ship with me, then I can't ask the other one, and there might as well be no other one. And she's as pert a little clipper as ever I seed, SAM; and she likes sailin', that she does."

"Now, don't you worry about that," said SAM. "You jes' say all you've got to say to her and hear all she's got to say, but don't sign no papers till you talk to the other girl. Hurry up, and walk along the beach a little farther off."

Without waiting for an answer, SAM TWITTY galloped away, or that was what he would have done had he been a sheep-dog. He darted in between Mrs. SICKLES and her companions, he turned her down the beach, he talked to her in rapid snaps about the sea, the sky, the sand, and before she knew it he had driven her alongside of Captain ABNER. Then, with what might have been compared to a bark of satisfaction, he bounced away to join the others, who were looking for shells.

In about ten minutes SAM TWITTY's port eye told him that Captain ABNER and the toll-gate woman were approaching, but in ABNER there were signs of a disposition to fall back. In an instant he had bounded between them, and was showing shells to the widow. Then, letting her go on by herself, he turned sharply upon ABNER.

"Well," said he, their heads close together, "what did she say? Is she all right?"

Captain ABNER threw a glance over the water, as if his soul were yearning for the fancied possibilities of Thompsonstown. "Oh, it's all right enough, so far as she counts," said he. "I went straight at it, and put the whole thing afore her. I told her about the house and the two parts to it, and what they was for, and she said that was charmin'; and I told her about the king conch-shell and the gilded idol, and she said she thought either one of them would be jes' lovely, and nothin', she

believed, could be better on mantelpieces than gilded idols or king conch-shells. And everything else was jes' as slick and smooth as if she was slidin' off the stocks. She's good-lookin' enough, SAM, but she ain't got no mind, and I didn't fix up that house, and bother myself, year in and year out, gettin' it all right, to take it and give it to a woman what's got no mind."

"And don't she suit you?" asked SAM eagerly.

"No, Sir," replied the other; "she don't suit."

"All right," exclaimed the ever-ready SAM, "jes' you wait where you are for one minute." In less than that time the agile SAM had rounded up Miss DENBY, and had her walking along the beach by the side of Captain ABNER; and whether she thought that skilful skipper was going to show her some rare seaweed, or the state of his mind, made no difference to SAM.

The good Mrs. SICKLES was standing alone, reflectively gazing upon the little waves, so SAM had no trouble in carrying off the minister to a short distance for a few confidential remarks.

"I want you to tell me, Sir," said he, "if there's any reason why you couldn't marry a party, right here on the sea-shore—I don't believe there could be any more fittin' place, 'specially as one of them is a sailor. People don't have to have no licence here in this State."

Mr. RIPPLEDEAN laughed. "As I am a regularly ordained minister, I can perform a marriage anywhere in this State," said he, "where, it is true, no marriage licence is required, provided the parties are of legal age, and there are no objections. But who wants to be married?"

"I can't say, jes' now," answered SAM, "matters isn't settled yet; but everything is goin' ahead lively with a stiff breeze, and I guess we'll get into soundin's pretty soon. I only spoke to you to know if you'd be all right when the couple's ready."

"There is nothing the matter with me," said the young man, "but I would like to know——"

"Jes' you lay-to for a while," said SAM, "and I'll tell you all about it." And then, noticing that Mrs. SICKLES was glancing toward the Captain and his companion, as if she thought to join them, he dashed out to cut her off.

Meanwhile, Miss DENBY, with glowing eyes, was saying, "Yes, I do love to sail, and to sail in a small boat, close to the water, almost as if I were in it, skimming like a bird with my wings dipping. Oh, it is grand! And you have a sail-boat?"



The Captain answered, "Indeed I have; and there's none better, either for sailing on the wind, or before the wind, or with next to no wind at all."

"How wonderfully you must sail it. I could not keep my eyes off you as you brought us over here. It was grand! You made her do anything you pleased."

The Captain smiled and nodded. "But I think of my house as much as I do of my boat, Miss," said he. "I've got a mighty nice parlour that's as good as any ship's cabin; and now let me put this p'int to you. If you had a big king conch-shell, the prettiest you've ever seen, and it was on the middle of the mantelpiece, and you had a gilded idol in another place, would you put the idol where the conch-shell was and the conch-shell where the idol was, or would you leave 'em both jes' where they was afore?"

The young woman laughed. "What kind of an idol would it be?" she asked. "A beautiful piece of carving?"

"Tain't that," said Captain ABNER; "it's jes' a piece of wood whittled out by a heathen, but it used to be in a temple, and it's gilded all over."

"Oh, dear," said she, "I don't think much of that sort of an idol. I might like to be a gilded idol myself, if I had the right person to worship me. But, as for a wooden idol, I wouldn't put that on the mantelpiece, and I am of the same opinion as to the conch-shell."

"But it's a king conch-shell," said the Captain.

"I don't care," said she; "king or queen, it would be all the same to me. But if I were you I think I would be most of the time in the boat. What is a house, no matter what it has in it, compared to a boat dancing over the waves and speeding before the wind!"

Captain ABNER looked at her. "I expect you'd like to learn to steer, wouldn't you?"

"Indeed I would," she answered. "There is nothing I would like better."

Captain ABNER put his hands into his pockets, and gently whistled, and then, leaving him, Miss DENBY ran to join the toll-gate woman. Down swooped SAM TWITTY.

"Is it all right?" he whispered to ABNER.

"All up," the other answered, "and I'm glad of it. She don't want no gilded idol, and she don't want no king conch-shell. She wants her hand on the tiller, that's what she wants. She's got too much mind for me. After I've been workin', year in and year out, gettin' my affairs the way I want them, I don't fancy anybody comin' down on me and takin' the tiller out of my hands."

SAM made two or three steps forward, and then he stood gazing in the direction of the setting sun. Resting on one slipped foot and extending the other before him, he folded his arms and remained a few moments wrapped in thought. Suddenly he turned.

"Cap'n ABNER," he cried, "it won't do to sink this chance! It'll never pop up agin. You must have spoke pretty plain to that toll-gate woman, considerin' the way she's been turnin' it over in her mind."

"Yes, I did," said Captain ABNER, "and that's the way I found out what she was. But I didn't ask her to ship with me."

"And you don't want her to?" said SAM.

"No, I don't."

"And you don't want the other one, nuther?"

"No, I don't," replied Captain ABNER, doggedly. "I don't want nuther of 'em. And I say, SAM, the sun's gettin' down and it's about time for us to be settin' sail."

"There's a good stretch of sky under that sun yet," said SAM; "and jes' you wait a bit, Cap'n."

SAM TWITTY walked slowly along the sandy beach; he looked as a sheep-dog might look, who was wondering within himself whether or not he had brought back from the fields as many sheep as he had taken out. He stopped and gazed about at

the party. Captain ABNER was walking toward the boat, the Minister and the DENBY girl were standing together comparing shells, and the toll-gate woman was strolling by herself a little higher up the beach, still in a reflective mood. SAM glanced from his companions to the sky, the water, the beautiful glistening sands.

"It's a shame to lose all this," he said to himself, "it's a burnin' shame to sink it all." Then suddenly, as if his master had whistled, he sped to the side of Mrs. SICKLES. Backwards and forwards these two walked, SAM talking earnestly, and the toll-gate woman listening with great interest. Captain ABNER now and then gave them an impatient glance, but the other couple did not regard them at all.

"But, Mr. TWITTY," said Mrs. SICKLES, "this is so unexpected. I had an idea of the kind about Cap'n ABNER, for I could not help it, but you—really. I've heard of you, often, Mr. TWITTY, but I never saw you until to-day."

"Now, Mrs. SICKLES," said SAM, "you couldn't have had a better day to see me in, if you'd waited a year, and speakin' quick and sharp as I've got to do, for the sun's keepin' on goin' down, there couldn't be a better day to marry me in."

"Oh, Mr. TWITTY!" cried Mrs. SICKLES, with a flushed face.

"There couldn't be a better time or a better place," said SAM, "with a minister right here, and two witnesses."

"But, Mr. TWITTY," said she, "I really thought that Cap'n BUDLONG—from what he told me about his house and his things—"

"Cap'n ABNER is one of the finest men in this world," interrupted SAM, "and he's got a fust-class house, and he's got all sorts of things from all parts of the world that he's put in it; but I can get a house and things to put in it, and I can do without gilded idols and king conch-shells—and what's still more to the p'int, Mrs. SICKLES—I want you, and he don't."

"There's something in that," said the toll-gate woman; and then she added, "but as to marryin' you here, and now, Mr. TWITTY, it's not to be thought of."

SAM walked slowly away; one might have thought his head drooped under a rebuke. He approached the young minister and the girl of the buggy.

"Look here," said he to the former, "you don't mean to say, Sir, that you'd back out of marryin' a couple right here and now, that was growed up and of full age, and nothin' to hinder?"

"Marry!" cried Miss DENBY. "A wedding right here on this beautiful island! Oh, that would be glorious! Who wants to be married?"

"I do," said SAM.

They both laughed. "But the other person?" asked Mr. RIPLEDEAN. "Who is to be the bride?"

"Oh, the bride'll be Mrs. SICKLES," said SAM. "But the trouble is she ain't altogether willin'."

"I told you," said the merry Miss DENBY; "you know I told you that you are the funniest people I ever met, and you truly are. People generally come to an agreement between themselves before they speak to the clergyman."

"Mr. TWITTY," said the clergyman, "I strongly advise you to give up your present notion of immediate matrimony, and wait, at least, until all parties agree upon time and place, and upon the other circumstances of this union for which you seem so impatient."

"Hello, SAM!" shouted Captain ABNER, from the water's edge. "Ain't you comin' along?"

SAM made no answer to anyone. He walked silently down toward the boat. Everything seemed to be breaking loose from him, and slipping away. His old friend, who had so long wanted "her," and who had prepared his house for her, and had set out to look for her, had declined to take her when he saw her, and he, SAM, who had so thoroughly understood the opportunities which had been spread before the little party that afternoon—



and who knew what would happen if these opportunities were allowed to slip out of sight?—had been set aside by one woman and laughed at by another; had been advised by a clergyman, and had been scolded by Captain ABNER. His soul resented all this, and he saw that the edge of the sun was nearly touching the rim of the distant sea. With a great slap upon his thigh he sprang to the side of the boat, and turned and faced the others, all of whom were now approaching him.

"I am to sail this boat back to Thompsonstown," he cried. "It's been agreed I'm to do it, and I'm goin' to do it; but one thing I'll tell you—the sun can go down, the night can come on, and you can all stay here till mornin', if you like, but this boat don't leave this island with me at the helm till I'm a married man." With this he skipped on board, sat down in the stern, and clapped his broad hand upon the tiller.

There was a burst of astonishment from the rest of the party, as SAM thus seated himself at bay. Even the girl of the buggy did not laugh.

"But I must go home," she cried, "before it is any later. My friends will be waiting supper for me."

"Don't matter," said SAM. "Supper can wait."

"Look here!" said Captain ABNER.

"I don't want to look here," said SAM. "I'm lookin' a different way, and it's Mrs. SICKLES I'm lookin' at. And you needn't none of you look cross at me. I'm to steer this boat home, that's settled, and I don't steer her an inch till I'm a married man."

The others gathered together on the beach and gazed with varied emotions upon the determined figure of SAM as he sat in the stern, one leg crossed leisurely over the other, his protruding slipper lighted up by the rays of the setting sun.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Mr. RIPLEDEAN. "Is he crazy? Does he really think of forcing us to remain here until he shall be married? I never heard anything—"

"So delightfully absurd," interrupted Miss DENBY.

"There's nothing crazy about SAM TWITTY," said Captain ABNER. "He's as sound as a nut, body and soul. But when SAM makes up his mind he sticks to it. Now, sometimes, when I make up my mind I don't stick to it. He's a good man all round and he's got enough to live on, though he never was a cap'n; but you couldn't find a better fust mate than him, or a better sailor, except, perhaps, somebody what's had a leetle more experience. SAM made up his mind that we was all comin' out here for a weddin'—everything fallin' together exactly to suit, wind and tide and everything else. But SAM ain't going to force nobody to do nothin'; he ain't that kind. All he's goin' to do is to stay here till he's married."

The girl of the buggy clapped her hands. "Oh, that is fine!" she cried. "It is like lifting you up on a horse and dashing away with you. Oh, dear Mrs. SICKLES, take pity on him and on all of us. If you do not, I shall have to talk to him myself and see if I—"

Mrs. SICKLES was not inclined to give attention to any such idle words as these, and she stepped up to Captain ABNER.

"You seem to think very well of Mr. TWITTY, Sir," she said.

"Indeed I do," he answered. "There ain't nobody I think more of, on watch or below, in storm or fine weather, take him as you find him, than I do of him."

SAM TWITTY had not heard any of the remarks which had been made on shore—he had been communing with himself—but now his active mind would no longer permit him to sit still. Springing to his feet, he stepped forward and stood up in the bow of the boat, and cast his eyes over the little party in front of him. Then he spoke:

"Mrs. SICKLES," said he, "I want to put a p'int to you that's been put to you afore, but I'll put it a little different. If there was a gilded idol and a king conch-shell that you

knowned of, and you was asked which of them you would like to have for your own, and you only could have one——"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss DENBY, "here is that delightful gilded idol and conch-shell again. I wonder what they will do now."

The toll-gate woman was paling and flushing, and these changes of countenance, combined with her becoming summer dress and her straw hat, made her very attractive to the eye. Without waiting for SAM to finish his remarks, she spoke:

"I am very sure, Mr. TWITTY, that both the things you mention, from what I've heard of them, would be very nice and pleasant; but you see, Mr. TWITTY, I don't——"

SAM suddenly stepped upon the rail, steadying himself by the mast, "Mrs. SICKLES," he cried, "I'll put it plainer to you—supposin' you couldn't get the gilded idol?"

Mrs. SICKLES now saw very clearly that there was no more time for hesitation. She stepped a little forward.

"In that case," she said, "I'd take the conch-shell."

With a bound SAM TWITTY sprang upon the shore, and the next moment he had seized the blushing Mrs. SICKLES by the hand. For a moment he gazed proudly around, the sunset light casting a ruddy glow upon his countenance, which made it almost as rosy as that of his companion. Then he tucked her arm under his own, and turned toward the minister.

"Please step this way, Mr. RIPLEDEAN," he said; "that little bluff there, with grass on it, is the place I've picked out for the ceremony, and, Cap'n ABNER, I'll ask you and that young woman to follow along after us and stand up for witnesses."

Just as the upper edge of the sun disappeared beneath the glowing sea, the name of SICKLES departed from observation and recognition on that line of longitude. But in the glow upon the faces of Mr. and Mrs. TWITTY there was nothing to remind one of a sunset sky. It might have been supposed, rather, that they were gazing eastward and that the morn was glorious.

Having gravely saluted his bride, SAM lifted up his voice; he was used to that sort of thing, for he had been a boatswain. "Cap'n ABNER BUDLONG," he exclaimed, "step aft and kiss the bride."

When this command had been obeyed with urbane alacrity, SAM called out again, very much as if he were piping all hands to osculation, "Reverend Mr. RIPLEDEAN, step aft and kiss the bride."

When the minister had retired from the performance of his duty SAM cast a speaking glance in the direction of Miss DENBY. He looked as if he would say that on this occasion it was a great pity that anyone should be left out. The girl of the buggy understood his glance, and lifted up her voice in laughter.

"Oh, no, Mr. TWITTY," said she; "it is not the custom for bridegrooms to kiss witnesses."

"Oh, no," added Mrs. TWITTY, in tones of approbation, and these were the first words she spoke after she had ceased to be SICKLES.

As that boat of blissfulness sped across the bay, before a strong breeze from the west, under a sky full of orange-coloured clouds, SAM TWITTY's strong hand grasped the tiller with an energy which would have been sufficient for the guidance of a ship-of-the-line. As the thin sheets of water curled over the lee-scuppers of the boat, that feminine right



hand which held SAM's left never trembled nor tightened its hold, and when the clergyman, sitting by Miss DENBY, asked her if she felt at all afraid, she cheerily replied,

"Not with the gilded idol and the king conch-shell both on board. No, not I!"

The honeymoon of Mr. and Mrs. TWITTY was spent in Thompsonstown and lasted three days, for at the end of that time the bride's brother demanded to be released from the care of the toll-gate, having other duties which were incumbent upon him. But when SAM and his wife spoke of leaving "The Spinnaker Boom," Captain ABNER was perfectly willing to go with them. His face bore an expression of contented resignation.

"I'll drive you two back, SAM," said he; "'tain't no more use for me to stay here. I don't believe I'll find her, and I give her up."

On the way home the happy Mr. TWITTY burst out laughing. "It do seem awful comical, Cap'n ABNER," said he, "after all we said about comin' home, that me and her should be settin' on the back seat and you drivin' in front alone." And when this remark was explained to Mrs. TWITTY she laughed very heartily indeed.

SAM did not go directly back to Shamrick. His wife had a good house and could not, without due notice, give up her public office, and so he determined to remain, for the present, in the very pleasant quarters thus afforded him. But he vowed with considerable vehemence that Mrs. TWITTY should keep the toll-gate no more; this duty, so long as it had to be performed, he would take upon himself, and he found it a most congenial and interesting occupation.

"Like it!" he exclaimed to his wife, after his first day's experience. "It's as interestin' as readin' the paper. Everybody that comes along seems ready for some different kind of chat. And when that young woman with the buggy happens to be drivin' this way, she don't pay no toll. I'll pay for her myself, every time, on account of her sarvices as witness."

"No, you don't, SAM TWITTY," remarked his consort; "that young woman pays her own toll, every time. While I'm here I don't want no changes in the customs of this toll-gate."

It was about a fortnight after SAM TWITTY's wedding that this well-satisfied individual, being called to the gate by the sound of wheels, beheld a buggy with Miss DENBY sitting therein. In answer to SAM's cheerful greeting, she did not laugh, nor even smile.

"I saw your friend, Captain ABNER, about a week ago," she said, "as I drove through Shamrick, and he looked dreadfully solemn. I think his disappointment is wearing on him. It is a great pity that a man who can sail a boat as he can should have a moment's sorrow on this earth. It almost made me feel sorry he found out I wanted to learn to steer. I think that was the only barrier between us. And he would have taken me out sailing every fine day!"

"Oh, no, no," said SAM, "that never would have done. You could not have kept your hands off the tiller. If he had known what was good for him he would have married her." These words he spoke in a confidential tone, and pointed with his thumb behind him. "But he had the chance, and he didn't take it; and now I don't wonder he's doleful."

"You ought to go and try to cheer him up," said Miss DENBY, gathering up the reins. "Do you expect to go on keeping this toll-gate, Mr. TWITTY?"

"I'd like to," said SAM, "if you 're goin' to keep on travellin' this way."

"Oh!" said Miss DENBY, with a reproving smile.

"Yes, indeed," said SAM, "for it reminds me of such a happy day."

"Oh!" said Miss DENBY, as she drove away with her nose in the air.

A few days after this SAM did go to Shamrick, and walking on the street he met Captain ABNER; but, to his surprise, that individual did not look at all doleful. There was a half smile on his lips, and his step was buoyant. The two old friends clasped hands with much heartiness.

"You are as gay as a pot of red paint," said SAM; "you must be feeling well."

"I should say so," said ABNER; and then, after a portentous pause, he added, "I've got her!"

"Got her!" exclaimed SAM, in amazement. "Where did you get her?"

"Got her here."

"And who is it you've got?"

"SUSAN SHELLBARK."

"SUSAN SHELLBARK!" cried SAM. "You don't mean to say that?"

"It's SUSAN SHELLBARK; and I do mean to say that?"

"Why, you've known her all your life," said SAM.

"All my life," was the answer.

"Then why didn't you take her 'fore?" asked his friend.

"Because I hadn't been to Thompsonstown, to see what I could get there. Of course I didn't want to take anybody here until I found out what there was in Thompsonstown. Now I know there ain't nothin' for me there."

"And so you take SUSAN SHELLBARK!" interrupted SAM.

"And so I take SUSAN SHELLBARK."

SAM looked at his friend for a moment, and then burst out laughing. "Give me your hand," he cried. "I'm mighty glad you've got SUSAN SHELLBARK, and I'm mighty glad you went to Thompsonstown."

"So am I," said Captain ABNER. "If I hadn't gone to Thompsonstown, I'd never have got SUSAN SHELLBARK."

"That's so," cried Sam. "And if you hadn't made up your mind to go to Thompsonstown, you and me'd never got stuck at the toll-gate with nothin' but a five-dollar note. I'm mighty glad we was stuck, Cap'n ABNER; I'm mighty glad we was stuck!"

Thereupon the two friends shook hands again.

"But there is one thing I want to ask," said SAM, "what about the gilded idol and the king conch-shell?"

"Oh, that's all right," said Captain ABNER; "they're both to go on to the mantelpiece—one on one end, and t'other on the other. That's to be the way with everything we've got. You've knowed SUSAN SHELLBARK as long as I have, SAM, and you know she'll stick to that bargain."

"That's so," said SAM; "she'll stick to that bargain. Both of you'll be on the mantelpiece—one on one end, and the other on t'other."

*Frank R. Stockton*





# THE FREEMASONRY OF THE WHEEL.

"RIPPIN' WEYVER FER HUS CICKLIN' CHAPS, AIN'T IT?"

## THE NEW CRUSADE.

[The Folkestone authorities intend to banish strolling musicians from the streets and foreshore. Similar steps are contemplated against the minstrels at other seaside resorts.]

No longer is the public mind perplexed

By problems many thousand miles away;

The Transvaal has been formally annexed,  
And KRUGER'S fled to Delagoa Bay;

While, as regards the East, we must confess  
Excitement is considerably less.

Yet, close at hand, another duty lies,

Which, at the present, our attention draws;

And ev'ry true-born Englishman should rise  
To help in this extremely noble cause.

Before the nation dares to boast of peace,  
All sea-side minstrelsy will have to cease.

Municipal authorities, awake!

Gird up your loins, get ready for the fray!

A speedy course of action you must take;

Fear not to tread where Folkestone leads the way.

(There they compel the victims, if you please,  
To drain the cup of sorrow to the "Lees.")

From Scarborough to Eastbourne raise the cry,

Sound the alarm from Blackpool to Torquay;

Think you that anyone will question why

The "busker" should be driven from the sea?

Under the banner of this new crusade

Vengeance is come at last, though long delayed.

Shall we endure the banjo's "pink-pong"

Without complaint, from dawn till dewy eve?

From echoes of the latest comic song

Can we not be allowed a short reprieve?

The ocean's unadulterated hum

Alone should strike upon the tympanum.

The sportive breakers we can wonder at,

While our complexions by the sun are kissed;

We do not need the wily acrobat,

Or the inferior ventriloquist.

If we should yearn for music, understand,

We'll listen to the Corporation band.

From pebbled beach and asphalted parade,

From grassy cliffs and crowded thoroughfares,

Wherever they may ply their noisome trade,

We'll drive them forth and hunt them to their lairs;

Triumphant then we can return alone,

And re-commence inhaling the ozone.

Then when 'tis done, when all the strife is o'er,

And ev'ry hope of minstrelsy is lost,

Of those who gather by the sad sea shore

Who will be mean enough to count the cost?

The Price of Peace will surely bring us gain,

And that may be the case at Drury Lane.

A WELL-INFORMED person of the genteeler sex wishes to be informed what was the original language of ALLSOPP'S Fables.





*Dorothy (who has found a broken Nest-egg). "Oh, MUMMY, WHAT A PITY! MY BLACK HEN WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO LAY ANY MORE EGGS. SHE'S BROKEN THE PATTERN!"*

#### HOW SUSAN SAW THE C. I. V.

*(Extracts from a Private Letter.)*

MISS SUSAN TROTTER (Brixton) to HER AUNT.

DEAR AUNT AMELIA,—I promised to write and tell you all about Monday—C. I. V. day. Well, we enjoyed ourselves very much, and it was awfully exciting, though of course things don't go quite as one wishes, do they? It was a great shame about Saturday, as JIM and me came all the way from home by an early 'bus, and I had my new hat—you haven't seen it, but it's a beauty, and *such* a bargain; I got it . . . But still, of course, it couldn't be helped—I mean the putting off—though JIM says as the papers say that they ought to have known all about the storms, and provided against them. Anyhow, it's a shame making me wear my new hat.

Well, on Monday Pa, and Ma and SARAH,

came up on the 'bus, and me and JIM a bit later. I was afraid we should be late for a good place, as it was nearly ten o'clock when we arrived at the Strand (Pa said he wanted to hear the Lord Mayor), but JIM always leaves things to the last, though I oughtn't to say anything against him as he bought me a red rose, and what with my rose and the hat with green trimmings—there, I did feel a swell! In fact, JIM told me that of all the girls he saw . . . though those things never make me proud, as they would SELINA MOGG—you know SELINA.

We all stood together for an hour or so till Pa got thirsty—that's the worst of Pa, he always gets thirsty when he comes out. Ma, went with him. We lost sight of them after, though Pa and Ma told us all about their adventures after. We were pretty squeezed, I can tell you. JIM had some words with a fat old woman

(the very image of old Mrs. ROWLEY). Really, fat people shouldn't come sight-seeing—not that JIM didn't speak out a little too personal. Poor Ma got frightened into hysterics by a horrid policeman on horseback, who backed into Ma just when Pa was explaining to her all about the War. She told Pa if he'd been half a man he would have got in front of her and protected her. I'm afraid Pa rather lost his temper, though I mustn't fill up my letter with tattle, which I always hate.

Well, about three I was pretty well dead. Ma says as SARAH fainted—but SARAH never was strong. I felt pretty bad, and some brute spoilt my hat. JIM had his hat bashed in, and got his arm hurt. If I could have got out I would, I tell you; but there, I couldn't move. At last, awfully late, there was an awful noise—shouting and screaming. JIM says, "There they are!"—but I couldn't see with everyone fighting in front. Then JIM hoists me right up—what do you think of that, Aunt?—and I saw splendid for a moment. They were picking their way one by one, and they were brown. But then JIM got knocked over; so did I.

The Doctor says I must rest for a week. JIM has his arm in a sling, and a shade over his eye. Ma is still very queer, and Pa isn't quite himself. Still, we were luckier than the SMITHS. They had. . . . But we did enjoy ourselves, for we saw them. There, I've written this in bed, and can't write more now,

Your loving Niece, SUSAN.

#### WONDERS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

*(By our Pessimist returned from the gay metropolis.)*

Wonder why people make so much fuss about it.

Wonder if there is anything better in the shape of nationality than the British police constable in the English Pavilion.

Wonder why there is so much space allowed for so few exhibits.

Wonder if tickets at twopence a piece will fall, by the close, to a penny a dozen.

Wonder whether any of the side-shows are worth the price charged for admission.

Wonder whether the Transvaal Pavilion is compensation for a long stroll towards the Trocadero.

Wonder whether the Palace of Costume is so much better than Madame Tussaud's, or equal to the Dress Collection made for South Kensington by the late LOUIS WINGFIELD.

Wonder whether the great French show is really better than a combination of Earl's Court, the Westminster Aquarium, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Crystal Palace.

Wonder—finally—whether Paris is not much pleasanter when it is not blessed (?) with an International Exhibition.





Second Whip. "G-A-W-NE AWAY!"

Middle-aged Diana. "GO ON AWAY, INDEED! IMPERTINENCE! I'LL GO JUST WHEN I'M READY!"

#### A FEW HINTS

##### ON THE MANAGEMENT OF PROCESSIONS.

WHEN the next big London crowd, not for seeing the Lord Mayor but for welcoming the military, assembles, it will be found necessary to adopt more effective measures than prevailed on O. I. V. day to keep it within bounds. Some, if not all, of the following suggestions appear to be worth a trial:—

General BULLER will make his way through Fleet Street, into the City, on an armoured steam-roller, in front of which will be a sort of cow-catcher attachment, to dispose of any too-aggressive Hooligans.

General BADEN-POWELL will wear a false nose and whiskers, and thus be enabled to mingle with, or circumvent, the mob. To complete the illusion, he will be provided with a bunch of "ticklers" and get taken up under a false name for endeavouring to sell these instruments of torture.

General MACDONALD will be surrounded by a body-guard of bag-pipes, simultaneously playing all the various pibrochs in different keys. This, it is expected, will act as a powerful solvent to the throng of his admirers, however compact and determined.

General FRENCH will be enrolled among the Mounted Police for the occasion of his triumphal entry, and will execute some of his unrivalled flank movements up side streets, thus reaching his destination unexpectedly.

Lord KITCHENER, as an Engineer, will proceed by the Tube, having previously warned off all special correspondents.

Lord ROBERTS will arrive by balloon, descending on the roof of the Mansion House, no other way of escaping the attentions of an enthusiastic nation being feasible. So much for individual heroes and favourites.

When the rest of the boys come home, the Imperial Yeomanry and the other mounted troops will drive every available fire-engine and 'bus in close formation, charging down the Strand at full speed and sweeping all before them.

The penny steamboats will be at the disposal of the "Handy Men," when some unexpected developments will no doubt occur. These antiquated craft could not make a more fitting end.

And, lastly, the Tommies in general will take up the best seats along the route, and watch the crowd march past instead of themselves. But perhaps the simplest solution of the difficulty would be to have the streets "up" for the day, and then there would be no procession to obstruct.

#### THE VESTRY LOG AND THE BOROUGH STORK.

"So Bumbledom's dead, and exit King Log!"

Cries the ratepayer, heart light as cork.  
Beware of the future, Municipal Frog,  
For a terrible bill has the Stork.

#### "CRAMMING" FOR THE ARMY.

IN order to get a commission in the British Army it is necessary, as all the world knows, to be up to a certain standard of weight. The height of ambition is to be heavy.

This curious regulation has formed the subject of sarcastic correspondence from time to time in the newspapers, and the Commander-in-Chief—who did not himself, as a subaltern, scale the number of lbs. which are now considered necessary for an officer of that rank—has been asked how he can reconcile it with his conscience to hold his present exalted position knowing that, in weight, he is quite unfitted to hold even a subordinate rank in the Service.

Happily, Lord WOLSELEY has never felt it incumbent upon him to answer such questions. He has thus been spared the task of explaining the utility of a regulation which would have prevented NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON, not to speak of Lord ROBERTS, from obtaining commissions.

The rule, however, remains, and the British Parent can but bow before it.

In order to meet the difficulty which it raises, and to enable deserving young men to attain to the requisite standard (avoir-dupois) for a commission, an educational establishment on novel lines has been started. As our readers may not have heard of it, and as its utility is obvious, we subjoin its prospectus.



## AT THE NEW MORALITY THEATRE.

THE new play at the New Royalty, entitled *Mr. and Mrs. Daventry*, is in four acts, written by Mr. FRANK HARRIS, and produced by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL who plays the principal part. Some among the Royalty audience, remembering the DICKENSIAN name of the author, might be inclined to associate him with the possible husband belonging to the oft-quoted lady of Mrs. GAMP'S fertile imagination, but it would be nearer the mark were they to recall to their memory the episode in *Pickwick* where the humble purveyor of a banquet who was fairly well abused all round by the *convives* on whom he waited, and whom he thus apologetically addressed, just as the author of this drama might be supposed to address his critics. "I hope, gentlemen," said HARRIS, "that you won't be severe with me, gentlemen" . . . "I hope, gentlemen, I give satisfaction." "No, you don't, sir," said Mr. TUCKLE; "very far from it, sir."

HARRIS, the greengrocer, may in his heart have despised and hated the serving-men who abused him so roundly as a "wulgar beast," and an "unreclaimable blaygaird," but he had to kootoo to them, and probably the next "swarry" was of a very superior character. Perhaps Mr. HARRIS'S next play will be one to which "the young person," married or unmarried, can be taken by her experienced elders without her running any risk of being constrained to hear the rules of conversation in polite society infringed, or of listening to such subjects as are proper to divorce Court proceedings treated with brutal frankness, or Frank-Harris-ness, and of seeing in action such situations as in real life would be within easily "measurable distance" of the "*flagrans delictum*." The official Examiner of Plays seems to have reasoned thus, "This play has taken such a lot of licence already, that it may receive a licence from the Lord Chamberlain. So here goes!" And the *flat* was pronounced.

In construction Mr. HARRIS shows himself a student of the French dramatists; but as he is still *in statu pupillari* the first two acts, while rightly arousing interest in the chief *dramatis personæ*, contain little that is at all entertaining, much that is unnecessary, and scarcely a line that rises above the level of commonplace. But with the third act Mr. HARRIS makes his great effort; his dialogue is terse, strong, and to the point; and, thanks to the admirable impersonation of the heroine by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, the almost perfect acting of Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER as the lover, and the faultless presentment of the husband, Mr. *Daventry*, by Mr. FREDERICK KERR, he succeeds. The fourth act comes out strongly, very strongly in word, as did the third act in deed, but had its interpretation been in other hands the ultimate success of the play would have been doubtful. As it is, the triumph is for the acting, without which so transparently absurd a situation as that in the third act could not have passed muster with even the most uncritical audience. For, here, in order that the old device of listening behind a screen may be used (a novice always lugs this in if he possibly can) effectively, Mrs. *Daventry* enters, and, complaining of a distracting headache, begs to be left alone with her eau-de-cologne bottle; then, because the glare of the electric light increases her pain, she very naturally extinguishes all the lamps, and in order that she may benefit by being entirely in the dark, she lies down at full length on a sofa, facing the strong moonlight which streams in at the window! She does not attempt to pull down the blinds or to shut the shutters,—for theatrical-effect reasons, of course; and for the same reasons she does not turn her back to the light.

Then "enter the two conspirators," as Sam Weller puts it, her husband and the married woman with whom he is intriguing. The latter being horribly nervous and suspicious, both of them would look under every chair, sofa, behind any curtains, in fact, in every place that might possibly conceal an eaves-dropper. Yet, though Mrs. *Daventry*'s toes are absolutely in evidence (she swiftly withdraws them), this guilty couple neither look

behind the screen, nor examine that third-part of the room occupied by window, sofa (part of which is in sight), and aforesaid screen. A skilled dramatist could not have made such a mistake, nor can I understand how so consummate an actress as Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL was induced to risk so evidently absurd a situation. That she accepted the risk, and won, is her triumph. And as I have before said, if the piece has anything like a lengthy run, Mr. HARRIS may "thank his lucky stars," or rather the clever histrionic "stars," Mr. FREDERICK KERR, Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER, and Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

## ON THE WAR PATH.

"The scenes of last Monday are a disgrace to civilisation. When Patriotism and Hooliganism become synonymous terms, it is time that such demonstrations should cease."—*Daily Paper*.]

'ERE, boys, 'oo's bloomin' patriots? 'Oo's comin' aht ter see Them precious 'omin' 'eroes wot they corls the C. I. V. ? 'Ere, get yer Kroojer-ticklers an' jes' come along o' me!

The 'Ooligans is aht upon the war-path!

There's crahds in Pickerdilly, an' there's crahds along the Strand,

An' dahn at Ludgit Suckus they 're as thick as they can stand; The coppers is a-nussin' of the faintin' women, and The 'Ooligans is aht upon the war-path!

The kids is 'owlin' 'orrible, an' there's a blessed brat They 're tikin' on the hambylance wot's got 'isself squashed flat;

But wot's a bloomin' biby? 'Oo would care a pin for that, When the 'Ooligans is aht upon the war-path?

WHEN Lord ROSEBERRY goes to Glasgow to give his Rectorial address—which rather sounds as if he were in the habit of giving his *wrong* address—he is to be the guest of Principal STORY. Aha! To which STORY family does this one belong? 'Tis a story with a Principal, evidently. A good story, an amusing story, an after-dinner story? Anyway, here is "another story"!

"PEACE WITH HUMOUR."—A daily newsman reporting Mr. FURNISS'S new entertainment observes, that "the new Show ought to draw." Well, whatever this Show may do, there's no doubt about the fact that its Showman can draw. By the way, how the title of his entertainment suggests what every comedy ought always to be, i.e., "Piece with Humour."

"OH, many have told of the monks of old, what a jovial race they were," as the ancient convivial song had it, and it seems that in a certain monastery abroad, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, "a secret still" was discovered by the police. Anyway this "Secret Still" is not Still Secret.

NOT SO FAR WRONG.—"What I like in a battle picture," quoth a lady of the true *Malaprop* type, "is plenty of 'go' and ammunition." [No one present liked to suggest that perhaps "animation" was the word she wanted to use.]

SUSPECT!—In the recent unseasonable weather the Barometer has been like a mischievous urchin in a quiet household. Every day your first inquiry is, "What's he up to now?"

CABINET COUNSEL OF PERFECTION FOR LORD SALISBURY.—"The old order changeth, giving 'place' to new."

QUERY BY THE NAVY LEAGUE.—Does Britannia rule the waves, or does she mean to waive her rule?





"WHOM STRIPES MAY MOVE, NOT KINDNESS."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Prospero*

. . . JOHN BULL.

*Caliban*

HOOLIGANISM."

*Prospero.* "WE MUST PREPARE TO MEET WITH CALIBAN,  
A DEVIL, A BORN DEVIL, ON WHOSE NATURE  
NURTURE CAN NEVER STICK; ON WHOM MY PAINS,

HUMANELY TAKEN, ALL, ALL LOST QUITE LOST;  
AND AS, WITH AGE, HIS BODY UGLIER GROWS,  
SO HIS MIND CANKERS."—*The Tempest*, Act IV., Scene 1.



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.  
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE DARK HORSE.

Full many a steed with coat of silkiest sheen,  
The dark unfathomed coal mines tarnish drub;  
Full many a mare is born to blush unseen,  
And waste her swiftness on a hansom cab.

*Lines to order by a young English friend, who swears they  
are original. But I regard them as an unconscious  
plagiarism from Poet Young's "Eulogy of a Country  
Cemetery." H. B. J.*

It is a gain, a precious, let me gain! let me gain!  
Oh, Potentate! Oh, Potentate!  
The shower of thine secret shoe-dust  
Oh, Potentate! Oh, Potentate!

*Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt (of Chittagong.)*

WE left Mr. BHOSH in full pursuit of the runaway horse and milk-chariot which he had so spiritedly purchased while still *en route*. After running a mile or two, he was unspeakably rejoiced to find that the equipage had automatically come to a standstill and was still in prime condition—with the exception of the lacteal fluid, which had made its escape from the pails.

BINDABUN, however, was not disposed to weep for long over spilt milk, and had the excessive magnanimity to restore the chariot and pails to the dairy merchant, who was beside himself with gratitude.

Then, Mr. BHOSH, with a joyful heart, having detached his purchase from the shafts, conducted it in triumph to his domicile. It turned out to be a mare, white as snow and of marvellous amiability; and, partly because of her origin, and partly from her complexion, he christened her by the appellation of *Milky Way*.

Although perforce a complete ignoramus in the art of educating a horse to win any equine contest, Mr. BHOSH's nude commonsense told him that the first step was to fatten his rather too filamentous pupil with corn and similar seeds, and after a prolonged course of beanfeasts he had the gratification to behold his mare filling out as plump as a dumpling.

As he desired her to remain the dark horse as long as possible, he concealed her in a small toolshed at the end of the garden, ministering to her wants with his own hands, and conducting her for daily nocturnal constitutionals several times round the central grass-patch.

For some time he refrained from mounting—"fain would he climb but that he feared to fall," as Poet BUNYAN once scratched with a diamond on Queen ANNE's window; but at length, reflecting that if nothing ventures nothing is certain to win, he purchased a padded saddle with appendages, and surmounted *Milky Way*, who, far from regarding him as an interloper, appeared gratified by his arrival, and did her utmost to make him feel thoroughly at home.

The next step was, of course, to obtain permission from the pundits who rule the roast of the Jockey Club, that *Milky Way* might be allowed to compete in the approaching Derby.

Now this was a more delicately ticklish matter than might be supposed, owing to the circumstance that the said pundits are such warm men, and so well endowed with this world's riches that they are practically non-corruptible.

Fortunately, Mr. BHOSH, as a dabster in English composition, was a pastmaster in drawing a petition, and, sitting down, he constructed the following:—

TO THOSE MOST HONOURABLE BIGHEADS IN CONTROL OF JOCKEYS CLUB.

BENIGN PERSONAGES!

This Petition humbly sheweth:

- (1). That your Petitioner is a native Indian Cambridge B.A., a Barrister-at-Law, and a most loyal and devoted subject of Her Majesty the QUEEN-EMPRESS.
- (2). That it is of excessive importance to him, for private reasons, that he should win a Derby Race.
- (3). That such a famous victory would be eminently popular with all classes of Indian natives, and inordinately increase their affection for British rule.
- (4). That for some time past your Petitioner has been diligently training a quadruped which he fondly hopes may gain a victory.
- (5). That said quadruped is a member of the fair sex.
- (6). That she is a female horse of very docile disposition, but, being only recently extracted from shafts of dairy chariot, is a total neophyte in Derby racing.
- (7). That your lordships may direct that she is to be kindly permitted to try her luck in this world-famous competition.
- (8). That it would greatly encourage her to exhibit topmost speed if she could be allowed to start running a few minutes previously to older stagers.
- (9). That if this is unfortunately contrary to regulations, then the Judge should receive secret instructions to look with a favourable eye upon the said female horse (whose name is *Milky Way*) and award her first prize, even if by any chance she may not prove quite so fast a runner as more professional hacks:

And your Petitioner will ever pray on bended knees that so truly magnificent an institution as the Epsom Derby Course may never be suppressed on grounds of encouraging national vice of gambling and so forth. Signed, &c.

The wording of the above proved Mr. BHOSH's profound acquaintance with the human heart, for it instantaneously attained the desired end.

The Honble. Stewards returned a very kind answer, readily consenting to receive *Milky Way* as a candidate for Derby honours, but regretting that it was *ultra vires* to concede her a few minutes' start, and intimating that she must start with a scratch in company with all the other horses.

BINDABUN was not in the least degree cast down or depressed by this refusal of a start, since he had not entertained any sanguine hope that it would be granted, and had only inserted it to make insurance doubly sure, for he was every day more confident that *Milky Way* was to win, even though obliged to step off with the rank and file.

(To be continued.)

## THE HARD BACK.

(BY H-NRY J-M-S.)

IN the press of temporary circumstances, in which at this moment DOBYNS had his being, two points emerged with a startled prominence. One was the housemaid, kneeling in such an attitude of industry as the world has learnt to treat with a respect strictly proportioned to her embarrassed surroundings of hairpins and dusters; the other was the strange guest whose unheralded name, not otherwise material to his crushing environment, had failed to penetrate his ears. Yet he knew with one of those swift flashes of sub-conscious analysis that the meeting was predestined. The process defied probability—that much he grasped as a drowning man clutches an unfamiliar hen-coop—but, even while the broken fragments of his breakfast were vanishing on material trays in a haze of butlers and page-boys, he realised that but for the front-door—





## DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

bell and the knock-and-ring brass-plate he might not have shaken the stranger's hand so heartily. But, after all, it hardly mattered. Did anything matter? DOBYNS was not prepared to say, but the great point was to shake hands somehow and have done with it, and then to sink again into a void, untroubled by nameless intruders. Yet his disposition struggled against the stupid convention; it would be so easy *not* to touch or to handle, so much easier than actively touching or tentatively handling, and so on in a fatal succession that included question and answer and interchange of banalities. But even as he considered the matter, there came a break in the chain and their hands had met. The thing was not to notice it, to pass it over, to recur to it later on if necessary, but now at this crisis of fate to rise superior to the mere vulgar fact of a handshake. He had felt all this before—how and why?—but never quite so poignantly. Was this an afternoon? The recent breakfast seemed to utter a denial; but could he be sure it was not a lunch, or even a dinner, with his stale club-friends as witnesses and companions? It was marvellous, this uncertainty. DOBYNS was alive enough, but what of the newcomer, the brother thus strangely unravelled from the web of the world and woven into his own abysmal existence? No matter. Let him just be a second cousin.

"Why should I be anything else?"

No remark could have been apter to the occasion and to DOBYNS's unspoken question.

"Ah, now I see why you have come," he laughed; "we are mates in this huge untrodden desert. But it was curious, too, wasn't it?"

The second cousin hesitated:—"Well, not exactly curious; but, of course, I see what you mean."

"Exactly," said DOBYNS, "I know you would." This man, he reflected, was evidently appointed for him.

"Not by appointment. I didn't say that. Appointments are too troublesome. Let us call it a casual meeting."

DOBYNS laughed happily: here was a man to appreciate him, to feel for his struggles in a vortex of unkept engagements:—"That's just it," he said; "and that's why it's so wonderful. Just you and I."

"Why forget the housemaid?"

"Oh, the housemaid," said DOBYNS. "Don't you see we're in a green garden—statues, fountains, gravel walks, flowers, and all that—" He broke off to pause. The new comer filled the intervals.

"Oh," he cried, "you're the man for my money, and we're not so far from Poughkeepsie after all, are we?"

"No," murmured DOBYNS dubiously, "not so far as we want to be. But isn't that mystery enough—not to be there at all, and never to want to go there?" The second cousin reflected impulsively. Was he a second cousin, DOBYNS's second cousin or anybody else's? It was all marvellous and delightful, they two and the housemaid, and everything as plain as a pikestaff and twice as easy. The second cousin understood it, and so did DOBYNS. Nobody else had to be consulted.

## THE RHYME OF OOM PAUL, ON TOUR.

Pity the sorrows of a rich old man,  
Whose sturdy limbs have brought him to your door,  
Who begs of you to give him, if you can,  
A little Intervention. Nothing more.

MEM. FOR MANAGERS.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, of the St. James's, is going to produce a play by Mrs. CRAIGIE, entitled, *The Wisdom of the Wise*. The title, to any theatrical manager, may suggest another, i.e., *The Foolishness of 'the Ex's.'*

"RE JOYCE!"—Mr. Justice JOYCE took his seat, after being a Counsel of considerable standing in Court, for the first time last Wednesday. *Gaudete!*





"HALF THIRD RETURN TO BRIXTON, PLEASE."

"HALF! WHAT'S YOUR AGE?"

"I'M THIRTEEN AT HOME; BUT I'M ONLY NINE AND A HALF ON RAILWAYS."

## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

### XI.—THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SECTION.

(Being a remnant left over from October.)

OCTOBER 19TH, 20TH.—The surest proof of the decline of the modern drama (not yet dead, thank Heaven!) is to be seen in a tendency to bathos or anticlimax in what should legitimately be the culminating Act, namely, the fourth. A very painful illustration of this is to be seen in the latest *chef d'œuvre* of my friend JONES—*Mrs. Dane's Defence*. A. W. P-N-RO.

21ST, 22ND.—I am convinced that it is in the weakness of the fourth Act that we must recognise the saddest falling-off of the modern representatives of Terpomene (or was it Melpisichore? I am writing at some distance from my Lemprière). I can cite no more glaring instance of this than my friend PINERO's recent masterpiece—*The Gay Lord Quex*. H-NRY ARTH-R J-N-S.

23RD TO 28TH.—MY DEAR YEATS,—You, who have taught me what Poetry means, in the original Fenian (I had already, at different epochs of my career, been introduced to Music and the Fine Arts, and pursued my investigation of these branches of culture without prejudice or pedantry, fascinated always by the charm of novelty and the delight of breaking virgin soil),

you and I and *Indépendance Belge* will offer welcome and the homage of hearts to the noble victim of that Tyrant whose foot is on the neck of our distressful Erin. We will cross by the Ostend Packet. It will start from Dover, either from the east or the west side of the pier, according to the state of the wind and tide. We will have deck-chairs, made possibly of wicker, and at any rate of wood and canvas. I shall sit with my back to the engines, watching the gulls flying with white wings in our wake. When you throw a bun to them, they dip their bills in the foam to secure it. I have often observed this detail, and drawn the attention of careless people to it. Life is full of phenomena, all equally valuable, from a pimple to a sunset. And you will croon a Song of the Secret Pomegranate, and I will set it to music on the deck. Have you noticed how the planks of a ship's deck-timber run parallel to one another, like the lines of a musical score before you fill in the notes? And when we arrive we will embrace the Champion of Freedom, and you will talk to him in ancient Erse verse, and I will render it into trenchant modern prose, and *Indépendance Belge* will turn it into the Dutch hymnal vernacular; and the general idea will be as follows:—

Over the sea-drift, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,  
Come where our hearts are preparing a place;  
Come where your Dublin, my spalpeen, my spalpeen,  
Loyally yearns for the loan of your face.

G-RGE M-RE.

29TH TO 31ST.—

By the lustrous waves, of Liffey, by the ledge of Cuddy Reeks,  
By the Lough of White-foot Deirdre, by the Blasted Hill of Shee,

By the Headland of the Daughters of the Snipe with Seven Beaks,

I have carolled in the Gaelic, I have whispered Erse to thee,  
O'MOORE, the terror of Saxon Tyrants!

Where the levin split asunder DERMOTT's bog at dead of morn,  
Where the ozier-wattled heifer left her tail in EOGAN's stall,  
Where O'BRIEN shed his Breeches, we have met and we have sworn

We would crown the crest of KRUGER in the old Rotunda hall,  
I and O'MOORE, the terror of Tyrants!

Since St. Patrick coursed for vermin on the Dun of Druid's Doom,

When the Sleuth Hound felled the banshee in the rift of Bleeding Gorge;

Since the High-King up in Tara heard the beetle's dying boom,  
There has never, to my knowledge, been a genius like GEORGE O'MOORE, the terror of Saxon Tyrants! W. B. Y-TS.

O. S.

### THE PENALTY OF INHERITED GREATNESS.

(Lord L-nsd-wne laments.)

To move in office, and to miss success,  
And when, like JOSEPH'S BENJAMIN, I pack,  
Having survived a rather costly mess,  
To find a royal gift *within my sack*!  
Well may I echo ROSEBERRY's plaintive cry:—

"Oh why,

Why was I ever born to be a Peer?"

Had I been Common, by the chance of birth,  
I might by now have won a pensioned rest,  
A private seat among the Lords of Earth  
And the oblivion that suits me best.  
Fate is against me: I began too high!

Oh why,

Why was I ever born to be a Peer?

THE ARBITERS OF "PAX" BRITANNICA.—The M. F. H.'s.



EX PEDE HERCULEM.

["The mountain upon which Zeus rested from his labours had been brought from the region of myth into that of actuality."—*Mr. Asquith at the meeting of subscribers of the British School at Athens.*]

O ARDENT Archeologist

In quest of prehistoric grist,  
Why drag into the garish day  
What kindly time has stowed away?  
In hopes, to mocking eyes once more  
Archaic Hellas to restore.

Why dig anachronisms up?—  
Stray fragments of Anacreon's cup,  
Chips splintered from Pygmalion's  
plinth,

Or tiles that paved the Labyrinth;  
Or from some rubbish heap of Greece  
Odd tatters of the Golden Fleece.

Ah! let us still in dreams behold  
The demigods and heroes bold!  
Lest from some bone you may reduce  
The glories of the very Zeus,  
Prove Hercules stood five feet ten—  
And that the gods, alas! were men.

FILIA PULCHRA, MATER PULCHRIOR.

[A young lady writes to the *Onlooker* complaining that she is "cut out" by her mother who "is quite young, very handsome, smart-looking, and well turned out. She talks so well, too; knows everything, and is free to use her knowledge more amusingly than I."]

WHEN presented at Court I am fain to confess

I thought I should make a sensation;  
I am pretty, well read, very smart in my dress,

And my eyes have their own fascination.  
Not a girl that I know can do battle with me,

And my rivals I easily rout,  
How then could the terrible fact I foresee  
That Mamma would her daughter cut out?

She was married, I think, at the age of sixteen,

And no doubt made a social sensation;  
She says when her curtsy she made to the QUEEN

Her Majesty smiled approbation.  
And still she's a youthful and beautiful star

That shines as a jewel of night,  
But why should she my little flickering mar

And snuff out my spark with her light?  
In the style of her mien she's a peerless Princess,

And her gowns always fit to perfection.  
*Bien chaussée, bien gantée*, she's sure of success,

And of gems has a priceless collection.  
In London or Paris, at Brighton or Rome,  
At Homburg, or Dieppe, or Spa,

I vow that I might just as well stop at home,

For I always am done by Mamma.



CASUAL.

*Owner of let-out Hunters (to Customer just returned from day's sport). ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT AIN'T MY 'ORSE!*  
*Sportsman. "NOT YOURS! THEN, BY JOVE, I DID COLLAR THE WRONG GEE DURING THAT SCRIMMAGE AT THE BROOK!"*

So accomplished, moreover, with ripples of wit

On the stream of her brisk conversation,  
And stories that—there make a palpable hit:  
If I told them I'd get a jobation.

It's most hard for a girl to be snubbed in this way

At each turn to meet fribblesome flout  
But oh! how I long and I pray for the day,  
When her daughter my mother cuts out!

TO A COUNTRY COUSIN.

COME, climb with me the Monument,  
With me inspect the Tower's treasures;

Your holiday may best be spent  
In simple inexpensive pleasures.

We will explore the Tower Bridge  
Or, sitting in the wheel gigantic,

Observe our fellow man, a midge,  
Disport below in curious antic.

St. Paul's, the Abbey, and the Zoo,  
The Stock Exchange, the other "Houses"  
Good to your rustic mind will do,  
Where ignorance of all but cows is.

We'll ride on 'buses, being cheap,  
The penny steamer shall convey us  
To Hampton Court upon the neap;  
No difficulties shall dismay us.

I'll show you all that may be seen;  
At least we'll have a guide—the case is  
That I, in fact, have never been  
Myself to any of these places.

The treasures of our crowded city,  
The fairest jewels in her crown  
Are lost to me, for, more's the pity,  
I live perpetually in Town!





### RATHER DIFFICULT.

"OH, I SAY, HERE COMES THAT DISMAL BORE, BULKLEY! LET'S PRETEND WE DON'T SEE HIM!"

### OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

IN *Characters of Romance* (HEINEMANN), drawn by WILLIAM NICHOLSON, we have a gallery, or rather a contribution towards a collector's gallery, of sixteen figures familiar to most of us since our earliest acquaintance with romantic literature. Simply framed, they may well adorn a smoking-room and materially assist conversation. Who will not be ready, and willing, to discuss the merits of the authors who created Old Weller, Sophia Western, Mulvany, Madge Wildfire, Jorrocks, Miss Havisham, Gargantua, Miss Fotheringay, Captain Costigan, and their companions in this portfolio? The Baron sees himself in a dream at a symposium of these worthies,

who, revisiting earth in 1900, would among themselves freely discuss the men and women, the manners and the general topics, of the present day. Fancy Old Weller hob-nobbing with Don Quixote; and Jorrocks with Madge Wildfire as his partner in a country dance!

These are dashing sketches, and Mr. NICHOLSON never destroys but develops, and throws fresh lights and colours on our old ideals.

THE LAST ELECTION. — Might not the successful candidate for Orkney and Shetland in view of their distance from St. Stephens be aptly styled Mr. OUT-OF-THE-WA(Y)SON, M.P.

### "TO MAKE A LONDON HOLIDAY."

(List of persons who will not take part in the Lord Mayor's Procession on the 9th of November, 1900.)

The Commander-in-chief, to clear the way.

The Lords of the Admiralty, twos and twos. Civil Lords last, politely making way for the Naval Lords.

The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, and the Lord Justices of Appeal, the Lord Chancellor attended by his mace.

Deputation from the Briefless Brigade in pairs, attended by a representative clerk carrying a dummy fee-book.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, attended by a deputation of Privy Counsellors of Cabinet rank.

Her Majesty's Body Guard, the Gentlemen-at-Arms, marshalled by Garter King-at-Arms.

The Yeoman of the Guard, headed by the Constable of the Tower.

Wearers of the Victoria Cross in fours.

The Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons.

The Vice-Chancellors of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

The Provost of Eton, the Dean of Westminster, and the Head-Master of Winchester, leading deputations of scholars from the "three royal foundations."

The Foreign Ambassadors accredited to the Court of St. James.

The next Lord Mayor—but five.

And the City Imperial Volunteers.

### Rosebery and his Napoleon.

Now, say, has his lordship retired From politics? No, cunning chap, T'was only a rest he required, In fact, time enough for a Nap.

### A RED REPUBLICAN BOOK.

IN view of the rapid increase of the New York Aristocracy, we understand that an Enterprising Trans-Atlantic publisher is about to issue (in emulation of the well-known Annual brought forth by Herr JUSTUS PERTHES, of Gotha) an inclusive and exclusive volume to be called the *Almanack de Gotham*.

LA HAUTE GOMME.—In congratulating that eminent antiquarian and distinguished writer, MR. F. L. GOMME, on his appointment as Secretary of the London County Council, Mr. *Punch* takes leave to suggest that in view of the expansive nature of his office, he should in future be known as *Gomme Elastique*.

"ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS" IN THE CABINET. — Lord SALISBURY's health requires "change." Evidently.





## PERQUISITES!

L-NSD-WNE (LORD S-I-SB-RY'S "MAN"). "GOVERNOR SAYS HE'S NO FURTHER USE FOR THEM. WELL! I FLATTER MYSELF THEY'RE A VERY GOOD FIT!"







## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## SEVENTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now after many days  
 2. did the war-ship of the nether lands that  
 3. bore the great Oompâl, the mighty Ruler  
 4. . . . with nothing to rule over . . . .  
 5. in the land of the Pâlivu-phránsehs arrive;  
 6. at Mahr-séléz, on the shores of the Midhât-er-Râneh  
 7. anchor did she cast.  
 8. Then up the *gângueh* to meet him came LÉHDZ, the . . . . .  
 9. the slinger of hatchets, the drawer of long-bows  
 10. the spreader of *bákshish*  
 11. which brought forth such outbursts  
 12. of national affection . . . . . at so much  
 13. a column,  
 14. the transmitter of war-wires so mendaciously poisonous  
 15. that they killed all the fish in the bed of the ocean,  
 16. as they passed through the cables . . . .  
 17. in spite of the coating of *indf-yah-râbah*,  
 18. and with him came others, the Bûrd-el-egéshan  
 19. the callers in *khortyâds*, whose trip came to nothing,  
 20. quite tired of describing to footmen and butlers  
 21. the idea of their mission; who had had to put up  
 22. with all kinds of excuses . . . .

23. out of town . . . .  
 24. . . . . indisposed . . . .  
 25. or only saw strangers on the fifth *phréideh* of every month and could make no  
 26. exceptions.  
 27. Then to his joy did the elderly pilgrim take  
 28. leave of the *stuâd*  
 29. and gave him . . . . his portrait  
 30. (in place of the gold-bar so keenly expected)  
 31. . . . . straightway set foot on the land of the Bîn-Bhriks  
 32. midst the shrieking of sirens (on land and on water)  
 33. the bounding of bounders  
 34. of the Dhêrul-ed-ôrdah, the frenzied delight of  
 35. the Ombekt-él-Esânglehs,  
 36. the Rmembra-phashódas, the  
 37. wearers of *pinznehs*, the Bhûl-var-Dyehs.  
 38. the Khônspu-él-Ôubehs,  
 39. the Khrémd-el-Arkhrém of the Ôtaris-tokrassi  
 40. with the pick of the Kanaï,  
 41. Bhislikads without number.  
 42. the Abbâlar-ep-Ublikhs, the Abbah-vuldêk-róussoz . . .  
 43. Abbah-tul-Ermhonds.  
 44. . . . . their hero they greeted . . . .  
 45. They tried to see in him a sort of a mixture  
 46. of Ghôdvri - Dhâbúyon and the Méhdav-ôrlizanz.

47. of Ghârib-al-Digh and Napul-yannat-él-Bagh . . .  
 48. . . . . kissed him hard on each whisker . . .  
 49. . . . as they strewed all the roses in front of  
 50. his *blâkhaz*.  
 51. Then did he raise his *rustit-ôppat*  
 52. (to acknowledge their fervour)  
 53. where the moths of the *Râd-zâhl* for years  
 54. had found pasture,  
 55. and he dropped inadvertently out of the lining, a bundle  
 56. of papers, . . . some letters from Bhis-Mâhrk,  
 57. and also a packet—  
 58. applications for pay from the foreign commandoes,  
 59. (returned disillusioned),  
 60. which oddly enough had never been settled.  
 61. . . . . Dhirmi-hau-ôrkwâd.  
 62. . . . . take him all round, in his raiment of  
 63. broadcloth, with a shine at the elbows,  
 64. his pockets all bulging with *chli-ea-âssetz*,  
 65. —presidential *pikinz*,  
 66. he was not all their fancy  
 67. had previously painted . . . . and besides  
 68. what a shocking example  
 69. for Loubéh.  
 70. . . . still . . . in spite of distressing shortcomings . . . *sâh-irah*. E. T. R.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Isle of Unrest* (SMITH, ELDER) is primarily a novel, as might be expected from the pen of Mr. H. S. MERRIMAN. Apart from that, it will serve as a picturesque guide to visitors to Corsica. Mr. MERRIMAN knows every hill and dale in that strange island, that world miles and centuries apart from the Continent on whose inland sea it stands, a little speck. Corsica, my Baronite concludes, would be a charming place to live in only for the people born in it. An interesting feature in the landscape, incidentally mentioned, is the recurrence of white crosses by the roadside. These mark the places where "accidents" have happened, or, as we other insulars would put it, where foul murder has been committed. A central weird figure in the story is that of a nobleman who for thirty years remained in hiding in his ancestral home, Corsica believing he had fled to Paris and there died. A neighbour, ANDREI PERRUCCA, made love to his wife. Count DE VASSELOT, taking up his gun, went in search of his neighbour. He found him up among the peaks. The two men crept round each other about the rocks like two cats upon the roof. They lost sight of each other till ANDREI PERRUCCA raised his head over a big stone and looked right into the muzzle of DE VASSELOT's gun. "The next minute there was no head on PERRUCCA'S shoulders." It was straightway after this DE VASSELOT, knowing ANDREI'S brother was looking for him, went a-hiding in his castle and stayed there thirty years. Altogether a grim story in quite a novel setting.

"RITA'S" *Vanity! The Confessions of a Court Modiste* (FISHER UNWIN) is a cleverly worked out, well-written story. In its development the gradual transition from scenes of fashionable frivolity to a most sensationally dramatic situation is masterly. The *dénoûment* is natural and laudably unconventional. When nearing the *dénoûment* the Baron trembled lest "RITA" should yield to conventionality. Greatly was he relieved therefore to find this clever novelist avoiding the pitfall of an easy, evident, and ordinary finish, and terminating the story in a manner that is in logical keeping with the character of the hero, while enlisting all our sympathies on the side of the heroine. In the course of this novel "RITA" gives some life-like, modern types of eccentric characters, such as Lord Ernie, the effeminate victim of morphia, and Mrs. Jackie, who is really amusing with all her rattling prattle, her telegraphic abbreviations, and her slang expressions as used in the most up-to-date and fastest section of High Life. The scenes in the rooms of the "Court Modiste" à la mode, who is assisted by the Great Man-Milliner, may at first weary the patience of the male reader, but it will not be long ere his curiosity is aroused, especially when he awakes to the fact that he is being admitted to the very centre of the innermost circle, where angels of an uncertain sort do not fear to tread.

The happy thought came to T. P., in his capacity of Editor of M. A. P. (How initials accumulate!), to call to his paternal knee some of the best known labourers in the several fields of literature, art, politics, music, and the stage, and set them to prattle about their early days. A selection from the contributions has been made and published by ARTHUR PEARSON, with the title "*In the Days of my Youth*." It frequently happens in biographies and autobiographies that the most interesting portion of the book is found in the earlier chapters. These narrate the struggles of youth making its way to the front. Prosperity is in the main common-place. Our interest in the narrative flags when the hero becomes rich and rides in chaises. The plan of this work necessarily limits confidences to the earlier stages of the finally victorious fight. The book is therefore interesting throughout. My Baronite misses Sir EDWARD CLARKE'S auto-biographical notes, which opened the ball in M. A. P. And where are T. P.'s own? Having discovered the secret of perennial youth, he possibly thinks he is not yet qualified to join in the discourse. Two of Mr. Punch's hoary young men, PHIL MAY and TOBY, M. P., have proved less reticent.

A magnificently-clothed volume, being the fifth of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* (JOHN LANE), dressed as was *Dinah*, the beloved of Master Villikins, in "gorgeous array!" If the inside is only up to its exterior, why then it is bound to be first-rate! Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, now Mrs. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST, presents us with an attractive menu of literary fare, including *Three Seeresses* by ANDREW LANG, and a play of MAETERLINCK'S in three acts, done into English by Mr. BERNARD MIALL. GARNET, C. B., writes on SHELLEY'S views of Art, and GARNET (not C. B.) on TOLSTOY and TURGENIEFF: two GARNETS in this precious ring of names. Then comes MAX BEERBOHM on a painting by RUBENS in the Prado, and there are some others, but the above list is, for the Baron, enough in all conscience. The reproductions, per photography, of portraits are mostly excellent. *Prosit*.

When the moon is up, and the unsuspecting keepers of the Zoological Gardens are sleeping peacefully, that is the time for the secret meetings of the numerous and various birds, at least so we are informed by F. C. GOULD in his amusing and interesting book entitled *Tales Told in the Zoo* (T. FISHER UNWIN). As probably the author received some of his information from the Secretary Bird, who was unusually busy taking notes at these meetings, he is sure to be correct.

Pictures of funny little people with humorous and pathetic verses and short stories, are all to be found, so my Baronitess informs me, in EDITH FARMLOE'S charming book, *Piccollilli* (GRANT RICHARDS).

THE name of SIR ARTHUR COTTON is, my Baronite fancies, less widely known at home than that of some other of the makers of India. It nevertheless remains true, as Sir CHARLES TREVELLYAN wrote when he was Governor of Madras, "it will be venerated by millions yet unborn, when many who now occupy a much larger place in the public view will be forgotten." Sir ARTHUR, in his capacity of Lieutenant and Captain, saw some hard fighting in Burmah and elsewhere. But his weapons were the pickaxe and the shovel rather than the sword and the spear. He was not the originator of the system of irrigation which makes possible existence in India. It dates back at least three hundred years before the Christian era. ARTHUR COTTON, recognising its importance, devoted himself to the work with irresistible energy. It is estimated, upon the basis of authorised figures, that the money value of his work to the Government of India amounts to twenty-four millions sterling, the direct advantage to the people of India being represented by the colossal figure of 176 millions. How this sublime task was devised and accomplished is told by Lady HOPE in the record of her father's life and work. (*General Sir Arthur Cotton: HODDER & STOUGHTON.*)

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## "REVISITING THE GLIMPSES."

NOT the glimpses of the moon, but of Mars, whose messenger has been delighting audiences for over three hundred and fifty-five nights. The piece is as fresh as ever, no matter how frequently you may have seen it. Mr. TITHERADGE'S solemn earnestness as the supernatural Martian commands respect; Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, as *The Tramp*, is an admirable sketch of character; Miss JESSIE BATEMAN natural, and therefore charming, as *Minnie Templer*; Miss BELLA PATEMAN, excellent as the youthful aunt; Miss SYLVIA LOVELL, most pathetic as a flower-girl; the starving boy-thief, Master WRIGHT, a clever "little sketch"; while Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, to whose consummately artistic rendering of the selfish hero the success is mainly due, is and will be, until the run is terminated, the life and soul of Mr. GANTHONY'S play, which, for all its eccentricity, is pure comedy teaching a strong moral lesson.

SIPIDO, the *St. James's Gazette* informs us, earned his livelihood in Paris by walking-on at the Hippodrome. Probably the sooner he has no livelihood to earn, and has been "walked-off" for good and all, the better it will be for everybody.





COTTON WOOL" was the nickname given to RAYMOND COTTON, for no better reason than

that it was the exact converse of his qualities.

There was nothing soft about him except his head, as some people concluded from the silly things he did, or, indeed, from the number of times he had fallen upon it when "chasing" or in the hunting field. He had had very bad luck in that way, and had broken pretty well nearly every bone in his body, the penalty, perhaps, of his mad passion for making hunters out of three-cornered brutes no one else could ride. Men liked this great, good-humoured, good-looking giant immensely, with his breezy ways and his trick of laughing on the smallest excuse and showing all his white, even teeth. He was a high favourite with his regiment, the famous "Prancers," from the moment he joined, and held his popularity to the last, through good and bad repute, through luck and adverse fortune. A man of iron nerve, of keen eye, of thews and sinews, with an extraordinarily active frame despite his height and weight, he did all things—out-of-door things—well. He had won fame mountaineering, he shot straight, rode like a bird, played cricket, tennis, golf, and polo, with the best. His skill fitted in with his tastes, which were all in the direction of wild adventure, and he was the hero of the dozen queer stories that quickly became the talk of the town. "COTTON WOOL'S last" was always some fresh madcap escapade that in a measure revived the memory of the old Mohocks, and sometimes got him into serious trouble with his Colonel, even with the police.

They were laughable too, some of these dare-devil exploits, and a few are worth recalling. How, having run the expiration of his leave so close that there was no train to get him back in time, from the far west of Ireland to Dublin, where the regiment lay, and how in this desperate fix he ran away with the engine of an express train, driving it himself, alone, the whole journey; how in leaving the Club one night he had climbed up a ladder left by the house-painters in a square, and being seen

was pursued from roof to roof by a zealous constable who, when he caught him, found it was only "The Captain," "Captain COTTON WOOL," whom the force knew only too well. How he had invited a hansom cabman to come down from his box and settle the question of a fare overcharged to a helpless female; how COTTON, being an expert bruiser, polished him handsomely and leaving him in the gutter took the man's badge and plied for hire about the streets. How he had ridden his polo pony round the mess-room for a bet; how, again, being a most expert whip, he emulated the great feat of the old Shrewsbury coachmen and brought his team up the hill at a smart pace, taking the sharp turn into the courtyard of the Raven Hotel with beautiful precision.

It was not to be supposed that he could last at this pace. He had done too much, lived too hard. If it had only been legitimate sport he might have kept his head above water, for he had started with an ample patrimony. He was his own "father" as the saying is, left an orphan early, and without kith or kin or any claims on him. But when it came to keeping a racing-stable, to breeding yearlings, to making champion plunges in bets he generally lost, trips to Monte Carlo, baccarat when he could find it; collapse was inevitable. Ruin was hastened by the desperate but always fatal appeal to Jews; HIRAM PATCH, the well-known money-lender, soon squeezed him dry and then, so to speak, threw him away. The crisis came, as everyone expected, but it was a more or less complete crash.

The waters had closed over him; he was a long time submerged, and out of sight. No one quite knew what became of him when he first left the "Prancers." They were willing enough to send round the hat for him in the regiment, although he would have scorned to take a penny from his old pals; one comrade, who was the son of a Cabinet minister, tried hard to get him a foreign consulate, but failed; the kindly but not too affluent Prince, who had learnt his drill in the same squadron, gave COTTON WOOL introductions and recommendations to all sorts of people, but they did not help him much in restoring his fortunes. We heard of him in far-off, out-of-the-way places at all kinds of trades; here a Protector of Coolie Immigrants; there a trooper—this once *beau sabreur* of that crack corps the "Prancers"—in the frontier cavalry of the U. S. Army; now he was seen as the teamster of a span of oxen in the transport train of a Colonial military expedition. He served in the



Turkish Bashi-Bazouks, with the Khedive ISMAIL'S army in the Soudan; he commanded a rabble of pigtailed Taeping rebellion, the Japanese Government engaged him for a space as a riding-master. Now and again he was on the fringe of a streak of good luck; he had owned a concession in Queensland which afterwards made a large fortune in copper for those who had jockeyed him out of it, and he found a rich pocket in the diamond fields; which was rifled under his very nose by a gang of expert native thieves.

Yet he struck oil once. It was in West Australia, where he was working as an ordinary miner. He was the first on a gold-bearing reef, and sold a third share to a travelling syndicate for cash down, a substantial sum. COTTON started for England by the very first steamer in which he could secure a passage, meaning to have his fling, to do himself well at the Cynosure as of old, hunt with a string in the Shires, and look in, if it would run to it, at the Derby, Doncaster, and the rest.

These arrangements did not quite come off, for he met his fate upon the *S.S. Macquarie*. Among the passengers were the members of Plantagenet Pink's Travelling Company, who had been making a tour of the world. COTTON fell an easy prey to Miss CHRISTINE VANDELEUR, who did the soubrette parts, and was a cleverer actress off the stage than on it. A little minx, as designing as she was charming to look upon; small and dainty in figure, pertly pretty, with piquante features, a tip-tilted nose, dazzling complexion, and dark chestnut hair. Perhaps her greatest charms were her voice and eyes. The voice was soft and musical, and when she chose she could give it an inflexion of vibrating tenderness that would drive some men silly; the least impressionable were generally drawn by the dark, lustrous eyes, now demure and downcast, now glittering with provocation, according to her humour and the fish she was playing.

The little VANDELEUR was a most unconscionable flirt, ever bent upon conquest, and rejoicing in the sport. To look at her, so fresh and engaging, you wondered she had never filled her basket; but, although she had passed through many great emotions, she had spoilt her own game by seeming a little too large hearted. All was game that came her way, and every man she met. They said that the Governor's A.D.C., in the last Colony where they performed, was madly in love with her, but she missed her chance because His Excellency himself fell at her pretty feet. Now, on the voyage home, she would flirt with the quarter-masters or the ship's officers, or the man at the wheel, as she had done with her fellow professionals, until she was tired of them, and, for the matter of that, till they were of her.

They all chuckled when they saw her make a dead set at RAYMOND COTTON, and wondered how long he would take to find her out. But he had never been much of a lady's man, and, moreover, the long years spent in outer darkness had weakened his perception. He was as wax in her hands. When she told him with bewitching candour, as they sat *tête-à-tête* in a snug corner behind the deck house, that he was quite the first to win her, he believed her implicitly. She had baited her hook very cleverly.

"I've heard of you and your terrible doings, Captain COTTON Wool—wasn't that your name? I'm half afraid to let you talk to me."

But she did, for hours and hours, while he poured forth at her artful questionings long histories of the past, making her die of laughing she vowed; or, again, her eyes filled with sympathetic tears as he told her of the hard fight he had fought with adverse fortune, till now he had "made a bit," and, as he hoped, the tide had turned.

There were no secrets between them, not on his side at least. She soon knew to a penny the sum he had cleared from the syndicate—£3,000; the exact amount of capital, oddly enough, that was required to start a theatre. This was in plain English

the pole to which she pointed, and with undeviating persistence, from the moment she had learnt what he was worth. He should marry her, and establish her in management; the latter certainly, the former if she had any luck and worked it properly.

*Ce que femme veut Dieu le veut*, runs the French proverb. There might have been a doubt whether the assistance CHRISTINE got came from above or below; but she succeeded in her dearest wish, and became both Mrs. RAYMOND COTTON and sole lessee of the Sheridan Theatre which came into the theatrical market shortly after their arrival in London. Beyond doubt she started on sensible lines, and with a large amount of experience. She was a shrewd business woman, too; knew a good deal about management, prices, salaries; had shrewd judgment both of manuscripts and of her comrades in the profession. Had she been content to direct affairs only, she might have made an easy fortune for herself and partner.

But she would act; the "leads," of course, and in ambitious plays attempting powerful dramatic rôles quite beyond her powers, which were strictly limited to impudent chambermaids in short skirts or burlesque character parts. Her dancing was always most delightful, but tights, although most becoming, as she was coquettishly aware, did not comport with the dignity of a manageress, and her small sweet voice she saved for French chansonnettes at late suppers at the Savoy.

For a year or two the "Sheridan" was a success. An actress of attractive appearance, who is a good deal talked about, will continue to draw until the world wearies of her. CHRISTINE VANDELEUR was long the fashion; she was very much before the public, not only on the stage, but in society of the showy Bohemian sort; her dresses were often astonishing, and she did many surprising things. But the critics who had welcomed her back to the London boards, congratulating her on finding her true place at last, who had praised her unduly after first nights, plentifully drenched with dry champagne, were less civil when, as they said, she neglected her art—in other words, no longer paid them proper attention. It was her business that suffered most, however, when she was taken up by a sportive duchess much given to amateur acting; early rehearsals were impossible after dancing half the night, or when luncheon parties were given in her honour to meet great folk who laughed with her (and at her, behind her back), she left the theatre to her people, to the acting manager and stage manager, always at loggerheads after the manner of subordinates striving for superiority, who ran it like a country plunged in civil war. The receipts fell off, a succession of "frosts" got the theatre into bad repute, creditors looked askance, there were Saturdays when the company doubted if the "ghost would walk," if salaries would be paid, and a collapse was only staved off by the prompt intervention of friends—of CHRISTINE'S.

All this time the COTTONS—especially Mrs. COTTON—lived high; they entertained royally in their big flat in Cadogan Gardens, or at Brighton, or on the river, where they gave noisy rackety parties to all London: on Sunday their lawn was crowded with rainbow hued blazers and the most *voyant* costumes; their steam launch could be heard a mile off, with its mandolines and banjos, and music-hall choruses; their houseboat at Henley was a gorgeous sight; from their coach at Goodwood they dispensed food and drink to all comers.

COTTON WOOL throughout played second fiddle; nay, he was not more than a mere super in the band. He did not always show; many of the guests (not at all his sort) ignored his existence, and where he was recognised, it was only as the VANDELEUR'S husband, not quite the rôle for one who had held his head so high and filled so large a place among men, the right men. He hardly talked, even to his best pals; he had lost all the old rollicking spirits that had once made him notorious, and he spent most of his time in his own home, in the society of the one child who had been born to them, a girl two or three years old, and the apple of his eye.



The blow when it fell was overwhelming. It happened at his Club. An unfortunate, most indiscreet discussion in the upper smoking-room, when no one suspected that he was near, opened his eyes to the horrible, humiliating, disgraceful truth. Some scandal-loving, loose-tongued members were idly gossiping together one Sunday afternoon, unconscious that COTTON WOOL was within earshot, hidden in a deep, roomy fauteuil in front of the fire.

"Devilish sorry for COTTON WOOL," said one. "Of course he has no idea."

"Do you believe that?" questioned another.

"Is it likely he'd allow it if he did?"

"He must have known the sort of woman he married. I remember her perfectly when she first came out. Pretty, bright little person. She was at the Variety, hopped about, and warbled, and all that—"

"And a great deal more. Well, anyhow, now she's having a high old time. VAN RENNAN, you know, that Yankee millionaire, he pays the piper. I know it for a fact. They go off together, and leave COTTON WOOL to nurse the baby. Good old COTTON WOOL, he suspects nothing. There'll be a jolly row some day—My God!"

COTTON WOOL had stood up to his full height and faced them; white with passion, speechless with rage.

"My dear fellow—we hadn't an idea—" they began to apologise.

"They're lies—black, damnable lies! I'll ram them down your throats! You shall come over to Blankenburg, or on to Calais sands, every man Jack of you. I'll have a shot at all of you fellows, anyway."

We did our best to pacify him, but he saw through our poor attempts to screen the woman; he now believed everything, and laughed us to scorn. When he broke away from us and hurried out of the Club, I followed him, desperately afraid of what he might do; lay hands on himself, perhaps, or wreak some terrible vengeance on the others.

He took a cab, and drove straight to Paddington. I followed him, and on by the next train to Maidenhead. We met on the platform, but he did not try to avoid me.

"Come along, MAC," he cried with a hoarse laugh, dragging me into the first fly. "You'll see some sport. Drive, Sir, drive like —, to Sheridan Cottage—you know, below Bridge, towards Bray."

I used all my eloquence as we went along, entreating him to do nothing rash; but he only tugged at his tawny moustachios, and laughed the same strident, mirthless laugh which made me almost shudder.

There was a party at the Cottage—and they had lunched copiously. I could hear laughter, loud voices, scraps of songs, the twanging of strings on the lawn. COTTON disdained to ring at the bell, but vaulted the hedge, and I dragged myself after him; so that we tumbled without warning right into the midst of the company.

"Banquo!" shouted someone, with an attempt at humour, as COTTON strode up, and making straight for VAN RENNAN seized him by the collar. The American, though tall and muscular, was a mere puppet in COTTON'S hands; he struggled hard, but in vain, to shake himself free as he was dragged across the lawn to the camp sheeting that margined the river.

There COTTON gathered him up, and with one last and violent effort threw him far out into the stream.

The steam-launch lay off the bank, waiting for its load, and there were men enough to rescue VAN RENNAN from the water. I was glad to know that he had got off with a ducking, and thought no more of him, being most anxious to get COTTON away. But he had not yet finished. His wife he had spurned away when she threw herself on him, and we left her in hysterics, which were probably acted, for I could see she was watching us anxiously. I followed COTTON everywhere. He was making it his business to smash everything that was breakable in the house, glass, mirrors, china, furniture; he tore down the hangings, made hay of them all, and the pictures, the ornaments, and the draperies, and had not I got the better of him I believe he would have set fire to the house.

"COTTON WOOL'S last" was quite up to the old form. But there was very little comedy in the adventure, and when the whole story came out—it was an unsavoury story, and need not be detailed—every one took his part. After the divorce, he was given the custody of the child by the Court, and we saw no more of him for years. The mother had made a desperate effort to get possession of the little MONICA, and the evening that the decree nisi was pronounced an agent of hers—she had ample means at her disposal from VAN RENNAN—got into the flat and had tried to steal the child. To prevent a repetition of this COTTON WOOL confided his treasure to some humble friends, the family of a Swiss guide he had known well once, in a far-off mountain valley, the Maderaner Thal.

COTTON disappeared from London, but I heard of him from time to time, often from the uttermost parts of the earth, where he was hunting fortune—for the little one, now—and still with small luck. He had re-entered the Egyptian service, but had been too honest or too late to share in the spoil in the breaking up of ISMAIL'S reckless régime. Then he went ranching to South America; he dealt in horses and cattle for Army contracts, but he never made money, much money, no more than a bare subsistence I fancy, and when he once more turned up after a dozen years and odd we saw that he was in pretty low water.

He had kept up his membership of his club through it all, paying his subscriptions as a foreign member punctiliously, clinging to us as a last vestige of the old days and hoping, no doubt, to resume his old and proper place in the end. It was as a very changed man, however, that he came back; stooping, round-shouldered, out at the elbows, threadbare; he looked so seedy that some of our young bucks, who thought much of personal appearance and had never heard of "COTTON WOOL of the Prancers," called him a disgrace to the Club. He felt it himself rather, for he came into the house humbly, almost apologetically, as though his right to be there was hardly clear; he avoided the company even of his oldest friends, and hated to be recognised. He did not show up often, once a week at most, and on Sundays, invariably. We noticed that he never took bite or sup in the Club; he could not afford it, of course, yet none of us dared to offer him hospitality, here, in his own house, so to speak—not even a cup of tea or a weed.

Then an extraordinary rumour ran through the Club, a strange, some said a terrible, story, although it struck the right-thinking among us as far more pathetic than terrible. COTTON WOOL had been seen and identified on the top of a Mile End 'bus: not as a passenger, but actually driving it,



wearing the badge, unmistakably and undoubtedly an *employé* of the company.

They wanted to make a Committee matter of it, some of the snobs and youngsters to whom the idea was intolerable. What! A member of one of the best clubs in London driving a public conveyance, drawing his five or six shillings a day, living out somewhere in a shabby suburb and creeping up to the West End on his rare holidays to take his place among gentlemen? It was not to be endured.

I shut up very peremptorily the first man who went so far as this to me, and told him plainly that our notions of gentlemen differed; that 'bus driving was quite as honourable a profession as many others practised east of Temple Bar. But still the talk went on, and the feeling against COTTON rather gained ground. It was now said that the Club would be discredited, laughed at; the story would get into the papers, it would affect the "waiting list"; candidates of the right sort would not care to come forward and take up their membership in such a queer company as ours. No one wanted COTTON to take his name off the Club, after all these years of sticking to it so manfully; but he must give up the 'bus. Surely "something" might be done for COTTON—a secretaryship, a billet under Government, in the Customs, War Office, the County Council!

They came to me and asked me to speak to COTTON; to put it to him that he must choose some other less questionable—no, less noticeable—line of earning his livelihood, and I accepted the mission, as I had done others, hoping to be able, perhaps to tone down the cruelty of thus thrusting myself into his private affairs.

One evening, about the time allowed him for tea, I got off COTTON WOOL's 'bus at Mile End, just at the moment he did himself, and locking my arm in his walked away with him.

"What have you got to say to me? This is intolerable!" he began in a furious tone.

"COTTON, my dear old friend," I protested. "Forgive me. I had no thought, believe me, of playing the spy on you; no wish to pry and push myself into your confidence. But we should like to help you—some of us."

"I want none of your help. Keep it till I ask for it. I was an ass, an idiot; I should have been spared all this if I had stayed away from the Club. Go your own road, and leave me to go mine."

"May I not go with you, too, a little further, COTTON WOOL; until I have assured you that my motives were of the best?" I pleaded, and to some purpose.

"You shall come all the way," he said at length, rather huskily. "You shall see what I would show no other man. But you have been in all my secrets; you shall know the last, whatever you may think of it. Here we are."

Just round the corner, not a hundred yards from the terminus of his daily drive we came upon the shabby little house he called his home. He put his hand on my arm and checked me on the threshold. A fresh young voice, of amazing richness and purity, was singing a very difficult piece with perfect judgment and precision. When it ended there followed a little quaver of applause.

We entered and were greeted by a great tall girl, large limbed of fine physique, not beautiful, but with a fair, placid face, and straightforward, honest eyes; her father's daughter, as good and true-hearted as poor old COTTON WOOL.

"My daughter, MONICA," he said, introducing her; adding stiffly, in a quiet, unemotional voice, "my wife you already know."

She was there, propped up with pillows in a ragged horsehair-covered armchair; CHRISTINE VANDELEUR herself, with the white, pinched face of one ravaged with disease, the eager, straining eyes of the helpless invalid who never leaves her corner and who yet cannot surrender the outside world. I saw it all then. He had taken her back, the erring wife, rescued her, no doubt, when in dire distress, at the end of her tether, and given her the shelter of his poor shipwrecked home.

"You heard her," cried Mrs. COTTON, as she clutched my hand and held it, caring little who I was, but hanging on my answer. "She'll do. I'm sure she'll do. What do you think? Her voice is superb."

It was, in truth, one of the first order, a voice of great compass, true and most musical. One of those rare, uncommon voices that mean fame and fortune to their possessors, and a source of unfailing delectation for the whole world.

"Tell him you think so. Persuade him, argue with him, insist. He may listen to *you*," she went on as she pointed to COTTON WOOL, who was holding his daughter's hand and stroking her fair hair and looking lovingly into her dear faithful eyes. There was evidently a close bond of affection between them.

"Ask him now, while this gentleman is here," said her mother, seizing her advantage, and MONICA falteringly handed her father a letter, which he read with a discontented face.

"You know what I think of it; that I cannot approve," he said gruffly. It was an offer, a most liberal offer, positive affluence compared with their present sordid lot, made by a theatrical agent who had heard MONICA at the Guildhall School of Music, and who wanted to bring her out on the lyric stage. I quite understood my old friend's objections, that he hated to subject his MONICA, his pet and treasure, to the temptations, the possible risks of the public career in which his married happiness had been ruined.

Nor would he yield for a long time, although I went against him, for, as I saw, the conditions were quite different. MONICA COTTON was, happily, of a different temperament to her poor misguided mother, and although she had been brought up in the strictest discipline of a Swiss *pensionnat*, her father had never hidden from her the snares and pitfalls of life; she knew good from evil, and her pure white soul was certain to pass safe and unscathed through the fire. Moreover, as I was at great pains to explain to him, a different tone now happily prevailed in at least a section of professional life. A pure, good girl would be as safe on the stage at some theatres as in the most tenderly guarded home.

At last he gave in, and the rest is known to all the world. MONICA stepped straight into popularity; she was a favourite from the first note she sang, but great as was her success, it never out-shone her high and spotless reputation. COTTON WOOL, who once was despised and ridiculed as "the VANDELEUR's husband," had reason to be proud of his latest title of honour, "the father of Madame MONICA," one of the greatest singers of the century.

There was no more 'bus driving after her *début*, which we *fêted* in fine style at our Club.



## AN ISOLATED CLAY-TABLET OF AIPHĒRĒS KĪDĪNŌS, THE CRETAN.

(From the Great Palace of Minos recently discovered at Gnososs.)



Our Translator, who is at present deeply engaged in deciphering the works of Axit-Tigleth-Miphansi, the Scribe, turning his attention, for the moment, to this new "great find," informs us that this tablet is undoubtedly of the best period, for it is *perfect* Greek to him. As he is confessedly "a bit of a—Cretan—himself!" we have confidently placed the work of translation in his hands. The Document would seem to refer, he writes, to certain morning and evening "papyri" of an archaic epoch,—journals, in fact, produced for daily

sale, and appealing to various tribes or parties in the state, strangely similar in some respects to the newspapers of the present day, except in so far, of course, as they expound the mature and authoritative views on current events of persons who might otherwise have wholly escaped notice or recognition. Frequent allusions to certain "Votive Caves" to which appeal had recently been made would seem to point to some rudimentary foreshadowing of our electoral system.

## FIRST PORTION.

1. With the rising of the Sun came forth the "Thunderer"  
 2. in all its majesty . . . . .  
 3. and its sale was world-wide, the seas  
 4. it traversed, and into the palaces of the great princes  
 5. and potentates of the earth was it brought  
 6. by liveried servants of haughty demeanour  
 7. on salvers of gold and  
 8. of silver, and on the spotless damask  
 9. with the bacon of the morning, and with the judiciously selected egg of the better-class hen  
 10. was it newly laid  
 11. . . . Its leading Articles were as  
 12. the sayings of the gods, and in the  
 13. Square of the Printing-House on the hill near  
 14. the Cercos  
 15. Great rumblings and thunder  
 16. did herald their production.  
 17. Then did the People all bow down  
 18. in reverence, and talk in a whisper  
 19. and . . . . buy something cheaper  
 . . . . .  
 20. for they couldn't afford it.  
 21. . . . contained therein was much elegant and  
 22. highly cultured script, and all taint of sensation  
 23. was relentlessly slaughtered,

24. . . . the writings and doings of well-approved  
 25. persons . . . . only they, and no others,  
 26. were ever admitted  
 27. even Cabinet Ministers had to be careful  
 28. and speak most succinctly  
 29. or risk crystallization  
 30. . . . . and it was cavière to the General  
 [A colloquial expression, referring perhaps with a sly condemnation to the insufficient vote for *personnel* in the Cretan Army Estimates—hence, a luxury.  
 —just as one might say, for instance, cock-pheasant to the caretaker, or Pommery to the dustman. You take the idea?]  
 31. Then all of a sudden, after violent rumblings  
 32. did it bring forth a special cheap line in  
 33. book-cases, of undeniable elegance  
 34. and warranted durable, the despair of our other less pushing upholsterers . . . polished off maple . . . . .  
 35. on a system of payments intensely alluring  
 36. to the general public—even circum-spect Scotchmen  
 37. tumbled over each other—to get a bit longer

38. a week or a fortnight . . . to pay in . . . . .  
 39. And prosperity was even as its Door-keeper.  
 40. It showered upon them;  
 41. till, one fateful morning, did they come  
 42. a sad cropper.  
 [We have wired a remonstrance. Editorial protest against this familiar style of expression, "Confound that translator!"]  
 43. In a leaded-out article a startled community  
 44. read the words "Zeus, of course is a myth."  
 45. Just imagine! . . . . .  
 46. Then midst the crash of his property thunderbolts, mid the  
 47. gleam of his pallid and portable lightnings  
 48. done up in a rug-strap  
 49. Did Zeus, the *Real* Thunderer, who lived in the District—in the Suburbs, I may say—the God of Olympus  
 50. Sweep into the office,  
 51. Tearing the telephone up by the roots,  
 52. and throwing sub-editors,  
 53. mildly protesting, all over the building,  
 54. did he . . . . .

Case proceeding.  
 (Result will be given in later editions.)

E. T. R.



## BALLAD OF A FIRST NIGHTER.

SWEETHEART! I'd have you understand,  
Before you wed this simple swain,  
How many are my failings, and  
The chief is Drama on the brain.  
Though not among the Upper Ten,  
For many years I have been used  
To patronise the theatre when  
A West End novelty's produced.

Though I cannot afford, it's true,  
To book me an expensive seat,  
What matter waiting in a queue  
Some time beforehand down the street?  
The dreary vigil soon is o'er,  
And then there comes the final squeeze,  
When, through the barely open door,  
They let the crowd in by degrees.

O happy hour! for there is no  
Sensation to compare, I'm sure,  
With what I always undergo  
While waiting for the overture.  
All trifling worries seem to fade  
Amid the soft expectant hum  
That, on a first night, will pervade  
The crowded auditorium.

A host of well-known faces are  
Within the opera glasses' range:  
Celebrities of Bench and Bar,  
The Peerage and the Stock Exchange.  
The "gods" are keen to recognise  
Each lucky mortal whom they love,  
And cat-calls and unearthly cries  
Will greet the victim from above.

But, after all, the play's the thing,  
Whether a bustling farce it be,  
Or melodrama, that may bring  
Lumps in the throat incessantly.  
And though the dialogue be smart,  
And situations fairly strong;  
I'll prophesy that at the start  
It's pretty sure to play too long.

Perchance the programme, we may find,  
Is comic opera, light but sweet,  
Whose melodies imbue the mind  
With a desire to stamp the feet.  
(Fair is the fame a tune may win  
If you can take it home and hum;  
'Twill feed piano-organs in  
The happy days that are to come.)

The piece to a conclusion draws;  
Is it success or failure? Who  
Can tell for certain if applause  
Will drown the low discordant "Boo!"  
At curtain fall what scenes occur,  
When frenzied voices loudly shout  
For actors, author, manager,  
Until at last the lights go out?

Sweetheart! I've laid my weakness bare,  
I cannot let the Drama slide;  
Say, will you my enjoyment share,  
And visit theatres by my side?  
Fear not for me that dangers lie  
Along the histrionic line;  
Excepting on a first night, I  
Am wholly, absolutely thine! P. G.

## THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

(Being extracts from the Diary of a Cavalry Subaltern.)

(See the "Times" for Nov. 6.)

April.—Got my commission in the—Hussars. Crack regiment! Pater awfully pleased. Thought they might refuse to pass me. I'm not what you'd call clever. But my crammer says examination of secondary importance in the cavalry. Main thing is to be good at polo and cricket and have a handsome allowance, especially the last. Said the Governor must guarantee me £600 a year. Old man looked rather blue, but stumped up. And here I am, a British cavalry officer with a career before me. Talk of reforming the army. Stuff and nonsense!

May.—Curious how cavalry life runs away with money. Had to buy two chargers, £250, which I am to feed at my own expense. Now must provide stabling for them. Officers' stabling, as provided by generous Government, not fit to put a jackass in. Rents for stabling strangely high, too, in the neighbourhood. Suppose they put 'em up because they know we must have 'em, whatever they charge. Seems curious no one has thought of altering that. Pity to throw money away, even in cavalry regiment. But no matter. It's a splendid life. Better not begin making changes. Nothing so dangerous as this talk about reform.

June.—Allowance running away at a deuce of a pace. Just been looking through my bills for uniforms. I can't possibly pay them out of my allowance; must send them in to the governor. What with full-dress and mess-dress, and gold lace and silver lace, and frogs and lappels, half-a-dozen different things to wear on my head and a dozen different things to wear on my back, the tailor seems to do very well out of it. Two pairs of regulation gold-striped pantaloons, price 14 guineas. Poor old governor! And the best of it is we never wear our uniforms when we can possibly avoid it. So that there are all my civilian clothes as well. One must dress well in the cavalry. I wonder whether they oughtn't to change all that? But no, Colonel says he won't have any talk about reform in his regiment. After all, there's nothing like the British Army.

July.—Had to write to the governor for money to-day. Furnishing one's quarters runs away with tin like anything. They were merely four bare walls when I entered them, and a fellow must have decent things about him. It doesn't look well to be stingy about these things. The other fellows don't like it. So I had a furnishing chap in, and he did them up in style. Rum thing. Should have thought the government would have done something in the way of furnishing for us. Lot of money wasted every time a chap gets transferred, or when the regiment moves.

But suppose it's all right. Colonel says so.

August.—All the fellows rather down in the mouth to-night at mess. Even the Colonel swore. He had just heard that our uniforms are to be altered. Gold braid on breeks to be one inch wide instead of two inches, and cloth of tunic to be blue drill instead of blue serge. Mess jacket changed too. Beastly shame, I call it. Will cost me a cool hundred merely to get new duds. The War Office is perfectly incompetent. Colonel says it ought to be cleared out altogether, and another lot put in instead. Wants reforming; that's what it wants, thorough reforming.

September.—Governor was down to-day to talk about my "prospects" as he calls them. It was his retrospects that took up most of the time. Wanted to know why my mess bills were so high, why champagne figured so often at dinner. Told him I couldn't help it. Never drink champagne myself. Don't like it. But it's a tradition of British cavalry. He said d—n tradition. Then he wanted to know about that subscription to the band. What do I want with a band? Why should I fork out £10 for it. Suggested 10s. would be a more reasonable figure. I explained that in cavalry regiments the officers always pay for the band. He said d—n cavalry regiments. Asked me if I had any chance of seeing active service and making a career. Had to tell him cavalry officers never had careers. Horses and men too heavy for active service nowadays. All the work done by mounted infantry. Governor says it's d—d nonsense. I begin to think it is.

October.—Fresh change in uniform ordered from Pall Mall. More expense to me. Regiment ordered to another station. That means furnishing new quarters. More expense. Best charger fell down in his stall and strained himself. Vet. says he must be shot. That means I must get another. And I'm pretty well dipped already. Our mess is going give a race lunch next week and a farewell ball the week after, and I must plank down subscriptions for each. Was there ever such a beastly service? And was there ever such an idiotic country that permits its army to be managed in this way?

November.—Sent in my papers. Out of the—Hussars, thank Heaven! Governor says he'll find a better use for £600 a year. Don't blame him either.

I'll sing thee songs of Araby—  
You'll ask me soon to stop.  
I'll tell thee tales of SARA B.,  
Whereof I have a crop.

THE LAST STRAW.—At the Savoy, Mr. D'O'LY CARTE again tries the *Patience* of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN.



## SOPHISTICUFFS.

["The ideal leader is a cross between the pedant and the prize-fighter."—*Army and Navy Gazette*.]

*Arma virumque cano—*

The man is a bit of a prig,  
But the arms make a beautiful show,  
For the bulge of his biceps is big:  
(His biceps is brutally big).

His nature has contrary parts,  
Compounded of honey and gall,  
He's advanced in the liberal arts,  
And he's handy at punching the ball:

(The art of advancement is Bawl).

His learning is partly a feint,  
Tho' at classical tags he is glib,  
For his pattern and hero and saint  
Is the doughty departed TOM CRIBB:  
(The classics are best with a crib).

So give him an army behind,  
And set him the foeman before,  
For "mauleys," when mated with  
mind,  
Are just what are wanted in war:  
(Some MORLEYS are wanting in war).

## THE SUPERINTENDENT'S STORY.

(See any report of any Dog and Cat Home.)

I AM pleased to report a marked increase in the mortality of the dogs. This I attribute to the more regular use of the recreation ground and the growing popularity of athletics.

The cats have suffered severely from an outbreak of influenza, in consequence of which the expenses of the lethal chamber have been materially reduced. The consumptive cough, which affected a great many patients, shows signs of spreading to the dogs. The strictly hydropathic treatment which has been adopted seems powerless against the evil.

Among boarded cats the mortality was also high. Many were seized with epileptic fits, and died before medical aid could be procured. In a number of cases the *post-mortem* examinations showed that there was nothing inside the cats which accounted for their decease.

In French poodles a common cause of death was cerebral congestion.

In conclusion I would like to call attention to the value of the Home as a holiday resort for all sorts and conditions of dogs and cats, and would recommend that when the householder pays his annual visit to the hydropathic he should send his pet to us, where it will derive immense benefit, mental, moral, and physical, from the low diet and change of air and surroundings. Dogs of a corpulent habit derive incalculable good from our system, and rapidly lose all apopleptic symptoms. A cat given to over-indulgence and the evil habits of eating and sleeping is sent home a reformed character—a better, if a sadder, cat.



## RACING UP-TO-DATE.

"The American Jockey Club have passed a law which warns off any person who can be proved to have affected the speed of a horse by the use of drugs, or who shall have used electrical or mechanical appliances other than whip or spur. This rule further forbids drugs, whether administered internally or hypodermically."—*The Field*.

*Trainer*. "NOW THIS HORSE IS AS FIT AS CHEMICALS CAN MAKE HIM. YOU'VE GOT A GALVANIC SADDLE, AN ELECTRIC WHIP, HYPODERMIC SPURS, AND IF YOU CAN ONLY SHIN A BIT FARTHER UP HIS NECK, YOU OUGHT JUST TO LICK ANYTHING WITH HAIR ON IT!"

## NEGRO-MANCY WITH A VENGEANCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am what is called supernaturalistic, and, therefore, a true believer in sound soothsaying. Within the last few days, my friend has been terribly upset by a fearsome paragraph which has been going the round of the Press. The dread augury reads as follows:

"A negro at St. Malo, France, prophesied the collapse of the British Empire, the revival of the Holy Roman Empire, with WILLIAM II. as the modern Charlemagne."

These are words of great portent, and they fill me with awe. As I know you, Sir, to be sapient above your fellows, I venture to ask—

1. Why did the sable seer choose St.

Malo, France, as the spot for revealing the downfall of the British Empire?

2. Why did he select the Emperor WILLIAM II. as the modern Charlemagne and the revivalist of the Holy Roman Empire?

Of course, if this Coloured Prophet be right in his forecast I must sell out my British Government Stock, and invest my capital in securities of the new Holy Roman Empire. But why St. Malo? Why WILLIAM II.? Why this black foreboding? Try and relieve the trembling suspense of your obedient Servant,

MARTHA MAGPIE.

Aspen Lodge, South Lambeth.

THE BOER GENERAL WE WANT TO HEAR OF NOW.—General Surrender.



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER X.

## TRUST HER NOT! SHE IS FOOLING THEE!

*As the Sunset flames most fiery when snuffed out by sudden night;  
As the Swan reserves its twitter till about to hop the twig;  
As the Cobra's head swells biggest just before he does his bite;  
So a feminine smiles her sweetest ere she gives her nastiest dig.*

*Satirical Stanza (unpublished) by H. B. J.*

Now that our hero had obtained that the name of *Milky Way* was to be inscribed on the Golden Book of Derby candidates, his next proceeding was to hire a practical jockey to assume supreme command of her.

And this was no simple matter, since practical jockeys are usually hired many weeks beforehand, and demand handsome wages for taking their seats. But at last, after protracted advertisements, Mr. BHOSH had the good fortune to pitch upon a perfect treasure, whose name was CADWALLADER PERKIN, and who, for his riding in some race or other, had been awarded a whole year's holiday by the stewards who had observed the paramountcy of his horsemanship.

No sooner had PERKIN inspected *Milky Way* than he was quite in love with his stable companion, and assured his employer that, with more regular out-of-door exercise, she would be easily competent to win the Derby on her head, whereupon, Mr. BHOSH consented that she should be galloped after dark round the inner circle of Regent's Park, which is chiefly populated at such a time by male and female bicyclists.

But in order to pay PERKIN's charges, and also provide a silken jockey tunic and cap of his own racing colours (which were cream and sky-blue), Mr. BHOSH was compelled to borrow more money from Mr. MCALPINE, who, as a Jewish Scotch, exacted the rather exorbitant percentage of sixty per centum.

It leaked out in some manner that *Milky Way* was a coming Derby favourite, and the property of a Native young Indian sportsman, whose entire fortunes depended on her success, and soon immense multitudes congregated in Regent's Park to witness her trials of speed, and cheered enthusiastically to behold the fiery sparks scintillating from the stones as she circumvented the inner circle in seven-leagued boots.

Mr. BHOSH of course asseverated that she was a very mediocre sort of mare, and that he did not at all expect that she would prove a winner, but connoisseurs nevertheless betted long odds upon her success, and BINDABUN himself, though not a speculative, did put on the pot himself upon the golden egg which he was so anxiously hatching.

One evening amongst those who were gathered to view the nocturnal exercises of *Milky Way* there appeared a feminine spectator of rather sinister aspect, in a thick veil and a victoria-carriage.

It was no other than Duchess DICKINSON, who had somehow learnt how courageously Mr. BHOSH was endeavouring to fulfil the Astrologer-Royal's prediction, and who had come to ascertain whether his mare was indeed such a paragon of celerity as had been represented.

The very first time that *Milky Way* cantered past with the gait of a streak of lightning, the Duchess realised with a sinking heart that Mr. BHOSH must indubitably succeed at the Derby—unless he was prevented.

But how to achieve this? Her womanly instinct told her that CADWALLADER PERKIN was far too inexperienced to resist for long such mature and ripened charms as hers—even though the latter were unfortunately discounted by the accidental nose-flattening.

So, lowering her veil till only her eyes were visible above, she waited till he passed once more, then flung him such a liquid and flashing glance from her starry and now no longer discoloured optics that the young jockey, who was of an excessively susceptible disposition, all but fell off the saddle with emotion, like a very juvenile bird under serpentine observation.

"He is mine!" said the unscrupulous Duchess internally, laughing up her sleeve at such a proof of her fascinations, "mine! mine!"

She had too much intelligence and mother-wit, however, to take any steps until Mr. BHOSH should be safely out of the way—and how to accomplish his removal?

As an acquaintance with the above-mentioned usurer, MCALPINE, she was aware that he had advanced large loans to Mr. BHOSH, and so she laid her plans and bided her time.

There soon remained only one day before that carnival of all sporting saturnals, the Epsom Derby day, and BINDABUN formed the prudent resolution to avoid any delays or crushings by putting *Milky Way* into a railway box, and despatching her to Epsom on the previous afternoon, under the chaperonage of CADWALLADER PERKIN, who was to engage suitable lodgings for her in the vicinity of the course.

But just as BINDABUN was approaching the booking hole of Victoria terminus to take a horse-ticket, lo and behold! he was rapped on the shoulder by a couple of policemen, who civilly inquired whether his name was not BHOSH.

He replied that it was, and that he was the lucky proprietor of a female horse who was infallibly destined to win the Derby, and that he was even now proceeding to purchase her travelling ticket. But the policemen insisted that he must first discharge the full amount of his debt and costs to Mr. MCALPINE, who had commenced a law-suit.

"It is highly inconvenient to pay now," replied our hero, "I will settle up after receiving my Derby Stakes."

"We are infernally sorry," said the constables, "but we have instructions to imprison you until the amount is stumped up, and anything you say now will be taken down and used against you at your trial."

Mr. BHOSH remained *sotto voce*; and as he was being led off with gyves upon his wrists, like ARAM the Usher, whom should he behold but the Duchess of DICKINSON!

Like all truly first-class heroes, he was of a generous, confiding nature, and his head was not for a moment entered by the suspicion that the Duchess could still cherish any illfeelings towards him. "I am sincerely sorry," he said with good-humoured gallantry, "to observe that your ladyship's nose-leather is still in such bad repair. I was riding a rather muscular steed that afternoon, and could not thoroughly control my movements."

She suavely responded that she was proud to have been the means of breaking his fall.

"Not only my fall—but your own nose!" retorted Mr. BHOSH sympathetically. "A sad pity! Fortunately, at your time of life such disfigurements are of no consequence. I, myself, am now in the pretty pickle."

And he explained how he had been arrested for debt, at the very moment when he had an appointment to meet his mare and jockey and see them safely off by the Epsom train.

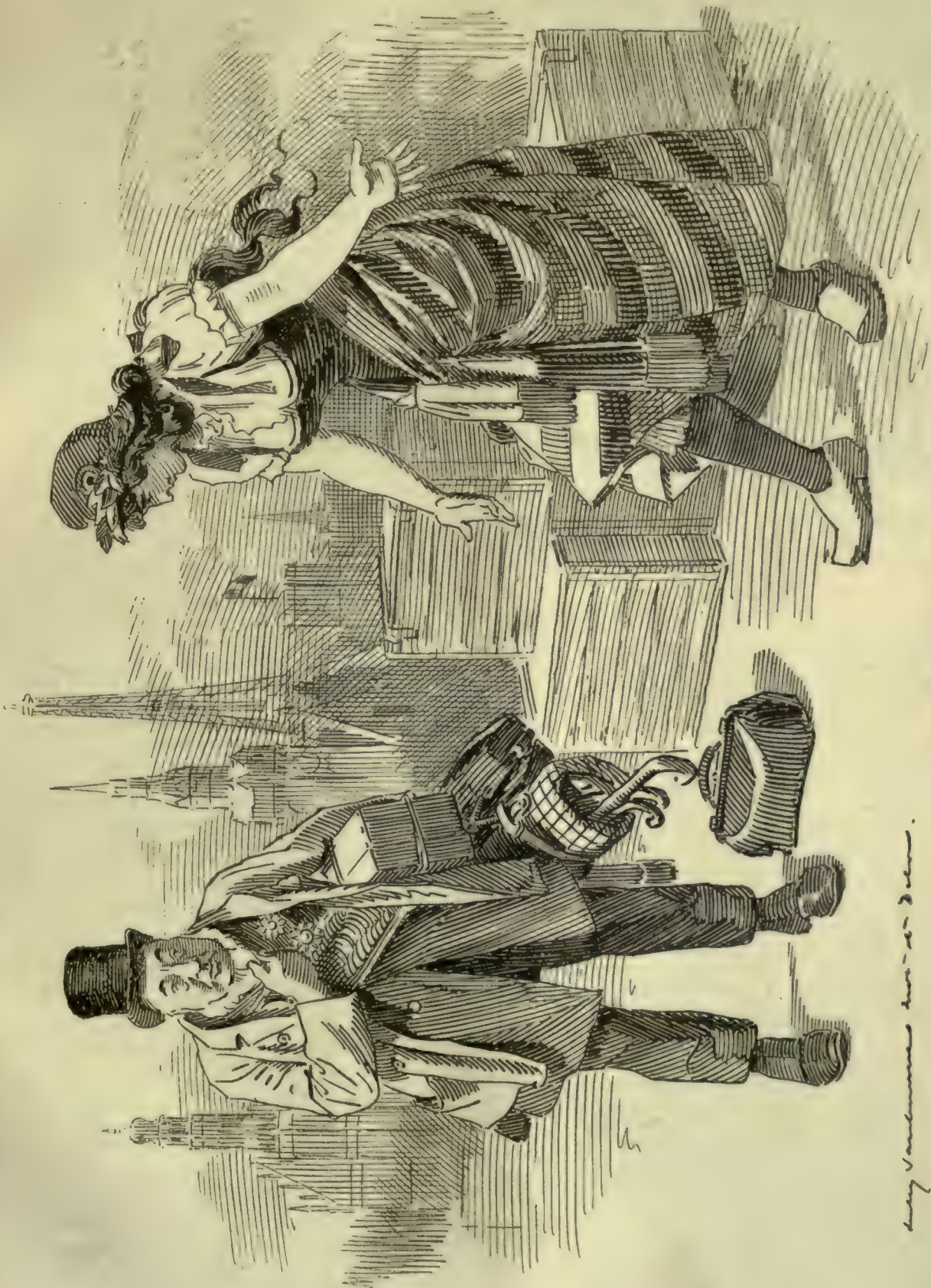
"Do not trouble about that," said the Duchess. "Hand me your purse, and I myself will meet them and do the needful on your behalf. I have interest with this Mr. MCALPINE and will intercede that you are let out immediately."

Mr. BHOSH kissed her hand as he handed over his said purse. "This is, indeed, a noble return for my coldheartedness," he said, "and I am even more sorry than before that I should have involuntarily dilapidated so exquisite a nose."

"Pray do not mention it," replied the Duchess, with the baleful simper of a Sphinx, and Mr. BHOSH departed for his durance vile with a mind totally free from misgivings.

(To be continued.)





*Very Vanities two or three.*

A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Madame La France. "So sorry, Mr. Kruger, but our exhibition is closed."  
Mr. Kruger. "Just my luck! So 's the Transvaal."





CLAYTON &amp; CO.

*Gent (in black).* "DO YOU CONSIDER THAT A PRETTY FACE?"  
*His Friend.* "No. IT JUST MISSES IT BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING  
 IN IT. GIVE ME A FACE WITH CHARACTER!"

### L'EXPOSITION KRÜGER.

[Lines arranged to be delivered by an orator from a gilded car supporting the Exhibition Bust of Krüger on the quay at Marseilles, in the event of his appearance at that port; a contingency still doubtful at the time of going to press.]

"REDS of the Midi!" Flower of Freedom's sons!  
 Type of our nation's chivalrous *canaille*!  
 Look here upon this bold and speaking Bust,  
 Transported hitherward by *grande vitesse*  
 Fresh from the Exhibition lately closed.  
 Observe it, o'er a scroll of myriad names  
 Subscribed by Europe's noblest (entrance free),  
 Wreathed to the eyes with radiant *immortelles*,  
 Salt with the tears of injured Liberty,  
 And holy by the virgin kiss of France!  
 Remark the counterfeit similitude  
 Of one whose erudition in the Psalms  
 Compels the love of our religious land;—  
 Whose generous behaviour toward the blacks  
 (Our brothers, is it not?) endears him to  
 The Christian conquerors of Madagascar;—  
 Whose burghers, rightly struggling to be free,  
 Are, many of them, ours by ties of race,  
 As sprung from that old blood of Huguenots  
 Which fructified our freedom-loving soil  
 Or else migrated to the Netherlands.  
 Alas! that, by the irony of fate,  
 Our honoured friend (the Bust's Original)  
 Should happen to be somewhat out of touch  
 With Albion, whom we love! It is the one  
 Lone rift within our present lute!

But lo!

See yonder where the winged cruiser pounds,  
 All bunting, into port! I mark the smoke  
 Curl from the stolid pipe of one that stands  
 Like to a god impassive on the poop,  
 Deaf to the siren's petrifying snort.  
 His cheek bewrays the hero who has borne  
 The motions of the deep from down below.  
 Never, since DREYFUS sought our sheltering shores,  
 Has such a Martyr found a home with us.  
 Unfortunately 'tis a fleeting guest!  
 Elsewhere they wait his advent; bounteous Belgium,  
 Whose human sympathy for Afric's woes  
 Shines in the person of the pure LOTHAIRE,  
 Opens her arms, where once SIPIDO lay,  
 To fold the Flying Dutchman on her chest.  
 Nor may he linger long in that embrace,  
 Seeing his temporary furlough might  
 At any moment rudely be curtailed  
 By news of Albion's utter overthrow.  
 Meanwhile we give a welcome worthy France  
 To him that comes, most seasonably due,  
 Upon the Exhibition's dying groan,  
 To fill the vacuum our hearts abhor,  
 And be an Exhibition in himself!

Let not this graceful welcome be defiled  
 By ribald comments on our Cabinet,  
 Cries that have come to be regarded as  
 A national anthem, good for all occasions.  
 If, in a sudden heat, as may occur,  
 You wish to vent your spleen—to spit, in fact—  
 At somebody's expense, no matter whose,  
 Then, out of deference to our brave police,  
 Employ discretion, keep your language vague,  
 Hinting at perfidy in general terms!

What ho! the war-like vessel bumps the quay!  
 Now wave your banners! Clear your brazen throats!  
 Blow up the Marseillaise on several hands!  
 And wheel the Bust athwart the gangway's end  
 To make our hero feel himself at home;  
 And let the delegates walk on by twos,  
 And grip his neck in turn, and cry like this,  
 Tears in the voice, "Vive Krüger! Vivent les Boers!"  
 Then let the multitude repeat the same,  
 Adding, if so they must, for mere delight,  
 "A bas les traîtres!" not specifying any. O. S.

### THE NEXT CABINET COUNCIL.

(A Forecast.)

SCENE—Downing Street. PERSONS—As usual.

*Lord Salisbury* (tapping on the table). Ahem!—I think we had better get to business. Now, about the War Office, for instance—

*Mr. Chamberlain*. Ah, yes, about the War Office. The subject is most interesting. Let me tell you a little experience of my own. I had a perfectly splendid time on the *Cæsar* with AUSTEN, perfectly splendid. Salutes everywhere, lots of ammunition blazing away every day, flags flying, you know, bands playing "Rule Britannia" all over the place, and everybody showing a most touching loyalty and devotion to my—I mean—ahem!—to her Majesty's person. But there's another point I want to talk about—I mentioned it to GEORGE WHITE at Gibraltar, but I'm afraid his sufferings in Ladysmith have worried him too much—at any rate, he didn't seem to pay sufficient attention to what I said—it's about the guns on the Rock. They ought to be completely changed. But, of course, both at Gibraltar and Malta—

*Lord Salisbury* (gently interrupting). The business before the Council is the reform of—





IF YOU SHOULD FIND A STRAY BULL IN POSSESSION OF THE LINKS, AND WHO IS FASCINATED BY YOUR LITTLE RED LANDMARKS, DON'T TRY AND PERSUADE POOR MR. LITTLEMAN TO DRIVE HIM AWAY. HE IS VERY PLUCKY—BUT IT ISN'T GOLF.

Mr. Chamberlain (*volubly continuing*). As I said, both at Gibraltar and Malta we had several banquets. Really, these people did their very best to prove that patriotism is still a living fire. Whenever I spoke, for instance, there was loud and long continued cheering from the whole company—

Mr. Brodrick (*aggressively*). Talking of Companies, have you noticed how the *Morning Leader*—

Mr. Chamberlain (*glaring, but impressive*). I was saying, that the whole company broke out into enthusiastic applause. What more do you want? Canada is with us, Australia keeps on cabling to me, Malta gives me banquets, Gibraltar salutes me, India offers rupees, even the West Indies send subscriptions, and during all this time I've been on the *Cæsar* with AUSTEN, and the Empire has been made absolutely safe all round. As an ordinary—

Lord Lansdowne (*aloud, to himself*). Shareholder—

Mr. Chamberlain (*again glaring, and still impressive*). I say, as an ordinary but none the less patriotic individual, I could not help feeling that the miserable calumny to which I have been exposed, sinks into nothingness. I am a Fishmonger; I have dined with GEORGE WHITE and GRENFELL; I have been a guest on the *Cæsar*. Isn't that a sufficient answer? But I wanted to tell you about the guns on the *Cæsar*. It's a most remarkable thing, but they hadn't a single yard of red cloth out for us on the gangways. Is that right? I appeal to the head of the Government. Am I the sort of man to—

Lord Salisbury (*stung beyond endurance*). Oh! Kynoch!!

[*Loud cheers, during which the luncheon hour strikes and the Council breaks up.*]

#### LONDON AND SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,—The other day I read a complaint, made by some worthy, that we do not commemorate our greatest poet and dramatist by naming public places, streets, parks, etc., after the most notable characters in his plays. I see, however, that there is a place called "Cassiobury Park." Good. Is there anywhere an "Othellobury Avenue," or an "Iagobury Terrace"?

Yours, RODERIGO.

#### APATHY.

(To the Editor of the —.)

OUR great and glorious party has been sinking, Sir, of late, To a sad and most deplorable condition; The register's neglected, and the funds are in a state Of absolute and abject inanition.

So, lest its future still proceed from bad to worse, mayhap (In the present dearth of amateur advisers),

I write these lines, whose end and object is to fit the cap On the right heads—of our party organisers.

Now take my case as typical, an ardent partisan, The backbone of our party, let me say, Sir,

Well up in every topic, who can jaw with any man, And in policies can point you out the way, Sir;

I've lived in this same neighbourhood, and in this same abode, For fifteen years (no doubt, the agent knew it),

And I might have had the franchise if I'd walked across the road,

Yet he never called and asked me, Sir, to do it.

I was shot for a subscription to the party years ago (The figure was a minimum, a shilling);

If you ask me have I paid it, I'm compelled to answer, "No," But not, indeed, because I was unwilling.

You can't be always thinking about trifling sums like that, So I waited for the "seventh application,"

Till the lazy beggars let it drop—and now they wonder at Their empty purse with imbecile vexation.

While others spend their strength upon the canvas—or do not, To look up faithful friends or win the doubting,

I haven't time to waste upon such tedious, irksome rot, But I'm always with the first to do the shouting.

Then when you see our party (with supporters, heart and soul, Like me), from sheer neglect must fall asunder,

If by thundering majorities they're beaten at the poll With confidence I ask you, "Can you wonder?"



## DARBY JONES AS A PROPHET INDEED.

HONOURED SIR,—It passed my poor Understanding, being one of those Wretched Beings surrounded by Providence with the Troubles brought about by Connubial Cricket on the Hearth, to draw your Esteemed Attention last week but one to the fact that so long ago as in the Issue of your Ennobling Journal dated December 10, 1898, I wrote referring to "The Harvest of the Turf" some very Pertinent (perhaps some would say Imperinent) remarks with regard to "Bottlers," and others. In my Post-Scriptum, I added these words:

"I humbly submit my remarks to the Great Gimeracker, Lord DURHAM, who appears to be a sort of Jockey Club General BOULANGER. There is a Minister for Agriculture, why not one for Turfculture? Lord DURHAM might take the office, and be Government Handicapper, Starter, Chucker-out, and Head Lad all rolled into one. His ancestor killed the Lambton Worm. His Lordship might slay the Hydraheaded Horrors, which are apparently bred on the Turf like rabbits. They would be sure to succumb to Durham mustard."

Could there have been any Better Forecast? Lord DURHAM, backed by that Genial Turfite Mr. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, has perfectly fulfilled my prediction. And again I ask why should not the Men of the Book be licensed by the Jockey Club? This matter of *Bis* and the *Cito Dat* (to quote the Classics) is so easily arranged. The great Nonconformist (I speak without Reference to Creed) Objection is that such a Procedure on the part of the Lords of Newmarket would License Betting.

I beg with all *humility* to reply that Betting has never been declared Illegal by English Law, and that the Jockey Club Stewards practically license it themselves. It is no use, moreover, disguising the FACT (as the quaint author of *Tom and Jerry* would have had the word printed) that the Mainstay of Running Horses is the Desire of Owners and their Followers (great and Small), to follow their Fancy. Preach till you are black as a Chimney-Sweep, but you will NEVER get rid of this Truth. During this past week I have known many Patrons and Friends sacrifice their Little Alls, and their County Patrimonies to Speculation on the Result of the Occupancy of Washington's Chair. This was Legalised, and great have been the Ups of those who backed President MCKINLEY for the U. S. Sweepstakes.

For our Universal Sweepstakes I look to Lord DURHAM—though Heaven wots he has many Unprincipled Enemies!—to legalise Bookmaking. The absurdity of not doing so is best exemplified by the Conduct of the Paris Exhibition, *recognised and supported by the Queen's Government* yet organised on the principle of a Lottery which would not obtain at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Chester, York, Sandown,

Kempton, Liverpool, Manchester or even Wye. I should like that Prince of Advocates Mr. C. F. GILL to give the Why and Wherefore of my Argument. I am too poor a Sophist (I think that is the O. K. expression), but nevertheless I would like to back the Triple Event, DURHAM-ROTHSCHILD-GILL v. all the Jockeys belonging to the Jockey Club, or the Yankees, or the Not-to-be-Found. Apologising for this Fervour in the Field, and congratulating H.R.H. on his tact with regard to somebody else's loane. I am,

Your devoted Troubadour,

DARBY JONES.

## WHITECHAPEL v. MAYFAIR.

THERE are who have made it their mission  
To clamour in accents of woe,  
O'er the terribly crowded condition  
Of Whitechapel, Hoxton and Bow;  
Be it mine to warn innocent strangers  
Of the West—be it mine to declare,  
The numberless horrors and dangers  
Of our little flat in Mayfair.

Some people wax very emphatic,  
And wroth at the slum-dwellers' plight.  
Have they seen the diminutive attic  
In which we are cabined at night?  
Have they seen the black cupboard appalling,  
Where our general struggles for air?  
Have they seen the grim coroner calling  
At our little flat in Mayfair?

Have they heard of the crowd that inhabits  
Our warren—the young and the old,  
And the infants like so many rabbits,  
With their prams in battalions untold?  
You may sigh o'er the sorrowful question  
Of Whitechapel: I say, "Beware!  
There is more overcrowded congestion  
In our little flat in Mayfair."

## POLITICAL TYPES.

(Being recently discovered fragments of the  
"Characters" of Theophrastus.)

## THE RADICAL SNOB.

RADICAL Snobbery may be defined as pretension to convictions which one does not possess.

The Radical Snob is one who will tell you at a meeting that he, for one, would do away with all privileged classes and individuals, using eloquent words in a discourse on the brotherhood of man; and who, if a grandee come to visit the place where he resides, will rush off to the station to meet him, offering the hospitality of his humble home and to carry his portmanteau. When he entertains his fellow citizens, the many, he is a teetotalter; the choicest vintage of his cellar is not good enough for his friends, the few.

## THE SCHOLASTIC LIBERAL.

Scholastic Liberalism would seem to be

a theoretical presumption that all men are equal.

The Scholastic Liberal is the kind of person who, when addressing the electorate of East Slumborough, will discourse on the philosophic aspects of the situation; it is just like him, too, to elucidate his meaning by a reference to the *Republic* of one Plato (*Stephanus*, 513 B), adding that of course the passage is familiar to them all. If he is made aware that the bath is not a universal institution, he will express surprise. He is very apt to increase the Tory majority.

## THE POLITICAL NOBODY.

Political Nonentity is, if one would wish to define it, the pursuit of exercises for which one is unfit.

The Political Nobody is the sort of man who never misses a division. He has not been known to catch the Speaker's eye. Great is he in his burgh, and, should he address his constituents, many are the preparations of his secretary. When the local press has reported his plagiarisms in full, he will send marked copies to all his friends. He will not fail to subscribe to all the local clubs and charities, and is sure to be returned with a large majority.

## THE LIBERAL IMPERIALIST.

Liberal Imperialism would seem to be, in fact, excessive desire to paint the map red to the neglect of social problems.

The Liberal Imperialist is one who will support the Tory Government in all cases of aggression. If there is a question of conquering a free people, he will say he wishes to confer on others the privileges he himself enjoys, adding that it is no bad fate to become a British citizen. He is very apt to be called a Tory.

## THE LITTLE ENGLANDER.

Little Englandism is unnecessary adherence to the inevitable deductions of Liberalism.

The Little Englander is one who, when he thinks of our slums at home, is rather apt to forget our interests abroad. If there is a question of a General's grant, it is quite like him to suggest that the money might be devoted to Primary Education. He knows a Jingo when he sees one.

## THE NEW DIPLOMAT.

The New Diplomacy is the framing of provocative terms and despatches with intent to annoy.

The New Diplomat is the kind of person who, while professedly trying to secure a peaceful settlement, will publicly utter offensive remarks. He is apt to run his country into war. It is very much in his manner to use phrases of this sort: "the sands are running low," "a squeezed sponge," "they must mend their manners," "the hundred legs of a caterpillar." He is very likely to forget the difference between private letters and public documents.



FROM "THE WAR OFFICE—A  
MEDLEY."

[A *Times* correspondent complains that the latest regulations issued from the War Office are like a tailor's list, and contain details of seventy-seven kinds of gold lace.]

HALF her warriors were dead,  
She was scarcely seen to blink,  
All the Empire, watching, said  
"She must change, or we shall  
sink."

Then they hinted at reform,  
Named another likely Chief,  
Prophesied a coming storm;  
Yet she slumbered past belief.

Passed a Marshal into space,  
Strode another to the chair,  
Fell a Marquis up a place;  
Yet she never turned a hair.

Rose a 'cute official, spread  
Tailor's patterns on her knee—  
A torrent of new rules she shed;  
"Sweet gold lace, I live for thee."

ADDITIONAL STREET SUGGESTIONS.  
(For the consideration of the L. C. C.)

THAT the water-carts be filled with the best perfumes.

That dust, dust-bins, and refuse of all kinds be strictly prohibited.

That the roads be taken up from below, and the surface allowed to remain undisturbed for the traffic.

That omnibus conductors be invited to announce the destination of their conveyances in a musical whisper.

That the names of occupants of houses, their incomes, and expectations be clearly written up in the drawing-room windows of their respective residences.

That itinerant musicians be only allowed to play from midnight to 6 A.M., except by special request of one quarter of the inhabitants.

That the railway companies be invited to stop the whistles of their guards, and to cause the accidents arising out of the omission to be conducted with as little clamour as possible.

That the streets be only watered when it rains, so that no inconvenience shall be caused to the proprietors of the water-carts.

That every ratepayer shall remove the snow in front of his house, as combined action is impracticable.

That every ratepayer shall mend his portion of the highway, as the authorities do not see their way to keeping the streets in good repair.

That every ratepayer shall do everything, because the municipal authorities find they can do nothing.

That the L. C. C. be earnestly invited to adopt the above suggestions to prove—amongst other things—that it is worthy of being, in point of fact, the L. C. C.



THE M.A.  
1900

RATHER DIFFICULT FOR HIM.

Jones. "I AM NEVER AT A LOSS IN CONVERSATION."

His Fair Hostess. "BUT SURELY, MR. JONES, THERE MUST BE SOME SUBJECTS YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT DO YOU DO THEN?"

Jones. "OH, THEN—I SAY NOTHING, AND LOOK INTELLIGENT."

"IF!"

[ "Had the war not broken out, Lord LANSLOWNE would have easily ranked as the best War Minister of recent times."—*Daily Telegraph*. ]

It's really very hard to know what one would wish to be!

I'd like to be a sailor if it weren't for the sea; [preach;

I'd like to be a parson if I hadn't got to I'd like to be a teacher, but I'd simply hate to teach.

I'd like to be a burglar if it weren't for the p'lice;

I'd like to be a soldier if we always were at peace; [were abolished;  
I'd like to be the Speaker if the Session I'd like to have the wool-sack were the House of Lord demolished.

But of all the great professions which I'd gladly claim as mine,  
There's one *par excellence* to which my longing thoughts incline;  
For nothing in the universe would suit my talents more  
Than being made War Minister if there was never war.





"Walking Lady" (late for rehearsal). "OH, I'M SO SORRY TO BE LATE! I DO HOPE YOU HAVEN'T ALL BEEN WAITING FOR ME?"  
 Stage Manager (icily). "MY DEAR MISS CHALMERS, INCOMPETENCE IS THE GIFT OF HEAVEN; BUT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS MAY BE CULTIVATED!"

#### WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CROWDS?

IN view of Lord ROBERTS' return, Mr. Punch begs to submit the following suggestions to the Authorities:—

1. Recall entire South African force to line route.
2. Arrange with Commandant DE WET to land (peaceably) at Liverpool on the same day. (These two first suggestions might with advantage be combined.)
3. Apply universal conscription to Police Force.
4. Abolish Police Force.
5. Barricade side streets.
6. Barricade main streets.
7. Remove houses and various other obstructions on line of route.

8. Extend line of route to Basingstoke: (a long ride, but nothing to BOBS.)

9. Arrange procession for 5 a.m. (An early reveillé, but BOBS won't mind that.)

10. Provide suitable balloon accommodation for crowd.

11. Provide ditto, ditto, for Lord ROBERTS. Or

12. After all, who so admirably fitted to manage a difficult campaign as our Commander-in-Chief?—Ask BOBS!

MOST APPROPRIATE.—The outgoing Lord Mayor, Sir A. NEWTON, has been decorated by the Shah with the highest Persian Order, The Lion and the Sun, doubtless in recognition of Sir ALFRED's British-leonine capability, and of—well, his son's prowess in Southwark during the election.

#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE Markiss o' SARUM begs to inform his patrons and the public that the T. R. Westminster will be re-opened at the earliest date possible, under the same management, with new dresses, scenery, and appointments. Several old favourites will appear, and some very popular engagements have been made. Among other elements of popularity

#### THE SALISBURY QUINTETTE

will give their unrivalled entertainment, and the only successor of the great GRIMALDI, our quick-change artist

"JOE,"

will appear in his great Transvaalian Transformation and Colonial Variety Show.

N.B.—Further details, illustrated, will be given next week.

#### LAY OF THE HOOLIGAN.

["The Hooligans do not like the cold, damp, miserable month of November; they prefer prison."  
 —Daily Mail.]

WHEN summer reigns throughout the land,  
 In flaming June or fierce July,  
 When temperature is tropic, and  
 The scorching streets are nice and dry;  
 The Hooligan's delightful "phiz"  
 Wears an expression far from glum,  
 For bodily discomfort is  
 Reduced to quite a minimum.

His far from perfect boots have not  
 To face the damp he so much loathes;  
 No chilly breezes then have got  
 The chance to penetrate his clothes;  
 When daylight its departure takes,  
 And stars shine out above his head,  
 The pavement or the doorstep makes  
 A fairly comfortable bed.

But when the summer months have passed,  
 How different the state of things!  
 The slushy street, the biting blast,  
 The fog that dark November brings.  
 The Hooligan, depressed in mind,  
 His inactivity repents,  
 And quickly takes some steps to find  
 A refuge from the elements.

The "pocket-knife he waves on high,  
 The dainty bludgeon he prepares,  
 Then lies in wait for passers-by  
 And pounces on them unawares.  
 The jovial punch beneath the rib,  
 The kindly bash upon the nob,  
 The gay garrotte, employed *ad lib.*,  
 Or any other little job.

And then, if fortune smiles upon  
 His perseverance, so to speak,  
 Ere many dreary days have gone  
 He will be hauled before the beak.  
 In lenient law he finds a friend,  
 And, if his efforts do not fail,  
 The happy Hooligan may spend  
 The winter in a cosy gaol.

P. G.





“NOT LOST—BUT LEFT BEHIND!”

UNCLE SAM. “GLAD TO SEE YOU SAFE, PRESIDENT! TAKE A SEAT RIGHT HERE. BUT SAY; WHERE’S THAT ‘IMPERIAL’ UMBRELLA OF YOURS?”

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY. “GUESS I HAD TO DROP IT IN THE CRUSH OUTSIDE!”







## HEROD BEERBOHM TREE.

"C'est magnifique!" there's no doubt about that, "Mais—il y a toujours un 'mais.'" All that the most artistic setting can do for the piece has been done by Mr. HAWES CRAVEN; all that is picturesque in design and harmonious in colour, Mr. PERCY ANDERSON'S costumes achieve; the most that some fine acting, much good acting, and intelligent stage management can effect for *Herod*, the dramatic poem written by Mr. PHILLIPS, has been effected, and "still we are not happy." It may be a grand poem to read, for PHILLIPS is a "worthy peer," and an actor-manager, such as is Mr. TREE, must have perceived in it possibilities for the thrilling portrayal of human passion in many varied phases. Otherwise, this play would never have seen the footlights.

What are its characters? An Oriental barbaric king, earthly, devilish, sensual in his passion which he flatters himself is love; a selfish, cruel, crafty, unscrupulous tyrant. To preserve his throne from imaginary danger he commands the murder of the brother of his wife, of that wife for whom he exhibits such savage, passionate "love"; and, at the very moment of the youth's being done to death, this monster can embrace the victim's sister with fiendish sensuality, covering her with satyr-like caresses. Terrible to describe. "Horrible, most horrible!" And the more realistic the acting, the more revolting the effect. *Herod's* mother and sister are fiends in human shape, skilled poisoners, barefaced liars, combining against the life of the Queen for their own political ends; the King's chief minister has the subtlety and the venom of a serpent; his dependants are ready blindly to obey their tyrant's orders, and thus they murder first the brother of the Queen, and then the Queen herself. Except the brother, *Aristobulus*, who has a short life and a merry one, and is well represented by Mr. NORMAN THARP, and except *Queen Mariamne* (Miss MAUD JEFFRIES), there are among the principal *dramatis personæ* "none that doeth good, no not one." And the more force Mr. TREE throws into the part of *Herod*, the more tiger-like in his rage and satyr-like in his erotic passion he becomes, in fact, the more truthful he is to the actual character he represents, the worse is it for the play. On some persons such terribly realistic acting may exercise a horrible fascination; but these, I imagine, are the exception, not the rule; they are of those who will pay the extra sixpence to see the Chamber of Horrors.

Victim as is the unhappy Queen, yet even in her farewell she is hard; never touching our sympathies, compelling no tears. We are sorry for her, but somehow we feel, as the indifferent spectator at the theatre observed, excusing his remaining dry-eyed while all around were sobbing, that "he couldn't see it was any business of his." Perhaps the poet-dramatist might say there is something lacking in the performance of Miss MAUD JEFFRIES, who impersonates the Queen, with a wealth of coarse auburn hair, so rare as to be well-nigh impossible except as a perruquier's creation, though I fancy it takes its tone from the play, as *Herod* "voit rouge" and gloats over it. If *Herod*

is possessed of one good quality, the poet gives no key to it, and therefore Mr. TREE is unable to exhibit a sentiment that he cannot find in the character.

As to the representation of the other important parts, it seemed to me that *Gadias*, the plotting chief minister, should have been an austere, determined character, a Hebrew Machiavelli, instead of a sniggering dotard, continually "washing his hands with invisible soap in imperceptible water," as he chuckles, like a doddering Puck, over the results of his iniquitous counsels. Miss BATEMAN (Mrs. CROWE in parenthesis) plays the melodramatically repulsive Mother of *Herod*

with a force that leaves little to be desired, except that she would, just occasionally, contrive to tone it down a bit. Is there any necessity for this horribly wicked woman to pronounce the word "torture" as "tarture," which is especially noticeable, as almost immediately after she has finished her speech, *King Herod* has to repeat the same word, and seems as if correcting his mother's pronunciation by uttering "torture" correctly.

Miss ELEANOR CALHOUN makes of *Salome* a striking figure. She delivers her lines with forcible emphasis, and were not her oriental attitudinising so overdone as to suggest that she is an amateur dancing-girl perpetually posturing for the mere love of the thing, or for the sake of playing up to her mother, her rendering of the part could not well be improved.

'Tis not in managers and actors to command success, but Mr. TREE has deserved it, and will no doubt achieve it. Among the ancients, poet and prophet were synonymous terms. Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS is a poet, may he be Mr. TREE's profit.

## THE REASON WHY.

["Furs are no longer merely talked of—they are a necessity."—*Ladies' Column.*]

PHREW!

Don't the wind jes' whistle! Don't it mike yer pinched an' blue!

An' don't it git inter yer lungs an' down yer stumick too!

And don't it set yer orf

With a heverlastin' corf,

Wot 'acks yer,

An' racks yer,

An' cuts yer through an' through!

Wy don't I tike me sible bore, an' wrap it round me throat?

Wy don't I drop me cotton skirt, an' don me sealskin coat?

Cos wy, I found they wosn't in the hortumn fashion; but

I'm a 'avin' of 'em horltered to the litest Paris cut.

In corse it's most provokin' 'ow them long delays hoccurs,

For this 'ere is the season when yer wants yer winter furs;

But orl them Bond Street people is as busy as can be,

An' can't hattend to customers—not even torfs like me.

When is a massage man in a Turkish bath like a bicycle?—  
When he is rubber tired.



A PIECE-OFFERING.





Whip furiously (to shirking hound). "GER-E INTO COVERT WITH YER!"

[Great alarm of Binnings (his first experience of hunting), who acts accordingly.]

### THE PROFESSOR AND THE AUTUMN "CREEPER."

(With apologies to Mr. R. S. Hichens, apropos of his fascinating volume, "Tongues of Conscience.")

THE Professor was standing in the doorway as I passed along Berkeley Street. When my gaze alighted upon his parchment face and keen grey eyes, I rushed up and seized him by the hand.

"My dear fellow," I said, "delighted to see you!" He stared coldly.

"May I ask—" he began.

"What need of introduction?" I replied warmly. "Am I not on the look-out for a short story—creepy kind—and are you not the illustrious eternal Professor, absolutely indispensable for that kind of tale?" He looked mollified. "Now," said I, taking his arm and entering the hall, "I will dine with you. No objection, please; in short stories formalities must be dispensed with. By the way, you have no beautiful daughter, nor charming ward, nor victims for vivisection. No!"

I tapped a small door under the staircase enquiringly.

"A boot cupboard," said the Professor, drily.

"Good. Excellent. These realistic touches greatly help a modern creepy story. Ah! I see dinner is just ready. Thank you, I'll sit opposite."

We had dinner. Whilst toying with

the fruit the Professor said, "Excuse the absence of carnivorous food. Never touch meat—hate it." I felt strangely thoughtful, and left soon after.

The next day I reached the Professor's house after dinner. He was taking coffee, and I thought looked rather worried. This made me happy; the short story seemed promising.

"Don't tell me I'm uninvited," I said. "I knew it. Tell me, in the sacred name of Fiction, are you not haunted?"

He started uneasily—then drank more coffee. I waited. He came up to me.

"Yes, I'm haunted; not by a shape—I could dispose of that by a nerve tonic: but by a *smell*—do you hear that, man?—a *smell of hot joints!*"

"Simply grand!" I said. "So splendidly novel—such an improvement on the old-fashioned ghost."

He seized my arm. "Hush! What's that? Here, climb up on the table—something's going to happen!"

A cat padded along the floor; she mewed, sniffed uneasily, then gnawed sideways as if at a bone. I strained my eyes; the cat was gnawing *nothing*. We sprang off the table."

"You saw that?" he cried. "The cat sees this horrid thing. Oh, Jupiter! the smell of joints grows worse each moment. You smell nothing?"

I shook my head. "Only coffee," I said.

"How will it end?" he cried wildly. "This torture will kill me!"

I nodded encouragingly.

"Don't die till you get a really good climax; but, perhaps, then it might be more effective." Then I rushed off to a publisher.

### AN ACTOR'S CONFESSION.

PUBLIC, for whose delight I play  
This part or that, day after day,

My daily bread to gain;  
With pain I learn what passions ill  
In me those characters instil  
Whose semblance I sustain.

Othello when I simulate,  
Upon my wife a jealous hate  
(It seems) I'm taught to turn;  
As Richard Crookback if I strut,  
My soul to gentle thoughts is shut,  
And hideous passions burn.

So I, by evil influence swayed  
From every villain's part I played,  
Long since had been undone,  
Had I not, acting turn about  
More kindly characters, no doubt  
From them their virtues won.

Thus as my soul now virtue schools,  
Now vice with ruthless vigour rules  
Upon the mimic stage;  
I find myself much on a par  
With what my fellow-sinners are,  
Upon an average.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is difficult to read straight on through *The Great Boer War* (SMITH, ELDER) by reason of the tears that dim the eyes as the sorrowful story is told. CONAN DOYLE made his reputation as a novelist. Stranger far than fiction is the tale he has to tell of the campaign in South Africa. No romancist, with fear of the critics before his eyes, would venture to narrate in succession how METHUEN tried to cross the Modder, how were fought the battles of Magersfontein, of Colenso, and of Spion Kop. The terribleness of the tale is added to by the dispassionate manner in which Mr. DOYLE handles his facts, and the judicial style of his summing up of the evidence. The conclusion arrived at is put in a sentence. "The slogging valour of the private, the careless dash of the regimental officer, these were our military assets; seldom the care and foresight of our commanders." In brief, the victories slowly won, at immense cost, in face of apparently insuperable difficulties were due to Tommy's dogged valour. As Mr. DOYLE more than once modestly reminds the reader, he is only a civilian. He has, nevertheless, thoroughly mastered the plan and the details of the campaign, and presents them in a shape that can be understood of the people. His description of the various engagements are masterpieces of graphic writing. He brings into clearer light than my Baronite has found it set out elsewhere how dire was the peril to the Empire through the first three months of the struggle. The Boers, patiently preparing for the campaign for more than two years before the Ultimatum was flashed forth, were, on the 9th of October, in last year, armed and ready at all points. They found the mighty British Empire represented by 12,000 men, to begin with hopelessly split into two detachments. We at home laughed at Oom PAUL's blatant demand that British troops in South Africa should leave the country, and those at sea, bound for the Cape, should be turned back. But these simple farmer folk knew what they were about. Had they passed Ladysmith by on the other side, marching straight to Durban and Capetown there was nothing to stand in their way. They let the chance slip through their hands, and the British soldier, splendidly helped by the Colonials, delivered the Empire from the pit dug for it by fatuous administration at home. As Mr. CONAN DOYLE truly says, "If we have something to deplore in this war, we have much, also, to be thankful for." At best, it is a melancholy story of dauntless courage and demented direction.

Mr. W. S. LILLY, hitherto favourably known in the literary world as a serious, philosophic, and withal satirical essayist, has thrown aside the academic robes of a professor lecturing on facts, to appear as a writer of fiction. The transformation of *Doctor Faustus* is the only parallel to this marvel that occurs at the moment to the Baron. His book, *A Year of Life* (JOHN LANE), the learned essayist's first essay in fiction, comes as an agreeable surprise to the Baron, and the greater portion of it compels his genuine admiration. The treatment of many of its scenes is masterly, the interest being, on the whole, well sustained, in spite of the story having been unduly spun out. Owing to this, the impressive effect of the final climax is seriously diminished, and is gradually obliterated by the subsequent prominence given to insignificant details. After the fate of the hero and heroine is decided, the future of the minor characters in the story is a matter of not the smallest interest to anyone. Not only is an "epilogue" needless, but it is resented as superfluous. Immediately after the heroine has placed her hand in that of the hero, and the latter has exclaimed, "LILIAN, my life, my wife!" the curtain should quickly descend. There is no more to be said; no more to be done. Plaudite! The very next line the novelist writes is, "They were silent for a time." Well would it have been for the success of the novel had Mr. LILLY followed this excellent example. Frequently, in the course of the narration, from beneath the

disguise of the novelist the robe of the academic essayist is visible. The characters, meeting in the house of the exceptionally wise and blameless Duke of Shropshire, are all talkers, widely-read persons, gifted, not only with marvellous memories, but also with rare powers of so forcing conversation as to offer frequent openings for their ready-to-hand quotations. These are personages in the highest society, cultured up to such a point that, if they could not find perpetual opportunities for relieving themselves of some of their brain-oppressing knowledge, they would inevitably be victims of spontaneous cerebral combustion. But when Mr. LILLY tears himself away from ducal delights, from the anecdotes told by a right reverend *raconteur*, from quotations by everybody, including himself, and from his own philosophic reflections, illustrated by more quotations involving foot-note translations, then he takes up his story with vigour, and is at his very best. On these occasions, which happily are not exceptional, the essayist disappears, and we have a novelist writing with real dramatic power. The first love-scene between Philip and Lilian is an instance in point, being in every respect excellent, and so also is the author's arrangement of the subsequent catastrophe. Yet so inveterate is this habit of quotation in Mr. LILLY, that at the supreme crisis in the lives of his two lovers, their fate is decided, *per sortes Virgilianas*, by a quotation from TENNYSON! When he is engaged on his next novel, let him adopt the plan practised with some success by Mr. Dick, who found as much difficulty in keeping CHARLES THE FIRST's head 'out of his memorial as Mr. LILLY would presumably find in avoiding all temptation to bring in quotations; and then with head clear of reminiscences, and with hand free, he will come to his work, "his strength renewed as the eagle's" (quotation), and will give us his best entire, of which in *A Year of Life* we have already so many undeniable specimens.

Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN has just written and published a most interesting, instructive, and charmingly illustrated essay on the Portraits of GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

"When CHAUCER lived"—"the order of the Garter Was instituted." There was nothing after.  
Yes, one thing more! What, Mr. SPIELMANN, pray?  
Aha! . . . "the vine was planted in Tokay."

But that CHAUCER lived to avail himself of any chance of stocking his cellar, Mr. SPIELMANN deponeth not. In this book there are eleven excellent photographic reproductions of the Poet's portraits, of which only one is "a picture, mounted"; and this, which is perhaps the most interesting in the collection, may be taken to mean—though Mr. SPIELMANN does not suggest it—that the Poet is here seen on his ambling Pegasus. This essay is the work of a skilled and enthusiastic connoisseur, for whom the exact study of any personage, or period, in the history of literature or art, is indeed a labour of love. And here it is not "Love's Labour Lost."

Free Trade for Fairies by all means! Let 'em all come in from every foreign country under the Sun and Moon. They can have no better official introduction for the Court of King Oberon than Mr. ANDREW LANG, in his *Fairy Directory*, entitled *The Gray Fairy Book* (LONGMAN, GREEN & Co.), whose tales and legends are well illustrated by the magic pencil wand of H. J. FORD.

*Grimm's Fairy Tales*, edited and translated by BRATRICE MARSHALL, for children and the household (WARD, LOCK & Co.). Old friends Marshall'd together, most welcome to young readers, and familiar as "Household Words" to their elders. A lot of nice new friends, in the way of extra stories, are given to complete the company. The illustrations are excellent.

A collection of wonderfully truthless tales entitled *Imaginations*, by TUDOR JENKS (FISHER UNWIN), containing amusing but impossible situations which the reader may believe, if he can, but the advice of the considerate author himself is *Don't*, especially those that are guaranteed strictly untrue.

THE BARON DE B.-W.





HAT'S up,  
DICK?"  
said one.

"Every-  
thing," re-  
plied the  
other.

"O h —

that's bad. But what in  
particular?"

"Oh, I'm too sick at heart to tell you anything about it."

"By Jove, you don't say so! You must be bad, old chap. Got any baccy here?"

"Oh, yes, heaps of baccy; heaps of everything."

"That's not the fellow who ought to be down in the mouth and miserable."

"Oh, everything material, I meant."

"You need not speak with such contempt of material things," said PARKER quietly. "After all, in this vale of tears, while material things are with us, spiritual things can go by the wall very comfortably. But what I want to know is, what particular spiritual trouble is on you now?"

The man called DICK got up impatiently and stretched himself, mixed another whiskey and soda and began to fill his pipe. PARKER looked at him with genuine bewilderment. For full five minutes neither of them spoke. They sat in their big chairs in that small, untidy barrack-room in absolute silence.

Then DICK VERNON gave an impatient sigh and rapped out an ugly little word, kicking out one of his long legs as if he were kicking an imaginary enemy.

"Better make a clean breast of it, old chap," said PARKER. "It will relieve you, if it doesn't do anything else."

"Well, you know," began VERNON, rather ungraciously, as an Englishman always does when he is going to make a serious confidence, "I've been over at the Palace a good deal lately."

"Yes, I know you have. Isn't the fair MARGARET —?"

"Oh, the fair MARGARET is all right."

"Then, what's the trouble?"

"Oh, the trouble is His Holiness the Pope of IDLEMINSTER."

"The Pope? Doesn't he favour your suit?"

"Favour it? Not exactly! I suppose he wants his daughter

to marry some snivelling finger-post, and then he'll give him two or three fat livings."

"I believe it ain't the law now," put in PARKER. "A bishop who gave his son-in-law a good fat living would raise such a storm —"

"Oh, well, I don't know. I only know that I've — I've proposed to MARGARET, that I've been and interviewed His Holiness and that he has said 'No.' And the old beast's coming to dine here to-night!"

PARKER got up and strutted across the room, puffing himself out so as to fill as much space as he could, and softly rubbed his hands one against the other with a curious sympathetic movement of the head—I mean sympathetic to the imaginary washing of the hands.

"Oh, yes, I know," said VERNON; "it's beastly hard lines. There she is, crying her eyes out in this blooming old Palace; and here am I with every hope I had in the world dashed to the ground."

"My dear chap," said PARKER, "you are getting quite poetic."

"It's all very well for you; you were never in love in your life. Perhaps when you are as old as I am, you will be. What does a babe like you know about love?"

"I? I have been in love"—and here PARKER gave a great sigh—"I have been in love, my dear chap, times out of count."

"Yes, but you never stopped in it. You were never in love to matter."

"Not yet," said PARKER modestly, "not yet; time enough. I'm nineteen; you're twenty-five."

"She's nineteen, too," said VERNON.

"Is she as much as that? I thought she was less."

"Yes, she was nineteen the other day. She says she will stick to me, bless her! But it means two years wasted, if the old curmudgeon keeps his word and refuses his consent absolutely: and, even then, he may force her to marry somebody else. She says she won't; says if she waits ten years she won't. But a father can make it so jolly hot for a young girl, if he has a mind that way. You know they say that constant dropping will wear away a stone. I'm so afraid —"

"Oh, my dear chap, buck up, buck up; never say die! The axiom that holds good on one side will hold good on the other. Constant dropping will wear away a stone? Yes, and con-



stant bombardment may make the episcopal father-in-law raise the siege and surrender at discretion. He is coming to dine to-night, you say. Whose guest is he?"

"I suppose he's JOHN JENKINSON's guest."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Then you had better keep as modestly in the background as you can, and let me worm myself forward and into the episcopal graces."

For a moment VERNON was silent, then all at once he burst out again. "I don't know what the old beggar wants. I'm a deuced sight better born than he is, I'm decently off, I'm a fair-looking chap—hang it all, anyway, I'm the man she fancies! What can he want more, unreasonable old beggar?"

"There's never any saying what a father wants," remarked PARKER; "still less is there any saying when that father happens to be a Bishop. Perhaps he wants his daughter to marry a duke, or a marquis at least. Of course, you are none of these grand things. You are plain Mr. VERNON, and beyond a military title I don't suppose you will ever have a handle to your name."

"I don't want a handle to my name," burst out VERNON irritably. "We have been VERNONS of Stretfield a sight longer than there have been any Bishops of Idleminster."

"Oh, yes, but you are not a howling swell like a Bishop. You don't go to the House of Lords and sit in a sort of black satin night-gown. No, no; you must take the rough with the smooth, old boy, and if His Holiness proves difficult, you must meet resistance with strategy. Isn't that good tactics, eh?"

"I dare say it is," said VERNON wearily, "I dare say it is. I have been thinking about it ever since yesterday afternoon. The more I thought, the more addled I got and the more impossible it seemed that I should ever do anything to bring him to see reason. If he had been angry, the old beast, I should have had hopes; but he wasn't angry. He wasn't anything, except cold-blooded and fish-like and prosy. Oh, I don't know how such a thing comes to be the father of MARGARET CHATFIELD."

"Perhaps she takes after her mother," suggested PARKER.

"Well, perhaps she does; anyway we don't know, since she hasn't a mother."

"Don't despair, old chap. Keep up your pecker; buck up, it will come all right. As old BOOTLES used to say, it will dry straight in the end. Don't jack up too soon."

"I'm not going to jack up. I say, PARKER, you've got a scheme in your head?"

PARKER's eyes instantly sought the ground. "I wouldn't quite say that. I think a way might be found with a little—a little tact. You say he is going to dine here to-night with JOHN JENKINSON. That's funny! JOHN JENKINSON's got the gout."

"Well, I know he has; but he couldn't very well write and say 'I can't have your Holiness because I've got the gout.' He is JOHN JENKINSON's guest, and we shall have to entertain him."

"That's a point in our favour," remarked PARKER, striking first one and then the other of his smooth pink cheeks. "I must—you must be out of this. The less you say the better. Be very civil, very polite, rather deferential and intensely quiet during the whole of the dinner. You won't sit very near him; you can take care of that. I shall take care that I do. Now, I must take CHUMMY into my confidence."

"But don't let all the fellows know exactly why."

"No, no, no; only CHUMMY. Leave it to CHUMMY and me. I think with a little judicious counterfeiting that the Right Reverend the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER may be brought to see reason."

## CHAPTER II.

PARKER, otherwise the BABE, upheaved himself from the depths of his big chair, and pulled the chin-strap of his forage cap yet more tightly over his chin.

It was a very young face, smooth and small featured, with not even a suspicion of a moustache. His hair was fair and

inclined to be curly; his skin, pink and white; his eyes were very blue and well shaded by eyelashes a good deal darker than his hair.

As he went swaggering out of the room, with his sword clanking after him, DICK VERNON gave vent to a bitter little laugh. As if that stripling could help him in such a weighty matter against so potent a personage as the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER! Oh, how he did wish that MARGARET CHATFIELD's father had been no more than a country rector, who would have welcomed RICHARD VERNON of Stretfield as his son-in-law.

His thoughts were very bitter as he sat there, tugging hard at his pipe. Would it ever come right? Would he ever attain the desire of his heart? Would MARGARET CHATFIELD ever be his?

He was, however, for the moment, under the influence of, and depending on the discretion of that very young officer, CHARLES PARKER, commonly known as "the Babe" among the officers of the distinguished regiment to which he belonged. Then a thought flashed into his mind, of something he had heard in church only a Sunday or two ago; something about a little child laying its hand on the cockatrice den; and, in spite of his misery, DICK VERNON burst out laughing at the thought of the episcopal wrath did the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER ever discover—"drop down to it" were the exact words in which his reflections formed themselves—that this smooth-faced youngster was trying to make him alter his august mind!

In the meantime the youngster had gone in search of another comrade, of whom he had spoken as CHUMMY.

Now, CHUMMY wasn't a subaltern. On the contrary, he was very high up the list of captains; and, perhaps, no more popular man could have been found on the entire strength of the Black Horse, from the Colonel down to the youngest drummer boy.

As he expected, PARKER found him in his quarters, enjoying half-an-hour's rest before he went out on whatever occupation he fancied for the afternoon.

In reply to the BABE's thump, thump, at the door of his quarters, he shouted a cheery, "Come in!"

"Hullo, BABE, is that you?"

The BABE went in, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Are you alone, CHUMMY?" he asked.

"I am, BABE; I am," was the response. "What's amiss?"

"Well, nothing's amiss with me, thanks be to goodness," replied PARKER, settling himself comfortably in the easiest chair that he could find. "But poor DICK VERNON is in a devil of a mess."

"Is he though? What has happened? I have not heard anything of it."

"No, you wouldn't be likely to hear anything of it; but he is in a mess, poor old chap! He's sitting up in his quarters this minute like a bear with a sore head."

"What! What has happened?"

"Well, I can speak to you in confidence, of course. I have got VERNON's permission to confide in you."

"Poor old chap! What is it?"

"It's the Bishop's daughter."

"Oh!"

"Yes, unfortunately, that's what the Bishop said. He said 'Oh!' too."

"More important what the lady says on the subject, don't you think?"

"Well, in the ordinary way, yes; in the way of Bishops, I am afraid not. It seems that VERNON proposed to her the other night, and she accepted him. Yesterday afternoon he went to have an interview with His Holiness the Pope of IDLEMINSTER, and got sent about his business in double quick time."

"You don't say so! What for?"

"What for? I don't know. He don't know. She don't know. But by all accounts she's sitting crying her eyes out in the Episcopal Palace, and VERNON is cursing his luck here in his quarters."



"Bless my life and soul!" ejaculated WILSON KING. "Bless my life and soul! What, ain't VERNON good enough for the Bishop?"

"I don't know what's his reason, but he has said 'No,' and said it very decidedly. Now, I'd like to do poor old VERNON a good turn; yes, I would. He's a good chap, a good all-round chap, and the girl is fond of him, and there's no reason why His Holiness should have stepped in to make matters unpleasant. I have thought of a little plan which, with assistance from you, I think I can carry into effect with considerable benefit to the parted lovers."

"Yes? Well, what is it?"

"Well, the Bishop is coming to dine to-night. He's JOHN JENKINSON's guest. Major isn't dining, DRUMMOND is going to an evening party, and will want to leave the ante-room fairly early, and the honours of the evening will devolve upon you."

"Well?"

"Well, I think if you would suggest to His Holiness, who loves a game of cards, mind you, that perhaps he would not care to be seen playing in the ante-room—which he probably wouldn't—but that he could have a game of whist if he came up to your quarters——"

"Well?"

"Well, I may manage the rest. See?"

"No, I don't see. Can't you give me a little more?"

"Well, I don't want to spoil things; but how would this work?"

Then he bent forward and whispered a few words in his comrade's ear. The result of the few words was to send WILSON KING off into a paroxysm of uncontrollable laughter. "Ha, ha, ha!" he cried. "Ho, ho, ho! you'll never do it, BABE."

"Me not do it?" said the BABE, regardless of grammar.

"Me not do it? Ha, ha! I have dodged people more important to me than the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER. If you don't give me away, CHUMMY, I'll back myself to do it."

A few hours later, the officers of the Black Horse were gathered together in the ante-room, and WILSON KING was just explaining to the Lord Bishop the cause of their Chief's absence.

"Got the gout?" said the Bishop, in his most episcopal tones. "Oh, poor fellow, I am sorry."

"So is he, Bishop," said WILSON KING, "so is he. But I went down and saw him this afternoon, and I told him I would look after you, and try to represent him to the best of my ability. Perhaps you know Father O'RAFFATY?" indicating a jolly-looking Catholic priest who had just entered the room.

The Bishop bowed. He was a very Episcopalian Bishop, with a strong tendency towards Low Church views—Evangelical he called them. He liked Roman Catholic priests as little as they liked him, which was saying a good deal; but when two men of diametrically opposite sentiments on any subject, religious or otherwise, are guests at the same table they cannot but preserve an outwardly civil demeanour, and the Bishop answered the priest's enquiries after his health with an unctuous politeness of manner which caused WILSON KING the most intense amusement.

One after another, the officers of the regiment came and greeted the great dignitary of the Church, among them VERNON, to whom the Bishop was civil to absolute effusion.

At dinner he sat beside WILSON KING, who was the most amusing man in the whole of the Black Horse. Never did a mess dinner go so smoothly or so merrily. The Bishop felt that he had never before really understood soldiers. He had never thought that they could be so appreciative of episcopal merit. He had not been very long Bishop of IDLEMINSTER, and he had cherished the idea, not uncommon among ecclesiastics, that the Army was, on the whole, opposed to the Church. Here was he, however, evidently the favourite guest of the evening. Every man at the table, excepting VERNON, seemed desirous of taking wine with him. The waiter plied his glass with champagne of a brand that was beyond dispute. Good stories and jokes followed one another in rapid succession, and, yet, not a single word was uttered which could in any way be regarded as a slight upon his episcopal dignity.

"You will smoke, Bishop?" said WILSON KING.

"Just a cigarette," he replied; "just a cigarette."

With the appearance of that cigarette, the wine drinking began again.

"Bishop," cried one, "you didn't take wine with me."

"I thought I did," said the Bishop in his blandest voice, a voice which, by this time, was becoming suspiciously mellow.

"No, Bishop, not with me, I assure you; I give you my word of honour. Just one glass more, to show that there is no ill-feeling."

"Ill-feeling?" The Bishop was feeling anything but ill; perhaps a shade topsy-turvy, but that was a matter which nobody knew anything about but himself.

"You like a game of whist, don't you, Bishop?" said WILSON KING at this juncture.

"Yes—on occasion," said the Bishop a little doubtfully.

"Seems to me that this is an excellent occasion for a game of whist, don't you think so?"

The Bishop turned towards WILSON KING who, out of the tail of his eye, saw that the mess waiter was again filling up the Bishop's champagne glass. "Well—not to-night; no. Not that I see any harm in it—oh dear, no; not the least in the world—but one has to be careful, you know. Eh? That good gentleman, my colleague—you understand—you understand."

"Well, I don't," said WILSON KING; "but that's neither here nor there. Perhaps you will enlighten me."

"Well, all things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. It's quite lawful for me to play a game of whist, but—I don't think it would be expedient to indulge myself in that way when I'm in company with a Catholic priest."

"Oh!" said WILSON KING, "is that all?"

"And you have some very young officers here who might think, if they saw a Bishop playing whist, that they were at liberty—well, to play a very different game of whist to what would content me. All things are lawful, but—all things are not expedient."

"I think you are perfectly right, Bishop," said WILSON KING, "perfectly right, quite right, and I honour and admire you very much indeed for it; but, all the same, if you are inclined for a game of whist, you could come up to my quarters and have a quiet rubber without anybody, excepting those who play with you, being any the wiser."

(Continued in our next.)





### A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE.

CURIOUS OLD PRINT, FROM MR. P.'S COLLECTION, ORIGINALLY SUPPOSED TO BE A GENUINE GILLRAY, BUT FOUND TO BE SPURIOUS ON A QUESTION OF DATES.

MESSRS. SURFEIT AND FATTEN,  
CRAMMERS,

*Prepare young gentlemen for the Army.*

BY their new scientific process Messrs. SURFEIT and FATTEN are able to add from ten to twenty lbs. to the weight of their pupils in a single term.

At their establishment food of a sustaining character is served every two hours, and, if necessary, is forcibly administered. The intervals between meals

are devoted to sleep and a little dumb-bell exercise.

No mental work whatever is permitted among the pupils, as such employment has been found to be deficient in flesh-forming properties.

The results of the system speak for themselves. Of thirty pupils sent in last year twenty-two passed in weight, and the other eight would certainly have passed also if they had not unfortunately

died. This year the figures should be even better, as all the students are "shaping" nicely, and many have put on over a lb. a day.

Out of the immense number of testimonials which Messrs. SURFEIT and FATTEN have received, the following are selected. A grateful mother writes:—

GENTLEMEN,—I must convey to you my sincere thanks for the success which you have achieved with TOMMY. When he came to you he weighed only eight stone four, and though well up in Mathematics, Modern Languages, Natural Science, and *Kriegspiel*, appeared to have no chance of satisfying his examiners. A term with you worked marvels. TOMMY now scales ten stone, and his career in the Army is assured.

A Father writes:—

GENTLEMEN,—I gladly bear testimony to the admirable results of your system in the case of my son. He went to you a bright lad, slim and active, and barely over nine stone. He is now a heavy sleepy youth of ten stone eight, and is sure of his commission.

### INCOGNITO.

["Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is travelling in strict incognito."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE shades of night were falling fast  
When through the Bay of Naples passed  
A vessel of the British fleet,  
Which bore a stranger in complete  
*Incognito*.

The eye-glass planted in his eye  
Concealed his personality;  
The orchid which his bosom tricked  
Assisted to preserve his strict  
*Incognito*.

Italian warships through the gloom  
Their deferential guns bade boom  
In honour of the famous wight  
Who stood upon the *Cæsar*, quite  
*Incognito*.

He stepped ashore; reporters flew  
At lightning speed to interview  
The stranger who was seen to stand  
Upon the quay, so modest and  
*Incognito*.

He told them how he liked the sea,  
That "nasty motions" disagree—  
And straightway eager Fleet Street flew  
To print the last about the new  
*Incognito*.

He banqueted his recent hosts,  
Himself proposing sundry toasts;  
And all the world at breakfast time  
Perused the words of this sublime  
*Incognito*.

And from the columns in the press  
One reads each morning, one may guess  
He still is travelling with his suite  
A stranger in the most complete  
*Incognito*.



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER XI.

STONE WALLS DO NOT MAKE A CAGE.

*Oh, give me back my Arab steed, I cannot ride alone !  
Or tell me where my Beautiful, my four-legged bird has flown  
'Twas here she arched her glossy back, beside the fountain's brink,  
And after that I know no more—but I got off, I think.*

*More so-called original lines by aforesaid young English friend.  
But I have the shrewd suspicion of having read them before  
somewhere.—H. B. J.*

AND NOW, O gentle and sympathetic reader, behold our unfortunate hero confined in the darkest bowels of the Old Bailey Dungeon, for the mere crime of being an impecunious !

Yes, misters, in spite of all your boasted love of liberty and fresh air, imprisonment for debt is still part of the law of the land ! How long will you deafen your ears to the pitiable cry of the bankrupt as he pleads for the order of his discharge ? Perhaps it has been reserved for a native Indian novelist to jog the elbow of so-called British jurisprudence, and call its attention to such a shocking scandal.

Mr. BHOSH found his prison most devilishly dull. Some prisoners have been known to beguile their captivity by making pets or playmates out of most unpromising materials. For instance, and *exempli gratia*, Mr. MONTY CHRISTO met an abbey in his dungeon, who gave him a tip-top education ; Mr. PICCIOLA watered a flower ; the Prisoner of Chillon made chums of his chains ; while Honble BRUCE, as is well-known, succeeded in taming a spider to climb up a thread and fall down seven times in succession.

But Mr. BHOSH had no spider to amuse him, and the only flowers growing in his dungeon were toadstools, which do not require to be watered, nor did there happen to be any abbey confined in the Old Bailey at the time.

Nevertheless, he was preserved from despair by his indomitable native chirpiness. For was not *Milky Way* a dead set for the Derby, and when she came out at the top of the pole, would he not be the gainer of sufficient untold gold to pay all his debts, besides winning the hand of Princess VANOLIA ?

He was waited upon by the head gaoler's daughter, a damsel of considerable pulchritude by the name of CAROLINE, who at first regarded him askance as a malefactor.

But, on learning from her parent that his sole offence was insuperable pennilessness, her tender heart was softened with pity to behold such a young gentlemanly Indian captive clanking in bilboes, and soon they became thick as thieves.

Like all the inhabitants of Great Britain, her thoughts were entirely engrossed with the approaching Derby Race, and she very innocently narrated how it was matter of common knowledge that a notorious grandame, to wit the fashionable Duchess of DICKINSON, had backed heavily that *Milky Way* was to fail like the flash of a pan.

Whereupon Mr. BHOSH, recollecting that he had actually entrusted his invaluable mare with her concomitant jockey to the mercy of this self-same Duchess, was harrowed with sudden misgivings.

By shrewd cross-questions he soon eliminated that Mr. MCALPINE was a pal of the Duchess, which she had herself admitted at the Victoria terminus, and thus by dint of penetrating instinct, Mr. BHOSH easily unravelled the tangled labyrinth of a hideous conspiracy, which caused him to beat his head vehemently against the walls of his cell at the thought of his impotentiality.

Like all feminines who were privileged to make his acquaintance, Miss CAROLINE was transfixed with passionate adoration for BINDABUN, whom she regarded as a gallant and illused innocent, and resolved to assist him to cut his lucky.

To this end she furnished him with a file and a silken ladder of her own knitting—but unfortunately Mr. BHOSH, having never before undergone incarceration, was a total neophyte in effecting his escape by such dangerous and antiquated procedures, which he firmly declined to employ, urging her to sneak the paternal keybunch and let him out at daybreak by some back entrance.

And, not to crack the wind of this poor story while rendering it as short as possible, she yielded to his entreaties and contrived to restore him to the priceless boon of liberty the next morning at about 5 a.m.

Oh, the unparalleled raptures of finding himself once more free as a bird !

It was the dawn of the Derby Day, and Mr. BHOSH precipitated himself to his dwelling, intending to array himself in all his best and go down to Epsom, where he was in hopes of encountering his horse. Heyday ! What was his chagrin to see his jockey, CADWALLADER PERKIN, approach with streaming eyes, fling himself at his master's feet and implore him to be merciful !

"How comes it, CADWALLADER," sternly inquired Mr. BHOSH, "that you are not on the heath of Epsom instead of wallowing like this on my shoes ?"

"I do not know," was the whimpered response.

"Then pray where is my Derby favourite, *Milky Way* ?" demanded BINDABUN.

"I cannot tell," wailed out the lachrymose juvenile. Then, after prolonged pressure, he confessed that the Duchess had met him at the station portals, and, on the plea that there was abundance of spare time to book the mare, easily persuaded him to accompany her to the Buffet of Refreshment-room.

There she plied him with a stimulant which jockeys are proverbially unable to resist, viz., brandy-cherries, in such profusion that he promptly became catalytic in a corner.

When he returned to sobriety neither the Duchess nor the mare was perceptible to his naked eye, and he had been searching in vain for them ever since.

It was the time not for words, but deeds, and Mr. BHOSH did not indulge in futile irascibility, but sat down and composed a reply wire to the Clerk of Course, Epsom, couched in these simple words : "Have you seen my Derby mare ?—BHOSH."

After the suspense of an hour the reply came in the discouraging form of an abrupt negative, upon which Mr. BHOSH thus addressed the abashed PERKIN : "Even should I recapture my mare in time, you have proved yourself unworthy of riding her. Strip off your racing coat and cap, and I will engage some more reliable equestrian."

The lad handed over the toggery, which BINDABUN stuffed, being of very fine silken tissue, into his coat pocket, after which he hurried off to Victoria in great agitation to make inquiries.

There the officials treated his modest requests in very off-handed style, and he was becoming all of a twitter with anxiety and humiliation, when, *mirabile dictu* ! all of a sudden his ears were regaled by the well-known sound of a whinny, and he recognised the voice of *Milky Way* !

But whence did it proceed ? He ran to and fro in uncontrollable excitement, endeavouring to locate the sound. There was no trace of a horse in any of the waiting-rooms, but at length he discovered that his mare had been locked up in the left-luggage department, and, summoning a porter, Mr. BHOSH had at last the indescribable felicity to embrace his kidnapped Derby favourite *Milky Way* !

(To be continued.)





# A SUGGESTION FOR THE HUNTING SEASON.

NO MORE TROUBLE FROM WIRE, DAMAGE TO FENCES, ETC.

## FAREWELL!

[“Parliament meets on Dec. 3.”—*Daily Paper.*]

SEA-snake of the roaring Atlantic,  
Dive down to the depths of thy blue!  
Great gooseberry, green and gigantic,  
Adieu till next August, adieu!  
Fare thee well, fare thee well, silly season!  
Thy wonders thou tellest in vain;  
We are all for pure wisdom and reason,  
Now Parliament's here once again.

The torches of wit will be burning—  
Ah! think of the sallies and quips,  
The humour, the light, and the learning,  
When members re-open their lips!  
Ye that joy in Demosthenes' art, let  
It gladden your famishing souls  
That ye soon will be feasting on B-RTL-TT,  
And the delicate fancies of B-WL-S.

Oh, glorious prospect! What wonder  
Our hearts in expectancy glow  
As they wait for the roar of the thunder  
Of S-MMY SM-TH, C-LDW-LL and Co.  
Farewell, silly season! Thy spectre  
Grows dim, for thy day is now done—  
Or would it be slightly correcter  
To say it has only begun?

## THE CHARMED LIFE.

[“Dowager-Empress again reported dead.”—*Daily Paper.*]

O LADY of the charmed life,  
Again you quaff the poisoned chalice;  
Again the suicidal knife  
Makes desolation in the palace;  
Again you rise on stepping-stones  
Of your dead selves—which, one  
surmises,

Ere this must top mere Helicons  
And dwarf the Alps to Hornsey Rises.

A mortal snuffs his candle out,  
And there's an end of some poor sinner:  
You, lady, take your life about  
As regularly as your dinner;  
Like Phoenix, from your ashes you  
Arise refreshed to new endeavour,  
More daring schemes and bolder coups,  
And, dying daily, live for ever.

NOTE BY AN OLD ETONIAN.—In view of  
his letter on the subject of drink, it is  
very evident that LORD ROBERTS belongs  
to the “Dry-Bobs” not the “Wet-Bobs”  
family, and could never have attempted  
the “long glass” at “Tap.”



## CHILDE JOSEPH'S PILGRIMAGE.

So on his pilgrimage forth fared the Childe  
To represent Britannia's awful sway;  
His vessel—not that ship from CÆSAR styled,  
Which should embark him down Gibraltar way,  
Yet big with CÆSAR'S fortune—ploughed the Bay  
In the unnumbered wake of homing swallows;  
Stoutly he lit a great cigar and lay  
Contemptuous of Biscay's hoary hollows,  
And with his naval son and heir conversed as follows:—

“AUSTEN, my boy! bright image of my self!  
Now are we launched upon the lusty main;  
Free from the gripe of politics and pelf  
We may awhile repose the fevered brain  
With scraps of some old nautical refrain;  
With thoughts of NELSON, that ennobling theme,  
Suggested by the adjacent map of Spain;  
Till JESSE be forgotten as a dream,  
And HOSKINS fade into an unpromoted scheme!”

Behold Gibraltar's bare and beetling rock,  
Its adamantine base with billows wet,  
Chip of the Empire's earth-compelling block  
On which the sun is impotent to set!  
What passions in the hero's bosom fret  
As, on the Governor's arm, he scales the height  
Burrowed with bastions! How should he forget  
KYNOCES and POWELL, faithful parasite,  
Under a bushel doomed to douse his public light?

Soon with reluctant feet they quit the land,  
Noting the pillars named of Hercules,  
Europe and Africa on either hand,  
And Britain throned on all the sundering seas.  
Now Malta's cannon shake her martial quays,  
Thrice favoured atom of that mighty whole  
(As JOSEPH tells the Aborigines),  
Which, thanks to Heaven and his (the Childe's) control,  
Stretches in one harmonious mass from pole to pole!

At length, eluding Scylla's loathed wiles,  
The urgent keel of Cæsar (H.M.S.)  
Glides by the fiery Liparæan isles,  
And on to Naples' azure bay, express.  
And here the Childe in unofficial dress  
Samples the cafés and the dim Duomo;  
But no incog. can hide his courtliness,  
Though some mistake him for milord SILOMO,  
So fine a modesty adorns our *novus homo*!

“Napoli! Napoli!” (thus JOSEPH cried,  
Scanning the plain with glassy eagle eye,  
While from the crater in a steady tide  
The sulphuretted lava floated by),  
“City that ROSEBERRY saw and wished to die!  
Thou art Italia's pride, our only love!  
Such hatred we provoke—I wonder why;  
Are some of us too near the powers above?  
Or does the New Diplomacy too rudely shove?”

Anon he courses down the Sacred Way  
In cabs by moonlight, calm and self-possessed;  
It is a scene, though viewed in vulgar day,  
That leaves the thoughtful tourist much impressed;  
There to his listening son the Childe addressed  
Remarks on Rome and ruin; how she lacked  
What might have served to stay the Gothic pest—  
A gift for federation; missed, in fact,  
What he was born with—meaning pure Imperial tact!

Now he returns to fill his native niche,  
Skirting the course of KRÜGER'S pilgrim feet,  
Free to admit that there were points on which  
He proved his local knowledge incomplete;  
Filled full with culture as an egg with meat,  
And radiant with the art of antique Rome;  
Yet, in respect of things like Downing Street,  
Convinced that one may find, across the foam,  
No place, however humble ours may be, like home! O. S.

## HINTS ON MAKING ONESELF THOROUGHLY OBJECTIONABLE.

“PRACTICE,” says the proverb, “makes perfect!” And the compiler of these hints wishes to impress this point on his readers, urging them not to be discouraged if their efforts do not meet with all the success they could wish for at the first attempt. Perseverance and assiduous attention to the object they have in view, namely, the exasperation of their fellow men, will surely triumph in the end.

### I.—IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

This is a very good place for the novice to experiment in. First of all, to avoid any possibility of your operations being, so to speak, nipped in the bud and brought to an untimely end, it is advisable to select a long-distance train, and one that does not stop for, at least, an hour after leaving the terminus. Be at the station some time beforehand, and try to find a compartment in which all four corner seats have been secured by means of rugs, umbrellas, or newspapers, placed in them. Having satisfied yourself that the legitimate occupier of one seat is engaged at the other end of the platform, looking after the luggage, you proceed to remove his belongings up into the hatrack. Then you occupy the seat yourself. To ensure complete success at this stage, you should be of the feminine gender and call yourself a lady; in which case the exasperated individual, whose place you have taken, cannot very well resort to brute force just as the train is starting.

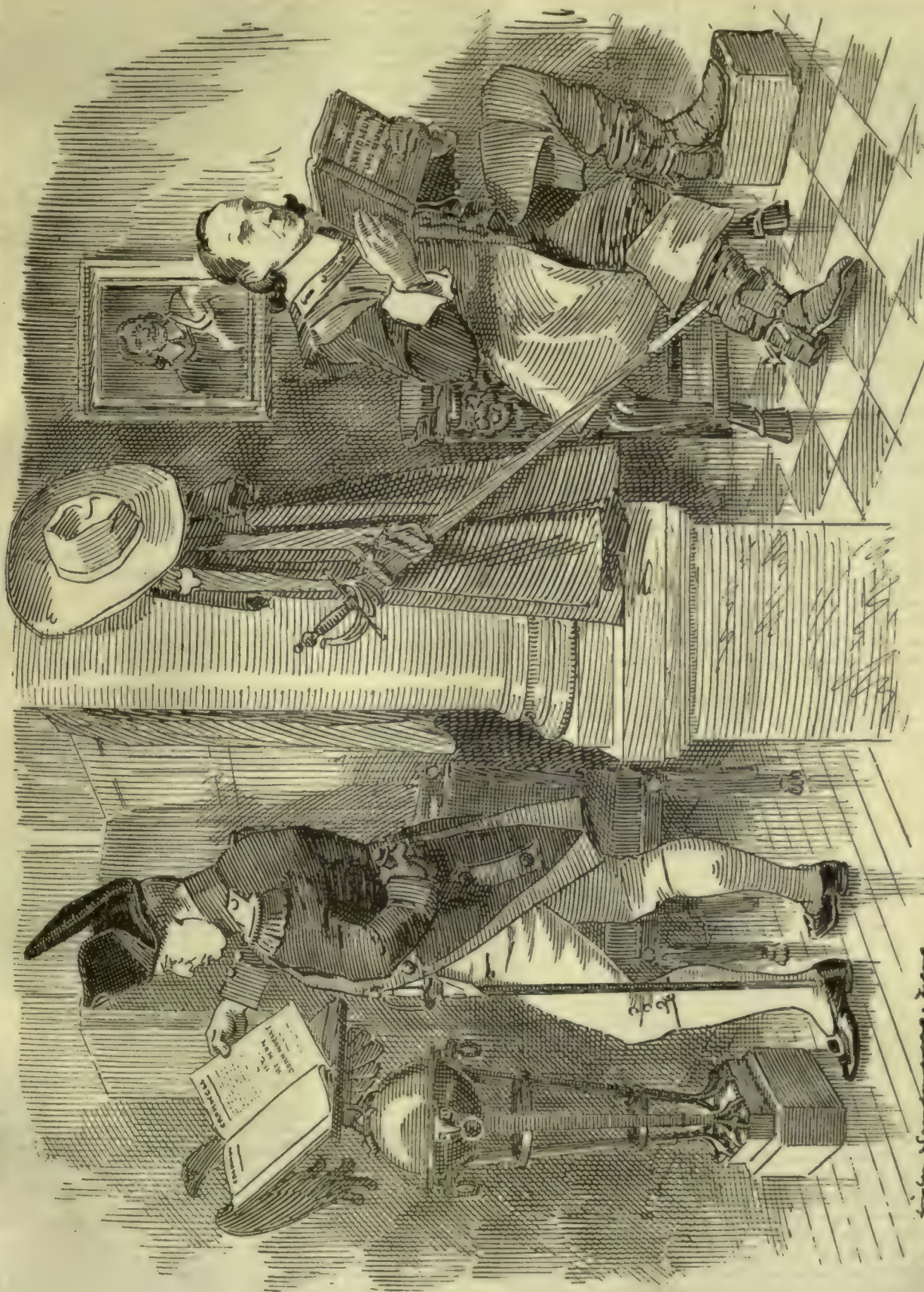
The atmosphere of that compartment will thus, you see, be already nicely disturbed. I would mention in passing, that you should have supplied yourself with a number of large packages, “too fragile to go in the van,” with which you can fill up all the gaps between yourself and the other occupants of the carriage. I would particularly suggest that you place some on the floor, so as to cramp the nether limbs of your fellow passengers. All these little things help.

If it is summer time, a large posy of gaudy flowers, freshly gathered from your back garden, is to be strongly recommended as an addition to your other parcels. This will probably result in one or two earwigs being discovered, and will also attract any stray wasps that may be passing the windows.

The true artist should never overdo things. The impression you have created will last for some little time now, without further effort on your part. You may, however, derive some amusement from the carriage windows, particularly the one on your side. Study the taste of your fellow passengers as regards fresh air, and endeavour to do exactly the opposite to what they would wish, by lowering or raising the windows. P. G.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself “An Ecclesiastical and Parliamentary Student,” inquires—“What were ‘the Apostolic Constitutions?’ Had they all of them exceptionally fine constitutions, and, in a general way, at that period was a Hebrew or Greek or Roman constitution superior to the British constitution of to-day?” Of course we should be delighted to solve his difficulties; but as, in the first place, they are purely ecclesiastical, we beg to refer him to those excellent authorities on such matters *The Guardian*, *The Pilot*, *The Tablet*, and other Church papers, to whose department the answering of these queries primarily belongs.





## TWO "APPRECIATIONS."

*Napoleon Rosebery (to himself). "I WISH HE'D BROUGHT OUT HIS 'CROMWELL' A LITTLE LATER!"*  
*Cromwell John Morley (to himself). "I WISH HE HAD BROUGHT OUT HIS 'NAPOLEON' MUCH EARLIER!"*



## NELL AND HER KING AT KENNINGTON.



"Guds fish! come and see  
Nellie."

THAT is where they were last week, in the course of their royal and triumphal progress throughout the length and breadth of England. They were there yesterday, they are gone to-morrow; gone on their way rejoicing, rings on their fingers, diamond snuff-boxes in their hands, and in those of the courtiers, with sweet belles of the court, not jangling out of tune, about them, winning popular favour, and everywhere gaining substantial rewards of merit, so that when the King returns to his own again, his own or somebody else's theatre in London, they will appear bearing their golden sheaves with them. And how will Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY (Miss JULIA NEILSON) have accomplished this? The answer is, by having achieved a real success with *Nell of Old Drury* at the Haymarket Theatre, whence, being "evicted" and unable to find another house open to receive them, they set forth on their travels, taking *Nell of Old Drury* with them.

At Kennington they were received with enthusiasm. *Nell of Old Drury* could not have had a bigger houseful than on the night I had the pleasure of seeing her Grace of ST. ALBANS at Kennington, not even had she been on the stage of Drury Lane itself at Christmas time. Crammed from floor to ceiling. A very handsome house is that at Kennington, and, as I imagine, so well constructed, that everyone has a good view of the stage, except perhaps those who, arriving late, have to squeeze in somehow and play at Peeping Tom round the corners. Has every suburban theatre a population such as this to draw upon for an audience? If so, given the good actors with the piece that "catches on," then the theatre-going suburbanites can obtain all the advantages possible to Londoners at something like half the cost. A more appreciative audience than the Kenningtonian, the greatest stars in the theatrical firmament could not desire.

And the attraction? Well, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*, by PAUL KESTER, is a plain and quite unvarnished article in melodrama, with a fixed workable plot, which, by the simple process of altering the names of the characters and changing the epoch, can be readily and effectively adapted to any period, from that of Solomon to the present Victorian Era. Like a hardy annual, it will survive considerable transplanting, will stand any climate, and will thrive, blossom, and bloom, according to the soil.

The dialogue, which is pretty much on a dead level throughout, derives nearly all its value from the vitality put into it by the actors and actresses, with Mrs. FRED TERRY and her husband at their head. In indifferent hands the success of this piece might be doubtful, although its safe dramatic situations would secure it from total failure. Yet there are one or two scenes, in which *Nell* appears, so perilously near farce, that but for the interpretation given them by Miss NEILSON, they might easily have endangered the success.

*Nell* is the King's favourite, and she is the people's favourite; so lovable a character, so sprightly, so sensible, so clever, so ignorant, so easily moved, so lavishly generous, that while we acknowledge, we forgive, her trespasses, and remember only her natural good qualities. If honest wives, remembering there is a CATHERINE of Braganza somewhere about, are inclined to frown on CHARLES, and to be positively angry with his other mistresses, my Lady CASTLEMAINE and the Duchess of PORTSMOUTH, yet have they only a pathetically indulgent smile for "poor Nellie," who seems to be the spoilt child of the sex, and a quite irresponsible personage.

By the way, when, where, and how, between Act I. and Act II., did ignorant, unaccomplished *Nell* learn to play her own accompaniment (so perfectly too) on the spinet? Quite surprising!

Mr. FRED TERRY as *Charles* is far better than the author could make him, and with significant look and gesture gives point to very ordinary matter-of-fact lines. The small part of a strolling player Mr. LIONEL BROUGH raises into importance, and Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH does his best for *Lord Lovelace*. Mr. CALVERT is a truculent judge JEFFREYS; he plays it to the life. But all do their best; the *Captain Clavering* of Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS is an instance in point, and so is the otherwise insignificant part of *Tiffin*, a waiting-maid, prettily and naturally played by Miss MARY MACKENZIE. A better play, from a literary point of view, it would be comparatively easy to find, but the acting of the principals in this *Nell of Old Drury* it would be rather difficult to beat. The happy pair, Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, are only at the commencement of their success. Let them "reap the golden grain while the sun shines."

## ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT FUND.

(A Rough-and-Ready Appeal.)

A HAPPY thought there came to Messrs. AGNEW—

"*Ars est*"—the line I, as an Eton fag, knew,—

"*Celare artem*," but the AGNEWS wary

"*Celare*" drop, and substitute "*monstrare*,"

To show us English Art in Nineteen Hundred.

A failure here indeed would many a one dread,

Unless that "one" were certain of his ground

And knew a grand collection could be found

Worthy the object. And that object? Why,

To benefit the good A. G. B. I.—

The Artists' General Benevolent. You've heard

Of that same "Institution"? If deferred

Till now your gift, then go to Messrs. A.,

And at the door you only have to pay—

Who wouldn't pay his way in such a cause?—

And greet the pictures with deserved applause.

Here, first, to shock a hermit like St. Simeon—

But you're not that—"Diana and Endymion,"

By our Sir EDWARD POYNTER, P.R.A.

Having said that, there's nothing more to say.

"A Sailor" by a "SARGENT"! *Bien!* Well done!

Navy and Army thus rolled into one.

A Roman TADEMA you next will see,

And G. D. LESLIE'S "*Moat*"—"So mote it be!"

HERKOMER'S work your hearty praise secures.

Then DICKSEE'S "*Burning Heart*" appeals to yours.

In-west in East, a landscape cool and graceful;

But Messrs. AGNEW, sure, have got the place full,

Or full enough, at least, for they are skilled

In showing any gallery well filled.

See how the public answer to the cry

"Walk up! Stump up!" Sure, gentles, by and by

You'll find no giver for his gift the worse;

And, as the gallery, so will be the purse,

That is, "Well filled." The object to achieve is

Relief to need. "*Ars longa vita brevis*."

## NEW VERSION.

SEEING in a recent number a verse where SARAH B. was brought in by some light-hearted melodist who offered to "sing thee songs of Araby," I venture to proffer "another way" of treating the same materials; as thus:—

I'll sing thee songs of "ALLENBY"

If "LEWIS" play the air,

I'd cheer thee had ye fallen, by

Sad chance, into despair.

I fancy that so; happy an inspiration might procure me a permanent post such as Mr. *Slum* held under the distinguished management of Mrs. Jarley of Jarley's Wax Works.





*Despondent Fair One.* "DO YOU KNOW, DEAR, I'M AFRAID I MUST BE GETTING VERY OLD!"

*Consoling Friend.* "NONSENSE, DARLING! WHY DO YOU THINK SO?"

*Despondent Fair One.* "BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO TELL ME HOW VERY YOUNG I AM LOOKING!"

#### A HOLIDAY SPEECH AT NAPLES.

(Not previously reported.)

LADIES and—(AUSTEN, have you that dictionary? What is "Ladies and Gentlemen"? Thanks.)—Signore e signori, io ho molto piacere in—(What's "coming"?—in venendo a vostro bello citta—(What's that you say? The conversation book puts "la di loro," or else "loro." Nonsense! How can that mean "your"? I'm not speaking of some other people's city. Don't interrupt. Well, "citta" may be feminine, and have the accent on the last syllable. I never said it wasn't, or hadn't.)—a vostra bella citta e vedere vostra bella mare e vostra cielo sempre—(AUSTEN, what's "blue"? I didn't say "azure," I said "blue." Well, if that's the first word in the dictionary, what's the second? Why, that one sounds as if it meant "turkish." It's no good fumbling with that dictionary any longer. Here goes!—e vostra cielo sempre turco, gran cielo, gran turco.—(Why do they call out "Evviva il Sultano!" I don't know.)—Io non voglio a parlare politico. Io [sono incognito, un ordinario—(What's "tourist"? Good Heavens, what a word!—un ordinario viaggiatore.

Io amo vostro bello lingua. Mio amico LANSLOWNE parla francese, ma non italiano.—(What's "everybody"?—Ognuno parla francese, [senza divenire Segretario Forestiero. Io anche! Io ho studiato vostro bello lingua nel uomo di guerra Cesare.—(What's that fellow say? CESARE was scratched in Latin, or something like that? I don't know what he means.)—Quite so, my dear Sir—er—er—I mean, tutto così, mio caro signor.—(I didn't say "cosy." Perhaps it is "così." You fidget so about the accents.)

Io amo molto belli fiori, sopra tutto orchidi. Io ho molti orchidi a Birmingham. Veramente, quando voi parlate italiano come io faccio—(I'm getting on swimmingly. Fine language Italian is. LANSLOWNE will be green with envy) il nome suona un poco—(What's "ugly"? I didn't say "brutal." I won't call Birmingham "brutal." Here, give me the dictionary. Why, that's the only word. What a beastly dictionary! I must put it some other way.)—Il nome suona un poco non bello. Bisogna—in fact, it wants a vowel at the end of each syllable, comprendete?—così, Bira-meno-ama. I leave out the g, it's so hard. Dolce, non è vero?—(What are you nudging me for? You say, as I never pronounce the r's enough in Italian, they'll think I'm trying to say something like "Beer without arms." Nonsense! How could it mean that? Are you sure? Dash it all! That comes of trying to make English names musical. Beastly language ours is. But it isn't so beastly as this Italian jargon, landing one in such confounded difficulties. What's that you say? There's no need to say "io" so many times? How else can you translate "I"? Italians usually leave out the pronouns? Rubbish! You're always stopping me and pestering me with something, like those beastly accents you make so much of. I must get out of this somehow.)—Dolce—dolce fa niente, veramente. Non voglio dire il nome così, ma sempre Birmingham, come in Inghilterra—(That's very polite of them to call out, "Evviva l'Inghilterra!")—Grazie! In Birmingham sono molti manufattori di piccoli armi. Grandi, ma sempre piccoli. Anche molti—(What's "tetototalers"? Not there? Beastly dictionary. Must do without.)—molti tetototaleri.

Adesso io bisogno andare. Vedo mio—(Stop, AUSTEN, don't go yet! What's "carriage"? I thought "legno" meant



"wood." Give me the book. So it does. Much good you are! I might as well call the carriage a "bosco" at once. Let me struggle on alone.)—Io vedo mio carrozza. Io amo andare in carrozza, non—(AUSTEN! There, he's gone, and taken that beastly dictionary with him! I don't know what "to walk" is.)—in carrozza, comprendete, senza fatica. Dolce fa niente. Il corpo solo. Il mente—(What's "works"? Must give it up.)—Il mente fa sempre.—(Hope I haven't forgotten that peroration. Why, it's in AUSTEN's pocket! Hang it all! I know it was something about AUGUSTUS, and BALBUS and MICHAEL ANGELO.)

Adesso, signore e signori, addio! Addio al bello patria ornato col nobili edifici di AUGUSTO, di BALBO, il celebre costruttore del muro, e di MICHELANGELO. Addio, bello cielo, addio, bello mare, addio, illustrissimi uditori, addio e—(There now, I've forgotten the last word! Must say it in French)—addio e au revoir!

### HIGH SHERIFFS.

QUITE recently, indeed on November 12, unmarked by the great world that rolled outside, a batch of blameless country gentlemen were nominated for the ancient office of High Sheriff for the counties of England and Wales. The ceremony, over which the Chancellor of the Exchequer presided in his official robes, took place in a court of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Some of the proposed victims pleaded want of means, others handed in pitiful medical certificates, others again appealed to the compassion of the authorities on the ground of their great age; but for the most part tears and prayers were alike unavailing, and in the end three names were selected for each of the counties.

What says the omniscient *Whitaker*? "The three names, engrossed upon a parchment roll, are afterwards brought before Her Majesty, who then, with a golden bodkin, pricks through the parchment against one name for every county. The name thus pricked is usually the first on the list, and they come into office after Hilary Term." With a golden bodkin! Isn't it feudal and gorgeous and inexplicable? Centuries ago I suppose the reigning monarch, having to mark off his High Sheriffs, happened to find a gold bodkin lying close at hand, and so used it for the ceremony. Treasured by a courtier, the same bodkin was used again and again. Traditions encrusted themselves about it, a halo of legend shone round its eye wherever it was deposited—until now the High Sheriff who should chance to be pricked with anything less golden and legendary might justly feel that he had been robbed of one of his noblest privileges.

One of the gentlemen over whom the golden bodkin thus hangs by a hair has confided to me that he still has a faint hope of escaping: "There's just an off-chance, a sort of thousand to one offered, that she might make a bad shot, you know; or someone might jog her arm—I suppose such accidents do happen, even to Queens—just as she's going to make a neat little hole opposite my name, and so the second man on the list might find himself pricked before he knew where he was; or she might take a sudden dislike to the look of my name; I've never seen it on a parchment roll myself, but I've a notion it won't look a bit attractive—at least, I hope not—and then she'd say, pausing with the golden bodkin in the air, "ADOLPHUS TOMLINSON SANDYSIDE, of Buckwheat Court, Blankshire, Esquire. What a terrible name to meet a Judge with. I can't have a name like that for High Sheriff. I shall prick MORDAUNT AYLMER DE BARFLEUR, of Verulam Hall, Knight," and—ping—the bodkin would be into old DE BARFLEUR, and I should be able to say ta-ta to all the flummery that my wife has been looking forward to so eagerly.

"But, my dear SANDYSIDE," I observed, "if you disliked the whole business so much, why did you ever allow yourself to be

put on the roll, or nominated, or whatever they call the blessed thing? I suppose it wasn't done without your knowledge."

"Now that shows," he retorted hotly, "how jolly little you know about it. When I bought Buckwheat Court from the executors of the late Sir GILES HEAVITREE (he was chucked out of his dog-cart driving home from Quarter Sessions, and broke his neck), nobody told me that the owner of the place was liable to be High Sheriff. How I got on to the roll is a mystery. I haven't the faintest notion who the infernal scoundrel was that put me there. All I know is that one morning I began to receive circulars from tailors and coach-builders and heraldic offices. The tailors wanted to make my own uniform and the liveries for my servants, all as rich as possible, and at the smallest possible expense; the coach-builders offered for a consideration to supply me with coaches used by numerous previous High Sheriffs for the purpose of conveying Judges of Assize, and the heraldic offices declared they were ready to make banners, 'painted on best banner silk, with armorial bearings on both sides, fringed, ribboned, and complete with cords and tassels.' These banners, they pointed out, would 'after the Sherifdom form handsome souvenirs, and historical adjuncts to the family history, as fire-screens.' Lastly, a clerical outfitter sent me a 'catalogue of clerical requisites suitable for presentation to chaplains.' That was how I heard I was to be a High Sheriff."

"But, anyhow," I urged, "it's a dignified and useful office."

"Useful?" he broke in. "Not a bit of it. It may have been some good once, but it's absolutely and entirely useless now. The expenses are anything from £500 to £1,000, and the business of the county would get along just as well without it. Don't you remember when we were at Cambridge we used to see an old buffer in a scarlet uniform and a cocked hat with plumes hobbling across the Trinity great court with a parson after him and the judge following, while a couple of ancient trumpeters blew a cracked salute at the gate? That's what I'm going to be; I'm that old buffer. And the worst of it is, Cambridge isn't my county, so I shan't even have the satisfaction of making the Master of Trinity uncomfortable when the Judges come to quarter themselves in his Lodge."

### A RONDEAU OF RECONSIDERATION.

ON second thoughts, fair ROSALIND,  
You now regret that you declined  
My ardent suit, and scorned my plea  
With that unmerciful decree,  
Who for your love in vain had pined.

Long obdurate, no longer me  
You look on so disdainfully,  
Some pity in your breast you find  
On second thoughts.

Alas! had you but thus turned kind  
Ere those wounds healed you left behind,  
Ere from your toils I struggled free  
When fairer MAUD I chanced to see;  
But now—I, too, have changed my mind  
On second thoughts.

LITERARY.—The individual who has written to complain that he bought a copy of *Punch* under the belief that it was the organ of the prize-ring, is probably own brother to the young lady who purchased *The Hub* deeming it to be a matrimonial agency organ. These people should be warned off all respectable bookstalls.

NOTE BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE.—A solicitor who is struck off the rolls has generally been eating someone else's bread.





*Little Biffin (whose zeal is more striking than his marksmanship).*  
 "SEE THIS NOTICE I'VE JUST HAD PUT UP! AN IDEA OF MY OWN,  
 A BIT SEVERE; BUT I'M DETERMINED TO TEACH 'EM A LESSON!"

NEXT MORNING!

### THE DRAMA OF TO-MORROW.

To follow a recent precedent—that of submitting the third act for consideration before the rest of the play is completed—we would suggest to theatrical managers the advisability of securing the following play, which is bound to create a sensation by reason of its (we say it deliberately, and with honest pride) startling originality. The third act is not elaborated as yet, but the essential lines are sketched out.

#### MRS. SANE'S PRETENCE.

ACT III.—A well-furnished Interior.

*Mrs. Sane (mournfully).* I try to keep it up—but they distrust me. I flirt outrageously with married men, but everyone at Frittermere looks incredulous. I smoke—or try to, and the fast girls only jeer. I'm sure they know my life has been different from theirs.

*Enter Lord SENTENTIOUS, a famous lawyer.*

*Lord Sententious.* Cheer up, my dear. I will clear you of this odious imputation.

*Mrs. S. (staring glassily at the gallery).* Thank you so much. You know I'm really fast and not the quiet, homely, virtuous

woman they would make me out. Why, Mrs. RAVENTRY has actually declared she heard that I lived on the utmost good terms with my husband; she even—can I say it? (*hysterically*)—declares that I loved him. You don't believe it?

*Lord Sen.* Of course not. (*Pause.*) I must admit, to be quite frank, that when I first saw you smoke I did think you seemed a little new to it, and—forgive the suspicion—when you flicked Mr. RAVENTRY with your fan, the other night, it seemed to me you didn't care for that sort of thing.

*Mrs. Sane (feverishly).* But now you believe? You have my confession that I was divorced three times, not to mention—

*Lord Sen.* Yes; you seem everything the modern dramatic heroine should be. (*Looks through papers.*) Ah—um! There's just one point.

*Mrs. Sane (aside).* He guesses. (*Aloud*) Oh! I've such dreadful toothache—please excuse me. Earache is so painful.

*Lord Sen. (sharply).* Earache! You said toothache.

*Mrs. Sane.* Oh! You are so dreadfully

clever. Such a silly mistake of mine. I wouldn't dare deceive you.

*Lord Sen. (complacently).* It would be a useless proceeding in the third act of a play. Now, answer this. You speak of the Judge of the Divorce Court as *Sir Henry Hawkins*. Is this a joke or a blunder?

*Mrs. Sane (faintly, clasping her head as if it were in danger of dropping off).* A joke.

*Lord Sen. (fiercely).* Woman, you lie! You've never been in a divorce court. This rôle of a fast woman is all a pretence—a sham: Mrs. RAVENTRY is right. You cannot remain at Frittermere. Why have you done this?

*Mrs. Sane (at bay).* Because I saw no chance of making an interesting stage figure otherwise.

*Lord Sen. (deliberately).* You're wrong. Don't you see the very novelty—Why, it's just because the woman with a past—the "three-cornered problem"—had become so stale and conventional that we suspected you were different, and therefore likely to score. I may forgive you; Mr. and Mrs. RAVENTRY never will.

(*Curtain.*)





*Old Maid.* "Is this a smoking compartment, young man?"  
*Obliging Passenger.* "No, Mum. 'Igher up!"

#### WHISPERS FROM THE WALLS.

(SCENE—The Exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters in the New Gallery. After midnight. Two portraits discovered in earnest conversation.)

*A Lady.* For my own part, I think it a very good show indeed.

*A Gentleman.* You are prejudiced because you are hung well.

*A Lady.* Not at all. Why, every frame is on the line.

*A Gentleman.* Oh, there's nothing to complain of in the frames—they are good enough; it's the pictures.

*A Lady.* But what's the matter with the pictures?

*A Gentleman.* Very feeble indeed.

*A Lady.* Rather sweeping.

*A Gentleman.* One paper suggested that one of the rooms should have been closed and the contents sent back to Exhibitors.

*A Lady.* But if we were not here where should we be?

*A Gentleman.* Well, we might fill the picture gallery at the Chamber of Horrors!

(Scene closes in upon the extremely appropriate suggestion.)

#### AN EXCELLENT PRECEDENT FOR AN EX-PRESIDENT.

[The Irish Nationalist address of condolence to Mr. KRUGER, to be given to him on landing at Marseilles, is worded in French, Dutch, and Erse—a screed which reminds one of the Jackdaw of Rheims.]

FOR a moribund cause our Irish cranks  
 In a moribund idiom curse;  
 With Hibernian bulls their welcome ranks,  
 For who on the earth knows Erse?

And if Oom PAUL tried, till all was blue,  
 He couldn't in French converse;  
 You might as well ask him to parleyvoo  
 As to read an address in Erse!

Then as to the Dutch—well, KRUGER's  
 speech

Is the taal of the Boer perverse,  
 So he'll almost be equally fogged with  
 each,

The French, Double-Dutch, and Erse.

A capital plan 'twould be, I'd vouch  
 (We should none be a "d" the worse)  
 If these Dublin firebrands had e'er to  
 couch

Their abusive remarks in Erse!

Let them boycott our English evermore,  
 And their own sweet tongue rehearse;  
 While they painfully Britain's crimes  
 deplore,

We'll be cheerfully deaf to Erse!

A. A. S.

#### "MANY INVENTIONS."

[Amongst many other inventions recently patented is an "Apparatus for effectively scattering confetti."]

THE world in these degenerate days  
 Evinces joy in squalid ways

And petty—

Into your face, for instance, whisks  
 Those nasty little paper discs,  
 Confetti.

For sorrier sight in vain you'll search  
 Than brides and bridegrooms leaving  
 church

Thus pelted;

Such demonstrations I condemn,  
 Poor victims! Oft my heart for them  
 Has melted.

Now this inventor-fiend, whom I  
 The object constitute of my  
 Invective,

Desires to make, the plaguey bore,  
 The beastly practice even more  
 Effective!

What need of "pom-poms," when by hand  
 People may be, I understand,

Well harried?—

I write with feeling, seeing I  
 Myself have only recently  
 Been married!

PROVERB.—Short answers turn away  
 Interviewers.





✂

SWAIN sc

READY TO OBLIGE.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT. "HOW CAN CHOPPEE OWN HEAD OFF? NO CAN DO. WELLY WELL—MORE BETTER ME CHOPPY SOMEBODY ELSE 'S!"











## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MARK TWAIN's stories and sketches, which CHATTO & WINDUS publish under the title *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, are good throughout, a rare quality in such collections. The tale that gives its name to the book is rich with the quaint humour that MARKS TWAIN at his best. It is so cleverly constructed that my Baronite hesitates to point out a flaw. He will, therefore, merely ask MARK why, in the second paragraph of the story, he should give it and himself away by explaining in advance its secret? This comes in due course, fully and naturally, as the climax of the plot, and to leave it till then would have added to the enthrallment of the reader. Does MARK forget—or has he never read—the wise words of SENECA: “Never begin a story with your climax.” In relating the “Private History of the Jumping Frog Story,” the author achieves the apparently impossible feat of making it funnier than ever. It is avowedly based upon an incident happening in California among the Forty-niners. A learned Pandit covered MARK with shame by assuring him that the fable is 2,000 years old, a part of Grecian Literature. He even referred him to the late Professor SIDGWICK's *Greek Prose Composition*, where, at page 116, a translation is found. This is quoted, compared with the text of the Californian legend, and the identity mournfully admitted. After many days, discovery is made, and announced in a post-script, that the story in SIDGWICK's book was not in Greek to be translated into English, but was English to be turned into Greek. A very different thing. Nevertheless, coincidences of the kind apprehended are not infrequent. There is nothing new under the sun, or in connection with it. Did MARK TWAIN ever come across the Hebraic legend which relates how, shortly after the Flood, SHEM camped out upon Mount Ararat to see the sun rise, and how his wrapt meditation of the scene was interrupted by JAPHET, who demonstrated that it was not five o'clock in the morning, as he perpended, but eight P.M.; and what he saw was not the rising but the setting sun? SHEM, worn out with the toil of unloading the Ark, *had slept the full round of the twenty-four hours*. Some day we shall have an American humourist decking out this story in modern dress and fobbing it off for new.

In *Male Attire* (HUTCHINSON & Co.) Mr. JOSEPH HATTON gives an Amazonian young lady, graceful, loving, bewitching, who can fence (what young lady can not fence, i.e., with words), ride, row, swim—in fact, do everything possible in athletics; can deftly press home the point of her dagger in a hand-to-hand argument, and pierce more hearts than one with her killing eyes. And she can box, too! Rather! A first-rate pugilistic young lady, hand and glove with any “brother pug” opponent who may give her the chance of letting him have it in the eye, on the nose, or, in fact, wherever he will. And all this without slang or vulgarity. Were not so much of the dialogue written in what one may call “low American,” the book would be easier to read. From page 30 to 37, from the arrival of the heroine, *Zella Brunnen*, at Prudent's Gulch, until the finish of the great fight, capitally described, when she leaves for London, is quite the best part of a strongly melo-dramatic story.

The *Oxford Book of English Verse, 1250—1900*. By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. Excellent selections. A most useful book for those who, being not “unaccustomed to public speaking” and loving to embellish their flow of language with quotations from poets whose works they have never read, and with whose names they have only a very slight acquaintance, if any, are only too grateful to any well-read collector placing so excellent a store as is this at their service. Between 1250 and 1900 is a wide range, and many an after-dinner and learned society speaker will bless the name of this “Q.C.”

*The Marble Face* (SMITH, ELDER) is a good old gloomy story, calculated to make the flesh creep. Mr. COLMORE contributes to this end by framing his narrative in the form of extracts

from the diaries of the two principal personages, a device that supplies the monotony suitable to the situation. Also, he is very careful about his weather. The story opens on “a vile night, the trees looking more like phantoms than solid timbers. Phantoms up above, too, clouds that rushed by in all manner of distorted shapes, dense and swift and untiring, like remorse.” My Baronite is always careful not to spoil the market by disclosing a plot. The secret of *The Marble Face* belongs to a woman, and suggests that woman is capable of infinite wickedness. The characters are rather of the puppet order, but probably few will be inclined to lay down the book before they have mastered the mystery hidden by *The Marble Face*.

The Baron has just received a delightful little pocket volume of TENNYSON's early poems forming one of the series *The Oxford Miniature Poems* (HENRY FROWD), a descriptive title that rather be-littles SHAKESPEARE, MILTON and TENNYSON, who can never be considered as “miniature poets,” and certainly cannot be exclusively claimed by Oxford. The Baron recommends this as a miniature present for Xmas, the munificent donor promising, of course, “more where this comes from.”

In the story of *An Ocean Adventurer*, by WALTER WRIGHT (BLACKIE & SON), excitement prevails from beginning to end. Full of extraordinary mysteries, appalling adventures, in fact, everything that could possibly satisfy such youthful readers as delight in thrilling tales. “And where is there the youthful reader who does not?” asks my Baronite. And echo echo-tistically answers, “I don't know.” There's a clever echo for you!

Up; up, up, went the kite, taking with it little TSU-FOO and another boy. Wonderful places they visited. Strange people they met. All their adventures they describe most vividly in G. E. FARROW's exciting story, entitled, *The Mandarin's Kite* (SKEFFINGTON & SONS), with the WRIGHT illustrations in the right places.

*Mother Goose Cooked*, by JOHN H. MYRTLE and REGINALD RIGBY (JOHN LANE & Co.). Decidedly well done, too, as far as verses are concerned, although the strange and vivid coloured illustrations are somewhat suggestive of a bad attack of indigestion. Perhaps something wrong with the sauce for the gander.

Tiny readers may find some difficulty in choosing from the numerous brightly-coloured books, so specially designed for them; but in the excitement of the moment we hope they will not let *The Tremendous Twins*, by Mrs. ERNEST AMES and ERNEST AMES (GRANT RICHARDS), pass unnoticed, as each Ames at amusing, and succeeds. *Ten Little Boer Boys*, by NORMAN, with pictures by FORREST (DEAN AND SON), and *A Trip to Toyland*, by HENRY MAYER (GRANT RICHARDS), besides many, many others, all equally attractive, and entertaining for those who will give these books the chance of speaking for themselves.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

“GREAT BRITAIN AND PORTUGAL.”—“So,” quoth Mr. DARBY, reading a paragraph in the *Daily News*, “Portugal, I see, ‘has withdrawn the exequatur.’” “Good heavens, JOHN!” exclaimed his old wife JOAN. “What's become of it! I thought there was only one ‘equator’! If there's an ex-equator it must be the one that has somehow got worn out!”

[DARBY, being always indulgent to his old wife JOAN, explained.

BOSS LOCUTUS.—Stationery in view of Christmas keeps moving onward, which, for “stationery,” remarks Mr. WAGSTAFF, “is odd.” For this, and such jests as these, Police-Stationery should be the reward of Mr. W. Yet he eludes us. Perhaps we may find him among “The Photographic Wonders” of the “Table Bas-relief Xmas Cards,” which are certainly very pretty, judging from a few specimens, especially the “Sculptograph,” where the figures stand out photo-embossed-relievo. Certainly, there is clear evidence of Messrs. TABER having em-bossed this show.



## SPEECH AND SONG.

At a meeting held at Swansea to congratulate Sir G. NEWNES on his return for the borough, it is reported that Sir GEORGE, after making an allusion to his silver wedding, burst into song, and favoured the company with a verse of CHEVALIER'S "My Old Dutch" in a pleasing tenor voice. It is also believed, though not expressly stated, that in answer to an enthusiastic encore he brought down the house with "A little (tit-)bit off the top." At any rate, he was afterwards awarded the bardic title of Eos Lynton, otherwise the Nightingale of Lynton.

This excellent example of garnishing speeches with snatches of song might be followed with advantage by many public speakers, whose audiences would sometimes welcome a little melodious (and possibly comic) "relief". In Parliament, perhaps, rules as to order might bear hardly on an exponent of the new oratorical method. Just the thing, though, for meetings outside Parliament. Plenty of occasions for interpolating a little song in the speeches. For patriotic speech, try "Let 'em all come" (compare SHAKESPEARE, "Come the four corners of the earth," &c.), for complimentary after-dinner speech, guest of the evening, "Yer can't 'elp liking him," and so on.

Splendid thing, too, for the Law Courts. Wake them up no end. What could be more pleasing than that a songster of renown like the Lord Chief Justice should occasionally temper justice with melody, and emphasize some weighty pronouncement of law with an old-fashioned stave such as "Up to Dick"? Even counsel would do well at times to vary the monotony of their remarks with an appropriate ditty. Sir E. Clarke, for example, after a sparring match with some learned brother, would find the chorus of "'E can't take a rise out of Oi," come in handy; whilst Mr. Inderwick, no doubt, would have an opportunity now and then for tuneful allusion to the pleasing qualities of that nice young man, "Our lodger."

After all, the idea not quite new. *Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.* Good old HORACE! Good old EOS LYNTON! Bravo, Sir GEORGE!

## CABINET CONSTRUCTION.

["The Cabinet now includes two of Lord SALISBURY's nephews and a son-in-law, while his son has been promoted to the Front Bench."—*Daily Paper.*]

STRANGE how my pet construction met  
With such dissatisfaction!  
You learnt at school the old, old rule  
Of relative attraction?  
And here again the rule is plain:  
These relatives need clearly  
No case, my friend, for they depend  
On antecedents merely.



SCENE.—The Fens (far from a hunting district), where hounds have come to try for a reputed poultry ravager.

Yokel (who has never seen a pack before). "YOU'VE GOTTEN A SIGHT OF DOGS THERE, MISTER. WHAT A MESS OF FOXES IT MUST WANT TO FEED 'EM ALL!"

## WHY NOT?

(Queries suggested by Sir F. Bramwell's scheme for establishing a double floor of shops.)

SURELY possible to put churches one on the top of the other. Those who preferred to be "low" might take the basement, and ritualists would, of course, go to the fifth étage.

Markets might be established on the same basis. Flowers on the ground, and onions and other strongly scented vegetables on the top.

Playgrounds, again, offer an opportunity. Football at the base and lawn tennis nearest the sky. Croquet in between.

School, of course, could be similarly treated. The younger children to be saved the flights of stairs intended for boys and girls of maturer years. Better avoid lifts, to prevent accidents.

Law Courts, police stations, and prisons, again, might be run on the flat system. Court above naturally higher than the beak's premises. Cells might be below the castle moat, or on a like level.

Dwelling-houses could follow the same rule. Dukes below, and retired tradesmen above. The latter would be only too pleased to boast the same address as "His Grace," or "the Duchess."

And the amount of space thus saved might be transformed into something.

Of course, what was not wanted for town, might be annexed to the country.

## THEATRICAL.

Newspaper Reader. Well, WYNDHAM'S not a Cabinet Minister after all.

Auditor (resting). Well, I always said he'd better stick to Mrs. Dane's Defence, and fall back on David Garrick if wanted.





## CHAPTER III.

HEN WILSON KING made the tempting suggestion that the Bishop

might enjoy a quiet rubber of whist in his own

quarters, that pillar of the Church hesitated for a moment. It was evident that the temptation was no small one. "You wouldn't be asking the priest?"

"Oh, no, Bishop, particularly under the circumstances; no, no, no. He's a dear good sort, is Father O'RAFFATY, a dear good sort; does a great deal of good work among the men—oh, a great deal, and we have a lot of Roman Catholics in the Black Horse."

"I have no doubt of it, no doubt of it whatever," rejoined the Bishop. "Did you say— Well—it doesn't do to give the enemy cause to blaspheme, and there's a certain amount of enmity between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. What did you say?"

"You haven't taken wine with me, Bishop," said a voice at the end of the table.

"I thought I had."

"The wine is good, and one glass more or less won't hurt you. I assure you, you left me out."

"Did I? Well— " Then he held up his glass, and bowed, beaming in the direction from whence the voice had come.

"Then you'll come up and have a quiet rubber in my quarters?" WILSON KING went on.

"I should be delighted, but I'm afraid my carriage— "

"Oh, we'll put the carriage up. That will be all right. NOLAN," leaning back and speaking to the mess waiter, who was still hovering around with a bottle of champagne, "when his Lordship's carriage comes, tell the coachman to put up the horses in my stable, and take him into the kitchen, or somewhere, and see that he is looked after, will you?"

"Certainly, Sir; I will that same," said NOLAN, and deftly filled up the Bishop's glass once more.

"Not any more," said the Bishop, lifting his hand with an imperative yet courtly wave.

They were not away from the table just then. No, the Black Horse had a way of sitting late when it was necessary to do so, and they stayed that night until nobody could find any further excuse for pretending that the Bishop had not drunk wine with him. Then, after a few minutes spent in the ante-room, a few minutes during which the youngsters hovered about the card tables, the sound of billiard balls came from the adjoining apartment, and Father O'RAFFATY bade good-night with a last cheery joke.

"Now, if I belonged to your faith, my Lord Bishop," he remarked, "it wouldn't be etiquette, would it, for me to take my leave until your Lordship had given the move? But as I am merely a humble praste of anither persuasion altogether, I can jist take my courage in both hands and say good-night, your Lordship, good-night."

"Good-night to you," said the Bishop, his mellow voice ringing all over the large room. "Good-night to you, Father; good-night."

It was with a very sly wink to one of the youngsters that the priest betook himself away. Then a couple of other guests having followed suit, WILSON KING intimated to the Bishop that the time had arrived when they could shake the dust of the ceremonious ante-room off their feet. So the Bishop bade good-night to everybody, excepting a couple of young men whom WILSON KING had bidden join in the rubber of whist; and, guided by the senior captain, he left the ante-room, and passing into the large block of officers' quarters very soon found himself in the two spacious rooms which called WILSON KING master.

"Really," said the Bishop, as he looked blandly around; "you are very comfortable here."

"Yes, Bishop, we do pretty well. Some of the youngsters are not so well off, you know."

"Oh, really? Not—you mean—they can't afford—"

"Your income has nothing to do with your quarters; that goes by seniority. I'm senior captain; I'm next door to a field-officer, and, after my superiors, I get next choice. You see I have two rooms, but when I was a subaltern I had to content myself with one, and that a small one."



"I see, I see. Pretty pictures you have—very tasteful—very tasteful. It reminds me of my college days. Yes, I had things of this kind then. Of course, although I retained some of them until I was made a Bishop, I presented them to my son, as I thought—"

"Yes," said WILSON KING, "exactly. Very wise of you, very wise and far-seeing. It doesn't do to mix the clerical and the mundane too much. Now, I wonder where those other fellows are. Of course, they'll be here in a minute. Do sit down, Bishop. That's a comfortable chair. Eh? What?" he said, as there came a vigorous thump on the door.

At that moment an orderly put his head into the room. "Can I speak to you, Sir, a minute?"

"Certainly. Excuse me, Bishop, will you?"

The Bishop waved his hand. It was a favourite gesture of his—a sort of a circular turning of the wrist, something like the figure of eight, with the palm held upwards. It was very effective, and saved him a good many words in the course of the year. "The deuce!" he heard WILSON KING say. "All right, I'll come in a minute."

Then WILSON KING came back into the room. "I'm awfully sorry, Bishop," he said; "I shall have to leave you for a few minutes. I've been sent for to the Guard Room. I'll not be longer than I can help."

"Not at all," responded the Bishop, with another wave; "not at all. I am quite comfortable," which, indeed, was true. So comfortable was the Bishop that two minutes later he caught himself nodding. "I mustn't go—to sleep," he said to himself. "I have—really—exceeded—my limit to-night. I will sit—quite still, but—I mustn't go to—sleep, and, yet—I'm exceedingly—sleepy. I wish—I hadn't promised—to come up—for this rubber. I don't know—that—it was quite—judicious. Very sleepy. If I could get—a quarter-of-an-hour's—nap, I should be wide awake—I—" Then suddenly he sat up very wide awake indeed. "No, it's all right—I think," stretching himself out so as to sit further back in the depths of the luxurious chair. "I think—I will just compose myself—for quarter-of-an-hour's quiet nap. When I wake—my head—will be quite clear. If—it isn't, I'll have the horses—put in—and—I'll go—home. Quite so, my dear Sir; quite so." And the Bishop slept.

It seemed to him as if he had been sleeping for hours—as a matter of fact, he had been asleep some ten minutes or so—when he was aroused, not by a noise, not by the re-entrance of his host, but by something light passing across his face, something like a bird or a big butterfly. "What's that?" said the Bishop. He was staring straight at the ceiling, and there was nothing there which could in any way assist him. "I must have dreamt it," he said to himself, and closed his eyes once more. But again there came the same curious sensation, like the touch of a velvet hand, and this time he sat up with a start, and looked fiercely round.

"I hope I didn't frighten you," said a voice.

The Bishop tried to struggle to his feet. "Oh, my dear Madam."

"Oh, no; don't call me 'my dear Madam,' and don't get up. I am sure you are very comfortable there. I never saw a Bishop asleep before. You looked rather nice asleep."

The Bishop gasped. "I—you—I don't understand," he said.

The young lady, who was standing by, not very far from his chair, smiled seraphically down upon him. "No, I suppose it is a little difficult. I touched you with the end of this." "This" was a large feather boa, which she held in her hand. "I didn't expect to find you here, you know," she went on; "no, I didn't. A Bishop in cavalry quarters, that's too funny!"

"But what are you doing in cavalry quarters?" exclaimed the Bishop.

"I?" she smilingly answered. "Oh, I'm a will-o'-the-wisp. I come and go as I like."

"I don't think you ought to come and go as you like in such a place as this," said the Bishop severely.

"No, that's what my brother says. My brother is one of the officers here. He'll be furious when he sees me; but I was very unfortunate. I came into Idleminster to do some shopping, and I lost my purse—fact! Well, when you've lost your purse, you can't go on any further, can you? So I went to an hotel and had something to eat, with a half-crown I found in one of my pockets—loose, you know—and I've come up to my brother's—well, to see what he can do for me."

"Really, that is a very unfortunate position. You—Do you live far from here?"

"A pretty long way. I never spoke to a Bishop before. Is it nice to be a Bishop?"

The Bishop bridled.

"It has its advantages."

"I should think so! I should like to be a Bishop. Are you married?"

"I—have been married," said the Bishop.

"Oh, you're a widower. Poor fellow! Got any children?"

"I have a daughter."

"H'm! Is she pretty?"

"She is considered so."

"Does she have a good time? Oh, she would, with you for a father, wouldn't she?"

"I trust—"

"Oh, don't say that. When a Bishop, or any man, begins to say 'I trust', it means that she doesn't. Poor girl! Is it comfortable to be a Bishop? Why don't you get married again?"

"Well, really, Madam—"

"Oh, don't call me 'Madam.' I'm not married. My name is TRIXIE ARMITAGE—I was christened BEATRICE, of course—TRIXIE ARMITAGE. Have you met my brother? He was dining to-night."

"Yes, my dear child," said the Bishop indulgently; "but I didn't grasp the names of all my hosts."

"Oh! I see. You didn't take any notice of poor old BOB. It was horrid of you. You would have, if you had known that he had such a nice sister, wouldn't you?"

"I—might," said the Bishop guardedly.

"You would, wouldn't you now?"

"Yes, yes; I think I should."

For the life of him he could not help casting a look of admiration on the ingenuous little face of the bright and pretty girl who was thus interrogating him. A wild thought entered his mind, contrasting the stately presence of his long-deceased wife with the winsome personality of BOB ARMITAGE'S sister TRIXIE. How admirably she had been named!

"Do you know," he said, "I don't think you ought to be here at this late hour, even with your brother. Let me offer you a lodging at the Palace. My daughter—"

"Oh, I say, Sly-Boots!" said the girl. "Oh, well, you are—for a Bishop, too—Sly-Boots! Oh, here's Captain WILSON KING. Captain WILSON KING, oh, this Bishop of yours—he is a Sly-Boots! This is old Bishop Sly-Boots! I don't think he's safe to let out, I really don't."

"Go to, you hussy!" said WILSON KING. "Be off with you; out of this!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE effect of WILSON KING'S exhortation to the distressed damsel who had lost her purse was neither more nor less than magical upon the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER. As the unceremonious and highly uncomplimentary words left the soldier's mouth the Bishop's jaw fairly dropped. The young lady showed no signs of betaking herself away.

"Come, be off!" said WILSON KING impatiently, as if he were speaking to a tiresome child.

"I shall not be off," she declared, rather indignantly; "I shall certainly not be off. I don't know what you mean by



speaking to me in this way. I call it exceedingly rude of you. So different from the Bishop, even if he is a bit sly. Here am I stranded," in a voice with a suspicion of tears in it; "yes, stranded, and you know it: thrown among a lot of horrid men, who are not even civil to me. The Bishop is most kind; yes, very different from you. He offered—to drive me home to the Palace with him, and put me up."

"Oh, you needn't trespass on the Bishop that far," said WILSON KING. "You'll get yourself put up in the nearest police-station if you don't mind, young woman."

The girl shook with impotent rage. "How dare you speak to me like that?" she said. "How dare you, when I've got a Bishop, a real Bishop, to protect me? Oh, you call yourself a gentleman! Oh——! But, never mind, I'll shame you before the whole world—yes, I will. You see if I don't bring my brother——"

"Your brother! Ha, ha, ha! that's a good joke!"

"A good joke? You won't think it a good joke when my brother comes. I don't know where he is—gone out to a horrid dance or something. And, if you are the senior captain, my brother——"

"Oh, wait till your brother comes, my good girl; then we'll square things with him. In the meantime, you need not try to pile it on with the Bishop. He doesn't want to have anything to say to you."

"Doesn't he!" said this enigmatical girl, on whose pretty face the smiles began to show out through the suspicion of tears. "You found plenty to say to me, didn't you, Sly-Boots?"

"Oh, I say! Come—he off out of this!" said WILSON KING gruffly.

"Speak for yourself, Sly-Boots," said Miss TRIXIE ARMITAGE jeeringly.

"I—I—had no intention," stammered the Bishop.

"No intention! Of doing what?"

WILSON KING took the girl resolutely by the arm. "Here," he said, "you've been let to run in and out of these barracks until you've got a bit above yourself. Now, out you go! I won't have my guests annoyed any more. Go, and find that precious brother of yours—if you can!"

He marched her along towards the door, she shrilly protesting. "You may put me out because you're a great strong brute; but all the same I'll pay you out for this, you see if I don't. And, as for the Bishop, I can tell plenty about him if I like, can't I, Bishop?"

In another moment WILSON KING had deftly manœuvred her outside the door, and turned the key in the lock.

"My dear sir," said the Bishop, who was all of a twitter, "my dear sir, I assure you I—I was never so deceived in my life. She told me that she was sister to one of the officers, that she had lost her purse, and that she had come to him to beg a shelter. I—I thought it impossible for a young lady to be so very awkwardly placed, and——"

"Did you really offer to take her back to the Palace?" ejaculated WILSON KING in a tone of astonishment.

"Well—yes—out of kindness, you understand; out of kindness."

"Very much misplaced, Bishop," said WILSON KING drily. "You may be thankful that I came in when I did."

For a moment there was dead silence. "Do you think," said the Bishop, "that—that—she will be discreet?"

"No, I don't," answered the other. "If she is, it will be for the first time in all her madcap existence."

"Dear, dear, dear! Most—— Yes—I don't think that I will stay for that rubber of whist to-night. If you would—yes—if you would order my man to put the horses in—I think I'd rather go home."

"Oh, it's all right now," said WILSON KING. "You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not exactly afraid," said the Bishop.

"No; I dare say you feel a little uneasy. I should myself, under the circumstances. It was partly my fault, of course, for having left you; but you know, Bishop, we are not our own masters altogether, and the senior officer in barracks has to attend to duty before everything else."

"Of course, of course," said the Bishop; "naturally, quite so. But I think—you see we've wasted a good deal of time with your duty, and——"

"The little episode?" suggested WILSON KING.

"Yes—h'm—the little episode, and the hour is growing late. I don't think I could play whist to-night—not with any due observance of the rules."

"Ah, that's a pity," said WILSON KING. "The other fellows will be here in a minute. Bishop, that little mad-cap has upset you."

"Well—almost," said the Bishop. "You see, I—I'm afraid I went to sleep. It seemed as if I had been to sleep for a long time, but it couldn't have been more than a quarter of an hour."

"Yes, just about a quarter of an hour."

"Well, I woke up, and I was alone in the room with this young lady. She was—well, she was waking me with her feather boa."

"Oh, she's nerve enough for anything," cried WILSON KING, promptly. "But, all the same, you had better stay and have your rubber. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"I think not," said the Bishop; "not to-night—another time. If you will order my horses to be put to—— Thank you so much."

The Bishop sat in the big chair, the picture of abject misery. A thousand awful thoughts came crowding through his mind, first that he had been foolish enough to exceed, he knew not by how much, his fixed quantum of champagne. He tried piteously to count up how many men had wished to drink wine with him that evening, but it was a piece of mental arithmetic far beyond his powers of calculation. Then he thought out a whole train of events which might arise in the very near future; of the scandalous rumours which might be set afoot within the next few hours of how the Lord Bishop of IDLEMINSTER had gone to make merry in the Officers' Mess, and had got himself inveigled into an affair with a hussy! He could not deny it. He had invited her to spend the night at the Palace. There was no getting over it, or under it, or round it. The situation was awful! And the cold sweat stood out on the Bishop's brow until his ecclesiastically long hair became clammy bedewed with the drops of agony; and, what was worse, all through this wave of searching anguish which threatened to entirely overwhelm him there persistently ran a little golden thread that TRIXIE ARMITAGE, hussy or no hussy, was the most winsome bit of femininity that he had met with for many and many a day. What a curious state of mind that man was in! Both soul and body torn between conflicting passions and elements, his own undoubted respectability and high morality warred fiercely with the loose ways of a child of sin! The vision of his dead wife, moral to a fault, with a face like a horse and a nature like a cow, played a game of "Pull, devil; pull, baker," with a golden-haired, blue-eyed imp of mischief with a skin of lilies and roses. He was in abject terror of what might come on the morrow, and, yet, his pulses were beating with a sharp sensation of excitement. Poor Bishop! How long they were! It did not usually take JARVIS so long to put the horses in when his master was waiting. To-night every moment seemed like an hour. Oh, somebody was coming at last!

(Continued in our next.)





*Lady.* "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

*Tramp.* "LEDDY, BELIEVE ME, I'M NO ORDINARY BEGGAR. I WAS AT THE FRONT——"

*Lady (with interest).* "REALLY——"

*Tramp.* "YES, MA'AM; BUT I COULDN'T MAKE ANYBODY HEAR, SO I CAME ROUNO TO THE BACK."

#### FIVE O'CLOCK TEA-CLASSES.

CONVERSATIONAL TEAS twice a week OFFERED by a Lady of high social position at her home to strangers, Americans, Colonials, and foreigners, for whom pleasant introductions are desirable; private interviews given to ladies who desire coaching on matters of high English etiquette and fashion.

*Advertisement in morning paper, Nov. 21.*

THIS seems to be a new variation. We all know the blameless A. B. C. tea patronised by country cousins after a hard day's work shopping or matineeing in town.

There is the institution known as a "high tea" (why high?) for those whose indigestion is robust enough to negotiate six o'clock beef and tannin from the pot.

A year or two ago we were deluged with "book teas" and "play teas," or "song teas," and other nursery devices for educating the middle-aged and teaching the old idea how to make wild shots at far-fetched rebuses.

For dipsomaniacs there is, we regret to say, the D. T.; and the strict Q. T. for persons of a secretive turn of mind.

And now a lady of high social position is in the market with bi-weekly "Conversational Teas." Is the accent on the Conversation or the Tea, we would ask. Are there any gratuities expected? Is anything given away with a pot of tea? Do you bring your own mug? Does the lady-autocrat at the tea-table give marks for

good behaviour? Does she "turn" you if you have failed to learn your small-talk correctly? Do you get a diploma (or a degree) at the end of the course if you pass the cake with honours? And is the "colonial" who comes out at the bottom of the tea-class rewarded with a Wooden Spoon? All these, and many other questions, present themselves to would-be students of "high English etiquette."

#### MANDARIN LO-FUN'S DIARY.

*Monday.*—Another demand from these troublesome allies. Want me to suppress rebels in my district. Must do something, I suppose. Will put up notice-board that if Boxers are found taking the field they will be had up for trespass.

*Tuesday.*—Foreign devils now demand punishment of high officials, simply because they ordered a few missionaries to be—removed. Most unreasonable. Plenty missionaries left. We never asked for missionaries. Surely, if tradesman sends you things you didn't order, you are entitled to either smash them or require him to take them away? Must consult CONFUCIUS's teachings on subject.

*Wednesday.*—Foreign devils still pressing for punishment of high officials. Sent for HANG-HI-CHOP, and told him to bring in heads of four or five brace of coolie prisoners. Will send to Powers.

*Thursday.*—Powers still worrying me. Send in heads of two more coolies, labelled Prince TUAN and Prince CHING. Hope this will satisfy them.

*Friday.*—More demands. Really cannot attend to them to-day.

*Saturday.*—Foreign devils not receiving reply from me yesterday blew up walls of city. So much the worse for coolies, who will have to rebuild them. Allies threaten to take me on to a warship. Must get in further supply of coolie prisoners, and write out some more labels.

#### "IS THIS THE HEND?"

*(Page from a Military Diary.)*

*Monday.* The War practically at an end. Only a few thousand Boers showing fight in various directions.

*Tuesday.* Fighting completely ceased. Only a town or two taken and held by the enemy.

*Wednesday.* Peace nearly concluded. Only a British convoy attacked and captured.

*Thursday.* The last spark extinguished. Only a few scores of opponents bidding a large army defiance.

*Friday.* Everyone coming home. Only a garrison been retained to hold every inch of territory against all comers.

*Saturday.* The last day—absolutely. Only the probability of having to continue the defensive movement for an indefinite period on Monday.



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

*Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.*

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.,)

## CHAPTER XII.

## A RACE AGAINST TIME.

*There's a certain old Sprinter; you've got to be keen,  
If you'd beat him—although he is bald,  
And he carries a clock and a mowing-machine.  
On the cinderpath "Tempus" he's called.*

*Stanza written to order by young English friend,  
but (I fear) copied from Poet Tennyson.*

AH! with what perfervid affection did Mr. BHOSH caress the neck of his precious horse! How carefully he searched her to make sure that she had sustained no internal poisonings or other dilapidations!

Thank goodness! He was unable to detect any flaw within or without—the probability being that the crafty Duchess did not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to poison a Derby favourite, and thought to accomplish her fell design by leaving the mare as lost luggage and destroying the ticket-receipt.

But old Time had already lifted the glass to his lips, and the contents were rapidly running down, so Mr. BHOSH, approaching a railway director, politely requested him to hook a horsebox on to the next Epsom train.

What was his surprise to hear that this could not be done until all Derby trains had first absented themselves! With passionate volubility he pleaded that, if such a law of Medes and Persians was to be insisted on, *Milky Way* would infallibly arrive at Epsom several hours too late to compete in the Derby race, in which she was already morally victorious—until at length the official relented, and agreed to do the job for valuable consideration in hard cash.

Lackadaisy! after excavating all his pockets, our unhappy hero could only fork out wherewithal enough for third-class single ticket for himself, and he accordingly petitioned that his mare might travel as baggage in the guard's van.

I am not to say whether the officials at this leading terminus were all in the pay of the Duchess, since I am naturally reluctant to advance so serious a charge against such industrious and talented parties, but it is *nem. con.* that Mr. BHOSH's very reasonable request was nilled in highly offensive cut-and-dried fashion, and he was curtly recommended to walk himself and horse off the platform.

*Que faire?* How was it humanly possible for any horse to win the Derby race without putting in an appearance? And how was *Milky Way* to put in her appearance if she was not allowed access to any Epsom train? A less wilful and persevering individual than Mr. BHOSH would have certainly succumbed under so much red-tapery, but it only served to arouse BINDABUN's monkey.

"How far is the distance to Epsom?" he inquired.

"Fourteen miles," he was answered.

"And what o'clock the Derby race?"

"About one p.m.

"And it is now just the middle of the day!" exclaimed BINDABUN. "Very well, since it seems *Milky Way* is not to ride in the railway, she shall cover the distance on shank's mare, for I will ride her to Epsom in *propria personâ*!"

So courageous a determination elicited loud cheers from the bystanders, who cordially advised him to put his best legs foremost as he mounted his mettlesome crack, and set off with broken-necked speed for Epsom.

I must request my indulgent readers to excuse this humble

pen from depicting the horrors of that wild and desperate ride. Suffice it to say that the road was chocked full with every description of conveyance, and that Mr. BHOSH was haunted by two terrible apprehensions, viz., that he might meet with some shocking upset, and that he should arrive the day after the fair.

As he urged on his headlong career, he was constantly inquiring of the occupants of the various vehicles if he was still in time for the Derby, and they invariably hallooed to him that if he desired to witness the spectacle he was to buck himself up.

Mr. BHOSH bucked himself up to such good purpose that, long before the clock struck one, his eyes were gladdened by beholding the summit of Epsom grand stand on the distant hill-tops.

Leaning himself forward, he whispered in the shell-like ear of *Milky Way*: "Only one more effort, and we shall have preserved both our bacons!"

But, alas! he had the mortification to perceive that the legs of *Milky Way* were already becoming tremulous from incipient grogginess.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now, beloved reader, let me respectfully beg you to imagine yourself on the Epsom Derby Course immediately prior to the grand event. What a marvellous human farrago! All classes hobnobbing together higgledy-piggledy; archbishops with acrobats; benchers with bumpkins; counts with candle-stickmakers; dukes with druggists; and so on through the entire alphabet. Some spectators in carriages; others on *terra firma*; flags flying; bands blowing; innumerable refreshment tents rearing their heads proudly into the blue Empyrean; policemen gazing with smiling countenances on the happy multitudes when not engaged in running them in.

Now they are conducting the formality of weighing the horses, to see if they are qualified as competitors for the Derby Gold Cup, and each horse, as it steps out of the balancing scales and is declared eligible, commences to prance jubilantly upon the emerald green turf.

(N.B.—The writer of above realistic description has never been actually present at any Derby Race, but has done it all entirely from assiduous cramming of sporting fictions. This is surely deserving of recognition from a generous public!)

Now follows a period of dismay—for *Milky Way*, the favourite of high and low, is suddenly discovered to be still the dark horse! The only person who exhibits gratification is the Duchess DICKINSON, who makes her entrance into the most fashionable betting ring and, accosting a leading welsher, cries in exulting accents: "I will bet a million to nothing against *Milky Way*!"

Even the welsher himself is appalled by the enormity of such a stake and earnestly counsels the Duchess to substitute a more economical wager, but she scornfully rejects his well-meant advice, and with a trembling hand he inscribes the bet in his welching book.

No sooner has he done so than the saddling bell breaks forth into a joyous chime, and the crowd is convulsed by indescribable emotions. "Huzza! huzza!" they shout. "Welcome to the missing favourite, and three cheers for *Milky Way*!"

The Duchess has turned as pale as a witch, for, galloping along the course, she beholds Mr. BHOSH, bereft of his tall hat and covered with perspiration and dust, on the very steed which she fondly hoped had been mislaid among the left luggage!

(To be continued.)

CHANGE OF NAME.—The Member for Sark suggests, in view of the family character of the reconstructed Cabinet, that No. 10, Downing Street, where it meets, should be henceforward known in the Postal Guide as the Hotel Cecil.





"NOW THEN, MATER, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE IT, LET ME HAVE A TRY!"

#### KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

##### VIII.—THE COW.

TAKE off your hat, my friend, and bow  
To that most useful beast  
The harmless necessary cow,  
The honoured of the East.

Indeed, I think I've somewhere read  
That cows are worshipped where  
The Indian sun shines overhead  
And only kine are fair.

So doff your cap, take off your hat;  
Show due respect, and vow  
You'll never sink to idle chat  
When talking to a cow.

Politeness must not end in talk;  
Your chosen cow to groom,  
Invite the animal to walk  
Within your drawing-room.

Don't say the creature is too big,  
But take this friendly hint:  
The Irish parlour holds the pig  
(It's true he pays the "rint");

And you must treat the cow as one  
That is your brother, too,  
And let not things by it be done  
You would not care to do.

How would you like to have to camp  
On grass that nothing shields,

And, wet or fine, to lie in damp,  
Uncomfortable fields?

Pray wash your guest with sweetest  
soap,  
Pour perfumes on its head,  
Then you will not forget, I hope,  
The creature must be fed.

Go, seek the plants both rich and rare  
A greenhouse will supply,  
And feed your tender pet with care,  
Responsive to its cry.

So shall your kindness be a thing  
Of real and choicest worth,  
A theme to make the poet sing  
Of paradise on earth.

#### A CHEERWOMAN.

["Mrs. J— desires engagements by the hour to cheer the nervous and lonesome, to read to and amuse invalids, elderly people, and children at their homes."—*Advertisement in American paper quoted in Westminster Gazette, November 22.*]

EXIT the char-woman; enter the cheer-woman. Her business address should be Cheering Cross (people). She will cheer you while you wait, or during your ride in a bath-cheer. You pay so much, and you have exactly sixty minutes of three-ply, all-wool professional cheering. But we will be cheery with further remarks on latest notion.



THE TRY!

#### ALL ALE, MACBETH.

Customer (after putting down a pint—to landlord). I say, Guv'nor, I could tell yer 'ow to largely increase yer sales o' this beer.

Landlord (re-filling pewter). Well, let's have it!

Customer (after finishing the drink, and making for the door). Just you put about 'all as much froth on it.

[Escapes the missile and vanishes.]



## IN MEMORIAM.

## Sir Arthur Sullivan,

BORN 1842. DIED NOVEMBER 22, 1900.

In the immortal music rolled from earth  
He was content to claim a lowly part,  
Yet leaves us purer by the grace and mirth,  
Human, that cling about the common heart.

Now on the bound of Music's native sphere,  
Whereof he faintly caught some earthward strain,  
At length he reads the "Golden Legend" clear,  
At length the "Lost Chord" finds itself again.

## TARASCON ET LE TRANSVAAL.

(Chapitre Inédit.)

ENFIN il arriva, le jour solennel, le grand jour. Dès l'aube, tout Tarascon était sur pied. Cette foule se pressait devant la porte de TARTARIN, ce bon M. TARTARIN, qui allait saluer à la gare, au nom de ses concitoyens, l'illustre exilé du Transvaal, le président KRÜGER.

Tout à coup il se fit un grand mouvement. C'était TARTARIN. Quand il parut sur le seuil, un cri de stupeur partit de la foule, "C'est un Boer !"

TARTARIN de Tarascon, en effet, portait un feutre mou à vastes bords, un complet "khaki," couleur de la Tour Eiffel, des bottines énormes, deux Mausers, trois revolvers et une cartouchière, et surtout, cachant sa barbe courte et noire, une barbe jaune, hirsute, gigantesque, à la mode des hommes du Nord, des Hollandais.

"Vive TARTARIN !" hurla le peuple. Calme et fier, le grand homme sourit, et prit gaillardement le chemin de la gare. Derrière lui marchaient le commandant BRAVIDA, le président LADEVÈZE, tous les chasseurs de casquettes, et le peuple. TARTARIN seul était triste. Pour la première fois ce n'était pas lui que ses concitoyens allaient acclamer, mais un autre, un étranger, l'Oncle PAUL. Et autrement ! Lui, TARTARIN, au lieu d'aller se battre à côté des braves paysans du Transvaal, luttant contre l'ignoble rapacité de l'empire britannique, avait passé toute l'année à Tarascon, arrosant ses fleurs, lisant ses livres, chantant son duo. Même un Méridional ne pourrait se figurer que difficilement ses exploits devant Mafeking, s'il n'avait jamais quitté sa ville natale. A force de penser à Shang-Hai, TARTARIN arrivait à croire qu'il y était allé. Mais quant au Transvaal, il n'était pas arrivé à ce point-là.

A l'embarcadère, en attendant l'express Marseille-Paris, TARTARIN se promena au milieu de ses amis. Enfin la cloche sonna. Un roulement sourd. L'express arriva. Dans l'ouverture d'une portière on aperçut un homme, très bien mis, en redingote et en chapeau haut de forme, tout battant neuf. Il descendit. C'était le docteur LEYDS. Derrière lui un vieillard barbu, mal habillé, mais également en redingote et en chapeau de cérémonie très usé. C'était le président KRÜGER.

En saluant de ses fusils, tous les deux devant la figure, TARTARIN de Tarascon les attendit. Mais le docteur LEYDS le regarda, stupéfait. Enfin le chef de gare lui murmura tout bas, "Notre plus grand citoyen, TARTARIN de Tarascon, tueur de lions." "Ah, pardon," répondit le docteur, "je croyais—un carnaval—un cirque—mais—enchanté, monsieur !" TARTARIN s'inclina. Le docteur s'approcha du président en disant, "Je vous présente Monsieur DARDARIN." Mais le président fit signe de ne pas entendre, et murmura "Koffie." Ce fut le moment du discours.

"Monsieur le Président," commença TARTARIN, "au nom de Tarascon, de Beaucaire, du département, de tout le Midi, de la France, de l'Europe, du monde, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer, de vous tendre très respectueusement la main de l'amitié (seulement les deux fusils l'empêchaient) et de vous offrir un

lunch—" "Hé !" s'écria le président. "Pardon, monsieur," dit le docteur LEYDS, "pas un mot d'anglais, je vous en prie. Irlandais, si vous voulez, hollandais, français, mais ne parlez pas anglais."

"De vous offrir," continua TARTARIN, "un *punch* d'honneur—" "Rooinek !" hurla le président. "Monsieur BARBARIN," cria le docteur LEYDS, "ne dites pas des injures à un vieillard, en lui parlant du plus grand journal du pays tyrannique qui essaye depuis longtemps de le vaincre !"

"Té, vé !" répondit TARTARIN, "*ques aco* ? Et autrement, si vous n'aimez ni un *lunch*, ni un *punch*, je vous offre un bon toast et un *flocklock*, au moins." Le président murmura quelques mots, peut-être des bénédictions tirées des psaumes, et monta en voiture. Sans mot dire, le docteur le suivit, et le train partit immédiatement.

TARTARIN, debout sur le quai, laissa tomber ses deux Mausers, et ramassa une petite boîte en étain. On aurait dit une machine infernale. Les Tarasconnais, inquiets, la regardèrent. TARTARIN les rassura. "C'est mon *plom-pouding*," dit-il.

Et déjà, sous l'influence du soleil méridional, qui fait mentir ingénument, il ajouta, en caressant la boîte, "C'est un noble plat. Je l'ai pris à Kimberley, moi, tout seul contre un corps d'armée anglais."

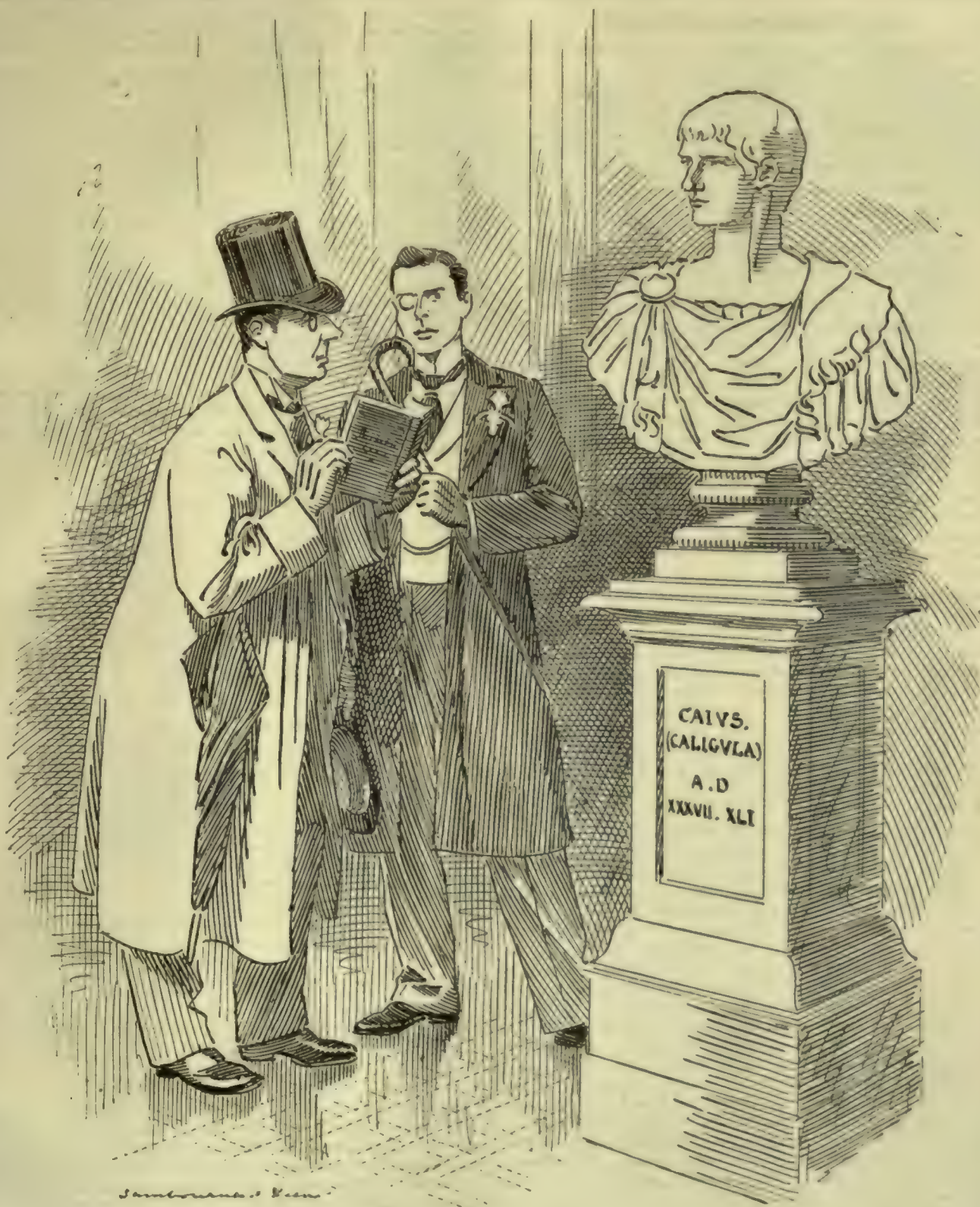
Là-dessus, à côté du commandant BRAVIDA, et acclamé par tout le peuple, il se dirigea paisiblement vers sa maison, et, tout en marchant, il commença le récit de ses grandes batailles, "Figurez-vous," disait-il, "qu'un certain soir, sous les murs de Mafeking . . . ."

## "DAN" AMONG THE "LIONS COMIQUES" AT THE "PAV."

MOST extraordinary person, Mr. DAN LENO, or, rather, DAN LENO, *tout court*, without the Mister. The little man is simply immense. It matters not what he does or what he says, the audience is on the titter, on the giggle, in a roar, from the moment he walks on to the stage of the London Pavilion until, all too soon, he walks off again. What can be funnier than the tripe-dresser out hunting ! Yes, the keeper at the Zoo, or "Dan among the Lions," is funnier than the tripe-dresser by a few hearty laughs. The way DAN LENO has of addressing an imaginary boy, and replying to that boy's imaginary questions is delightfully convincing. The invisible boy is there. You see the expression on his imaginary face reflected on DAN LENO's expressive countenance. It is a matter of regret to frequenters of the "Pav" and the "Tiv" that at Christmas time DAN LENO should give to the pantomime at Drury Lane what was meant for the music halls. Still the pantomime at Old Drury would lack something considerable if DAN LENO's name were not in the bill. We can only hope that he will be able to put as much drollery into his part in the Drury Lane Annual as he does into his two character songs at the Pavilion.

There's plenty of good entertainment for everybody here afforded by HARRY RANDALL, HARRY FORD, and the Japanese Jugglers, whose performance with the knives and balls is certainly the very best of its kind, graceful in action and marvellous in its precision. EUGENE STRATTON, of Coon fame, gives a scene with children, entitled the *Banshee*, that forcibly recalls "*Hush ! Hush ! the Bogie Man*," as sung by LONNEN, only it doesn't come within measurable distance of achieving the popularity of the latter song. *Where is dat Barty now ?* The cleverly trained Arabian Horse *Loky*, and his trainer, "*La femme chevalière*" (nothing whatever to do with "*CHEVALIER*"), have their admirers, whose enthusiasm would be greater were the tableaux more varied, and did they represent more generally popular subjects. The Pavilion, as reconstructed, is now spick and span, bright, light, and cheery. It just wants a genuine novelty in conjuring, ditto in ventriloquism, and a couple of such "drolls" as the "two MACS and the hundred whacks" used to be, for the entertainment to be perfect.





## IN STATUE QUO.

Rt. Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n (on his travels, after consulting *Guide-book*). "'THE EMPEROR CALIGULA MADE HIS HORSE A CONSUL.' LET ME SEE, AUSTEN, WHAT DID I DO FOR JESSE COLLINS?"



## DELIVERING THE CENTURY.

["But the 20th Century! What does it bear in its awful womb?"—Lord Rosebery at Glasgow.]

Extract from leading article in the "Daily News," Nov. 28, 1900.

"IN spite of his venerable age, which ought, by the way, to protect him against the malevolent attacks so often directed against him, and not by Tories only, Lord ROSEBERY never spoke better or with greater and more convincing fervour than he did yesterday when he unveiled the equestrian statue of the Duke of BIRMINGHAM. What could equal the majestic pathos of the opening sentences, in which Lord ROSEBERY referred to his ancient friendship for the late Duke, 'a friendship maintained unimpaired through fifty years, in spite of extreme divergences on questions of high public interest'? With a masterly hand, Lord ROSEBERY sketched the Duke's career, his humble origin, his sturdy efforts at self-education, his gradual rise in the world of politics, his commercial success, and his swift advance in the steps of the peerage. That he should have failed in the great object of his life, the subjugation of the Boer oligarchy, cannot, as Lord ROSEBERY well said, be counted to him as a discredit. Fame, which is eternal, does not concern itself with accidents so trivial. . . . But it was on the subject of the Empire that Lord ROSEBERY reached his highest flights: 'This vast Empire, measured by hundreds of millions of square miles, inhabited by hundreds of millions of subjects loyally devoted to its flag, how shall we in our infinite littleness appreciate the dread problems that it offers to our limited intelligence? I am filled with awe when I contemplate it, and endeavour to state its glories in terms that will commend themselves to my countrymen. It is too great, too awful, too sacred, too matchless in its terrible predominance to be allowed to degenerate into a matter of party rivalry, or to be dismissed in the light words of an occasional orator.' There spoke the true Imperialist and lover of his country. . . . The time, then, has come for Lord ROSEBERY to emerge from his retirement, to shake off a reserve which, under all the circumstances, was perhaps not unnatural, and to resume his place at the head of the united Liberal opposition. It is deplorable that such gifts as his should be wasted. The fruit is ripe to his hand; let Lord ROSEBERY call the courage of his race to his aid and pluck it."

Extract from leading article in the "Standard," Nov. 28, 1900.

"To-day we have again to chronicle one of those vexatious incidents which have been far too common in South Africa. A detachment of two hundred men was surrounded at Siegenkranz, a place we have failed to identify on the map, and after a gallant resistance was compelled to surrender to the Boers under the command of the aged but still ubiquitous DE WET. Of course, in wars waged under modern conditions against such an enemy as the Boers, such incidents may be looked for from time to time, but their frequency during the prolonged course of this contest is by no means reassuring. Far be it from us to say anything that may be construed as casting a doubt on the superb strategic and tactical ability of Field-Marshal Lord KITCHENER. His exploits in re-capturing Bloemfontein and Pretoria last year speak for themselves, and pronounce him to be one of the greatest generals of this or any age. We may be permitted, however, to express a doubt as to the policy that has inspired some of his recent proclamations. War is a stern business, whatever our arm-chair sentimentalists may say. Leniency may be all very well in its way, but it is absolutely wasted on a treacherous and crafty race like the Boers, who mistake magnanimity for weakness and see in pity only a sign of fatigue. Merciless severity judiciously applied is in the long run the truest mercy. The Boers are rebels, and any of them caught with arms in their hands should be shot at sight. It is idle to say that this method has been tried and has failed.

Such failure as occurred was due rather to the premature abandonment of the method than to any other cause. At any rate, the time has come when it should be tried again. We make light of the suggestion that the Boers might retaliate by shooting the prisoners they have taken. Whatever their faults may be, the Boers have fought according to the rules of civilised warfare, and it is a gratuitous insult to impute to them, as our Little Englanders do, a design to commit cold-blooded murder—for that is what it would come to—in revenge for justifiable punishment inflicted on rebels. In other parts of the theatre of war matters are progressing favourably. General HUNTER reports the capture of five prisoners and a hundred sheep, while General BADEN-POWELL has once more evaded General DELAREY. In both these performances the Imperial Yeomanry bore a distinguished part. It is a pity that these fine soldiers cannot as yet be spared to come home and resume avocations which have been interrupted for more than thirty years. Their welcome, when they do return, will be all the more enthusiastic.

Telegram from Pekin to the "Times," same date.

The Powers will formulate their definite demands to-morrow. The decapitation of Prince TUAN will be insisted upon, but it is not thought likely that the Empress will agree to this. The Russian and American troops are to withdraw to-day.

## NEW RÔLES FOR OLD STAGERS.

["Madame ANNA HELD has offered Mr. BRYAN £4,000 a year if he will join her comedy company. She thinks he 'may need some consolation in his defeat after his brave fight for the Presidency.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.]

CHEER up! Cheer up! Ye statesmen all,  
Should fortune frown upon you,  
Should you meet with defeat  
When you fight for your seat,  
We'll heap fresh honours on you.  
Whatever fate may you befall,  
We'll find a berth for each and all.

Some men the Adelphi would suit to a T:  
Our JOE'd make an excellent villain,  
While three comic Irishmen there might we see,  
In R-DM-ND, T-M H-LY and D-LL-N.  
Good C-LDW-LL we'd cast for a light comic part  
At the Gaiety, say, and invite him  
To dance a few figures—they're after his heart,  
And especially seem to delight him.  
The role of a SANDOW would suit J-HNNY B-RNS;  
His chest is alone in a million;  
While SM-TH, our own S-MMY, should do a few turns,  
At the Tivoli or the Pavilion.

Cheer up! Cheer up! Ye statesmen all,  
Should fortune frown upon you,  
Whatever fate may you befall,  
We'll heap fresh honours on you.

## TO VARIOUS PARTIES IN PARTIBUS.

To house parties, to juvenile parties, and especially for the relief of those who, having got together a lot of children of all ages and of all temperaments, find themselves at a loss for means, no more useful book could be recommended than the "entertaining" volume by E. V. and E. LUCAS, entitled *What shall we do now?* (GRANT RICHARDS), wherein will be found all sorts of games and puzzles, providing amusement for everyone. But besides this there is a part devoted to the confectioning of sweet-stuffs, and to the making of messes there is no end. Gardening is not neglected, nor are "pets" omitted. Books to read are recommended, though in most instances, rather above the heads of the boys and girls, unless the authors have allowed considerably for growth under instruction.





*Traveller.* "GET ON, MAN; GET ON! WAKE UP YOUR NAG."

*Driver.* "SHURE, SOR, I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO BATE HIM."

*Traveller.* "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? IS HE SICK?"

*Driver.* "NO, SOR, HE'S NOT SICK, BUT IT'S UNLUCKY'E IS, SOR, UNLUCKY! YOU SEE, SOR, EVERY MORNING, AFORE I PUT 'IM IN THE CAR, I TOSSES 'IM WHETHER 'E'LL HAVE A FEED OF OATS, OR I'LL HAVE A DHRINK OF WHISKEY, AN' THE POOR BASTE HAS LOST FIVE MORNINGS RUNNING!"

### THE JAM OF STRIFE.

(A long way after Signor Gabriel's "D'Annunzio," Author of "The Flame of Life," &c.)

"TOMIO, does not your heart yearn towards that cupboard in the pantry?" SELINA asked, touching the plump but slightly dust-tinted hand of the boy beside her. "You look as pale as the envelope upon my mother's writing-table after eating those over-mellow bananas. But yet, O TOMIO, this might be a night of triumph for you!"

She pointed to two great stars of light that smote the darkness of the road. "See," she whispered, stroking his face. "The carriage . . . mother and father are away for the evening . . . and I know where the store-room keys—"

He moved impatiently. "Do not touch my face," he murmured. "Your intentions are noble, but your hands—are sticky with those twisted lemon sticks. And, beside—" he spoke slowly, for a strange oppressive feeling had crept over him for the last half-hour. He felt horribly dizzy and unhappy, and could scarcely frame his words. "I wish to be quiet for a while . . . to think and meditate. . . . Ah! do you not understand?"

"You would let slip this opportunity," she murmured, with one despairing

thought of the apricot jam with its firm delicious saffron loveliness. She felt suffocated by the violence of her disappointment. Regret seized her by the throat, and two tears trickled in a salt and sable stream down her rosy cheeks. Despite the trickery, the infantile wiles, the jam-inspired machination that stirred the pinafore-covered heart, she did not know the wild, fierce strategy that had been played upon her.

TOMIO played with his peg-top nervously. Could he tell her? Could he state the terrible, naked fact that he himself had been to the cupboard, and that the jam was now only a memory—perchance somewhat of a bilious one? Could he tell this to his sister and comrade in mischief—SELINA!

Up the stairs the acute perfume of his parents' supper was wafted. The heavy, languorous scent of Irish stew smote his senses with a feeling akin to pain. He rose and shuddered. SELINA also rose: her eyes were fixed with burning inquiry upon a smear that glittered in the gas-light upon TOMIO's waistcoat. She took a step forward, and bent towards him. Her smooth rotund cheeks quivered with anger. A gust of stormy passion convulsed her. Her brown fists clenched, then unclenched. She had discovered a patch of apricot jam upon his waistcoat, and had guessed the secret of TOMIO.

### MACTE VIRTUTE PUER.

(To the Hon. St. John Brodrick.)

Go on and prosper! Thine the happy task  
To solve the riddles any dunce can ask;  
To build a citadel without a flaw,  
Making thy bricks, nor asking us for straw.  
What though Pall Mall be misty? Onward  
speed [lead,  
Where'er our counsel's Jack-o'-lanterns  
And as thy feet pursue the bidden track,  
Think it no hindrance if we cry "Come  
back!"

For war vouchsafe that men and guns  
increase,  
But let them not be burdensome in peace;  
Each unit's cost may certainly be more,  
Provided totals stay as heretofore.  
In this be greatly daring; let thy acts  
Prove thee superior to foolish facts,  
For thine the blame, and not arithmetic's,  
If five and one shall still add up to six.  
When Britons fail at anything they try  
The reasons must be superficial why,  
And, since we are not difficult to please,  
Our one demand is simple—alter these.  
But for the details? Shall we dare intrude  
On brooding fancy with suggestion crude?  
Take merely certain oditorial serceods,  
Make of them sense, and turn them into  
deeds:

So shalt thou merit of results the best—  
The peace that will not put them to the  
test.



## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

## XII.—THE GEORGE MEREDITH SECTION.

NOVEMBER 1ST TO 3RD.—See him there, this R-S-B-RY, supine in phantasy of exile on bed of Neapolitan violets, preferred for emollience; Baiae-windows open on the infinite of blue dimming to lift of Sorrento, Ischia hull-down in the Occidental; emergent at call of interesting occasion, Rectorial or the like; triple bronze to resist allurements of Liberal matrons vocal for return of injured hero; a CORIOLANUS *de luxe*. See him, Lord Ormont of the civil, consoling the Misunderstood he counts himself to be with disquisitions on the Giant in Action, a "last phase"; reflective, not without pathos, of a personal penultimate, prematurely imminent, with Theban Sphinx for riddling exemplar.

4TH.—In the vestibule of Adolescence, the Boy stands at plastic pause, clay-soft to the imposed Idea. This is the Propagandist's hour; then, or never, the Vegetarian has his chance.

5TH.—(Guy Fawkes Day). A figure of foiled insurgence, gestatorially flaccid, posturing a stuffed impotence; explosive only in paradoxical incitement to pyrotechnics, smoke at end of all.

6TH.—Her versatile nature swung in a dazzling orbit of aptitudes. Intrepid horsewoman, with an edged wit for dialectics, she could also sit the downy of postprandial arm-chairs with a firmness to wonder at, smiling a focussed attention on bovine inanity.

7TH.—Present, you could swear to her for a glowingly constant; absent, she wrote "Will wire"; and telegraphed "Will write"—to the chilling of assurance.

8TH.—A next-weeker for procrastination, there was Æacus in his eye for the delays of others. Chatham-and-Dover with himself, he was 'Time-and-Tide' for the rest.

9TH (Lord Mayor's Day).—Should not some poet capturingly perpetuate for us this scene, repullulant—a hardy annual—from the impenetrable of sublimity? Londinensian, surely, this progress of MONTANUS and his choir, tardy with turtle-lined abdomen; these civic fathers alighting at the Courts of Law, tribute of Commerce to claims of Justice; symbolic nymphs painted to braver than life, conscious of limbs posed at relaxed tension on chariots arrested in preposterous mid-career; gaudy within limits of the inexpensive; GOG-MAGOG, with historic retinue varicoloured to admiration, conducting tavern interludes at a remove; the whole better conceivable in France.

10TH.—She never married, having the gift, rare in women, of being able to discuss abstractions.

11TH, 12TH.—Poetry and the affiliated indiscretions had always been viewed by the Family with profound distrust. To the Head, not incurious of the Burgeoning Period, this graft of Romance on a stem already shooting Rhythmic had hinted at a deranged heredity. A botany specialist, hastily summoned from Leipzig, checked the development at nick of the vernal.

13TH TO 15TH.—Bachelor by habit and a graceful seat by force of application, he had the manner of riding straight after hounds or women; but tempered by an instinct for country and a taste for the durable. He would choose the open gate at the fallow's corner, in contempt of incredulous eye-lifts thrown over shrug of shoulders leaning back for the rise, rather than risk his stable's best blood over a low hedge, flushing young Spring, with heavy drop at fourteen stone on macadam flints, shrieking menace of a wrung fetlock for the ten miles home. In the other kind of chase he had cried off, on suspicion that the lady's mother had died fat.

16TH.—Some women carry about a ready-made halo, in quest of the man to fit it, naturally or by adaptation of skull; others catch their saint first, and order a halo to tape-measurement. A few dispense with halos, anticipative or other.

17TH.—It was a character precocious in dissemblance accomplished to the point of self-deception; the right hand ignorant of the left's designs, with authority of Scripture cited Belial-wise for vindication.

18TH.—A woman more nosingly fastidious of essentials, you might waste a season of Church Parades and never come up with. Yet she married her husband for his gift of digesting Welsh Rabbit.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

## "THE BOOERS."

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, in *The Free Lance* for November 24th, says, "If people don't like a play, they can groan and go out." Not so; permit a correction of this sequence in action, thus:—

When the public does *not* like a play  
Let them leave it severely alone;  
Should they wish to applaud, let 'em stay,  
But if not, let 'em go out and groan.

You see? "Go out" first, and "groan" afterwards. That a dramatic author should appear before the curtain, to "boo and boo" like *Sir Pertinax Macynophant*, and to be "boo'd and boo'd at" by his "friends (!) in front" is a custom wisely honoured by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES "in the breach" and not "in the observance." He is right. That an authoress should be pilloried in this manner, as was the case with "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" (Mrs. CRAIGIE) at the St. James's Theatre last Thursday night, is a disgrace to any audience. Mr. ALEXANDER will do well in future to keep his author "in ambush," whether there be a success or not on the first performance, and not expose him, least of all *her*, to ill-mannered insults. If the first-night people do not like a piece, let them tell their friends outside, who will have plenty of opportunity of judging for themselves when they read the probably conflicting criticisms in the papers. If the piece is good it will, like truth, prevail, and if it is bad the manager will own his judgment to have been in fault, and very soon change the bill.

## WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

VARIED and charming are the calendars provided by FAULKNER, for 1901, and also their Christmas cards; but specially attractive are their boxes of games, for instance, "The Egg and Spoon Race," which can only be played by those who have thoroughly acquired the virtue of patience, for perhaps then, with a few years' practice and much perseverance, they may hope to overcome the provoking difficulties of this seemingly simple pastime. The game offers rare opportunities to couples, engaged or disengaged, for "spooning," of which advantage may be taken at the merry mistletoe time. Chinese Bagatelle, Spottit Fox and Geese are all excellent, the last-named being quite novel and exciting.

## QUERY.

Is it KRUGER or KRÜGER?  
The point's truly knotty.  
It may be the latter  
When KRUGER is dotty.

MR. MANTALINI ON THE RESULTS OF RECENT COURTS MARTIAL AT DOVER.—"And they shall both be right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul—*oh, demmit!*" (*Vide, Nicholas Nickleby*, vol. ii, ch. 2.)

RATHER a difference between "Returning Officers" and "Officers Returning."



# HINTS ON MAKING ONESELF THOROUGHLY OBJECTIONABLE.

## II.—IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

TAKE care to allow yourself plenty of time before the train stops for your final effort. This depends largely upon eatables, and may be left to the student's discretion. Crumbly sandwiches will, of course, have a share in it. But fruit, such as greengages or apples, is invaluable. The stones or cores, as the case may be, should be hurled across the compartment at the opposite window. It is improbable that more than one in every half-dozen will go through, especially if the window is only open a little at the top. The rest will rebound, and more or less come in contact with the other passengers.

This amusement can be continued until the train begins to slacken speed, when you will doubtless observe everybody else in the carriage gathering their things together. When the station is reached, you will find yourself left alone. But this would be very tame, so you should lose no time in moving into another compartment, where, let us trust, your efforts will meet with the success they deserve during the remainder of the journey.

## III.—AT THE THEATRE.

THE auditorium of a theatre affords so wide a scope to the earnest seeker after unpopularity, that I cannot do more in this paper than touch on a few of the more prominent methods to be employed.

The cheaper parts of the house, naturally, are the easiest to experiment with. Indeed, you may start operations while you are waiting outside the pit or gallery doors; for instance, by coming late, and taking up a position (if you can), in front of those who have been standing there for over an hour. But this sort of thing does not call for the exercise of much inventive faculty on your part, and is hardly worth your attention. On the other hand, the boxes and stalls do not afford fair play, as their well-bred occupants are not easily enough ruffled.

No, to get the happy average, I would recommend taking a seat of an intermediate price—say in the upper circle. Here the audience consists largely of people to whom the evening's entertainment is a bright star, shining out of the commonplace sky of suburban life. They rarely, if ever, get free admissions to the theatre; and when they pay their four or five shillings for a seat, expect to get their money's worth of enjoyment.

This, then, is the spot in which to establish yourself, like a wolf among the sheep, or an addled egg in a batch of new-laid ones. Take a friend with you, as it is essential that you should have someone with whom to carry on a conversation at intervals, in an audible voice.

I will resume this subject next week.



## PRACTICAL.

"I SAY, OLD FELLAH, WEATHER SO INFERNALLY CHANGEABLE, DON'T KNOW WHAT TO PUT ON. THICK OR THIN GREAT-COAT?"

"WHY, OLD FELLAH—ADVISE YOU TO PUT 'EM BOTH ON AT THE SAME TIME. CAN'T GO WRONG THEN!"

## A VINDICATION.

["For the last twelve months we have had to bear the burden of a great war. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that the work thus occasioned has, at times, been overwhelming. It has been done with a rare and unstinted devotion, and in too many cases, I fear, at a sacrifice, not only of rest and recreation, but of health."—Lord Lansdowne's letter of farewell to the War Office.]

DON'T fancy, kind public, that we,  
Whom slander so often belittles,  
Have found our lot always to be  
At the War Office, all beer and skittles.

Ah, no! for, the usual run  
Of tedious monotony breaking,  
We've had actual work to be done—  
A genuine war undertaking.

Then many a bold clerk was found  
Who, labouring in his vocation,  
Earned overtime pound after pound,  
Forgetting his due recreation.

Nay; more than one instance I've met  
(One case in point well I remember)  
Who could not their holidays get  
At all, till well into November.

And others (though cynics may scoff)  
That progress might be the more  
speedy,  
Refused from their work to knock off,  
Though feeling most horribly seedy.

Ah, yes! while our troops in the field  
Fight bravely for V.C.'s and garters,  
The War Office also can yield  
Its quota of heroes and martyrs.





**"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM."**

*Domesticated Wife.* "OH, GEORGE, I WISH YOU'D JUST —"

*Talented Husband (author of various successful Comic Songs for Music Halls, writer of Pantomimes and Variety-show Libretti).* "OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, LUCY, DON'T BOTHER ME NOW!! YOU MIGHT SEE I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT SOME QUITE NEW LINES FOR THE FAIRY IN THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE OF THE PANTOMIME!"

**TO PRESIDENT KRUGER.**

*(After reading of his triumphal progress through France.)*

ILLUSTRIOUS man! acclaimed by every town  
That you have passed,  
I wonder where you'll really settle down  
And live at last?

Will it be Paris, debonnaire and free,  
Siren of cities?  
To turn your back on Paris—that would be  
A thousand pities!

Will it be Berlin, down whose stately  
street  
The Linden rustles?

Will it be Amsterdam, demure, *discrete*?  
Or giddy Brussels?

Florence—a palace lofty and severe,  
Near the Duomo?  
Or some agreeable little villa near  
The lake of Como?

Vienna, Moscow, Petersburg, or Rome,  
All lie before you;

But though in each you try to find a  
home,  
I fear they'll bore you.

Until at last you'll realise what's done  
Cannot be undone,  
And one fine day, quite suddenly, you'll  
run  
Over to London.

Then, like a self-respecting millionaire,  
You'll not disdain  
To take a largish house in Grosvenor  
Square  
And entertain.

You'll live among us to a green old age  
Caressed and petted,  
And when your time has come to leave the  
stage  
You'll die regretted.

The Laureate will celebrate in verse  
The last sad scene,  
And a respectful crowd attend your hearse  
To Kensal Green!

ST. J. H.

**"QUESTION TIME" FOR MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.**

WHY the Postmistress at Ellesmere has not received promotion?

If it is the case that the Police still arrest dogs who cannot give a good account of themselves?

If there is any truth in the falsehood about the latest act of foreign aggression?

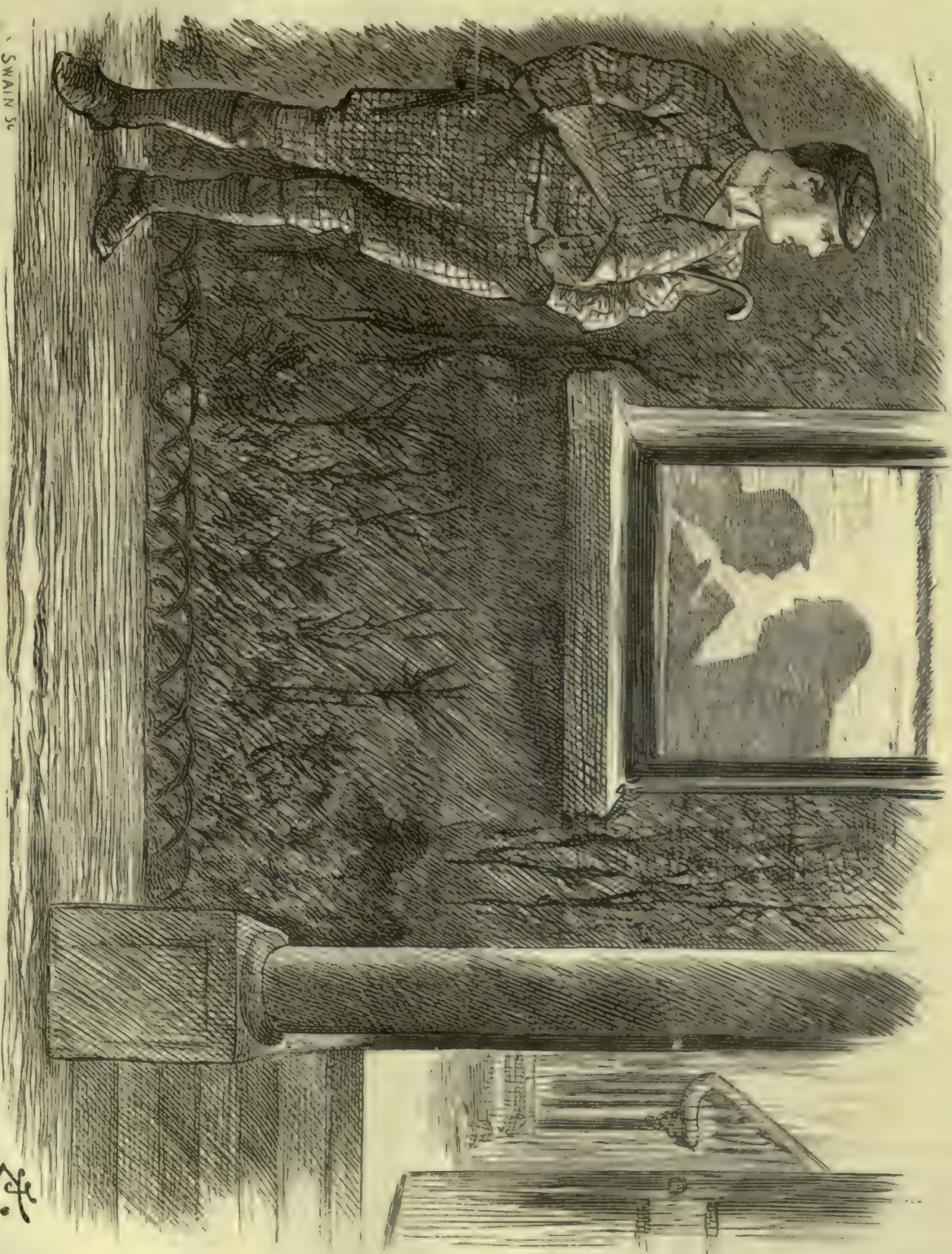
If there is any objection to laying on the table a list of persons who are thought to have used an omnibus in the Strand during the last week of August and the first week in September?

If there is any objection to the expenditure of thousands of pounds in accumulating useless information for the benefit of no one in particular?

Is there any objection to the production of documents relating to matters connected with the commencement of the century, and having no special significance?

And 12,745 queries of the same character to the great advancement of the prosperity of the Empire and public business.





## “THE OPEN DOOR.”

SCENE—Exterior of the Old Liberal Home.

LORD R-S-B-R-Y (“without”), “IT DOESN’T SEEM A VERY HAPPY PARTY. I FANCY I’M BETTER OUTSIDE.”

[“Our attitude and our policy towards Lord Rosebery is that policy which is familiar to us in the phrase of ‘the open door.’”—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman’s speech at Dundee, “Times,” November 16.]







## THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



## EIGHTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now Kamm - el - banraman the leader,  
 2. from his high place on the dividing-wall,  
 3. midst the splinters of glass and the *tenpnih-néhs*  
 4. set upright therein, whereon they had placed his seat  
 5. of government . . . . . had made a most painful impression  
 6. . . . . upon him, to which did cling securely  
 7. his nether garments,  
 8. at the coming of the *Séshun* did look around—  
 9. on this side and on that, where gathered  
 10. his tribesmen . . under various banners  
 11. —hanging mostly in ribbons, . . .  
 12. the pullers of noses that used to be friendly,  
 13. the *Môt-Síkhas*, the *Bhīm-Huntaz* . . in the  
 14. eyes of their colleagues.  
 15. And in every direction . . . the fur was still flying,  
 16. the collecting of scalps from the neighbouring benches  
 17. was their *méhndv-ókéshan* . . . . .  
 18. On the one hand did he see the *Láttad-eh-Kuékrs*,  
 19. the *Térnaz-Uvchíkz* to the smack of the foeman,  
 20. who would govern the more distant parts of  
 21. the empire (I use a small *e* as I don't want to hurt them)  
 22. from *Ekhset-erhál*—as long as they lasted,  
 23. who shrank with a shudder all over their persons  
 24. from our terribly brutalised methods of warfare

25. (most freely acknowledged — by Frenchmen and Germans)  
 26. blushed with shame at the burning of innocent homesteads  
 27. which went off with a bang like a *bhíslit-orphidōh*  
 28. . . . when it reached the best bedroom  
 29. (mainly owing perhaps to a *lārgish-kalékshan*  
 30. . . . of reserve ammunition, they'd forgotten to mention—  
 31. intended, of course, for subsequent use on our  
 32. (criminal) friends and our (erring) relations  
 33. . . . . Not a word of their feelings.)  
 34. Bit their lips and shed tears when  
 35. the poor little mausers popped out in the gloaming  
 36. from the family hay-loft . . . .  
 37. they discovered a hero in every foeman, whatever his methods;  
 38. . . it was really no wonder they felt such a  
 39. brotherly feeling for like them  
 40. he talked *little-English*!—  
 41. bubbling over with sympathy exported wholesale  
 42. most freely applied . . . . but “*externally only*.”  
 43. On the other hand gathered the opposite section  
 44. who remembered a certain magnanimous action  
 45. underneath *Amajuba* . . . . .  
 46. . . . . just like so much *paikh-rast*,  
 47. and had not the smallest intention of trying  
 48. the scriptural treatment again in that district,  
 49. . . . declined to walk *Yurup* in a hom-made and wholly gratuitous

50. *kóstyum* of *sákhliath*  
 51. and *ashaz*.  
 52. And Kamm-el-banraman the presence did notice  
 53. of the usual festive collection of misalls  
 54. —reserved for the genial head of their chieftain devoted  
 55. — the time-honoured cat — fairly lately-lamented—  
 56. the elderly egg of the struggling tradesman,  
 57. *árophbrikh*—these and other range-finding  
 58. materials he noted, as he sat in the fire-zone.  
 59. Then to himself did he say, “Now 's the moment . . .  
 60. . . . if I'm not much mistaken, to do something handsome  
 61. . . . and share these attentions.  
 62. I could spare the *arphbrikh* and he might get  
 63. the *táblu* projected by Labbi.”  
 64. So he waved his *ambrhéla* with gesture expressive  
 65. of cordial welcome to the Lord of *Dhalméni*  
 66. indicating the ladder that led to the summit  
 67. and started to sing *Phrizadj-óligud-piellar*  
 68. But Harkat and Mhorli and several others  
 69. the unalloyed *Jordj* and *Sukót-avthagárdjan*,  
 70. and Labbi, *Bhrin-róbatz* and other great statesmen  
 71. said they'd wholly forgotten the words of the thing  
 72. . . and besides were no singers . .  
 73. . . . Not a rousing reception . . it will take  
 74. some rehearsing.

E. T. R.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron confesses to having been somewhat puzzled as to whether RICHARD MARSH meant his novel *A Hero of Romance* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), to be a book for boys or for elders. The earlier part of it may recall to some readers the youthful adventures of little *Master David Copperfield*, of *Christopher Tadpole*, of *Stalky & Co.*, of *Little Nell*, and of the youthful *Oliver Twist*. Then, with just a flavour of *Jack* in it, chiefly because the scene changes to France, it becomes most decidedly a story for "grown-ups," written with considerable power. So, to classify it is somewhat difficult. The novel is always interesting, here and there amusing, occasionally sensational, yet, on the whole, somewhat unsatisfactory as leading to nothing in particular. Indeed, the Baron would not have been very much surprised had the young "hero" woke up, in his own bed at school, a better and a wiser boy in consequence of his experiences in the land of dreadful dreams. A book well worth reading.

A *Lifetime in South Africa* (SMITH, ELDER) is an opportune and valuable contribution to knowledge. Sir JOHN ROBINSON went out to the Cape in 1850, a boy of eleven. By sheer hard work and great capacity, guided by high purpose, he reached the proud position of First Premier of Natal. He served his apprenticeship to journalism, wherein he perfected an easy graphic style which makes it a pleasure to sit at his feet and learn how a British Colony grew from smallest beginning to the magnitude of Natal. A fighter all his life, Sir JOHN, in this retrospect of a long life, has not a spiteful thing to say of any with whom he has wrought or struggled. There are indications of conviction that Cape Colony is no better than it should be, But expression is carefully subdued. Coming to the war with the Transvaal, he puts the case in a couple of sentences. "Dutch Afrianders forgot," he writes, "that the Republics owed every jot of their freedom to the generosity of Great Britain, and that in the Colonies they enjoyed perfect equality of right and privilege with their fellow citizens of British descent. They only remembered that in the Republics the Dutch were the dominant and ruling race, and that in the Colonies the Queen of England was the sovereign power." Sir JOHN shares with Mr. CONAN DOYLE that quality of the judicial mind that makes the latter's record of the war an important contribution to history. My Baronite notes from both impartial witnesses terrible indictment of whomsoever was responsible for British unpreparedness. On this point Sir JOHN ROBINSON writes:—"Had the ultimatum come a few weeks earlier, Natal would have been swept from the Drakenberg to Durban, and no one can say what the ultimate issue might have been."

Of *Royal Blood* (HUTCHINSON) is a finely-flavoured melodramatic tale. Mr. LE QUEUX has the privilege of admitting his readers into the very highest society, including not only kings, queens, and prime ministers, but queen's messengers in the diplomatic service. Also they learn how, at a particular epoch of recent date, Europe was on the verge of the greatest war of the century. This regrettable state of things was brought about by the frailty of a princess of the house of Hapsburg, who—not to put too fine a point upon it—pinched a despatch from Her Majesty's minister at Brussels to the Prime Minister in Downing Street. The general conduct of this lady consoles my Baronite in the reflection that his intimacy with princesses of royal blood is limited. She confesses her love for the English *attaché*, who tells the whole story. He would have married her, as *attachés* do. But when he comes to the point, he discovers that she is already married to a low-class scoundrel, who uses her as the instrument of his crimes. So like those Hapsburg!

If in doubt take both, is all that my Baronite can suggest to the bewildered boy who has to choose between two such good stories as HUME NISBET's *Kings of the Sea* and *Hunting*

for Gold. The former, an exciting tale of the Spanish Main, always a first-rate place to go for excitement, and the latter deals with adventures in Klondike. Both equally fascinating, and as to sensational . . . Well! you'll see!

The reader must persevere to the end of CHRISTIAN LYS' book in order to unravel *The Mystery of Lady-Place*. However, this should prove no hardship, for the story is brightly written and the mystery has the good sense to remain a mystery almost to the end. "Almost" is a saving clause, as had the mystery been unsolved, the mystery would have been however the story came to be written.

Plenty of lively excitement in the *Dogs of War*, by EDGAR PICKERING, a well-told romantic story of the Great Civil War, with illustrations by LAUNCELOT SPEED.

Our boys will find no time for dull moments when following with breathless and absorbing interest the adventures of COLIN CASSELDEN in *A Chase Round the World*, ROBERT OVERTON. The above little lot from *Kings*, &c., to the last-mentioned, are published by WARNE & Co. "So now," as my juniorest Baronite wishes to say, "you're Warne'd."

MESSRS. BLACK have issued a third edition of *Through Finland in Carts*, a fact that agreeably testifies to the attraction of the work. Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has seized the opportunity of adding by way of appendix the CZAR's Manifesto of February, last year, which suddenly, by a stroke of the pen, swept away the last vestiges of Finland's ancient independence. Mrs. TWEEDIE is a born traveller. She has health, strength, priceless capacity for making the best of things, a seeing eye and a lively pen. Favoured by exceptional opportunities, she saw the Finns not only in the streets and waterways but lived with them in their own houses, ate with them, drank with them and even tried their baths. She found the country primitive and picturesque, its inhabitants simple-hearted and hospitable. The quality of the picturesque she succeeds in importing to every page of her book, a valuable contribution to the history of what, to my Baronite, as doubtless to many others, was before hitherto a fabled land.

Now here is a genuine Christmas book, by our greatest Christmastide writer, CHARLES DICKENS, entitled *The Holly Tree and The Seven Poor Travellers*, with illustrations by C. E. BROCK (DENT & Co.). What genuine merriment in the writing! What true sentiment without much sentimentality! What a delightful story of the two baby elopers, and how admirably contrasted with it is the story of *Richard Doubledick*! To those who know it well, the Baron says, read it again and know it better; and to the younger generation who know nothing at all about it, the Baron says, get it and read it, or if you have on the premises an appreciative and capable reader, then make yourselves comfortable and cosy, gather round that person, and have this book read aloud to you from beginning to end.

Little readers must decide for themselves as to belief or disbelief in the real existence of MARIE OVERTON CORBIN and CHARLES BUXTON GOING's *Urchins of the Sea* (LONGMAN, GREEN & Co.), but they cannot fail to enjoy their numerous adventures, which are most amusing, while the clever illustrations show what queer make-believe little creatures these *Urchins* were.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FACTA NON "FLORA."—Ex-President KRUGER is in the position of *Calchas*, High Priest of Venus (a lovely part for him to play), in OFFENBACH's *La Belle Hélène*, who, expecting substantial offerings at the shrine, and finding only bouquets, exclaims, "*Trop de fleurs! Trop de fleurs!*"

THOUGHT IN NOVEMBER.—"*Il y a toujours un Mais*"—a "*Mai*"—ah!—how we wish there were!



# THE NEW SCHOOL.

["Professor BURNET has been elected examiner in the London School of Liberal Humaniores at Oxford."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.]

I HATED Euclid. When at John's  
I disagreed with all the dons  
About the *asinorum pons*—  
Old crusted Tories,  
Who could not see a single ray  
Of proof in aught but Euclid's way,  
O school of Liberal Huma-  
-niores!

The Classics, too, were just as bad;  
Greek proses all but drove me mad,  
While HOMER shocked me with his sad  
Improper stories.  
And as for ARISTOPH—but stay!  
The very name I blush to say,  
O school of Liberal Huma-  
-niores!

For history, no love had I;  
Law seemed too dull and dry;  
Nor did I ever dream of sci-  
-entific glories.  
For wider fields, for scenes more gay  
My restless Pegasus did neigh,  
O school of Liberal Huma-  
-niores!

Ah! Had I heard of thee before  
I feel—although I know no more  
About the nature of thy lore  
Than Japs or Maories—  
I might have taken—who can say?—  
A brilliant first—thy best B.A.,  
O school of Liberal Huma-  
-niores!

## THE VERB TU BE.

(A Companion to the Verb "To Mote,"  
conjugated by Mr. Punch, October 31st,  
1896.)

### PRESENT TENSE.

I tube.  
Thou payest tuppence.  
He Yerkes.  
We get a hustle on.  
Ye block the gangways.  
They palm off 'bus-tickets.

### IMPERFECT AND UNPROGRESSIVE TENSE.

I was tubbing.  
Thou wast trying to shave.  
He was cramming down his breakfast.  
We were choking in the Underground,  
Ye were imitating sardines.  
They were using language.

### FUTURE TENSE.

(So it is to be hoped.)

I shall tube.  
Thou wilt breathe freely.  
He will keep his cuffs clean.  
We shall eschew 'busses.  
Ye will live in Shepherd's Bush.  
They will honeycomb London.

### (NEARLY) PERFECT TENSE.

I have tubed.



## THE RULING PASSION.

First Enthusiastic Golfer. "I SAY, WILL YOU PLAY ANOTHER ROUND WITH ME ON THURSDAY?"

Second Enthusiastic Golfer. "WELL, I'M BOOKED TO BE MARRIED ON THAT DAY—BUT IT CAN BE POSTPONED!"

Thou hast played the mole.  
He has found his level.  
We have sunk a shaft in the back-  
garden.  
Ye have made rabbit-holes.  
They have turned sewer-rats.

### FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

(Not yet arrived.)

### PLUPERFECT TENSE.

(Nothing in London has ever been more  
than perfect, except the telephone-muddle  
and mess in the streets this month.)

### SUBJUNCTIVE PRESENT.

I may tube.  
Thou mayest go by boot, alias, walk.  
He may whistle for a hansom.  
We may get stuck.  
Ye may spend the day underground.  
They may never come up again.

### SUBJUNCTIVE IMPERFECT.

I might tube.  
Thou mightest float a company.  
He might keep wild cats.  
We might burrow ad lib.  
Ye might borrow all round.  
They might find themselves in Queer  
Street.

### IMPERATIVE.

Tube thou.  
Let him root (like a pig).  
Let us grub, ere the Yankees come  
along!  
Bore away, ye cripples!  
Let them tunnel, till they are black in  
the face!

### INFINITIVE.

Tu be.

### PARTICIPLES.

Present: Tubing (miles of it).  
Passive: (Home) tu bed.





## CHAPTER V.

THE door opened, and a golden head came into view.

"Hullo,

Sly-Boots!" said a voice. Here she was, back again!

The Bishop got up. He was a very tall and portly man, with a high aquiline nose, clean shaven, and a manner which implied benedictions. There was, however, no benediction about the Bishop that night.

Seeing that he was alone, **TRIXIE ARMITAGE** came into the room and shut the door behind her.

"Isn't **WILSON KING** horrid?" she said.

"Not at all."

"Oh! Don't you think so? So different from you! But he has turned you against me. Everybody is turned against me sooner or later, even you, Sly-Boots."

"You know," said the Bishop, with a tone of great dignity, "I don't think, young lady, that you ought to speak to me in that way. It isn't exactly pretty."

"Isn't it?" she said, smiling at him, and looking him straight in the eyes with her wonderful blue orbs. "I'm pretty though, aren't I? Now, don't you think, Bishop, that I'm the prettiest girl you ever saw?"

"I am no judge of these matters," said the Bishop.

"Aren't you? Oh! You do blow hot, blow cold, you do. Oh," giving him a quick dig in the ribs, "you are a Sly-Boots, you are! You know you are."

"This is really sad," said the Bishop, rubbing the palms of his hands together.

**TRIXIE ARMITAGE** was smiling straight at him. "It is, isn't it?" For the life him the great churchman could not prevent the austerity of his dignified features from melting into a more kindly expression. "Now, you're beginning to laugh; you are, Sly-Boots! But I can't stop. I just came in for a minute—I saw **WILSON KING** go across the barrack yard—I just came in to tell you that I don't mind him. He's a horrid old thing, and jealous. That's why he spoiled our little game to-

night, that's it. But never you mind, Sly-Boots, I'll come and see you in your Palace the first day I can get off."

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind."

"Yes, I shall." And she danced to the door, giving several giddy twirls as she went.

The Bishop hastily followed her. "My dear young lady, not the Palace; not the Palace!"

"Where then?"

"Oh, well—I think not at all."

"You'd like to see me again, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you, Sly-Boots?"

"We may meet again."

"No, I shall come to the Palace—I shall come to the Palace. And, oh! it will be lovely. I've never been to the Bishop's Palace in my life. It will be an experience for me."

"My dear young lady, I entreat you, I implore you—"

"Well, if you don't meet me somewhere, I shall come to the Palace. Yes, I shall come, as sure as you are there; and, if they don't let me in—I see what's in your mind, you'll say you're out—but if they don't let me in when I come I shall tell the butler all about it. It will be a tit-bit of news for the butler, won't it?"

"I entreat you— Write to me. I will do anything rather than—"

"Rather than I should tell the butler. Oh, you are a Sly-Boots! I never met such a Sly-Boots. Are all Bishops like you?"

"By no means. This—"

"Eh? Don't they do this sort of thing? Are they all afraid of their butlers? Well, where shall we meet?"

"I will write to you."

"Oh, fix the place. **WILSON KING** will be back in a minute. Quick! Eh? Well, now, remember, if you don't come, I shall come straight to the Palace, and I shall tell the butler all I know—how you asked me to come back, and how you would put me up for the night, and all the rest of it. So, you had better come."

"Oh, I will come," said the Bishop in a tone of abject misery.

**TRIXIE ARMITAGE** came a step or two back from the door, and stood looking at him with her head on one side, like a



pretty bird. "I don't think, Bishop or no Bishop, that it's exactly gallant to tell a young lady that you will come in that tone."

"I don't think," said the Bishop severely, "that it is at all like a young lady to threaten a Bishop with his butler."

"I didn't exactly threaten you," said **TRIXIE ARMITAGE**; "no, Sly-Boots, I didn't threaten. I only used a little persuasion to get my own way, and that, you know, is permissible to every woman." Then she edged a little nearer again. "I say, Bishop, you do like me, don't you, even if I have led you a bit of a dance?"

"I—I have had no opportunity——"

"How long does it take a Bishop to get to know people?" she asked. "Longer than other men? You're a fine, handsome man, but I never knew anyone (that didn't actually dislike me, you know) so awfully hard to get on with before. I suppose it's because you are a Bishop. There, I hear **WILSON KING** coming. No, no, no; I'll go out through his bedroom. It's all right. He won't see me."

She bolted into the bedroom and slammed the door just as **WILSON KING** entered the room from the corridor.

"So sorry to keep you waiting, Bishop. My fellow was not in the way just now, and I had to go round to the stables myself. The horses will be round in a minute or two. You'll have a whiskey-and-soda before you go?"

"Not a drop," said the Bishop, "not a drop." He felt that he had taken too much already. One glass of whiskey on the top of that excellent champagne would have undone him.

Five minutes later the Bishop was seated in his carriage and being driven across the barrack square.

In **WILSON KING**'s quarters, half-a-dozen excited officers were to be seen in paroxysms of laughter, and the middle one of the group was a young lady, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion.

"Gad, **PARKER**," said **WILSON KING**, "I never thought you would do it."

"Not do it!" cried the Babe, pulling his golden wig up on one side, with a very unfeminine gesture. "My dear chap, I used to play all the girls' parts both at Harrow and Sandhurst. There are advantages in having a voice like a woman and a skin like a rose-leaf, and poor old **VERNON**," stretching out his hand to his friend, "will as surely reap the benefit of them as we are all alive and kicking." And, then, he gave a kick of his fashionable skirts, disclosing some very masculine garments underneath.

# CHAPTER VI.

It is almost impossible to describe the various phases of mental anguish which the Bishop went through during the next few days. He had never at any time had any great faith in the discretion of women, excepting, indeed, women of the type of his deceased spouse, who had been entirely of the domesticated order of the species.

A Bishop, you know, is not an idle man, and the Bishop of **IDLEMINSTER** had at that time a great many engagements in various parts of his diocese. The day following the memorable incident which had taken place in **WILSON KING**'s quarters, he had to go to a journey of some twenty miles, to re-open a newly restored church. On his return to his Palace he found a letter awaiting him from **TRIXIE ARMITAGE**. It was written on extremely thick paper, with a great gilt "B." in one corner, was delicately perfumed, and began:—

"**DEAR SLY-BOOTS**,—I want you to come and meet me the day after to-morrow, eleven o'clock in the morning, at the cathedral. Nobody will see you if you slip in behind the screen and into the aisle where the memorial to the Black Horse is. You said you liked me, didn't you? Be sure you come.

"Ever yours, "TRIXIE."

The Bishop's very blood ran cold. "Dear Sly-Boots"! To think that anything feminine and young and giddy and wicked should dare to address him, the Bishop of **IDLEMINSTER**, by any such name! To think that anything feminine should ask him to meet her in his own cathedral church, where he would have to slip round the screen and into the side aisle! The girl must be mad! He must put the letter into the fire immediately. But he didn't. On the contrary, he held it in his hand, and every now and again he passed it under his episcopal nose, to which its fragrant aroma ascended—well, like a savour which the Bishop had better have been without.

He was still sitting, cogitating, when **MARGARET**, his daughter, came suddenly in. "Oh, are you there, Father?"

The Bishop dropped the hand which held the letter, over the side of his armchair until it almost touched the floor.

"Yes, I came back a short time ago, my dear," he said, in his most pompous tones.

"What a nice smell there is," said **MARGARET**. "What is it? Are you scented, Father? Dear me, that's something new for you."

"No, my dear, no. These letters—some of them are perfumed. It's a dreadful habit," and he waved his hand as if to dismiss the subject. "Do you want anything, **MARGARET**?"

"Oh, yes, Father, a great many things," was her prompt reply. "I came here—to beg a little paper. That's all. I've run out of it. I'll take some of this. Yes, thank you so much."

She sighed as she went out, but she shut the door very gently and her voice had been free from anything like temper.

"A good girl, a very good girl," said the Bishop.

The question was, how was he to communicate with this young woman? He didn't like to write a letter which would in any way be a match for hers, and, yet, if he didn't write some kind of a letter, without doubt she would soon be at the door of the Palace, making revelations to the butler! So, still holding the perfumed missive in his left hand, he sat down at his writing-table and drew some notepaper towards him.

"The Bishop of **IDLEMINSTER**," he wrote, "much regrets that he is not able to conform with the arrangement made by Miss **ARMITAGE**, as he will be ten miles from Idleminster at the time indicated."

This missive he put into an envelope and addressed to "Miss **BEATRICE ARMITAGE**," then added the address given in her letter.

By return of post he received another communication.

"**DEAR SLY-BOOTS**," it said, "I think it was rather rude of you to answer a first-person letter in the third, particularly when the writer was a young lady. Don't Bishops have any manners? I am sorry you can't come. I suppose you have got a good many engagements of sorts. Meet me on Thursday in the Long Walk at six o'clock. I will be on the second seat by the river. You must keep this appointment. It is most urgent.

"Yours, "TRIXIE."

"This is dreadful," said the Bishop, "dreadful!"

Even the perfumed fragrance of the letter failed to please his senses as the first one had done. Meet her in the Long Walk, the favourite promenade of half Idleminster when they wished to get the air of the river under the shade of the over-spreading trees! Preposterous! And to call him rude! It wasn't rude. It was a legitimate and perfectly well-bred snub for the way in which she had addressed him. He determined, however, that she should not call him rude a second time, so once more he took up his pen and began to write.

"**DEAR MISS ARMITAGE** (he said)—I regret that you should have thought me rude in writing to you in the third person. It is my custom; unless to those with whom I am on terms of great intimacy. I really cannot meet you in the Long Walk to-morrow at six o'clock in the evening. Such a proceeding would be absolutely subversive of all decorum. If you had asked me to



your house, it would have been more possible to keep the appointment; but the Long Walk is out of the question.

"Yours faithfully, "W. IDLEMINSTER."

Now, when this missive reached its destination, I must say that those in the plot against the unfortunate Bishop laughed until their sides ached, and in the midst of the laughter down plumped the Babe at his writing-desk, and indited another scented missive to the Bishop.

"DEAR SLY-BOOTS (he wrote)—It's no good. I will not be put off. If you don't come to the Long Walk to-morrow, I shall go straight to the Palace, and I will split everything to the butler."

"You mustn't say 'split,'" said WILSON KING.

"Oh, no; neither must I. I'll write it again. I'll say, 'disclose' everything. Nice ladylike word 'disclose.' Now, I should say that when his Right Reverence gets that little *billet-doux* he'll be amenable to reason; so, VERNON, you must now do your part."

"What am I to do?" said VERNON.

"Have you seen Miss CHATFIELD?"

"I saw her this morning for a few minutes."

"Did you see her yesterday?"

"I did."

"Did she tell you anything about her father?"

"Well, she said he was very much worried about something—quite unlike himself, and she could not tell what was troubling him."

"You didn't tell her?"

"I? No, not a word."

"Well, now, look here," said the Babe, smoothing down his golden hair and stroking the place where there had never yet been a sign of a moustache, "when he gets this letter he'll be taken worse, and you must put Miss CHATFIELD up to this. Tell her to ask the Bishop what's troubling him, to confide in her; and you can just tell her enough about the escapade of the other night to put her on the scent. Don't give me away—don't say that TRIXIE ARMITAGE was masquerading. But, give her a hint that there was a girl here, and that her father is in a fix. Tell her that you are perfectly able to cook the young woman's goose at any moment. Give her to understand that you are the only one of the whole regiment who has that power and—See?"

"Well, I don't exactly," said VERNON.

"No? Well, if you have the power to make and keep TRIXIE ARMITAGE mum, you'll be a very valuable person for the Bishop, the most valuable son-in-law that he could possibly find anywhere. If you only tell her the story on the outside surface, she will fall into the trap and so will he, and in the end you will get your bride."

The upshot of all this plotting was that within a week the Bishop was a changed man. TRIXIE ARMITAGE had not yet appeared at the door of the Palace, and the butler was still unaware of his master's little slip in discretion. Many letters had passed between them, but the Bishop had not yet kept any appointment with the golden-haired little lady whom he had seen in WILSON KING's quarters. The affair, however, was beginning to tell on his nerves: his high episcopal nose was getting to look very gaunt, there were black shadows under his eyes, and there was a tremulousness about his whole person which was really very pathetic.

"Dear Father," said MARGARET, one evening when the Bishop had looked round with a start and a shiver at some slight sound in the corridor without the dining-room, "what is the matter? I don't understand you these last few days. You have seemed so distressed, and so unlike yourself. What is it, Father?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing."

"You know, Father," she went on, "they are saying very queer things about you?"

"Who are?" His face was a confession of guilt. "Who are saying queer things about me, and what sort of queer things?"

"Well, dear—would you rather I didn't tell you?"

"I would rather that you did."

"Something about the night you dined at the Barracks—a girl. I wouldn't ask, of course; but I was at Mrs. DE SAUMAREZ's to-day, and I heard some people talking about it in one of the conservatories. One of them said you were a sly dog. It seemed impossible to me that they could be talking of you; but they were, for I heard your name distinctly."

"MARGARET," said the Bishop, "there is a certain modicum of truth in the story. That night I did a most foolish thing. I have suffered the tortures of Hades ever since. This woman threatens me with all sorts of things. I will not repeat them to you. She has got me in a cleft stick, MARGARET, and if it goes on I shall have to give up my See."

"Give up your See? I never heard of such a thing! Why, Father, surely your character, your— Oh, it's absurd!"

"Perhaps it is absurd; but it is preying on my mind—it is breaking my heart. I feel like an outcast. I never had anything of this kind come into my life before. I feel like a pariah—like a leper. I'm a broken man, MARGARET."

The girl got up with an expression of infinite pity, and went round beside her father's chair. "Were the scented letters from her?" she asked.

"I believe so. Well, yes; they were."

"Ah! she must be a common sort of person. Ladies don't use that kind of note paper." She put her hand upon his shoulder, with a protecting touch. "Dear old dad," she said, "would you do anything to be free from her?"

"Anything, anything!"

"I met Mr. VERNON at Mrs. DE SAUMAREZ's to-day, and he, too, heard something of what was said. He told me that he would, if you wished it, get an undertaking from this person not to trouble you any more. She seems to be a mischievous creature, very ill-regulated but not really wicked, from all I hear. Mr. VERNON is the only one of all the officers who could get her to undertake never to approach you again."

"Do you think he could?"

"I am sure of it; but I don't see how you could ask him to do you such a great favour when you were—so very hard."

The Bishop choked. "Were you fond of him, MEG?"

"Yes, Daddy, I was."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," said the Bishop, "go and ask him to do his best for me."

*John Chance writes.*





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 3.  
—"The more it changes, the more it's the same thing," said PRINCE ARTHUR, looking round bustling scene on this, the opening day of Fifteenth Parliament of the QUEEN.

True in regard of general aspect. The same high spirits, the same boisterous greeting of old friends safe after shipwreck of General Election, the same ceremonial. But looking round, one notices many gaps and changes. Front Opposition Bench pretty much as it was. WILLIAM WOODALL, whose cheery presence

familiar there through many Sessions, comes again no more. He was a man who had friends on both sides. For the rest, Front Bench stands where it did, aglow with mutual love and responsive admiration.

Below gangway on same side, many changes, chiefly in Irish camp. WILLIAM O'BRIEN comes back, bringing his sheaves with him. On the way he has trampled down TIM HEALY's friends. TIM himself, happily still to the front, may be counted upon to hold his own against whatever odds. Probability of some interesting incidents in that quarter of House as Session proceeds.

Most changes on Ministerial side. Shipping interest notably stricken.

DON CURRIE has put up his helm, and steamed away to his Highland home. P.-&O. SUTHERLAND has paired with Castle-Union EVANS. A distinct loss this to character of House. P. & O. didn't often deliver set speech. When he did, always had something to say. Even when he was silent, his presence suffused benches below gangway with priceless air of responsibility and wisdom.

Corner seat, whence through the ages COURTNEY has been accustomed to rise and instruct mankind, to-day occupied by another.

"I wish," SAUNDERSON once said in Debate, "the Right Hon. Member for Bodmin were seated on the opposite side of the House. Then I might expect, when

Some  
ghosts of  
an Ministry

BY



Division bell rang, to find him voting in the same lobby with myself."

Most of all, Treasury Bench has suffered sea change. We shall not any more hear JOKIM luminously explaining Admiralty Estimates, or any other. He was one of the old school of Members, whose numbers thin as the years glide. Soon there will be none who sat in the epoch-making Parliament elected in 1868. Eloquent testimony to JOKIM's high character and honest purpose is borne by fact that, though like others he has migrated from one political camp to the other, he has never been the object of bitter personal attack.

Two of the most portly presences which in the last Parliament lent weight to Treasury Bench have been withdrawn. MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY has had enough of the Home Office, and HARRY CHAPLIN, yearning for personal freedom, has taken a back seat. Sark says T. W. RUSSELL has his eye upon him. T. W. (according to this authority) believes he can break up the Government within the space of three years. With HARRY CHAPLIN in alliance it might be done in two.

With characteristic modesty, HORACE PLUNKETT usually sat at remote end of Treasury Bench under shadow of Speaker's chair. He will therefore be missed from observation less prominently than others. But the manner of his cutting off will ever remain a slur upon the party of Law and Order in Ireland. A stook reproach they have levelled at their countrymen in Nationalist camp is that they were always ready to sacrifice national interests or party advantage to personal considerations. HORACE PLUNKETT is, by common consent, a man who has done more for the material advancement of Ireland than any other of his generation. Personally popular, esteemed in increased proportion as intimacy grew closer, he seemed of all men the most certain of retaining his seat. But he was *lié* with GERALD BALFOUR, and favoured his chivalrous scheme of killing Home Rule with kindness. Above all, with many highly connected but needy Unionists available, he inducted into comfortable salaried post a man simply on the ground that in the public interest he was the most suitable. So a Unionist seat was delivered over to the enemy, and a Member who personally had no enemy was stabbed in the back.

JESSE COLLINGS, bereft of the companionship of POWELL WILLIAMS, sits forlornly on Treasury Bench thinking of these things, and trying to remember how long after the Heavenly Twins were separated one lingered on the scene.

*Business done.*—New Parliament foregathers.

"I'LL TALK TO YOU LIKE A DUTCH UNCLE."  
—Oom PAUL at Marseilles.

### THE SCIENTIFIC SERMON.

"[The Monsterphone was used last Sunday in the church of St. Mary-at-Hill to represent a sermon delivered by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY."—*Daily Paper.*]

HAIL, Science, who with eager mind  
Ever on the alert to find

Fresh fields for your researches,  
Now deign our many faults to mend,  
To hasten to our aid, and lend

Your presence to our churches.

Should organist his aid refuse,  
The barrel-organ we can use  
That any engine can turn;  
And lesson from the mart or street  
You show us, on a snow-white sheet  
Cast by the magic lantern.

No longer need a curate crude  
His thrice-repeated platitud  
Sunday by Sunday dish up,  
Since henceforth we from Monsterphones  
May hear the wisdom—nay the tones  
Of even an Archbishop.

So since for preaching, by your aid,  
The cream of sermons is purveyed,  
Of first-rate orthodoxy,  
But one thing 's left for you to do—  
Invent some scheme by which I, too,  
Can go to church by proxy.

### MORT AUX TYRANS!

KRUGER VENGÉ! EXPÉDITION CONTRE LES  
ANGLAIS. SOUSCRIPTION COLOSSALE.

LES MISÉRABLES MERCENAIRES de l'abominable Syndicat anglo-juif, qui n'ont pas encore vaincu les héroïques Boers, seront bientôt chassés du Transvaal. Tremblez, ignoble CHAMBERLAIN, infâme LOUBET, méprisable WALDECK! Enfin, JOË, dictateur de la perfide Albion, vous serez écrasé! Votre Syndicat de Trahison, votre rapacité, votre infamie, n'auront d'autre résultat que d'agrandir le pouvoir, déjà si vaste, de la presse nationaliste française, et de moi-même, HENRI TROFORT.

Nous allons organiser une expédition de volontaires venant de tous les pays de l'Europe. Nous—c'est à dire la presse nationaliste française—nous ne quitterons pas la France. Nous recevrons chez nous les souscriptions de ceux qui aiment, comme nous les aimons, les vaillants Boers, et qui désirent témoigner leur sympathie en nous envoyant de l'argent pour les volontaires. C'est à nous de parler; c'est à ces derniers de se battre.

Cette expédition, organisée par nous et par nos confrères de la presse nationaliste universelle, ne doit pas échouer faute d'argent. Ce serait trop honteux. Pour payer les volontaires et les organisateurs, pour l'armement de navires, pour la nourriture, pour le transport, pour les munitions de guerre, il nous faut au moins un milliard. Quelques optimistes parmi nos amis ne demandent que 990

millions de francs. Ce n'est pas la peine de discuter l'utilité de ces dix millions, dont nous n'aurons pas besoin peut-être. C'est si peu de chose. En tous cas, nous pourrions offrir des épées d'honneur à tous les généraux, et un beau cadeau de noces, en diamants—et cela coûtera au moins un million—à la jeune reine de Hollande, adorée pour le moment par tous les anciens communards. Car c'est elle qui s'est montrée si bienveillante envers le vénérable KRUGER, le républicain huguenot adoré pour le moment par tous les royalistes et par tous les impérialistes de la France. PAUL et WILHELMINE, *Paul et Virginie*, quelle touchante ressemblance! Et quel parfum de poésie romanesque au milieu du tohu-bohu de la vie, comme l'odeur d'un bouquet de violettes dans une imprimerie!

Il nous faut donc un milliard. Voici la première liste de cette souscription colossale.

	Fr. c.
M. HENRI TROFORT . . . . .	10 0
Anonyme . . . . .	15 0
M. ADOLPHE DURAND . . . . .	3 0
Un lecteur assidu . . . . .	0 50
Mme. DUPONT. . . . .	2 50
M. van den VEELGLASSCHIEDAM de Hertogenbosch . . . . .	2 0
Un ouvrier . . . . .	0 30
Un jeune Français, âgé de quatre ans, ennemi acharné des tyrans britanniques . . . . .	0 20
M. JULES DUBOIS . . . . .	1 50
Un médecin-major en retraite . . . . .	3 0
Un garçon de café (une <i>lira</i> , pièce italienne, valeur actuelle) . . . . .	0 5
Cinquante étudiants, amis dévoués de l'héroïque président et de ses compatriotes invincibles, luttant contre les barbares d'Outre Manche. Vive KRUGER! Conspuez CHAMBERLAIN! . . . . .	1 0
Total	39 5

HENRI TROFORT.

### A BIG POLL-TAX.

DEAR MR. PUNCH, — I see that an American millionaire states he will give one million dollars to get the American flag planted at the North Pole. This sum—which I take to be the *parva figura poli*, mentioned ironically by OVID—would seem large enough to spur the flagging zeal of even the least patriotic of explorers. It sounds bombastic, but to the talker on this subject a degree of latitude may suitably be allowed—and in the upshot an allowance of several may be necessary. Polar exploration has always partaken of the nature of a nervous disease, and this phase of it is doubtless the arctic-dollareux. Yours Nansensically,

MARCO POLO.



## A DIET DIARY.

*Monday.*—Most annoying; find that bread is so adulterated with poison that it is impossible to take it. Even toast is hurtful, and I can't eat biscuit. Cut them off.

*Tuesday.*—Article in the paper showing that sugar and butter are both hurtful to health. Well, sweets and flesh formers do not add to the elegance of one's figure! So cut them off.

*Wednesday.*—Never suspected meat before. Still, paper insists upon the harm of it. Better give it up. At any rate, it will lessen the burden of the butcher's book. Cut it off.

*Thursday.*—According to the papers, must not take milk or wine. Butter very bad for the system. So is wine. Well, cut them off.

*Friday.*—The paper again on diet. Seems fish is very injurious. Must not eat it if one is to keep well. Cut it off.

*Saturday.*—Papers again on the food war-path. Vegetarianism a great mistake. Nothing to eat, nothing to drink. Apparently all owing to the climate. May eat and drink safely in other climes. So cut myself off!

## STEYN'S RESOLVE.

["To sell the Transvaal to the highest bidder."]

ADMIRABLE idea this. Only a few insignificant objections that we can see to the scheme, some of which we detail below:—

1. That the Transvaal is not Mr. STEYN'S to sell.

2. How would the purchaser propose to take possession? Would he take the Transvaal away with him, or how?

3. Would the British troops, now occupying the Transvaal, be also included in the purchase, i.e. going with the territory, as one job lot?

And if all these petty objections were satisfactorily arranged for, would the faithful burghers be confiding enough to stand by, and sing little hymns, whilst Mr. STEYN put the purchase price in his pockets?

We merely throw out these ideas as possible impediments; but, after all, doubtless the sale could be effected—if only the purchaser could be found.

## STUDIES IN SMALL ZOOLOGY.

## THE BLACK BEETLE.

THIS Swarthy Insect is the Terror of the kitchen range. Rien n'est sacré pour un escarbot! as our volatile neighbours have it. He has no particular fancy in provender. Intoxicating liquor is as readily consumed by this truculent toper as is the lacteal product of the cow. Sugar and spice to him are nice, and he will stay his Gargantuan appetite as readily with fried bacon as with gooseberry tart. When in-



## AT A LAWN MEET.

*Son of the House.* "Oh, MR. HUNTSMAN, OUR KEEPER HAS GOT SUCH A LOVELY FOX FOR YOU!"

*Huntsman.* "GLAD TO HEAR IT, SIR. WHERE SHALL WE FIND HIM?"

*Son of the House.* "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS NOW; BUT I SAW HIM IN A BOX LAST NIGHT!"

ebriated, he is a painful object, and throws himself on his back with the readiness of a Hooligan resisting the persuasion of a police constable. When gorged with purloined viands, he selects the most comfortable corner of the fireplace and obliges his distant cousins, the crickets, to entertain him with minstrelsy.

He laughs at the means employed for extermination, knowing well that if a cat be foolish enough to devour him she herself will pay the penalty, while the traps invented by humanity to compass his death are looked upon as wholesome methods for thinning superfluous cousins. There is a fallacious idea that the

Hedgehog is partial to a diet of Black-beetles, but so little heed does the Pest pay to the Destroyer that he has been seen to ease his itching by rubbing himself on the spines of prickly porker.

The savage intractability of his temperament is shown by the fact that nobody has ever tamed a Black Beetle. Mice have comforted the solitary prisoner, spiders by their zeal have inspired heroes to great deeds, ants have stimulated the industry of mankind, and lizards and snakes have been enthralled by harmony, but the Black Beetle is absolutely void of utility. If pounded in a mortar he would not, despite his nigrous hue, make a decent substitute for boot-polish.



## THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.  
IN MONTHLY PARTS.

## XII.—THE GEORGE MEREDITH SECTION.

(Continued from November.)

19TH, 20TH.—“No Veuve like the Old Veuve,” he cried across the opal iridescence, bubbles winkingly discursive at brim; and was resiliently instant to retrieve the solecism, like the connoisseur he was of BACCHUS and the feminine. Was not this indeed the fair widow's first excursus into Epicuria since her husband's lapse to the underworld?

“Onions is off,” the waiter interposed, with sharp recall by Phateon—descent from ether to earth. She blushed a tempered rubicund. Should he retrospect for its meaning to the Veuve-solecism? Or did “onions” stand with her for an artificial excitative of the lachrymal, proper in tolerated widowhood tending to consolable? Opposing arguments paced out their duello distance divisive of his dear mind; “New widows are the best” confronted by “The time of tears and convention is over.” After all, was there so great difference? Let them embrace brotherly over boxed pistols to satisfaction of honour.

21ST TO 24TH.—

[Lines on the recent publication of *Bismarck's Love Letters*; after *The Nuptials of Attila*.]

This is he of the iron throat,  
Bold at beer of Lager blend,  
Stout to swallow, and never wince,  
Twenty quarts or so on end;

My BISMARCK, O my BISMARCK.  
He whose voice, a thunder peal,  
Rang across the squadrons' thud,  
Chirrup of stirrup, clank of steel,  
Sabre on sabre, shock of lance,  
Uhlan's lance on cuirass-plate;  
Voice of the trumpet-blast of Fate  
Smiting the flanks of Seine in flood,  
Flood of the blood of the flower of France.

My BISMARCK, O my BISMARCK.  
Strange to think he lived at home  
In a human sort of way;  
Never, with his lips afoam,  
Felled the harmless patient cat;  
Never actually sat  
In a fit of brutal play  
On his heir-apparent's head;  
Never even pulled his ear;

My BISMARCK, O my BISMARCK.  
Never brained the servant who  
Made for him his daily bed;  
Dealt in no domestic crime  
Such as bigamy; merely wed  
One wife only at a time!  
Can it be we judged amiss  
Of the Great in peace and war  
As regards his private sphere?  
Erred, in fact, in looking for  
Stronger hero's stuff than this,  
My BISMARCK, O my BISMARCK?

25TH, 26TH.—At midway of Eiffel Tower he alights, suspicious of elevators ascendant descendant; gazes a rapt disillusionment on Paris at her unpavilioning dispersive of borrowed vanities into pantechnica restive for the centrifugal.

Lately transilient of ocean, and now swathed in air something short of rarefied, he too craves surcease of vanities, content to secure a bullioned sanctuary on the firm of earth beyond torrid zone of artifice-acclaim, with leisure through veiling

smoke, not of the cannon's belching, to inform himself of uncaged guerillas rampant in remnancy on uppermost of kopjes; distracted to the minimum by apprehension of insults offered to well-fed derelict, cordoned, like the arch-enemy's wife she is, (with luxury, and hebdomodally eloquent of incredible barbarisms.

27TH.—It is the same France, implacably woman to the eyes of her, dowered for farce-play with the eternal mutable. Yesterday conspuitive to the nauseous at mention of DREYFUS *redivive*; swooping in guise of massed Amazons of the line, javelins low at thigh-rest, on solitary appealing for only Truth and Justice with what of voice remained from Devil-Isle torture. To-day uproarious in fantastic serenade of Liberty under balcony of discredited tyrant heavy with spoil of the unenfranchised, mildly ruminant on Ignorance butchered, he away, to make his Dutchman's holiday.

28TH, 29TH.—Bronze-ardent with meridian suns,  
Scent of Italia's flowers about his boots,  
Behold the Ineluctable leap to land!  
Still salt by briny converse with the fleet,  
A tar in being. Dover's silent guns  
A little irk him, hardened to salutes.  
Behold him stand,  
Brummagem-factured, monocled, aloof,  
Unspoiled of admiration, envy-proof,  
Intolerably self-complete:  
Janus of war to ope or shut at will;  
An orb of circumvolvent satellites,  
Portentous past belief; of good and ill  
Bodeful to measureless of mortal ken;  
Now off the swung machine a bounding god,  
And now the ditchward guide of blinded men.

So sees him Europe planted, she, at gaze;  
Sees him that Britain Greater by his nod,  
Addressed to undreamed acrobatic flights,  
Bent to negotiate  
The sundering bar of centuries both in blaze;  
A salamander in asbestos-tights  
Armoured against the igneous of Fate.

30TH.—A strange irruption of brute atavism, this gallery clamour of the Hooligan loud to extinguish the favourable of stalled Intelligence; percipient Judgment merged in the boo of Premeditation. Not without reason was it recorded in the Pilgrim's Scrip: “The last thing to be civilised by man is the gods.”

O. S.

## “AUTHOR! AUTHOR!”

THE old plan was to reserve publication of the Author's name until after the first performance of the piece. Up to that moment it was supposed to be a secret; at all events, if it was “a secret of PUNCHINELLO,” it was one that Signor PUNCHINELLO did not divulge. If a failure, no name was given. Failure, and oblivion. If a success, the manager stepped forward and “named” the author, who could then, if he so pleased, “bow his acknowledgments from his private box.”

Better return to the ancient plan, omit all official mention of the author until the play is over; then announce it. Let it appear on the next issue of programmes. No more booing; no more bowing.

## NOT QUITE THE CORRECT WAY OF PUTTING IT.

“HULLO, old chap, been putting your room to rights, eh?”

“Yes—and now I'm just off to see old THINGUMMY—you know.” (Puts on overcoat—then suddenly, as he regards his hands, which are none the cleaner for his having been engaged in dusting book-shelves and arranging library.) “Bother! Well, I can't stop now—I must wash my hands on the road.”

“Hum! that operation won't make them much cleaner, eh?”





S. B.

# OOM PAUL'S DAY DREAM.

HOW HE SAW HIMSELF "ON THE SPEED!"

"L'HOMME PROPOSE," BUT IT WASN'T TO BE.

[“It is uncertain when Mr. Kruger will go to Berlin, or even whether he will go there at all.”—Berlin Correspondent of “Times,” December 1.]



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.  
Calcutta University.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A SENSATIONAL DERBY STRUGGLE.

*Is it for sordid pelf that horses race?  
Or can it be the glory that they go for?  
Neither; they know the steed that shows best pace  
Will get his flogging all the sooner over!*

*Reflection at a Racecourse.—H. B. J.*

THE Duchess, seeing that her plot was foiled by the unexpected arrival of Mr. BHOSH, made the frantic endeavour to hedge herself behind another bet of a million sterling to nothing that *Milky Way* was to come off conqueror—but in vain, since none of the welshers would concede such very long odds.

So, wrapping her features in the veil of feminine duplicity, she advanced swimmingly to meet Mr. BHOSH. "How lucky that you have arrived on the neck of time!" she said. "And you have ridden all the way from town? Tell me now, would not you and your dear horse like some refreshment after so tedious a journey?"

"Madam," said Mr. BHOSH, bowing to his saddle-bow, while his optics remained fixed upon the Duchess with a withering glare. "We are not taking any—from your hands!"

This crushing sarcasm totally abashed the Duchess, who perceived that he had penetrated her schemes and crept away in discomfiture.

After this incident *Milky Way* was subjected to the ordeal of trying her weight, which she passed with honours. For—very fortunately as it turned out—the twenty-four hours' starvation which she had endured as left luggage had reduced her to the prescribed number of *maunds*, which she would otherwise have infallibly exceeded, since Mr. BHOSH, being as yet a tyro in training Derby cracks, had allowed her to acquire a superfluous obesity.

Thus once more the machinations of the Duchess had only benefited the very individual they were intended to injure!

But it remained necessary to hire a practical jockey, since CADWALLADER PERKIN was still lamenting in dust and ashes at home, so Mr. BHOSH ran about from pillow to post endeavouring to borrow a rider for *Milky Way*.

Owing, probably, to the Duchess's artifices, he encountered nothing but refusals and pleas of previous engagement—until, at the end of the tether of his patience, he said: "Since my mare cannot compete in a riderless condition, I myself will assume command and steer her to victory!"

Upon which gallant speech the entire air became darkened by clouds of upthrown hats and shouts of "Bravo, BINDABUN!"

But upon this the pertinacious Duchess lodged the objection that he was not in correct toggery, and that, even if he still retained his tall hat, it would be contrary to etiquette to ride the Derby in a frock coat.

"Where are his racing colours?" she demanded.

"Here!" cried Mr. BHOSH, pulling forth the cream and sky-blue silken jacket and cap from his pockets, and, discarding his frock coat, he assumed the garb of a jockey in the twinkling of a jiffy.

"I protest," then cried the undaunted Duchess, "against such cruelty to animals as racing an overblown mare so soon after she has galloped from London!"

"Your stricture is just, O humane and distinguished lady," responded the judge, who had conceived a violent attachment to *Milky Way* and her owner, "and I will willingly postpone the

race for an hour or two until the horse has recovered her breeze."

"Quite unnecessary!" said BINDABUN. "My mare is not such a weakling as you imagine, and will be as fit as a flea after she has imbibed one or two champagne bottles."

And his prediction was literally fulfilled, for the champagne soon rendered *Milky Way* playful as a kitten. Mr. BHOSH ascended into his saddle; the other horses were drawn up in single rank; the starter brandished his flag—and the curtain rose on such a race as has, perhaps, never been equalled in the annals of the Derby.

The rival cracks were named as follows:—*Topsy Turvy*, *Poojah*, *Brandy Pawnee*, *Tiffin Bell*, *Tripod*, *Cui Bono*, *British Jurisprudence*, and *Rosy Smell*. The betting was even on the field.

*Poojah* was a large tall horse with a nude tail, but excessively nimble; *Tripod*, on the contrary, was a small cob of sluggish habits and needing to be constantly pricked; *Tiffin Bell* was a piebald of goodly proportions; and *Rosy Smell* was of same sex as *Milky Way*, though more vixenish in character.

Not long after the start Mr. BHOSH was chagrined to discover that he was all behindhand, and he almost despaired of overtaking any of his fore-runners. Moreover, he was already oppressed by painful soreness, due to so constantly coming in contact with the saddle during his ride from London—but "in for a penny, in for a pound of flesh," and he plodded on, and soon had the good luck to recapture some of his lost ground.

It was the old fabulous anecdote of the Hare and the Tortoise. First of all, *Topsy Turvy* was tripped up by a rabbit's hole; then *Rosy Smell* leaped the barrier and joined the spectators, while *Tripod* sprained his offside ankle. Gradually Mr. BHOSH passed *Brandy Pawnee*, *Cui Bono*, and *British Jurisprudence*, until, on arriving at Tottenham Court Corner, only *Tiffin Bell* and *Poojah* remained in the running.

*Tiffin Bell* became so discouraged by the near approach of *Milky Way* that he dwindled his pace to a paltry trot, so Mr. BHOSH was easily enabled to defeat him, after which by Cyclopean efforts he urged his mare until she and *Poojah* were cheek by jowl.

For some time it was the dingdong race between a hammer and tongs!

Still, as the quadrupeds ploughed their way on, *Poojah* churlishly refused to give place *aux dames*, and *Milky Way* began to drop to the rear. Seeing that she was utterly incompetent to accelerate her speed and therefore in imminent danger of being defeated, CHUNDER BINDABUN had the happy inspiration to make an appeal to the best feelings of the rival jockey, whose name was JUGGINS.

"JUGGINS!" he wheezed in an agonised whisper, "I am a poor native Indian, totally unpractised in Derby riding. Show me some magnanimous action, and allow *Milky Way* to take first prize, JUGGINS!"

But Mr. JUGGINS responded that he earnestly desired that *Poojah* should obtain said prize, and applied a rather severe whipsmack to his willing horse.

"My mare is the favourite, JUGGINS!" pleaded Mr. BHOSH. "By defeating her you will land yourself in the bad odour of the *oi polloi*. Have you considered that, JUGGINS?"

JUGGINS's only reply was to administer more whipsmacks, but CHUNDER BINDABUN persevered. "Consider my hard case, JUGGINS! If I am beaten, I lose both a *placens uxor* and the pot of money. If, on the other hand, I come in first at the head of the winning pole I promise to share my entire fortune with you!"

Upon this, the kindhearted and venial equestrian relented, warmly protesting that he would rather be a *proxime accessit* and second fiddle than deprive another human being of all his earthly felicity, and accordingly he reined in his impetuous courser with such consummate skill that *Milky Way* forged ahead by the length of a nose.

Thus they galloped past the Grand Stand, and, as Mr. BHOSH gazed upwards and descried the elegant form of the Princess





District Visitor. "WELL, MRS. HODGES, GOING TO HAVE A CUP OF TEA!"  
Mrs. Hodges. "OH NO, MISS; WE'RE JUST GOIN' TO 'AVE A WASH!"

VANOLIA standing upon the topmost roof, he was so exalted with jubilation that he elevated himself in his stirrups, and, waving his cap in a chivalrous salute, cried out: "Hip-hip-hip! I am ramping in!"

"Then," I hear the reader exclaim, "it is all over, and *Milky Way* is victorious."

Please, my honble friend, do not be so premature! I have not said that the race was over. There are still some yards to the judge's bench, and it is always on the racing cards that *Poojah* may prove the winner after all.

Such inquisitive curiosity shall be duly satisfied in the next chapter, which is also the last.

(To be concluded.)

#### WHAT WE MAY COME TO!

(A tubular tale for the times.)

I HAD come to the conclusion—as I usually do after a good dinner—that it was the best of all possible worlds, when the door opened and MOPPLES appeared. I gazed at him with sleepy irritation. "Yes?" "Post, Sir." "Put them down." MOPPLES did so, then softly vanished. I looked at the white pile lazily. Invitations—bills—company prospectuses. Prospectuses nearly all the same—"Elec-

tric Tube." Deuce take the tube! I looked at the glowing fire. The prospectuses suffered a sudden illumination. Then I leant back in my chair and weighed the *pro's* and *con's* of smoking another cigar.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Here we are, at London Bridge."

I started, and looked round. My old friend SMITH was staring out of the carriage window. As the train slowed down, I looked out also, and, to my surprise, saw fields and meadows on either side, and just a few picturesque looking chalets dotted about.

"Wouldn't think they were stations, would you?" said SMITH, following my gaze. "And, my dear chap, it's such a blessing going everywhere by electric tube—not to mention the peacefulness."

"But—the houses! Where do people live?" I inquired in stupefaction.

He regarded me pityingly.

"You've been so long abroad that you don't seem to realise the changes we've made. Why, everyone lives underground—except the extreme poor. You don't appreciate all that means. No fogs—splendid light, and pure air conveyed down shafts. No noise worth mentioning—the tremor and rumble you soon get used to. No dirt—think of that, at this

time of the year. No extremes of temperature. Why, it's simply grand!"

We got out of the train. We walked over a field, and then crossed a rustic bridge spanning the Thames. I looked at the ducks and waterlilies below.

"Yes," said SMITH, "there's some pleasure going on the Thames now that all navigation, except pleasure boats, is taken through the Thames Underground Canal."

We entered a Swiss chalet.

"Now," observed SMITH, "it's ten minutes from here to South Kensington by tube; three minutes by another tube to Fulham, then fifteen seconds in a lift to my house. Grand situation, 100 feet below the surface."

"Is every town in England like this?" I gasped.

"Well, Liverpool is old-fashioned still."

I fled, murmuring "Liverpool" in accents of feverish desperation.

"Are you going out to-night, Sir?"

"Liverpool," I muttered, struggling to a sitting posture.

"Beg pardon, Sir,"

"Eh—eh! Why, yes. Call a hansom. I'll take a drive—somewhere—anywhere!"

"Thank goodness!" I murmured, as I settled myself comfortably in the cab.



## DRINKING SONG.

It is proposed to devote the profits of the *buvette* in the Paris Chamber of Deputies to relieve the necessities of ex-Deputies. Happy thought! Why not extend the principle to the House of Commons? Mr. Punch pictures M.P.'s carousing in the bar to the strains of their new drinking song:—

Come, boys, let us be merry,  
For providence is vain,  
Fill high your glass with sherry,  
Fill high with dry champagne!  
Broach bottle after bottle  
Till not another spot 'll  
Descend your swimming throttle,  
Then, hey! begin again!

If any should reprove you  
And dare to reprimand,  
Let this reflection move you  
To scout the preaching band:  
The more you drink, the more, boys,  
Will you be making store, boys,  
For days when youth is o'er, boys,  
And crabbed age at hand.

One used to hear of pensions  
To bless the old and grey,  
But no one ever mentions  
These "simple schemes" to-day.  
They will not help us, therefore  
The matter we must care for  
Alone, unaided: wherefore,  
O waiter, more Tokay!

## DEAN AND CHAPTER &amp; CO.

"Anyone who wishes to sketch in the Cathedral will, besides furnishing a satisfactory reference, pay 2s. 6d. to the Fabric Fund for each day's leave. Photographers will usually be charged 5s. for each day.

"Each person desiring permission to go through the Cathedral without attendance will, besides furnishing a satisfactory reference, pay 2s. for such an order."—*Canterbury Cathedral Orders.*

## SCENE—Canterbury Cathedral.

APELLES. A VERGER.

Verger. 'Ere, Sir! Wot are you a-doin' of? Shut up that there sketch-book!

Apelles. What am I doing? I paint the temple, which in very truth is a stately pile; nor have I seen any nobler, not even in Athens.

Verger. But where's your horder?

Ap. What sayest thou? I do not understand.

Verger. Why, you can't come 'ere a-sketchin' without you gets a horder. Hartises we charges arf-a-crown a day.

Ap. Fellow, thou amazest me. I have not heard the like, no, not in all Hellas, nor amongst the barbarians whom I have visited. But I will go to the High Priest, and say to him, Father, I have journeyed many leagues that I might see thy temple—

Verger. 'Tain't no use, Sir. You can't get a horder not without you pays for it.



## A MOUNTAINEERING INCIDENT.

*Voice from above.* "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE BE MORE CAREFUL, SMITH. REMEMBER, YOU'VE GOT THE WHISKEY!"

Ap. Then this is done with the consent of the High Priest?

Verger. By his horder, Sir.

Ap. And these long-haired youths whom I see busy in various parts of the temple—

Verger. They've all paid, Sir. There ain't no gettin' out of it.

Ap. Surely, in a strange manner your priests receive their guests! Tell me, fellow, dost thou not think that when strangers come wishing to honour their temple they should fling wide its doors and rejoice seeing them?

Verger. Between ourselves, Sir, they ain't sorry to 'ave the 'arf-crowns.

Ap. Then they rejoice, not reflecting on the honour that is done their temple, but because each painter pays them so many obols?

Verger. But you ain't paid me yet, Sir. We makes a small reduction if you comes by the week, or if you're a photographer—

Ap. The gods forbid! And if I may not draw a few lines unless I pay the obols, I will put up my tablets. Prithce, depart, fellow, that I may at least meditate undisturbed by thy mercenary prattle.

Verger. If you wants to meditate, you must first find a satisfactory reference, and then pay two bob a day.

Ap. No, by Zeus, not an obol will I pay thee, for it is neither right nor seemly that the priests should take money from the stranger, who comes to worship in the temple of the gods, but rather with open arms they should receive him, saying: Friend, we rejoice that thou art come to the fair shrine in which we delight to serve, and we will gladly share with thee the many and wonderful glories which the gods have entrusted to our care. But thee especially, an artist, do we welcome, for thou of all men hast a seeing eye for beauty. Moreover, an artist created these stately columns, and these graceful arches Religion owes to Art; surely, then, we should ill-repay the debt if, with a churlish and niggard hand we thrust thee from the Sanctuary. Enter, my friend! Go whithersoever thou listest! Study at leisure this masterpiece of thy craft, that having meditated its beauties thou mayest haply repeat its triumphs, to the honour of thy noble calling, and the glory of the blessed gods.

## REPLIES FOUND IN A TRAVELLING DESPATCH-BOX.

*Post-mark, Paris.*—So pleased you enjoyed your visit. Sorry you were not in time for the Exhibition. Quite desolated you had to leave so soon. Distressed I can do nothing in the matter of which you speak. Our army is magnificent, but is required elsewhere. So let us cry, my dear friend, "Long live our Republics." Mine and yours—if you have one.

*Post-mark, Berlin.*—You are labouring under a mistake. The telegram of which you speak was sent years ago—under a misapprehension. No, not a single grenadier. Impossible.

*Post-mark, Constantinople.*—Deep sympathy. Yes, certainly; take the army, but you will have to find back pay. Their last instalment on account was ten years ago. Can you advance a million? Would take a fifteenth part. Might make a call. Could put you up comfortably with your bar gold to any amount.

*Post-mark, London.*—Of course; always ready for a popular turn. Afraid you would scarcely draw. Might be introduced with some knockabout people. But that would be hardly respectful, and might put you to personal inconvenience. Afraid, if you wouldn't suit us you would have even less chance with the Empire or the Alhambra.

*Post-mark, Transvaal.*—Yes, it is 'all very well for you with your treasure-chest to talk about patriotism, but when are you going to pay us what you owe us? You are a nice President!





"NO FOLLOWERS ALLOWED."

## THE SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST.

(See advertisement in any paper.)

I MEET him every morning, with unfailing regularity,  
His smug detested features with my morning paper come,  
His hopelessly plebeian nose—the essence of vulgarity—  
His fatuously smiling mouth which happily is dumb.

I sit at breakfast hating him, and straightway comes a litany,  
Of commination rising to my lips in wildest flood;  
The toast is turned to leather; rancid grows the finest  
Brittany;

The bacon's gutta-percha, and the fragrant coffee mud.

At evening—at that mystic hour when good digestion banishes,  
All cares, all doubts, all trouble, from one's unperturbed  
brain,

I take my evening paper, and, behold! all comfort vanishes,  
For with his irritating smile my *bête noir*'s there again.

I gaze upon his portrait with a paralysed repulsion, and  
I read the horrid symptoms of his pulmonary woe,  
And how his precious life was saved by So-and-So's emulsion,  
and

Anathemas I heap upon the head of So-and-So.

O So-and-So! I mutter. What mistaken ingenuity,  
To manufacture drugs to keep such specimens alive!  
This weed was never meant to grow—a sorry superfluity,  
Whom all the laws of Nature had forbidden to survive.

"DEAR, dear," said a stout old lady, as she waddled along  
to catch the train, "what a true saying it is—more waist, less  
speed."

## ALL ALIVE O!

HERE'S an advertisement from the *New York Herald*,  
November 27th.

**WANTED.**—A LIVE MAN, an American  
preferred, for permanent position.

Not much life in him if he is to be fixed up in a "permanent position" (of course, an upright man is what is wanted) for any length of time. He'll become a standing joke to his friends and acquaintances. Wouldn't a "dead-head" do as well? That depends upon what is expected of this live American in a permanent position. Perhaps "American" is preferred because accustomed to "fixins?"

"WALKER LONDON," as Mr. TOOLE used to say in *The Houseboat*. The name of WALKER, apart from its having long been used as an expression of incredulity, though now seldom heard in this connection, used to be inevitably associated with a useful dictionary, but now-a-days, especially at the approach of Christmastide, WALKER spells "Diary." Diaries of various sizes to suit various pockets, as well as to size as to expense, some specially ornamental, all useful. The only fault that, without being captious, one can find with the majority of these diaries issuing from The Walkeries of Warwick Lane is that the space allowed for making notes each day is too circumscribed. What will be entered on all these pages, now blank, by the end of the first year in the Twentieth Century? As the page, not in the Diary but in the Opera, sings, "*Qui vivra verra*."

(II.) LEGAL MAXIM FOR THE LONDON EGG MARKET.—"Once a new-laid egg, always a new-laid egg."





*Mrs. Smith.* "THIS IS A VERY UNPLEASANT PIECE, DON'T YOU THINK? THERE'S CERTAINLY A GREAT DEAL TO BE DONE YET IN THE WAY OF ELEVATING THE STAGE"

*Mr. Jones (who hasn't been able to get a glimpse of the Stage all the afternoon).* "WELL—ER—IT WOULD COME TO MUCH THE SAME THING IF YOU LADIES WERE TO LOWER YOUR HATS!"

## HINTS ON MAKING ONESELF THOROUGHLY OBJECTIONABLE.

### III.—AT THE THEATRE.

THE plan of action to be followed by you will, necessarily, have to be adopted to the character of the entertainment. If it is a popular musical piece, you will, of course, loudly hum every melody that you know, beating time to it with one or both feet. In the case of a play with a strong dramatic interest, you should get your friend to assume, for the nonce, a very low standard of intelligence, which will prevent him from understanding the meaning of anything that is passing on the stage. He should ask you frequent questions about the motives of each character, and you will explain everything, with a wealth of detail. Something of this sort should be the result.

"Who is that last person who came on? Why, don't you see, she's the mother of the man on the box ottoman. No, he's not supposed to know it really. In the next act there's a scene, and it all comes out. What are they doing? He's trying

to get that young fellow, who's a cousin by marriage, to sign a paper. Why? Ah! that's part of the scheme the company promoter worked out in the first act. Don't you remember?" &c., &c.

Another plan, which may be tried when you are witnessing the performance of some really clever and brilliantly written piece, is to laugh persistently at the wrong places and to allow every smart line in the dialogue to pass unnoticed. Unfortunately, except on first nights, your behaviour will be identical with that of the greater part of the audience.

The above are a few of the more artistic methods of going to work; there are, however, others of a less subtle nature, which may suggest themselves to the student. Among these may be included the placing of your feet on the seat in front of you and gently wiping them on the occupant; the audible sucking of voice lozenges; and, lastly, a tendency, if you are some distance from the gangway, to leave your place after every act, and return when the curtain has risen on the next one.

The *matinée* hat is such an ancient and much discussed cause of annoyance, that I will not venture to touch upon it here.

P. G.

### ? J. L. WANKLYN ?

Don't tax a man with ignorance—the imputation rankles—  
Because he asks who WANKLYN is and why on'earth he wankles.\*

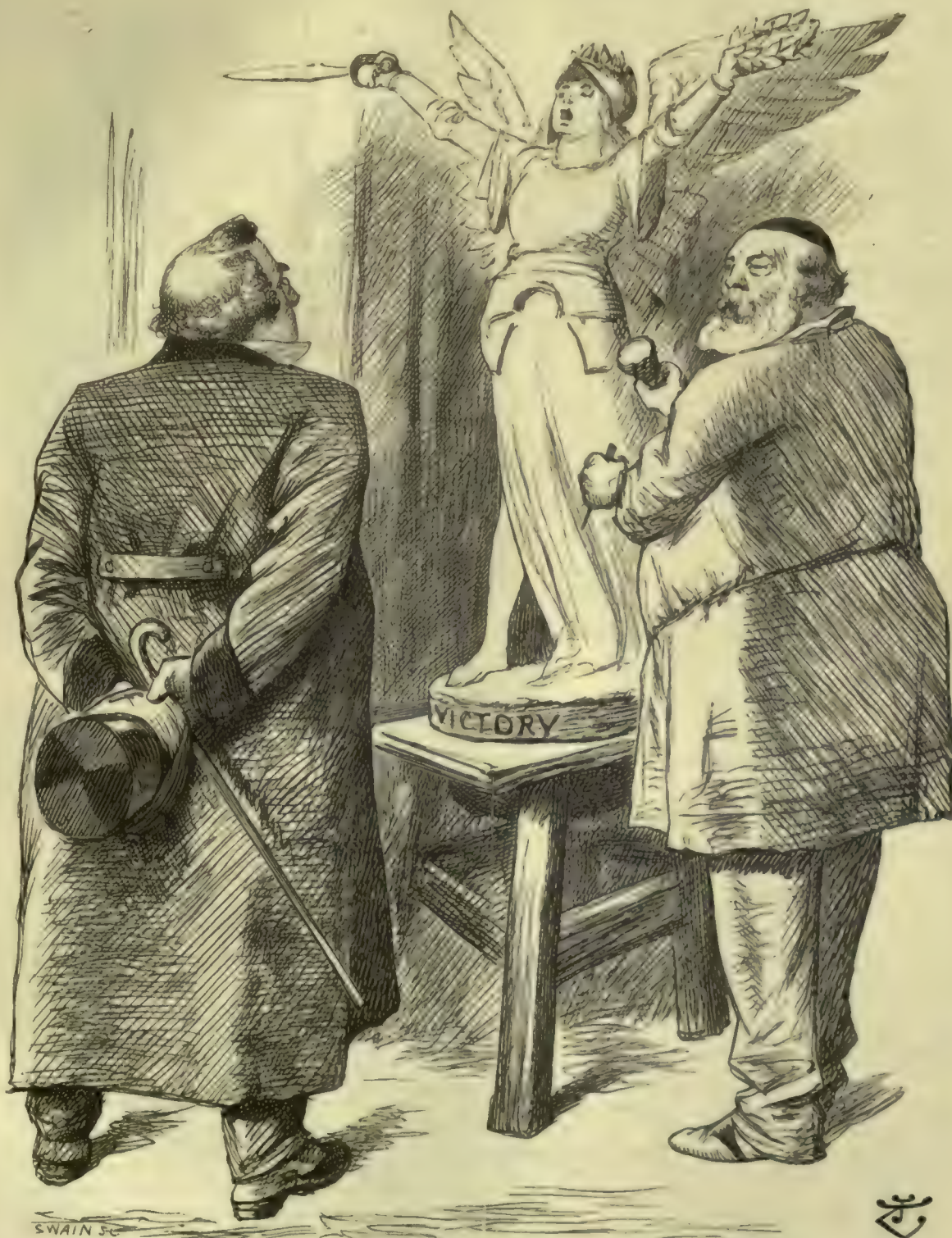
From Mr. Punch's Dictionary.

\* **WANKLE.** *Transitive verb:* to patronize in a pushing and conceited manner; to wish to be noticed by someone, e.g. "I wankled Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who thanked me for my advice and protection." "We tried to wankle the Prince of WALES, but he simply wouldn't look at us."

*Intransitive:* to write pompous, unmeaning platitudes, e.g. "Nobody ever wankled as much as this windy fellow, who writes you a letter a mile long, with no more of meaning in it than there is of Sarsaparilla in a duck's egg."

To be fond of seeing one's name in the newspapers, e.g. "He was all his life one who wankled, and journals that placed his name in print were not wanting."





## MONEY NO OBJECT.

SCULPTOR S-L-SB-RY (at work on a statue of Victory). "I'M AFRAID, MR. BULL, I MUST TROUBLE YOU FOR SOMETHING ON ACCOUNT—THERE'S A LOT MORE WORK IN IT THAN I EXPECTED."









Jocular Chimney Sweep (to astounded Porter). "I SAY, PORTAH, PUT MY GOLF CLUBS IN THE GUARD'S VAN!"

### SOLDIERS THREE.

THE Regular, the Militiaman, and the C. I. V. distinguished themselves equally. Perhaps the Regular was rather more at the immediate front than the other two, but the three equally distinguished themselves. Then, when the war was apparently about one half, or possibly three-quarters or even seven-eighths over, the C. I. V. was ordered home. Next came the Regular. The Militiaman stayed behind, not because he was much better than his two colleagues, but because he was accustomed to be treated as the Cinderella, or perhaps Cinderella's brother, of the service. So, when the Regular and the C. I. V. began to compare notes after their return home, the Militiaman was not in it.

"Well, comrade," said the Regular, "here's luck. We have both seen a pretty deal of fighting."

"There you are right," returned the C. I. V.; "but, I must say, the bulk of the fighting was done by you."

"Not at all," said the Regular. "We shared the campaign together."

"But I will tell you where we *did* have the pull of you," continued the C. I. V.

"When you came back there was scarcely a crowd to speak of to see you."

"Well, there were not very many," admitted the Regular. "We got on easily enough."

"Quite so," exclaimed the C. I. V. in triumph. "But when we came home, there were such thousands and thousands of people to greet us, that we had to fight every inch of the way."

### IN PRAISE OF A FASHIONABLE VIRTUE.

"It is not mine"—to use a phrase  
Not quite my own (with me a rarity)—  
To sing, as one who wears the bays,  
High themes like Faith and Hope and  
Charity:

To poach on Laureate fields of rhyme—  
Not thus, my ALFRED, would I hurt you!  
Has not the SHAKESPEARE of our time  
First claim to sing each higher virtue?

Yet may the lesser virtues win  
A verse from some poor lesser poet,  
And fools have licence to chip in  
Where modern SHAKESPEARES scorn to  
"go it."

I, therefore, raise a feeble strain,  
And sing as one who has a passion  
To cultivate with might and main  
A virtue which is "all the fashion."

'Tis one to exercise all day,  
All night (or thereabouts) to dream on,  
By such a course, I'm glad to say,  
I daily overthrow the Demon! \*

If, friends, I've roused to some small  
pitch

Your curiosity—the fact is  
That "Patience is a virtue," which  
I recommend you all to practise!

\* "The Demon" is one of the most popular and difficult games of Patience.

### PAGE FROM 'A FINANCIAL ROMANCE.

LOCKSHY entered the Usurers Company's office (Registered) and begged for a loan.

"Certainly," replied the official in answer to the application.

"And, of course, you know the law?"

"Perfectly," was the response, with a suggestion of a Venetian accent. "You must not charge more than a reasonable percentage, and you must be careful to avoid fraud."

"Well, how much do you want?"

"Why not a thousand pounds?"

"With pleasure; and we would propose to charge 8 per cent."

"Is not that perilously high?" suggested LOCKSHY. "But, there, if there is a subsequent quarrel the judge will put things to rights."

The money was handed over and the borrower signed the receipt.

"SHYLOCK!" exclaimed the official.

"Why, surely you called yourself LOCKSHY?"

"Merely the force of habit," exclaimed the borrower.

"And what will you do with the money?"

LOCKSHY smiled. Then he answered.

"I shall lend it out at interest abroad—at sixty per cent!"

And then both came to the conclusion there was no place like home—for money-lending.



## TO LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

["A Mr. WILLIAMS has been offering respectful apologies to Satan, for mentioning him in the same breath as Lord KITCHENER."—*Daily Mail*.]

MY lord, throughout your promising career,  
Full of events, both novel and exciting;  
To casual observers it's been clear  
That you have some ability for fighting.

Since first your youthful talents you applied,  
You've risen up by regular gradations;  
Which, I imagine, must have satisfied  
The most exacting of your fond relations.

You are the proud possessor of a brain  
(In your profession few can boast one wiser);  
While the result of the Soudan campaign  
Proved you the pattern of an organiser.

A man of iron, as your friends confess,  
Your schemes are sound, your actions never slurred are;  
You filled with indisputable success,  
The hard position of Egyptian Sirdar.

Who that was present will forget the fuss  
When, fresh from scenes a trifle grim and gory, a  
"Special" conveyed you to the terminus,  
And you were nearly mobbed outside Victoria.

"No nonsense," is your motto, it would seem,  
Even throughout this false and insincere age;  
And since in war you showed yourself supreme,  
In peace you had the offer of a Peerage.

But, stay! Although you've reached a giddy height,  
Pray do not let these mere successes blind you;  
Your claim to popularity is slight,  
As Mr. WILLIAMS wishes to remind you.

He—in some passing madness, shall we say  
(Perhaps a *lapsus lingue* would be more fair)?—  
While he was arguing, the other day,  
About your handling of guerilla warfare,

Knowing that you were one of those, no doubt,  
Accustomed quite to moving *in excelsis*;  
He, I repeat once more, while on the spout,  
Coupled your lordly name with someone else's.

But, when the words were spoken, came remorse,  
Soon he retracted his appreciation;  
Fearing lest you should be puffed up, of course,  
And get ideas too far above your station.

So, though with Boer slimness, it is true,  
You have presumed to play "the very devil";  
You must not think that gentleman and you  
Are both upon the same distinguished level. ● P. G.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE *Cornhill* is always among the brightest of the magazines, dealing with an unfailing variety of interesting matter. Just now, its value is enhanced by the contributions of the head of the far-famed publishing house, SMITH, ELDER. Last month, Mr. GEORGE SMITH indulged the public with some reminiscences of the start of his firm in what was at the time the bye-path of book publishing. In the current issue he recalls the history of his dealings with CHARLOTTE BRONTË, resulting in dowering the world with *Jane Eyre*. The first offering from the remote Howorth parsonage was *The Professor*, which reached Cornhill bearing the scored-out addresses of three or four other publishers. It was not accepted; but, as CHARLOTTE BRONTË has herself told, it was declined, "so courteously, so considerably, in a spirit so rational, with a discrimination so

enlightened, that refusal cheered the author better than a vulgarly expressed acceptance would have done." The result of the correspondence was the production of *Jane Eyre*, which took the world by storm. Mr. SMITH adds many interesting particulars to common knowledge of this striking and attractive personality. These chapters of autobiography, of which my Baronite hopes there may be many, are written with a charm of style and a delicate reticence that suggest Mr. SMITH has, through half a century, mistaken his vocation. He has been publishing books instead of writing them.

Mr. CRANE has cleverly, in many respects, illustrated *Don Quixote*, as "retold by Judge PARRY" (BLACKIE & SON), but except where the colouring is sallow rarely has he given us the living presentment of the *Knight of La Mancha*. A florid Don won't do, a yellow-jaundiced Don isn't the man at all; a Don with anything like joviality expressed on his countenance is not the true Quixote. It is so adapted by Judge PARRY as to be intelligible as, perhaps, interesting to youthful readers; but this is a very big "perhaps," as to the majority the Don is as one who "has left but the name."

It is pleasant to learn, being creditable to the taste of the British public, that *Penelope's Experiences in Scotland*, published in 1898, is in its ninth edition. Messrs. GAY AND BIRD celebrate the event by issuing it profusely illustrated with charming sketches by CHARLES E. BROCK. These are, in respect of originality of design, humour and drawing, far above the average of book illustrations. Mr. BROCK also illustrates, in the same delightful fashion, a companion volume, being *Penelope's English Experiences*. If anything could add to the value of KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S work (it's no business of my Baronite's, but he always wants to spare himself the Wiggin—KATE DOUGLAS is enough for him) it is the collaboration of Mr. BROCK.

There is great personal charm, says my Nautical Retainer, in *The Puppet Show* of MARIAN BOWER (CONSTABLE). It treats, in the main issue, of the theme of hereditary madness, the sacrifice entailed by an apprehension of this taint, and the apparently arbitrary conduct which comes of a resolve to hold the secret fast. If the hero is himself a little nebulous, there are characters, more than one, drawn with admirable observation; in particular, that of the man-hunting military adventuress. The author's types are varied and always nicely distinguished without recourse to the obviously abnormal. She handles her matter with a woman's fine intuition for delicacy of motive; but, at need, she has a man's strength in reserve. The book holds the fancy; and the conclusion, satisfactory in itself, still leaves us with speculation at play. THE BARON DE B.-W.

## THE CLEVERNESS OF THE CLEVER.

WHETHER in producing *The Wisdom of the Wise*, by "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," a comedy in three acts, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has proved himself one of those children of Wisdom of whom the Mother is justified, is a problem that the duration of the "run" alone can solve. So, though in one sense it is a "problem play," yet is it after all but a simple comedy of character, not of action: and whatever interest there may be in the plot is aroused more by what the people say than by what they do. Probably it is a work that would read far better than it acts; probably, too, it might have been more effective in action had the excisionary power been in less lenient hands, and, at the same time, had the stage management been more stage-business-like. The first act, quiet as that of an ordinary French comedy, is pleasantly interesting; the second, the best written of the three, promises well throughout, has two telling situations in the vein of true comedy, and finishes amid plaudits. For the third act—well, as in the old "ARNOLD'S Latin Exercises" it was "*actum est de exercitu*," so here is it with the play. "The essence of wit is surprise"; here the only surprise is that so sparkling a writer should have given



us so flat a finish. JOHN OLIVER's witty countryman, Mr. PHELPS, said, "Who never makes a mistake never makes anything," which epigram will encourage the author, and, if necessary, console the manager.

Miss M. TALBOT as Mrs. Lupton Miles, one of the Duchess's aunts, is very good, and Mr. VINCENT, as Bradgers, M.P., is capital in one of the best comedy scenes of the piece, sharing its honours with Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. H. B. IRVING, who, by the way, except in the last act when the cynic he represents may be supposed to be in real earnest, is throughout excellent. It is difficult to decide what sort of character Miss JULIA OP is intended to portray. To the ingenuousness of Miss FAY DAVIS (she is the young Duchess) frequenters of the St. James's have become accustomed. Perhaps in the next piece, whatever it may be, Miss FAY will be allowed to "cut the Juliets and to come to the Beatrices." Miss GRANVILLE as the mischief-maker is so good that it is to be wished she had to make more mischief than is allotted to her by the *Wisdom of the Wise*. What is the *raison d'être* of the title? Where "the wisdom"? Who are "the wise"? Neither were in evidence on the first night, when, like Ajax defying the lightning, Mr. ALEXANDER flouted the unmannerly Boocers. Better leave these Boocers to take their "booze" outside. As you, Mr. Manager, silently smile up at them, you may adapt the lines of Lady WINCHILSEA to Pope, and remember that:

"Disarmed with so genteel an air,  
The contest they 'll give o'er!  
So, ALEXANDER, have a care,  
And shock the Gods no more!"

Good luck be with you, Mr. Manager and Actor, with your playhouse, and with JOHN OLIVER's play.

#### DOPING DECLINED.

I dope	We backed it
Thou triest doping	Ye laid against it
It was injected.	They got left.

#### DECEMBER.

(A Fragment.)

DECEMBER once again! and, oh, how soon the Century will have seen its final moon! Swiftly succeeding in an endless chase, the Nineteenth goes, the Twentieth takes its place. I might go on for ever striking attitudes, tickling the groundlings with such hoary platitudes, but being merciful I stop with this much: December's not a month that I should miss much. It is a month that brings, with much beside, the joys and noise and toys of Christmastide; its bills, its bells, its usual decorations, its waits, and all its other perturbations; but worse than bills and bells, than toys and noise, worse than its waits, it brings us home our boys. Behold them swarming from their various schools, released from books, from benches, and from rules. Bursting with health and mischievous as gnomes, they take by storm their fond ancestral homes, harry their sisters, whose long locks they knot up, and play all pranks that boyhood ever got up, until at length, the mirrors being shattered and all the furniture defaced and battered, the cook a ruin mid her broken crockery, the butler turned to nothing but a mockery—until at length a plethora of eating, more efficacious than the soundest beating, drives them in peaceful biliousness to bed, and rids awhile the household of its dread.

Now in the clubs the careful waiters show a new-born spirit, darting to and fro. Mostly as active as their dress can make them, and so impassive that no joke can shake them, see how, with more than usual agility, they now display a wonderful civility. From the New Year and on through dull November they do their willing duty by a member, bring him his daily meat, and beer, and cheese, and execute his orders at their ease. But now they smile, they buzz about his seat, rush for his beer and scurry for his meat, divine his words before he has



"WHAT ARE YOU READING, DORIE?"  
"PAPA'S POEMS."  
"BEEN NAUGHTY?"

addressed them, and know his wants before he has expressed them, nor fail to grieve (since waiters are but men) if, when he goes with dull, neglectful pen he leaves unmarked list—placed in full view it is—that shows the total of the Club's gratuities.

#### A VEGETARIAN CRUSADE.

The reign of vegetables is at hand; but we need a crusade to bring it in. Let noble verse be set to noble music for that end. In the following lines we glorify rice. That rice is superior to flesh meat is easily proved. Who would throw mutton chops at a newly-married couple? No, we all acknowledge that innocent rice is superior to mutton chops.

#### RICE.

Majestuosio.

A Mighty Theme is mine—'tis Rice.  
How nice  
Is rice!

How gentle and how very free from vice  
Are those whose nourishment is mainly rice.  
Far to the land of ayah and of syce,  
Where peaceful peasants earn their humble pice,  
There would I fly if I might have my "chice,"  
And revel in the luxury of rice.

Allegretto.

Rice, rice,  
Succulent rice!

Really it doesn't want thinking of twice.  
The gambler would quickly abandon his dice,  
The criminal classes be quiet as mice,  
If carefully fed upon nothing but rice;

Yes, rice!  
Beautiful rice,

What the heathen Chinese would call "velly fine rice."  
All the wrong in the world would be right in a trice  
If everyone fed upon nothing but rice.

Rice!





## CHAPTER I.

N the Eastern border of Herne Bay, standing some way back from the sea,

there is—or was at the period of this story—a

small red-brick detached house, with the name St. Andrew's painted on the gate. Here Miss BIRD, formerly a governess, but preferring to reign over three sets of furnished apartments rather than to serve in splendour and be snubbed by the butler, did very well for herself. She never took in families where there were babies; she kept two servants in the winter, and added a boy for boots and knives during the season; she objected to vulgarity, and she charged high. Her lodgers saw her but once a day, in the morning, when she appeared, rather well modelled on a lady housekeeper that she had known in her last situation, received the programme for the day, and never said "Sir" or "Ma'am." The rest of the day she worked in dim, remote regions; there she looked a little like a cook, and—which was more important—cooked like one. The house was plainly and very comfortably furnished, and free from the vice of over-decoration so common in the worse sea-side lodging-houses and the better London drawing-rooms. Not in one of the sitting-rooms did "The Soul's Awakening," or "An English Merry-making in the Olden Time," exercise its familiar influence; not in one of the bed-rooms did a minatory text shout at you from above the wash-stand. It was a decent house, where the silver and the glass were bright, and the linen was good and clean. It had an excellent bath-room, and no sea-view at all.

As a rule, in the winter Miss BIRD came up to the surface and breathed. She would live a life of cultured leisure, occupying the ground-floor set herself, reading the best of the novels from TUPPER'S Library, occasionally strolling on "the front," if the weather permitted. She loved to sit in the chief seats at any entertainment that might be given at the Town Hall. She even had a few discreet friendships, though she drew the line, very properly, at anyone who kept lodgings. But she never touched the cottage piano in her drawing-room set; in

her governess days she had taught the piano. When spring came, and brought visitors with it, like a black satin mermaid who had seen enough of the upper world she sank gracefully into the basement again.

This year, for reasons which will shortly appear, Miss BIRD subsided early in February. At ten in the morning a young man in blue serge stood in the ground-floor sitting-room, with his back to the fire, watching the tall and severe maid remove the breakfast things while he rolled his cigarette. The critics said he had a beautiful soul; he also had a misfit face, good in parts, and dark hair, and his name was JULIUS POYNT. At the moment, he seemed a little out of temper.

"I heard the footstep above of course," he was saying, "but I never dreamed that the drawing-room floor could be let. I supposed the rooms were being cleaned, or aired, or something of that kind. At Herne Bay, in February, I did think I could have the place to myself. What else did I come for? Is it an old lady?"

"No, Sir. Very young; she has her maid with her."

"Sings of course."

"Sometimes, Sir."

"Well, there's no help for it. The set at the top is not comfortable, but I must change. I must ask Miss BIRD—"

The austere maid nearly smiled. "I fear, Sir," she said, "that the other set is also let—has been let since Christmas. Miss BIRD has never known such a thing in her experience before."

"Another lady?"

"No, Sir; a gentleman has them, a Mr. HERWOOD."

"Well," said JULIUS POYNT in despair, "I must speak to Miss BIRD about it."

Miss BIRD, usually a woman of resource, could only say she was sorry. If Mr. POYNT had told her, when he wired to engage the rooms, that he did not want them if the rest of the house was occupied she would have informed him. It was very unusual for any visitors to be at Herne Bay at that time of the year. Probably all the other lodgings in the place were vacant, if M. POYNT would like— But Mr. POYNT did not like; he supposed he must make the best of it. He only hoped he would see nothing of the other lodgers.

He acquiesced so readily, from an appreciation of the hopelessness of trying to make his desire for complete withdrawal



from his kind in any way intelligible to an ex-governess mind, which is for the ordinary purposes of life the most commonplace mind in the world after that of a minor poet. Besides, he had some regard for his own comfort, and if he left Miss BIRD he knew that he might search long before he found a landlady to suit him so well.

On the afternoon before, on his arrival, he had made a survey of Herne Bay and had found it just what he wanted. He had gone out towards the Reculvers, along the cliffs. A succession of heavy rains, snow, hard frost, thaw, and frost again, had made the scene almost romantic in its desolation. Down the brown crumbling cliffs were frozen cascades, rigid and greenish-yellow. Amid the bushes at the base were ice-bound pools; and yet never had one boy with one brick come to profane the solitude and test the skating prospects. The whole scene vividly recalled the Swiss Alps to one who, like JULIUS POYNT, had never been there. Behind him a deserted bungalow complained from many frantic notice-boards to deaf and bitter winds. JULIUS turned and walked back along the sea-front, and still he found everywhere the same note. The white bathing-machines huddled together as if for warmth. Here the shutterless restaurant of Signor CHIANTINO made no secret that it was closed until the season. JULIUS put up his single eye-glass (every JULIUS wears a single eye-glass), and looked through into the interior. There were the glass jars for sweetmeats, empty now; in the middle of the shop, where once the festive holiday-maker took his lemon-water ice, the ebonized, cane-seated chairs were piled together symmetrically. CHIANTINO had gone to the sunny south; he would return with the swallows maybe; in a restaurant-keeper that would not be inappropriate. One or two of the better hotels made a brave show of spread tables near the ground-floor windows, but no one sat there. The mitre-folded napkins and ruby wine-glasses seemed almost pathetic to JULIUS in their useless declaration of what it was impossible to believe; it was like some poor devil shamming a competence to avoid charity. A sportsman on the beach, lonely and local, was missing the sea-birds, and then sending an annoyed and perplexed retriever into the water to fetch them out. The new pier was open, and there was no one on it. Further west, the old and ruined pier was being slowly eaten by the icy sea, under a grey snow-laden sky.

The whole scene had been just what JULIUS POYNT wanted; he had congratulated himself on having chosen this place for his escape. This atmosphere of death-in-life was peculiarly suited to his needs. He was flying from something that has been the ruin of many even of the greatest, something of which he was afraid. He wished to cut himself off from the sight and hearing of all old friends, or even acquaintances, for a while; he was afraid to talk to any of them. He had been placed in a position where he no longer trusted himself; he was going through an ordeal that for many men that he knew had proved too hard. The atmosphere of Herne Bay helped him. You will understand that, as soon as you know what the ordeal was. And if he did fail in some small respect, there would be no witnesses of it. People in Herne Bay either did not read that part of their daily paper, or would consider the name a coincidence. POYNT was not an outrageously uncommon name, and he had suppressed the JULIUS; Miss BIRD only had the initial.

And now there were people staying in the house who might be thrown in his way. He could dodge the girl all right, but there was nothing to stop that fool of a man from thinking it a friendly act to scrape acquaintance with him. POYNT could almost imagine him saying that it seemed absurd that they should both sit in solitude every night, seeing that they lived in the same house. Then, sooner or later, would come the question: "I wonder, by the way, if you are related to the JULIUS POYNT who—" It would be hateful.

Many persons of a nervous temperament find, when annoyed, a great difficulty in keeping still in one place. POYNT had a nervous temperament. He put on his hat and went out. Once

more he walked towards the Reculvers, but this time he went along the beach. The tide was far out. I wish now that I had not said that, because you may expect that tide to come in and cut him off; and it did not do that.

It was necessary for him to get control over his own thoughts. There was one subject that haunted him; and that subject he was not to think about. Laboriously he turned his mind to some work that he had planned for the future, meditating and recasting. At that moment a Tam o' Shanter hit him in the face.

## CHAPTER II.

Looking upward, he saw on the edge of the cliff a young lady without a hat. The Tam o' Shanter had a feather in it; there was a strong wind blowing. He made deductions, and the young girl proved them to be correct by calling to him.

"I'm so sorry. That's mine; the wind blew it off. Would you mind keeping it a moment while I climb down?"

"Don't come down," he called. "I'll bring it up to you."

The cliff was low, and presented no difficulties. In a minute he was standing by her side, and wishing that he dared put up his eye-glass in order to see her better. She did not seem to be more than twenty; she had an air of vitality and great self-confidence; she was pretty, and the cold wind had obliged her with a most charming colour.

"Thank you so much. I am sorry to have given you the trouble. And—indeed, that is not the only apology I owe you."

"It was no trouble at all. I'm afraid I don't understand the second apology."

"Only that I'm sorry that my rooms are over yours, Mr. POYNT, since that annoys you so much. But it's not all my fault; I came first."

"How on earth—" he began.

She smiled wistfully. "It's quite simple. You talked to ANNA, Miss BIRD's servant; ANNA talked to my maid, WATERS; WATERS talked to me. And— But I need not say that now."

"I'm distressed that what I said was repeated to you. Give me at least a chance to explain. May I walk a few steps with you? It is too cold for standing still. All that I said reflected not on you, but me. I do not wish to bore you with more of my private affairs than I can help, but at present I am—well—distrusting my own weakness in the circumstances in which I am placed. Frankly, I wanted to hide myself until I felt I had recovered my nerve and my sense of proportion. Other men have gone through what I am going through, and made no fuss at all. I despise my weakness, but at least I recognise it. I don't know if you understand."

"Not in the least. It would be less interesting if I did. But of course you were bound to be interesting."

"You don't know who I am?" he asked with sudden terror.

"No; I only know your name, and that you have come to Herne Bay in the depth of winter. It is for the latter reason that I know you must be interesting—if not in yourself, by virtue of your circumstances. It could not possibly happen otherwise; it is impossible to come here in the winter, when the town is dead and the sea is cold, for a commonplace reason."

"Then you—" He paused.

"Certainly; it was no commonplace reason that brought and keeps me here. Nor is it so with Mr. HERWOOD, the man whose rooms you wanted so as not to hear me singing overhead. But I must not keep you; you want to go and hide."

"I shall not believe you understand and forgive, Miss—ah, I don't know your name."

"You may read it; it's not pretty enough to say." She gave him her card. It bore the name Miss JANE SMITH. He put up his eye-glass to read the card, and did not drop it again. Yes, she was most abominably beautiful, and he felt more than ever anxious to be forgiven.

"I shall not believe you understand," he resumed, and she interrupted him.

"But I don't understand, and have said so. It does not



matter, because you may explain, perhaps, later. At least Mr. HEREWOOD did, and I don't suppose that your motives for secrecy can be as strong as his. You may come a little further, if that's what you were going to ask. Shall I tell you about Mr. HEREWOOD?"

"Do, please," said JULIUS, who so far had taken no interest in the second-floor man, and now was beginning to dislike him.

"He is very tall, and has a very broad chest, and looks like a Viking. You ought to see him; but we shan't this morning, because I have shut him up in his rooms."

"Shut him up?"

"Yes, that's what it comes to. I left my little terrier Vixen asleep on the mat outside my door, and he dare not come past her. Much less dare he ring and ask to have her moved for him. So we shan't see him. The reason which brings him here is magnificent, and I wish I could tell you it. Can you keep a secret?"

"Certainly."

"Are you a man with many prejudices?"

"Singularly few."

"Then I will tell you. Mr. HEREWOOD's a criminal—steeped in crime. You can have no conception of the things he's done. If the police knew he was here, they would be down on him in a moment; and he says it would be a lifer. Isn't it nice?"

"Nice? It's perfectly appalling! Really, Miss SMITH, ought you to—"

"Oh, it's all right. He's not here on business now. He's resting. Besides, he's a very educated man; he says that they have to be in his profession now-a-days. His conversation is perfectly enthralling; he has so many stories to tell of dark deeds in which he has been the leader. He likes burglary best, and says that the revolver is the burglar's best friend. But he can make counterfeit coin as well."

"I'll remember that," said POYNT, "in case he looks in and asks me to oblige him with change."

"You would be quite safe," said Miss SMITH. "When he's resting he never does anything professional. The other day we went into Canterbury by omnibus, and he pointed out to me a big old house, where he knows there is any amount of silver plate. He said it was only a one-man job, and that he could clear it all out any night; but that he did not dream of touching it while he was resting."

"It's queer," said JULIUS, "that a desperado like that should be nervous with dogs."

"With cows too; he gets over a gate until they are past, when he meets them in the road. Oh, yes! And he wouldn't climb up the cliff, as you did; I had to go down to him. I thought—"

She broke off abruptly, walked a little quicker, and looked annoyed with herself. At the same time, there was a flicker of checked humour in her eye. There was a moment's silence, and then JULIUS asked drily:

"And when was it that Mr. HEREWOOD wouldn't climb the cliff?"

"Never mind. Well, it was the other time that my Tam o' Shanter blew off."

"Oh!"

Again a short silence, and then Miss SMITH spoke with some impetuosity. "I know what you think, of course. You think two things, one right and one wrong. You are right in believing that I took the only way to make his acquaintance and yours intentionally. But you are wrong as to my motive. I can only tell you—and it is perfectly true—that I should have been just as eager to make the acquaintance if you had both been women. I wish you had, for then I should not have had to throw myself open to a misconception that would never have occurred to the mind of a woman if she had been a man. It is not for nothing that one takes lodgings in Herne Bay in February; it means romance somewhere. I have been wearied with commonplace all my days, but when I tell you that I thirst for romance,

I do not want you to think that I am hunting a vulgar flirtation like a shop-girl on her Sunday out. I loathe any conventional unconventionality."

JULIUS POYNT assured her that he had not thought any of the things that, as a matter of fact, he had thought. He could hardly have done less.

"I may add," she said, "that I was glad to gather from your rather enigmatic explanations, that you are here seeking refuge from some affair of the heart, and that, therefore, you will be as little disposed as I am to—stupidity. I like to talk to people who are even a little out of the groove; that's the whole explanation. As for your story, I don't want to be curious. Whether you tell it to me or not will depend entirely—" She broke off suddenly.

"Entirely on myself," said JULIUS, finishing the sentence for her.

"Not at all. It will entirely depend on me. I thought I ought to warn you of that. Thanks for saving my Tam o' Shanter; I am not rich, and could not have afforded to lose it. Good-bye."

She turned away, and went skimming down the slope of the cliff. JULIUS wondered whether he, or she, or HEREWOOD, or all of them, were mad. He was particularly perplexed by her astonishing and needless allusion to her poverty in her last sentence. And he did not believe in the poverty either.

### CHAPTER III.

ON the following morning, after breakfast, Miss BIRD entered the sitting-room occupied by Miss JANE SMITH, and discussed the question of luncheon and dinner with her, Miss BIRD providing the knowledge and Miss SMITH the enthusiasm. When that was arranged, Miss SMITH said:

"I should be glad if you would sit down for a moment, Miss BIRD. I want to ask your advice."

Miss BIRD seemed surprised, and sat down.

"I want to ask you," Miss SMITH continued, "if there would be any impropriety in my asking Mr. HEREWOOD and Mr. POYNT to take tea with me here this afternoon."

Miss BIRD did not hesitate. "To my mind there would be the appearance of it. You perhaps think me too strict?"

"Not in the least. I only ask you, since I believe you to be a lady of great tact. If you will, help me to devise some means by which I can have this little tea-party without that appearance. There must be conditions which, if they were strictly observed, would put things all right."

If you wish to please a man, let him believe that you think him unusually courageous; if you wish to please a woman, say that she has tact; if you want to flatter a school-master, tell him he is very sarcastic, which will probably be untrue.

It pleased Miss BIRD to be accused of tact. She at once took an interest in the projected festivity. After thought, she produced the following conditions:

1. That the tea shall begin at five and conclude at six precisely.
2. That at no time shall Miss SMITH be in the room alone with either of the two gentlemen, WATERS being instructed so to regulate her presence in the sitting-room as to avoid this.
3. That no round games of any kind shall be played. (Miss BIRD was particularly strong on this condition, and apparently had reminiscences; she seemed rather surprised that no opposition was offered.)
4. That Miss BIRD's maid, ANNA, shall be instructed to enter the room three times during the hour without knocking, and at irregular intervals; and that, to prevent the appearance of espionage, she shall, on the first occasion, ask if anything more is required, and on the second make up the fire, and on the third bring in a letter.

Under those conditions Miss BIRD held that the tea could be given with her entire approval, and without the least risk of compromise.

(Continued in our next.)



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 3.

—High Comedy at T. R. Westminster.

Mr. GULLY running up to town for a few days thought he would go out for a stroll after early lunch. Crossing Palace Yard observed signs of unwonted bustle in approaches to House of Commons. Place shut up more than four months ago.

Difficulty about dress. Through two Parliaments Mr. GULLY been accustomed to make his entrance in state, clad in wig and gown, the mace going before, the train bearer following after; Mr. Inspector HORSLEY, his hand fiercely feeling for a lethal weapon, crying aloud, "Hats off, strangers!" The whole thing being accidental, unforeseen, dress must be excused. The late SPEAKER, disguised in morning dress, quietly entered; found

FERGUSON down; MILMAN up again mutely dabbling with forefinger in direction of FARQUHARSON. Spell works again; the good Doctor on his feet. He, at least, seems to have had some inkling of what was forward. Brings his prescription out of his pocket. Can't read it. Fears he's forgotten his pince-nez. No; there they are under his left armpit. Extracts them by surgical operation; fits them feverishly on his nose. They fall off. Wetting his thumb, the Doctor turns over a new leaf of his prescription. Made another assault on pince-nez; action resented by their tumbling off again. More thumb wetting; fresh leaf turned; mixture as before. House heartily cheered; Doctor not waiting for other fee sat down.

Irrepressible Clerk up again. More dabbling with forefinger, which, to perturbed eye of new Members, seemed to swell visibly and grow more rigid by exercise. Mr. GULLY blushing, finding himself Speaker-Elect, entered into spirit of thing; acknowledged honour done him in thrice electing him to Chair. FERGUSON, crossing House, led him thither. FARQUHARSON brought up rear, tugging at his shirt-cuffs and showing signs of disposition to entertain Speaker-Elect with friendly conversation on the march. PRINCE ARTHUR voiced sentiments of House in welcoming Mr. GULLY back to his high estate. CAWMELL-BANNERMAN gave last exquisite touch to the comedy.

"I should wish," he said, looking up and down Front Opposition Bench with twinkling eye that took in JOHN MORLEY, seated at end, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD unconsciously, by force of habit, dropped into the Leader's seat, EDWARD GREY and HENRY FOWLER, "to express on behalf of those for whom I am specially entitled to speak—"

Thus did Mr. GULLY, going out for a morning stroll, bring himself up in the SPEAKER's chair. The sustained charm of the thing was its unexpectedness.

*Business done.*—Mr. WHITTINGTON COURT GULLY, thrice SPEAKER of the House of Commons.

*Tuesday.*—Our army may have sworn terribly in Flanders. Nothing to what our House of Commons did to-day. Began shortly after two, finished at four; one protracted swear. Brief interval whilst Speaker-Elect went over to House of Lords, humbly submitting himself for Her Majesty's gracious approval. Nothing could exceed affability of LORD CHANCELLOR. Separated by full length of almost empty House, he could not pat SPEAKER on shoulder or shake him by the hand. Nodded in friendliest way as he assured him that Her Majesty thought so well of him that "she does most readily approve and confirm you as SPEAKER."

An old saying, give a man an inch and



THE RT. HON. WILLIAM CAUGHT GULLY!

Sir James Fergusson and Dr. Fergusson "inducing" Mr. Speaker.

Prorogation gazetted. No one, least of all PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ, then thinking of anything beyond ordinary procedure of meeting again in February. Something evidently up now. In no hurry; Mr. GULLY might as well see what it was. Found door open. Remembered Mr. WEMMICK's proceeding on his wedding day. Happening to take walk with Miss SKIFFINS on his arm, Mr. JAGGERS' confidential clerk chanced to pass a church.

"Hallo!" said he to Miss SKIFFINS, "here's a church. Let's go in and get married."

Went in accordingly. By rare luck found a parson waiting ready to read marriage service. Another stroke of luck; Mr. WEMMICK had a ring in his pocket! Finally, there were witnesses ready to sign the register. That was Mr. WEMMICK's pleasant way of doing things.

"Hallo!" said Mr. GULLY to himself, "here's the House of Commons open. Let's go in and look round."

House filled with bustling throng; his chair empty, though clerks wiggled and gowned sat in usual place at table.

Keeping up joke, Mr. GULLY dropped into corner seat of third bench above gangway on Opposition side. New Members coming back from House of Lords hustled him on their way to take their seats, wondering who he was for whom nothing less than a corner seat would serve.

Presently became aware of something the matter with the Clerk at the Table. On his feet, with outstretched hand and stiffened forefinger making cabalistic signs in direction of Sir JAMES FERGUSON. Mr. MILMAN, everyone was sorry to know, been ill lately. Could this be temporary return of delirium? Obedient to spell, FERGUSON slowly rose: began a speech. Mr. GULLY never so surprised in his life. Speech all about him, proposing his re-election as SPEAKER. If he'd only known he would have put on his best clothes.



he'll take an olli. The **SPEAKER**, feeling himself on safe ground, proceeded to claim what he called "the ancient and undoubted rights and privileges of the Commons." That momentarily made bad impression; noting this **SPEAKER** added, "As to myself, I humbly pray, that if in the discharge of my duty, I should inadvertently fall into any error the blame may be imputed to me alone and not to Her Majesty's most faithful Commons."

Murmur of applause from crowd at back of **SPEAKER**. Some of the new Members moved to tears by this magnanimity.

"Just like him," one said to another.

As for **LORD CHANCELLOR**, his suddenly roused resentment subsided. With reference to the claim of alleged rights and privileges he, on behalf of Her Majesty, cautiously admitted "all which have ever been granted to or conferred upon the Commons by any of her Royal predecessors."

Having in this non-committal fashion disposed of what might have proved a troublesome point, **LORD CHANCELLOR**'s ascetic visage positively beamed with benevolence as he assured the **SPEAKER** that "Her Majesty will ever place the most favourable construction upon your words and actions."

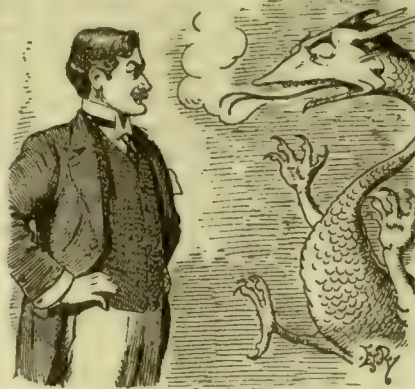
The **SPEAKER**, not trusting himself to make reply, hereupon withdrew. Everyone agreed that nothing could have gone more nicely than the whole thing.

*Business done.*—Members swearin' like anythink.

*Thursday.*—Everyone delighted with C.-B. on Address; a strong debating speech glowing with humour. Should have permanent effect of desirable kind, if it induces C.-B. habitually to let himself go. In an ordinary way he is much too good for House of Commons daily food. As **SARK** says, the House likes a spice of devilry in a man, especially in a leader. **CRAWMELL** is too good-natured, **BANNERMAN** too genial, for his place. Encourages smaller fry to swarm.

He holds high position, to which he was called by unanimous vote of the Party. Nothing to gain, everything in the way of personal sacrifice to suffer, by acceptance of Leadership. Has been abominably treated by sections of his own Party. Have traded on his imperturbable good temper, his love of peace at almost any price.

If he would only turn and rend somebody it would be the making of him. No need actually to steep his hands in human gore. His speech to-night shewed—not for first time, but with supreme force—with what bland delicacy he can insert the point of a rapier under the fifth rib of an adversary. **OLD MORALITY** once plaintively admitted that there was foundation for the charge brought against him from his own side, that he "had no go." That there's plenty of go in C.-B.



Ll-yd G-rge and the Dragon!

appears from this fine fighting speech. Hope he'll "go" on.

*Business done.*—Address moved.

*Friday.*—**DON JOSÉ** explained scheme for the pacification of South Africa. To begin with, fell like oil on troubled waters. But you never know what turn House may take next.

*Business done.*—Still on Address.

#### GENERAL MERCIER AND THE LLAAMS.

It is rumoured that a deputation of the League of Liberals Against Aggression and Militarism called upon **General MERCIER** in Paris the other day, and that the following conversation took place, the Llaams finding some difficulty at first in obtaining admission.

*The General.* Ce sont des reporters anglais, qui désirent m'interviewer? Jamais de la vie!

*His Secretary.* Non, mon Général. Ce sont des Nationalistes anglais, amis des Boers?

*Gen.* Des Anglais amis des Boers? Quelle idée! Tiens, je veux voir ces animaux-là. Faites entrer.

*Leading Llaam.* Bong jour, General.

*Gen.* Ah, vous parlez français. Mon secrétaire parle anglais. Comme ça nous allons nous entendre à merveille.

*L. L.* Nous avons vu dans les journaux que vous, General MERCIER, avez un plan à invader—

*Gen.* Évader?

*L. L.* To invade.

*Sec.* Envahir.

*L. L.* Ongvahir noter pai—

*Gen.* Paix?

*L. L.* Our country.

*Sec.* Notre pays.

*L. L.* Notre payee. Vous n'avez pas dit quoi voter plan est, mais nous sommes sûrs que vous avez étouffé la question de la invasion—

*Gen.* Parfaitement. C'est tout ce qu'il y a de plus simple. Je ne connais pas l'Angleterre, mais j'ai vu sur les cartes une ville qui s'appelle—comment ça?

*Sec.* Brie-je-tonne.

*Gen.* C'est ça. Eh bien, nous débarquons à Briejetonne, où se trouvent deux grandes jetées très commodes, et pas un seul canon. Nos espions ont vu tout ça. De ces jetées, des bateaux font tous les jours des excursions en mer. Il y en a qui font la traversée jusqu'à Boulogne. Voilà notre affaire. Un certain jour des bateaux, remplis de simples voyageurs **COOK**—soldats français en bourgeois—arriveront aux jetées de Briejetonne. Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait. Les jetées sont prises, la ville, sans canons ni soldats, est prise, plusieurs corps d'armée débarquent, et l'Angleterre est vaincue. Je n'y serai pas. Je ne supporte pas le mal de mer. Je dirigerai les opérations de l'Ély—je veux dire, du Ministère de la Guerre. Ce jour-là, messieurs, vos amis les Boers seront vengés.

*L. L. (to other Llaams).* He spoke so fast I could hardly catch what he said. But he meant they were getting together cannon and soldiers at Boulogne and another French town I never heard of, called something like Breechertonn. (To General.) Nous sommes très beaucoup obligés pour voter l'explication. Seulement nous avons voulu ici à dire à vous que le aggression et le militarism ne sont pas droits. Nous somme le League—

*Gen.* Précisément, messieurs, vous êtes membres d'une Ligue patriotique, comme nous en avons en France, pour renverser le gouvernement actuel.

*L. L.* Le League contre le Aggression—

*Gen.* L'agression de qui? De l'armée anglaise? Vous aimez les Boers, n'est-ce pas? En France nous les aimons pas, à vrai dire, mais ça sert à embêter ce gouvernement de pékins.

*L. L.* Nous n'aimons pas le gouvernement de Pékin, parceque il est militaire—

*Gen.* Hein?

*L. L.* Field-Marshal **WALDERSEE**—

*Gen.* Ah, bah! Le Prussien. Diable!

*L. L.* Mais cela n'est pas noter business pour le momong.

*Sec.* "Tack care off—ah, non!—minds your on business," comme disent les Anglais. En français, "Les affaires."

*L. L.* Le affaire—

*Gen.* L'Affaire! Sapristi! Vous êtes dreyfusards anglais? Ah, sacré, sacré—

*Sec.* Pardon, mon Général. Ce monsieur parle de ses affaires en Angleterre.

*Gen.* Ah, vous en avez, des Affaires, chez vous! Des Syndicats, hein?

*Sec.* Pardon, mon Général, de la raison d'être de cette ligue.

*L. L.* Oui, oui. Le League de Libéraux contre le Aggression et le Militarism. Et nous voulons, vous voulons—Oh I can't say all this in French. (Very loudly and distinctly.) What we came to say is this. We always love the enemy, but, if you try to land in our country, we won't stand it. We will even resist. We will all take our umbrellas, and, like the Private Secretary, we have heard people



“speak of in some sort of drama, we will  
“give you a good knock.”

*Sec. Il s'out dit ça. “Secrétaire intime”  
et “frapper.”*

*Gen. Assassins! (Draws his sword).*

*[Exeunt Llaams hastily.*

*H. D. B.*

#### PEOPLE TO BE AVOIDED.

LADIES walking arm-in-arm three abreast  
down Regent Street on a fine afternoon.

The blind men armed with clubs in the  
same locality.

Short persons with umbrellas which  
they try to pass over the heads of pedestrians six feet in height.

Horny-handed sons of toil who bring  
huge baskets of tools and bushels of honest filth into 'buses, tram-cars, and railway carriages.

The actor-manager who is going to try  
“the most startling drama ever written”  
at a suburban theatre.

The leading lady in “the most startling  
drama ever written.”

The politician who ought to have got  
office “in the rottenest Ministry for half  
a century.”

The government clerk who requests  
you to make your enquiry about a lost,  
perhaps dead, relative in writing.

The lady at the post office who is giving  
the description of a “sweet costume” to  
sister *employée*.

The enthusiast who wants to bet on a  
football match.

The composer who has just written a  
violin piece (Op. XXXIX., Vol. 103) in  
the style of VAGNEROVSKI.

The barrister who always knows the  
last “good thing” uttered by Mr. Justice JAWKER.

The card-player who has invented a  
new game of Patience requiring four  
packs and six hours to explain.

The hostess who wants a complete  
company of amateurs (all finding their  
own dresses) to perform *Patience*, at  
Squash-Tail Manor, in a fortnight's  
time.

The man who will talk bad French to  
German waiters at an Italian restaurant.

The cyclist who has pedalled from  
Paris to St. Petersburg in the fastest  
time on record.

The barmaid who gives change for a  
florin when you have presented half-a-  
crown, and then asks you “to examine  
the till.”

The personage who calls himself a  
baronet despite the fact that his title  
is unrecorded by BURKE, DEBRETT or  
WALFORD.

The jockey who has devised a certain  
scheme for “besting the Yankees.”

The Little Englander who is so drunk  
that he wants to fight everybody.



#### CORRECTED.

*Lady Tourist (doing the cathedrals of Scotland). “THIS IS GOTHIC, ISN'T IT, JOHN?”*  
*Juvenile Vendor of “Guides” (severely). “NO, MEM: THIS IS PRESBYTERIAN.”*

#### THE NEW EXERCISE.

[The *Daily Mail* describes a system of physical  
development which consists of lying on the back,  
and taking deep breaths according to certain  
specified directions.]

LET those who will their bodies tire,

And run, and bike, and row;

Let others' reeking frames perspire—

A better way we know.

Leave fools their worthless necks to risk

At football wild and fierce,

Or at lawn tennis jump and frisk,

Or fence with carte and tierce.

Ah! who would join a “leather hunt”

While centenarians bash,

Or, gloved and padded, bear the brunt  
When KORTWRIGHT'S lightnings flash;

When he of our new exercise

The glorious bays who'd wear

Need only on the carpet lie

And breathe his hardest there?

Oh, glorious sport! that needs no ground—

No heavy “sub” to pay—

A pastime I at last have found

That even I could play.

Yes, football I henceforth abjure,

And I resolve instead

To stay at home and there procure

My exercise in bed.



## VIVE L'ARBITRAGE!

## MR. KRUGER ON THE CORSICAN QUESTION.

[“Following upon the sympathy so widely shown in France for Mr. KRUGER in his endeavour to obtain independence from Great Britain, there come reports to-day from Ajaccio of a growing movement on the part of Corsica for separation from France.”—*St. James's Gazette*.]

RADIANT gem of the Midland Sea  
(The same that was recently crossed by me),  
Isle that is noted for wax and honey  
And washed by billows that teem with tunny,  
Where the tax-bound native is free of soul,  
And walks with an independent roll;—

Fair land where Roman and Hun and Moor  
At various periods left their spoor;  
Where the late NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE  
Condescended to make a start;  
Where the locals enjoy, to my deep regret, a  
Bloody delight in the bold vendetta;—

Had I but heard some weeks ago  
Of the movement afoot in Ajaccio;  
I cannot say but I might have tried,  
With a sneeze at the name, to turn aside,  
Bidding my gallant Dutchman snort  
Into your sympathetic port.

Yet had I come and addressed your folk:—  
“Gentlemen, off with the tyrant's yoke!”  
Liberty's language, painted red,  
Might have been misinterpreted,  
Rudely embarrassing my advance  
On to the heaving breast of France

Now she has seen me and all is well,  
Such is the force of my personal spell;  
Now I have learned from a nearer view  
The wealth of a heart that is strange but true;  
How there is nothing she would not spend  
(Short of her blood) to oblige a friend!

Have I not driven in state and sat  
Wearily waving my old-world hat?  
Have I not borne sublime orations  
Tendered by tedious deputations,  
Lyrics that smacked of the lute of Orpheus  
Till I collapsed in the arms of Morpheus?

The undergraduates, to a man,  
Approved of my arbitration-plan;  
The Press, that can never be paid with thanks,  
Already has raised a hundred francs;  
The very soil, as it seemed to me,  
Was simply reeking of Liberty!

But I scorned to employ my private charms,  
In a somewhat immoral appeal to arms;  
Though noble MERCIER made a speech  
Proposing to burst on Dover beach,  
I could never advise direct invasion  
Till after a course of moral suasion.

And now, my Corsican Brothers, you  
Have heard what your rulers are ready to do;  
So up with your posters and print above  
“*Vive l'Arbitrage!*”—’tis a phrase they love;  
And when you forward your righteous claim  
You’re perfectly free to use my name. O. S.

A VERY CHEAP PERRUQUE.—“A ‘bob’ wig.” [N.B. The Speaker wore one at the opening of Parliament.]

## TO THE POINT.

[The wedding presents of Queen WILHELMINA will include a thimble from Oom PAUL. The following lines are suggested as appropriate to accompany the gift.]

YOUR Majesty! I am, as you’re aware,  
A person of economy and thrift;  
So all unkindly comment please to spare  
Upon this chaste but inexpensive gift.  
In forwarding my little wedding present  
I mean to wish you ev’rything that’s pleasant.

The thread of my remarks I will unwind—  
Perhaps therein some good advice may lurk;  
I’m sure that even Queens must sometimes find  
An opportunity for needlework.  
Domestic virtues loudly I extol, and  
May this promote the industry of Holland.

My gift is emblematic, is it not?  
(To me the past it keeps on bringing back).  
A stitch in time will often save a lot,  
If you can keep upon the proper “tack.”  
The nuisance is, there’s never any knowing  
When you may have to reap as you’ve been “sewing.”

Though some folks at my efforts may have scoffed,  
Experience has pointed out to me,  
That simple and straightforward facts are oft  
The better for some rich embroidery.  
So, when you’re at a loss for occupation,  
Just try to work on the imagination.

Whether your work be fanciful or plain,  
Unless your skin’s unusually thick,  
Without this gift of mine, you might sustain  
Many a sharp and rather painful prick.  
(Some, in whose minds a foolish weakness lingers,  
Can get their conscience pricked just like their fingers).

And, as a gallant husband, let me say  
A word of warning from my subtle mind  
(Thinking of dear, devoted Mrs. K.,  
Who was, unfortunately, left behind):  
Avoid all vulgar matrimonial rows,  
And never “get the needle” with your spouse.

If you are in *extremis*, more or less,  
It’s well—for I have put it to the proof—  
To cultivate one quality, *finesse*,  
Which the uneducated will call “spool.”  
In fact, as one’s anxieties grow bigger,  
One has to be a sort of thimble-rigger!

P. G.



LETTING LOOSE THE DOGS OF WAR!—Under the Union Jack is the title of the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. With it Mr. JOHN LATEY gives the public “a presentation picture in colours” of a very John Bullian character, showing how John Bulldog stands on a map of South Africa, keeping guard over a bone (South Africa would have been sufficient without the bone) while hungry dogs without are snarling and awaiting their opportunity. There’s not much meat on that bone apparently: but if t’other dogs think there is, why, let them; and, says the Bulldog, “Let ‘em all come! I’m ready.” It’s an effective number, from the military point of view, Field-Marshal LATEY having ordered Colonel NEWNHAM DAVIS to the front, in command of several columns. The *Pas de Charge* is sounded! Advance Copies! On to Victory! Price Sixpence!





"PATIENCE!"

*Dramatis Personæ.*

*Saphir* . . . FRANCE.

*The Major* sings:

"IN THIS CASE UNPRECEDENTED  
SINGLE I SHALL LIVE AND DIE."

*The Colonel* . . . GERMANY.

*The Duke* . . . RUSSIA.

*Angela* . . . HOLLAND.

*The Major* . . . MR. KRUGER.

"I SHALL HAVE TO BE CONTENTED  
WITH THEIR HEARTFELT SYMPATHY."

*All, dancing:*

"HE WILL HAVE TO BE CONTENTED  
WITH OUR HEARTFELT SYMPATHY!"

*Wm. Vandermere. 1899*



## A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of  
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.  
Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A GRAND FINISH.

*Happy Aurora is a happy Aurora!*

*Hip, Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah! Hurrah!*

*Dr. Ram Kinoo Dutt (of Chittagong).*

ON the summit of the Grand Stand might have been observed groups of spectators eagerly awaiting the finish. Conspicuous amongst them were Princess VANOLIA (most sumptuously attired) and her parent, Merchant-prince JONES; and close by Duke and Duchess DICKINSON, following the classic contest through binocular glasses.

"Poojah will prove to be the winner! . . . No, it is *Milky Way*! . . . They are neek or nothing! It will be a deceased heat!" exclaimed the excited populace.

And the beauteous VANOLIA was as if seated upon the spike of suspense, since Mr. BHOSH's success was a *sine quâ non* to their union. Suddenly came the glad shout: "The Favourite takes the cake with a canter!" and Duchess DICKINSON became pallid with anguish, for, rich as she was, she could ill-afford to become the loser of a cool million.

The shout was strictly veracious, for Mr. BHOSH was ruling the roast by half-a-head, and *Poojah* was correspondingly behind. "*Macte virtute!*" cried Princess VANOLIA, in the silvery tones of a highly-bred bell, while she violently agitated her sun-umbrella: "O my beloved BINDABUN, do not fall behind at eleven o'clock!"

And, as though in answer to this appeal (which he did not overhear), she beheld her triumphant suitor saluting the empress of his soul with uplifted jockey-cap.

Alack! it was the fatal piece of politeness; since, to avoid falling off, he was compelled to moderate the speed of his courser while performing it, and JUGGINS, either repenting his goodnature, or unable any longer to restrain the impetuosity of *Poojah*, was carried first past the winning-pole, Mr. BHOSH following on *Milky Way* as the bad second!

At this the Princess VANOLIA emitted a doleful scream; like Freedom, which, as some poet informs us, "squeaked when KOCKIUSKO (a Japanese gentleman) fell," and suspended her animation for several minutes, while the Duchess "grinned a horrible ghastly smile," as described by Poet MILTON in *Paradise Lost*, at Mr. BHOSH's shocking defeat and her own gain of a million, though all true sportsmen present deeply sympathised with our hero that he should be thus wrecked in sight of port on account of an ordinary act of courtesy to a female!

But Mr. BHOSH preserved his withers as unwrung as though he possessed the hide of a rhinoceros. "Honble Sir," said he, addressing the Judge, "I humbly beg permission to claim this Derby race and lodge an objection against my antagonist."

"On what grounds?" was the naturally astonished rejoinder.

"On the grounds," deliberately replied CHUNDER BINDABUN, "that he surreptitiously did pull his horse's head."

JUGGINS was too dumbfounded to reply to the accusation, and several spectators came forward to testify that they had personally witnessed him curbing his steed, and—it being contrary to the *lex non scripta* of turf etiquette to pull at a horse's head when he is winning—JUGGINS was very ignominiously plucked by the Jockey's Club.

The Duchess made the desperate attempt to argue that, if JUGGINS was a pot, Mr. BHOSH was a kettle of equally dark complexion, since he also had reined up before attaining the goal—but CHUNDER BINDABUN was able easily to show that he had done so, not with any intention to forfeit his stakes, but merely to salute his betrothed, whereas JUGGINS had pulled to prevent his horse from achieving the conquest.

So, to Mr. BHOSH's inexpressible delight, the Derby Cup, full as an egg with golden sovereigns, was awarded to him, and the notorious blue ribbon was pinned by the judge upon his proud and heaving bosom.

But, as he was reverting, highly elated, to the side of his beloved amidst the acclamations of the multitude, the disreputable JUGGINS had the audacity to pluck his elbow and demand the promised *quid pro quo*.

"For what service?" inquired CHUNDER BINDABUN in amazement.

"Why, did you not promise me the moiety of your fortune, honble Sir," was the reply, "if I allowed you to be the winner?"

Mr. BHOSH was of an exceptionally mild, just disposition, but such a piece of cheeky chicanery as this aroused his fiercest indignation and rendered him cross as two sticks. "O contemptible trickster!" he said, in terrific tones, "my promise (as thou knowest well) was on condition that I was first past the winning-pole. Whereas—owing to thy perfidy—I was only the bad second. Do not attempt to hunt with the hare and run with hounds. Depart to lower regions!"

And JUGGINS slinked into obscurity with fallen chops.

Benevolent and forbearing readers, this unassuming tale is near its *finis*. Owing to his brilliant success at the Derby, Mr. BHOSH was now rolling on cash, and, as the prediction of the Astrologer-Royal was fulfilled, there was no longer any objection to his union with the Princess JONES, with whom he accordingly contracted holy matrimony, and now lives in great splendour at Shepherd's Bush, since all his friends earnestly besought him that he was not to return to India. He therefore naturalised himself as a full-blooded British, and further adopted a coat-of-arms from the family herald, with a splendidly lofty crest, and the motto "*Sans Peur et Sans Reproche*" ("Not being funky myself, I do not reproach others with said failing"—free translation).

But what of the wicked Duchess? I have to record that, being unable to pay the welsher her bet of a million pounds, she was solemnly pronounced a bankruptess and incarcerated (by a striking instance of the tit-for-tat of Fate) in the identical Old Bailey cell to which she had consigned CHUNDER BINDABUN!

And in her case the gaoler's fair daughter, Miss CAROLINE, did not exhibit the same softheartedness. Mr. BHOSH and his Princess-bride, being both of highly magnanimous idiosyncrasies, for some time visited their relentless foe in her captivity, carrying her fruit and flowers and sweets of inexpensive qualities, but were received in such a cold, standoffish style that they soon discontinued such thankless civilities.

As for *Milky Way*, she is still hale and flourishing, though she has never since displayed the phenomenal speed of her first (and probably her last) Derby race. She may often be seen in the vicinity of Shepherd's Bush, harnessed to a small basket-chaise, in which are Mr. and Mrs. BHOSH and some of their blooming progenies.

Here, with the Public's kind permission, we will leave them, and although this trivial and unpretentious romance can claim no merit except its undeviating fidelity to nature, I still venture to think that, for sheer excitement and brilliancy of composition &c., it will be found, by all candid judges, to compare rather favourably with more showy and meretricious fictions by over-rated English novelists.

FINALE.



## THE CURSE.

(A Seasonable Melodrama for Journalists.)

FOR many weeks past he had buried himself in his study for hours at a time. When he emerged it was with face blanched, with cheeks hollow, and with weary, dark-rimmed eyes. His quick yet furtive steps, his nervous horror when someone came to the front door, bespoke the attitude of a man haunted by some dread secret. Sometimes he hurried along the streets—rare though these excursions were—his lips would frame words, though no sound came forth. Literary men of his acquaintance, nodded sympathetically, and he was referred to as "POOR PENMAN."

But his anxious young wife—ah! there lay the tragedy—knew nothing of the why and wherefore of PENMAN's altered looks. "Would he keep his nasty bother from his little wifey," she said, with a touching simplicity of diction that cynics would have termed imbecile. "Tush, child!" he would say, stroking her glossy hair. "Let me hear it by myself. Why should I streak your sunshine with shadow?" This was prettily put, but then it might be expected from a man who had edited a volume of *Bacon*! She drew herself proudly up to her full stature (5 feet 4 inches), for she knew intuitively that when a man gets to the "Tush!" stage something tragic is about to happen. "LIONEL," she said, "I have a right to know. What are you doing which has changed you from a bright, happy-hearted literary man, to a melancholy, dazed, lifeless creature?" "Cynthia," he said, "you shall know. I am—have been—for the last few weeks a *reviewer of Christmas books*!" She stood dumbfounded, her narrow butterfly intelligence could not grasp the awful import of that confession.

"LIONEL," she said, with sudden determination, "I must share this burden with you. I, your wife, your partner, must and will take a part, and" (she hesitated) "if they are *readable*, dear, a large part."

He seized her by the wrist. "Child—woman!" he hissed, "never use that word '*readable*' to my face. In the sacred name of MUDIE, don't torture me with the adjectival poverty of the English language. The words '*readable*,' '*seasonable*,' are not to be breathed in this house; and if you dare to say that a book is '*eminently calculated to please both old and young*,' I will lock you up for a month in a room with a pile of books '*suitable for prizes*.' So, take care—beware!"

There was a ring at the front door. The man turned with an agonizing look of apprehension. A servant entered.

"A package of books for you, Sir."

Throwing up his hands with a wild scream, LIONEL fled from the house.



Miss Sharp. "SO YOU DON'T THINK THAT WOMEN ARE EQUAL TO MEN!"

Mr. Noodle. "DEAR ME, NO! WHY, WOMAN WAS AN AFTERTHOUGHT."

Miss Sharp. "EXACTLY. AND ARE NOT SECOND THOUGHTS BEST?"

## A VEGETARIAN HYMN.

## OATS.

THE noble horse enjoys his oats,  
The donkey, though plebeian, gloats  
On such a food divine, and votes  
It food for all the gods.

Ignoble man enjoys them not  
Unless he be a canny Scot  
(As Dr. JOHNSON says), and what,  
You'll ask me, is the odds?

Why this, that man is last and least,  
Below the level of the beast;  
The horse or ass would scorn to feast  
On mutton-chops or steak.

But if we at his follies laugh,  
And rank him lower than a calf,  
Perhaps he'll learn to live on chaff,  
And flesh and blood forsake. F. E.

## INCIDENTAL LINES.

[Mr. KRUGER was received with acclamation by the crowd, but there was no incident.—*Daily Paper*.]

WHAT? Not an incident? Wondrous to tell!

No one did anything, nothing befell?  
Naught to adorn with an eloquence fine?  
Nothing to marry the pence to the line?

Guileless reporter! tho' heaven should fall,

This is a miracle greater than all:  
'Mid incidents cooked and incidents raw,  
A journalist patriot holding his jaw!

WHAT is the great similarity between a horse and a miser? A horse dotes on oats and a miser dotes on notes.



## LORD ROSEBERY'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

["En fait, il est facile, à quatre-vingt-cinq ans de distance, d'afficher les sentiments généreux dont fait montre Lord ROSEBERY. L'orage est loin. Mais jamais il ne nous fera croire que, chef du gouvernement de son pays en 1815, il aurait agi autrement que Castlereagh."—*Le Matin*.]

*The Shade of Sir Hudson Lowe speaks:—*

"HERE in the green Elysian fields, by the babble of Lethe's brook,  
With many a slope that fronts the sun and many a shaded nook,  
I stretch my length on the asphodel and read Lord ROSEBERY'S book.

Over my head in the oak tree boughs that the sunshine filters through  
The green leaves dance in the summer breeze and laugh in the cloudless blue;  
They dance as I read Lord ROSEBERY'S book; they laugh—and I laugh too!

For I read of the island compassed round by the far Atlantic main,  
Where BONAPARTE was my prisoner, the island of St. Hélène,  
Where the Corsican Ogre paced his cage and beat on its bars in vain!

Once they had shut him in Elba's Isle, in the azure inland sea,  
But 'twas easy to break his prison there; he fled to France and was free;  
So at last they gave him to me to guard, and he could not escape from me!

He claimed to rank as an emperor yet; I brushed the claim aside;  
I bent the tyrant's neck to the yoke, I humbled the upstart's pride,  
And he fretted against my steadfast will till his courage failed and he died!

Here in the green Elysian fields, by the babble of Lethe's brook,  
I read the comments Lord ROSEBERY makes in his recently published book  
On the claims of General BONAPARTE and the attitude I took.

It seems he's shocked at the things I did, and he sheds a pitying tear  
At the Corsican's terrible times with me—and, indeed, his whole career.

Well, England must 'judge between HUDSON LOWE and this dilettante peer!

But if this is the stuff of which England makes Prime Ministers to-day,

When a new Napoleon rises up there 'll be the deuce to pay;  
And before it's over I rather think she 'll sigh for Castle-reagh!

ST. J. H.

## SHALL WE SLAY OUR BROTHER HOOLIGAN?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In these days of insensate violence, when we see our once dear England mad with the lurid lust of gold-mines, her policy dictated—through a venal Ministry—by a sordid syndicate of foreign millionaires, her brain reeling with the fumes of a spurious Imperialism, it is, I fear, of little use to plead the cause of any down-trodden community, however near they may dwell to our own doors! We have seen with a scorching sense of shame our brutal and barbarous soldiery, led by a general whom once we esteemed—the abandoned ROBERTS, who so notoriously combines the virtues of a Bonaparte, with the amenities of an Alva, committing the wildest, most shameless and unbridled acts of gallantry and self-defence month after month, and carrying fire and crime and ambulance into the peaceful country of a noble and

inoffensive nation—a nation whose only desire is to take their own lives, and other peoples, in their own way, devoting themselves in solitude to the perfection of a natural aptitude for military operations, and to the innocent pastime of collecting and wearing British uniforms and accoutrements, gathered tearfully on the rocky slopes of their own dear mountains! (Oh! how one yearns to help them in their distress!)

We have seen these poor peasants gathered up ignominiously on the field of battle, lifted with an almost insolent tenderness that fairly makes the blood boil of those of us who are not blinded by the mad Jingo spirit of the time, haled off with heart-breaking promptitude to a British hospital. There, possibly, no word of their own language will be heard, and where every order given in the hated English tongue must be an unspeakable pain to them. They have to submit—it may be for weeks—to the unremitting and almost maddening kindness and courtesy of the British doctors and nurses, who insult them with anæsthetics and curative medicines, day and night, until they reluctantly recover. And this, Mr. *Punch*, at the close of the "so-called nineteenth century"! It makes one shudder at the sight of the Union Jack—that searing symbol of brutal aggression and despotic tyranny! Let Canada and Australia tell their gruesome tale of grinding oppression, of massacre and of strangled nationality! At the sound of "God save the Queen" one can only sit down and shriek!

But to my subject. (It is so hard, so very hard to control one's feelings in face of this degradation of one's country in the eyes of a liberty-loving and a generous Europe!) Those I would plead for here are the young and vigorous dwellers in certain of our poorer metropolitan districts, who have been labelled by a prejudiced and venal press "The Hooligans." The wickedly suggestive and degrading nature of this title will leap to the eyes of those who, unlike myself, understand its meaning! I would make appeal, Sir, before it is perhaps too late for a fair and generous settlement of this "Hooligan" question, which is distracting the quiet neighbourhoods in which, from no choice of their own be it remembered, these high-spirited and energetic fellow-countrymen of ours are compelled to eke out a difficult existence. The one all-important consideration to be borne in mind is that "*We have got to live with them!*" The knowledge of this fact must plead in trumpet-tones for conciliation and restraint in the treatment of the question. They speak our own language it is true (after a fashion); but, oh! let me beg of those in whose hands the settlement will lie not to let this painful fact work to their detriment in the minds of any! At worst it is surely but the outcome of a geographical accident of a depraved natural instinct, or it has been picked up, it may be, in those impressionable years when they were driven like sheep by ruthless "inspectors" to such poor Board Schools as we could afford to provide for them! This we can truthfully say, that they have since done their very best to *modify* the language there forced upon them, and have adapted it to their peculiar needs in a way which affords fresh proof of their ingenuity and resourcefulness. Their methods may be rough and unconventional even to the verge of impoliteness, but we must always remember that they have lived under the torturing rule of a stolid and intrusive police; dragged for the lightest offence against either sex, however unprovoked, before a callous and unemotional magistrate whom tears do not affect, and who is constitutionally incapable of a hysterical and kindly act. For the most trivial outrages, or for manslaughter of a type so frequent and common as to be almost negligible, they have been doomed to the blinding agony of a white-washed cell, separated often from their comrades by a cruel partition, and handed over, I am credibly informed, on several occasions, to disfigurement and ignominy at the hands of a *hairdresser*!

Surely I need not appeal at greater length for a just, a generous, and a far-seeing settlement of this distracting question. It is, as I have stated, no fault of theirs that they live in





*Purchaser (weller weight). "YES, SHE'S ALL RIGHT. DOESN'T CARRY MUCH FLESH THOUGH."  
Dealer. "OH, BUT SHE WILL, WHEN YOU MOUNT HER, SIR."*

these poor and over-crowded districts; they are quite willing, I am assured by dear friends who have spent their lives among them, to move at short notice (and on receipt of compensation given with no niggard hand) to Grosvenor Square, Upper Brook Street, Park Lane, or any such locality which it may be thought desirable on grounds of health and policy to place at their disposal.

As the friend of all, you, Mr. Punch will, I feel sure, be the first to desire that this hardy and reliant race, living from choice a healthy open-air life, shall not be strangled out of existence at the call of a dastardly and misguided civilisation!

Yours under great emotion, PREHISTORICUS.

P.S.—I have unfortunately run out of smelling salts, or I would have referred to the hideous advocacy of the use of the "cat"! My poor England!

#### AN EXCURSION.

*In sapphics.*

GROUPED on the platform, full of expectation,  
Armed with the guide-book, ready for the journey,  
How you recall an older generation  
Eager for tourney!

Tourist apparel shines in every button,  
No living man, I swear it, could mistake you,  
Sturdily British—many "cuts of mutton"  
Shape you and make you.

Here then you stand, the cynosure of gazes  
(Maybe of cooks), you happier crusaders  
Than others who beat Saladin to blazes,  
Holy invaders.

Social contempt may cut you like a razor,  
Envy and malice have you for their target,  
Whether you're bound for Paris, or the Nase, or  
Merely for Margate.

What of all this? Shall criticising turn you  
From your inception? Perish such a notion!  
Though the boat, as but boats are able, churn you,  
Feeling its motion.

Statues and pictures, palaces and beauty  
Make delay, therefore, shun them in aversion,  
Multum in parvo clearly is your duty  
On your excursion.

Yours to come back, all travel stained and weary,  
Knowing each place through which you have been  
rushing  
(Or so supposing) when you meet the dreary  
Steamer at Flushing,

Go—not for me to criticise your action,  
Rather compelling awe and admiration—  
Dread word Excursion! what an odd attraction  
Hast for our nation!

WHAT is Christmas without crackers? And what are crackers without Christmas? ask MESSRS. SPARAGNAPANE. Beautifully brilliant designs! Then the contents—well, the real "contents" will be these who receive some of these as Christmas Gifts.

OPERATIC SONG FROM "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" (arranged to suit the voice of ex-President Kruger).—"All is lost now!"





"WELL, EVA, AND SO YOU'RE EIGHT YEARS OLD TO-DAY. NOW, I WONDER IF YOU KNOW HOW OLD I AM?"  
 "LET ME SEE, AUNTIE. I NEVER CAN REMEMBER WHETHER YOU ARE TWENTY-EIGHT OR EIGHTY-TWO!"

#### WANTED—A WORD.

[The *Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 6, asks:—"What is the proper designation for ladies who work their own motor-cars?" and continues—"A lady motorist will not do, because we apply it to women who use these cars as means of conveyance. An engineeriste is cumbersome and not sufficiently dignified. A motress might do as feminine for a mechanic."]

WHAT may we call you, venturous maid,  
 Who your own motor ply,  
 And, scorning Man's superfluous aid,  
 Down Piccadilly fly?

Shall we adopt the slang of France,  
 And name you *belle chauffeuse*?  
 Or would you like, by any chance,  
 The title *teuf-teufesse*?

*Gazeuse* of "siphon" has the force,  
 And would not suit you well;  
 Nor *pétroleuse*, for that of course  
 Suggests LOUISE MICHEL.

And "scorcherness" with "sorceress"  
 Would doubtless be confused;  
*Motiste* looks like *modiste* (of dress)  
 By Fashion-papers used.

The "carwoman" I thought to pen  
 With "charwoman" would rank;  
 There's only *automotrienne*  
 Left to fill up the blank!

#### WHAT IS THE CAPITAL OF WALES?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I venture to address you on a subject which probably may be of some interest to very many of your readers. Let me at once state that I am an ardent Home Ruler with respect to all divisions of the United Kingdom. Dear to my heart would be the establishment of separate parliaments at Dublin and Edinburgh, and the conservancy of St. Stephen's, Westminster, for purely English legislators. Naturally, my scheme includes Wales, the Isle of Wight, and the Scilly Isles; the Islands of the Channel and of Man are already provided for. As to the Hebrides, Shetlands, Orkneys, Skye and other outlying districts of North Britain, I am assured that they are quite capable of taking care not only of themselves, but also of their representatives in any law-giving assembly. My present difficulty affects Cambria alone.

Speaking at a political meeting yesterday with some confidence on the virtues of Home Rule as applied to the integral portions of the Empire, and chancing to mention "gallant little Wales" as a fitting recipient of the blessings of a local parliament, I was met with the unseemly

interruption, "What is the capital of Wales?" The question appeared to tickle the curiosity of my auditors, for, on explaining that my historic-geographical knowledge did not extend to such minute research, they at once passed a resolution (amid considerable uproar) that until I had satisfied them on this point I should no longer be heard. Since then, Sir, I have consulted every published book of reference without success. The abiding place of the future parliament-house of Wales may be Carnarvon, Bangor, Cardiff, or Llandudno, but at present the right of supremacy seems wrapped in mists equalled only by those which circle around Snowdon. Will any competent authority supply the information?

Your obedient servant,

AN ENGLISH DRUID.

"THE NATIONAL TELEPHONE CO. v. GULLIVER."—Attractive name the defendant's. *Pendente lite* we mustn't say anything, which is all the easier seeing that our knowledge of the case is *nil*. But what a splendid invention would the telephone have been for Lemuel Gulliver or Baron Munchausen! And we've become quite accustomed to it!





## ONE TO THE GOOD.

JOHN BULL. "BACK FROM AFRICA?"

COLONEL SIR JAMES WILLCOCKS, "YES, SIR—ASHANTI."

JOHN BULL. "AH, TO BE SURE! THE WAR THAT REALLY IS OVER! BRAVO!"









Motor Fiend, "WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY!"  
Victim. "WHAT! ARE YOU COMING BACK?"

## CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

### INTRODUCTION.

I AM that he who formerly in these pages wrote of shooters and their conversation, describing artlessly their talk, instructing them how to shine, not so much in sport as in language, and warning them against the pitfalls that nature and circumstance have set in their way. It has been noticed how greatly the art of conversation has been chastened and improved amongst those who handle a gun and attempt the life of the grouse, the partridge and the pheasant (not to mention the hare and the rabbit) since those hints first saw the light. Men who before chattered unceasingly of their record bags, their leather gaiters, their cartridges, their cartridge-bags, their boots, their lunches or their guns now preserve an immaculate moderation in talk that makes them the admiration of the country-side. On the other hand diffident youths, hitherto dumb and listless, have sparkled into a sustained brilliancy: they have known what they ought to speak of and how each subject ought to be treated, their remarks have been pat to the moment, never jerkily cut short and never unduly protracted, and the consequence has been that their friends and relations, ignorant of the source from which they drew their inspiration, have admired their tact and marvelled at their wisdom. The youths themselves, of course, have known, and being in the main generous fellows, unspoiled by a prolonged indulgence in shooting fictions and uncontaminated by the wicked influence of confirmed sporting liars—a hardy and prolific race—they have given the credit of their own improvement where it was justly due—namely, to the author of a handbook which, in the language of a not too flattering review, was "destined to become the *vade mecum* of every intelligent lover of the gun.

Many have been the tributes received by the exultant author from young and old. Some of these are, if the word may be permitted, of too sacred a character to be exposed to the gaze

of an inquisitive and irreverent world. One, however, may be published, it being understood that the recipient of the letter has not asked for or obtained the permission of the writer for its publication. Such a course, while savouring of self-advertisement, might also act as a check on the free expression of those feelings of admiration and esteem which, generously set forth by his readers, are to an author his highest privilege and reward.

"I have a father," writes one who signs himself 'a twenty-four-year-old,' "whose custom it was, ever since I could remember, to entertain a shooting-party to lunch with the story of how he once shot a rabbit, a hare, a woodcock, and a weasel with one shot. As a child I was brought up to reverence this tale; in early boyhood it formed a subject for contemplation and envy. As I grew to manhood, however, it seemed in some unaccountable fashion to lose its charm and its convincing quality. First, I caught myself suspecting the rabbit or the hare. At the next shooting-party the woodcock came to be under a cloud. On a third occasion the weasel presented itself as a stumbling-block. I felt that this could not go on much longer. My father, to be sure, was still telling the story, and his friends were still credulously applauding it. But the trusting faith which once had compelled me to receive a parent's lightest word as gospel was being shattered in my heart. My father seemed to feel that this was the case, for I well remember how he once stopped short in the middle of his story and appealed to me with a gesture of infinite pathos to confirm some trifling detail as to the relative positions in which he had discovered the mangled remains of his victims. I backed him up, of course, with more than ordinary heartiness, but I think we both realised from that moment that something would have to be done if we were to maintain those relations of friendly confidence which had hitherto marked our intercourse. It was shortly after this time that your book fell into my hands at a country house. I am not ashamed to say that I read it at a



sitting, concealed it in my dressing-bag and took it home with me when I left. That evening I left it on my father's writing-table. On the following morning we were both due at a neighbouring shoot. My father's manner, I remember, was even more affectionate than usual, but through it all there seemed to run an undercurrent of resolution which I hardly dared to explain to myself. The sport was good; one of the party did actually kill two driven birds at once. At lunch he mentioned his feat. I saw my father struggling with his emotion; he gave me a look full of meaning, gulped down a sigh and remained silent. From that day to this he has never told his story, and he and I are once more able to face the world together. I have no hesitation in attributing this result to your book, and I desire now to offer you my heartfelt thanks."

This, as I have said, is only one example out of many. Such, and so great, having been the effect of a former treatise upon men who shoot, it is now proposed to confer a similar and equally inestimable benefit upon men who ride. Let them be prepared for the treatise of which next week will see the beginning.



### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Ameer of Afghanistan is also among the autobiographers. Mr. JOHN MURRAY had the rare good fortune to secure the right of publishing the *Life of Abdur Rahman*. It is presented in two handsome volumes, with portrait, maps, and illustrations. Not since the *Arabian Nights* were first given to the world (what were the name and address of the Bagdad publisher?) has there been anything so uncommon in the book way as this latest comer to the circulating libraries. The first eleven chapters are written by the Ameer himself, and my Baronite finds them far the most interesting. There is a delightful straightforwardness and simplicity about the narrative. The Ameer prattles along, revealing glimpses of himself in the varied circumstances of a strange life. This great soldier-sovereign, an object of sedulous court by two of the great European powers, has known the pangs of a prisoner in fetters. He has worked as a cook, as an engineer, as a blacksmith, and as a gardener. He has longed for a piece of bread, and has lived to have at his command the wealth of storied Afghanistan. The Ameer's unadorned style may be briefly illustrated by a single sentence, relating to Mr. GEORGE CURZON's interview with him when the present Viceroy of India rode through the Khyber Pass and entered amazed Cabul. "In a humorous conversation," he writes, "Mr. CURZON began his remarks by a joke, and ended them with a most important political question as to who would be my successor." Thus did that shrewd young man jest his way into the recesses of the Ameer's mind.

Messrs. CASSELL have brought out Mr. HALES' War Letters to the *Daily News* under the title *Campaign Pictures of the War in South Africa*. Amid a mass of correspondence of varied merit, these letters from the seat of war immediately made their mark, vindicating the old renown of the *Daily News* war correspondence. This was chiefly established by ARCHIBALD FORBES, to whose vivid style, conveying the scent and sound of the battlefield, my Baronite finds strong resemblance in this new comer. Mr. HALES dedicates his book to Sir JOHN ROBINSON, that STANLEY of newspaper managers, who is always going out into the Central Africa of journalism, and discovering new LIVINGSTONES.

"We are concerned with Jim," Mr. CONRAD writes, turning aside with obvious effort from temptation to expand on what he calls "the interesting subject of the marital relations of seamen." This is evidently due to a twinge of conscience upon observing that he has already got to page 166 of his 6s. novel, and is hardly "any forrarder" with the story of *Lord Jim* (BLACKWOOD). My Baronite has not for a long time met with a writer who suffers so lamentably from embarrassment of riches. There are sufficient characters in this book, strikingly conceived, vividly described, to form a lifetime stock-in-trade for an ordinary novelist. When Mr. CONRAD is getting along pretty well with his account of *Lord Jim*, some stray character crosses the pathway of his mind and absorbs his attention. Occasionally this has embarrassing consequences. There is, for example, a *Captain Brierley*, who sits on the Court appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the abandonment of the pilgrim-laden ship *Patna*, of which Jim was mate. As soon as the Court is instituted, and the artless reader is expecting to hear the evidence, Mr. CONRAD sheers off into an account, nearly a chapter long, of how *Captain Brierley* committed suicide. It is supplemented by excellent studies of his chief mate and his successor in the *Captainship*. In the next chapter we have *Captain Brierley*, who we thought was food for fishes, seated in Court as if nothing had happened. These excesses of exuberant genius, whilst bewildering, do not detract from the fascination of the book. Its pictures of the sea in times of storm are magnificent. The record of rough life in far Eastern seaports breaks new ground. The episodic interludes, standing apart, are gems of graphic writing. Only, if Mr. CONRAD had put them in one book, and told the story of *Jim* in another, it would have been a more convenient arrangement.

*Tennyson, his Art and Relation with Modern Life*, by STOPFORD BROOKE, in two volumes. This is a delightful re-issue by ISBISTER & Co., in their daintily-bound and legitimately pocketable series. A set of these, or (the generous can substitute "and" for "or") of *The Temple Classics* would be a perfect present for anyone at Christmastide.

And while on the subject of "presents," let not the Baron omit from his catalogue a splendid book of hand-coloured illustrations by Mr. A. CHANTREY CORBOULD, brought out by BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co., humorously representing a hunting alphabet. There is genuine "go" about these pictures: but the peculiar charm of their arrangement is, that, between every two coloured pictures, there is placed a quiet uncoloured and reposeful sketch which gives a rest to the eye and adds special artistic distinction to this spirited collection. No equipment of drawing-room table complete at Christmas time without this book.

*Proverbs Improved*. We know that there are some good people never weary of "improving the occasion," but how to improve a proverb? Stay—there are dress improvers, why not Proverb improvers? At all events, Mr. FREDERICK CHAPMAN ("Chapman"—appropriate for such a work) has improved proverbs in verse, assisted with pictures by GRACE MAX.

*The Little Boy Book*, by HELEN HAY, with pictures by FRANK VERBEEK, speaks for itself as to who should own it. But the little girl will be equally amused by the funny pictures and verses, that is, if the little boy will kindly let her see them. Both these books are to be found in stores of JOHN LANE of the Bodley Head.

Anyone needing a stimulant, in the shape of a novel of crime and detection, might do a great deal worse than read *The Brand of the Broad Arrow*, by Major GRIFFITHS (PEARSON). Money-lenders, convicts, police, gambling, virtuous lover, lovely lady in distressing predicament, jealous husband, revolvers and robberies, here they are, all-a-blowing, all-a-going strong as they make 'em! Never was such a criminal for escaping detection as is the Major's first scoundrel. Enough to say so much, and leave the rest to the reader. THE BARON DE B.-W.



## THE CONSTANT LOVER.

O MARY, I remember yet  
The blissful moment when we met,  
Each trundled in a bassinette,  
By nursesmaids each attended;  
You came, you saw, you conquered. I  
Your slave remained till, passing by,  
The laughing MADGE I chanced to spy,  
And then your reign was ended.

The laughing MADGE I did adore  
For full six months, then fell before  
The eyes of sad ANITA.  
She was my senior by a score  
Of maiden years, or haply more,  
But what of that? So sweet a  
Divinity ne'er blessed the ways  
Of mortal men. I loved to gaze  
Upon her eyes and sing her praise,  
Until I chanced to meet a  
Still fairer star,  
More radiant far,  
mean my MARGUERITA.

The golden ringlets that she shook  
Seemed meant for soft caresses:  
I worshipped them, until I took  
A turn for ebon tresses.  
Then raven KATE was my delight,  
Who walks in beauty like the night:  
She ruled me till I caught a sight  
Of auburn ANGELINA,  
For whom my passion still increased—  
I loved her for a month at least,  
In short, until  
I met with WILHELMINA.



Most rare, most inexpressive She,  
Of endless fascinations!  
I worshipped that Divinity  
From Smalls to Moderations  
I worshipped her with ardour true  
Till hazel-eyed SUSANAH  
Deposed her from my bosom, who  
Succumbed to MARY number two,  
Who yielded place to HANNAH;  
And ere I left the ancient University, my flames included MARY (three) and JANE and JULIANA.

Thus JUANITA, O my Queen!  
You will from this discover  
That I from infancy have been  
An ever constant lover. [through  
Search where you will the wide world  
You'll very rarely meet a  
More loving swain. Then hear me! Do!  
I swear by yonder heaven blue,  
That whatsoever storms may brew,  
My darling, I will still be true  
To you,  
My Ju-

ANITA!



## SO CONSOLING.

*Lady whose mare has just kicked a member of the hunt, who was following too closely.* "OH, I'M SO SORRY! I DO HOPE IT DIDN'T HURT YOU! SHE'S SUCH A GENTLE THING, AND COULD ONLY HAVE DONE IT IN THE MEREST PLAY, YOU KNOW."

## THE RIVALS.

TIME was my Juliet was kind;  
Time was she would discover  
Fresh charms in Romeo, still blind  
To all beside her lover.  
For me would beat that bosom sweet,  
For me the sunny flashes  
Of radiant light would kindle bright  
Beneath her silky lashes.  
But since thy coming, she no more  
Hath any thought of me, Sir,  
She lavishes instead her store  
Of fickle love on thee, Sir.

To thee her breast is fondly pressed,  
'Tis thou she kisses only,  
Whilst I apart devour my heart,  
Neglected, silent, lonely.  
Well mayst thou laugh, triumphant foe,  
For on the throne thou'rt seated  
Where I once sat. Well mayst thou crow,  
Thy rival is defeated.  
Before my eyes her arts she plies—  
Was ever shame so arrant?—  
Deserting me to fondle thee,  
My son and heir apparent.





OWNSTAIRS  
JULIUS sat  
back in his  
easy chair,  
with the  
morning  
paper un-  
read upon

his knee, smoking a  
cigarette, and deep in

thought. He was thinking about Miss SMITH. He had been thinking a good deal about Miss SMITH; so much so that he noted with pleasure that his thoughts no longer ran on the subject which he had come to Herne Bay to escape. Even the out-of-season air of depression had not done as much to bring his mind to the state in which he would have it as his meeting with this pretty girl, who had such strange ways. And that she should ever touch in conversation on what he wished to forget was impossible; for she had said plainly that she did not know who he was. Her guess that it was some disappointment in love which had brought him there was utterly wrong. He was unpleasantly conscious that he had not shown to advantage in talking to her; she had taken him by surprise, and he had been awkward enough to take her up in the wrong light and let her think that he had a bad opinion of her. He meant to redeem himself, if he had a chance.

At that moment WATERS knocked and entered. She handed him a note. "From Miss SMITH," she said. "I was to wait for an answer."

The note ran as follows:

"DEAR MR. POYNT,—I am anxious that you and Mr. HEREWOOD should meet. I am asking you both to take tea with me to-day at five o'clock. It would be kind of you if you can spare an hour. Very truly yours, JANE SMITH."

JULIUS POYNT accepted. He would have much preferred not to meet HEREWOOD, but he did wish to meet JANE SMITH again, and see her from a new point of view in her own rooms.

At five o'clock punctually, he entered Miss SMITH's sitting-room. WATERS was arranging cups on a little table at the side; a terrier barked at him tentatively, but gave it up on finding that POYNT liked dogs. Miss SMITH rose from her chair by the fire, and welcomed him. She looked very young to be a hostess, and she seemed grave. The room was full of flowers; POYNT

had noticed the boxes of the Mentone florist in the hall that morning. He also noticed that the cottage piano, by the maker whose name is seen only in lodging-houses, had given place to a short grand by a maker who does not require my advertisement. He recalled that Miss SMITH had told him that the loss of a Tam o' Shanter, price eighteenpence in the shops, would be a serious matter to her.

"I hope Mr. HEREWOOD won't come down for half an hour," he was saying. "I want all that time for apologies. I have never more wanted to behave nicely, and I have been rude. I should have been delighted to appear sympathetic and quick to understand, and I have been stupid. No, stupidity is not half as bad as the mean acuteness that I was vulgar enough to show the other afternoon. To think that I stood there with my mouth shut and let you justify yourself, which was as much as to say that you required justification! I don't deserve any tea, nor cake, nor anything."

"Not justification," she said meditatively. "Call it explanation if you like."

"But neither did you need explanation. You are you. That is enough—gloriously enough."

Considering that this was only the second time that he had met Miss SMITH, and that WATERS was arranging cups in the room at the time, I consider that he spoke extravagantly. I hope Miss SMITH thought so too; I am sure WATERS did.

"You must forget all that I said about singing," he went on. "Why should I?"

"Because you have turned out Miss BIRD's box of jingle and have got that. Because I swear you are a musician. Because you sing folk-songs, and I adore them."

Miss SMITH laughed. "I had not meant to give up singing altogether, but only to arrange so as not to disturb you. What folk-songs? How did you know? I do, of course. That is a volume of them on the piano desk now. Tell me."

"The charm of all folk-songs is alike, whatever their nationality. Scratch the civilised, and you find the barbarian in his primitiveness. We are all barbarian at heart, though we are wise enough to keep the rules and regulations of the civilised. In the folk-song we sing what we would love to do or feel, if we had not learned the indiscretion of it. Sometimes it is a girl who sings that her brown boy has stolen a horse; and she does not go on to whimper about the shame he has brought on his family, or the terrors of the police-court. Or



it is a man who has lost money and love and everything: what does it matter, for his country has suffered a shameful defeat? Or the girl, again, has stolen out to meet her lover while her mother sleeps; you can smell the pine-woods and see the full moon rise: the gipsy will master her. Why, I cannot hear a folk-song in London without wanting to dash my silk hat on the ground and trample on it."

"Well," said Miss SMITH gravely, "so long as it is your own hat, you know."

"Hats," he said with meaning, "are expensive."

"I think," said Miss SMITH, "that I hear Mr. HEREWOOD on the stairs. You can take the dog out, WATERS."

The step on the stairs was a heavy one, and when Mr. HEREWOOD entered POYNT could see that this was a big man. He was six feet three, broad and erect. His hair was longer than it should have been, and he wore a fair beard. He had a scarlet tie and the pattern of his tweed suit was aggressive. His voice was a rich deep bass. But his eye was timid, and he had come with a biscuit in one hand to propitiate the dog. He looked like a Viking, but a Viking with a conscience. He looked like a nervous lion.

When he had greeted Miss SMITH and had been introduced to POYNT, he settled himself massively in a comfortable chair and turned to POYNT again.

"I understand," said the deep voice, "from Miss SMITH, that she has told you what career I follow, and why I am at present in retirement. That, I am sure, is equivalent to saying that I can rely on your discretion absolutely."

POYNT gave the assurance.

"I am greatly obliged to you," said HEREWOOD. "My profession has been one into which I have been driven by the absolute colourlessness of modern life, rather than by necessity. Probably I give away more than I gain by it. But that makes no difference in the eyes of the law. If you take a purse from the pocket of some wealthy lady and give the contents to some poor woman who is in need of bread, you are still guilty in the eyes of the law."

"That is so, I believe," said POYNT drily.

"At this moment I am wanted for what is considered a serious offence by prejudiced people. If I am captured, that is the end. I shall never be allowed to regain my liberty again. But if by remaining quietly here I can tire out the patience of the police, it is my intention to give up burglary altogether, and seek a commission in the Spanish Army. You speak Spanish perhaps."

"No," said POYNT shortly.

"Nor I," added Miss SMITH.

"It is a beautiful language," said HEREWOOD thoughtfully. "I have not wanted to make any weak apology for my way of life; but there are so many sorts of burglar, and misunderstandings so easily arise."

"I am sure," said Miss SMITH, "if I may speak for Mr. POYNT as well as myself, that we quite see that in your burglaries there is something of the old chivalry. It is the easier for us to understand, because we have both felt that colourlessness to which you allude. Only just now Mr. POYNT was saying something of the same kind. And now, Mr. HEREWOOD, it would be kind of you if you would give us some account of the exploit which has brought you here in hiding."

"With pleasure," said HEREWOOD, putting down his cup.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE door had just opened softly, but HEREWOOD did not notice it. He began in his fruity bass:

"In the whole course of a life spent in crime——"

Here he stopped short because ANNA, who had just entered, interrupted him by asking Miss SMITH if she required anything further, as per contract with Miss BIRD. He then began again:

"In the whole course of life spent in crime, I can remember nothing to compare with this last incident in my career. The

marvel is that I am here to tell the story. It was a burglary at Fulham, and as the swag promised to be rich, and the whole operation was one of extreme delicacy, I undertook it single-handed. Had it been a simpler matter, I should have probably sent a couple of my men with instructions, and not troubled to do the rough work myself."

"When you send men like that, what do they get?" asked Miss SMITH.

"Ten per cent. on the net takings is the usual thing. They are content with that. The house in this instance was an old-fashioned house, standing in the very middle of about a third of an acre of garden, at a corner where two streets crossed. The garden was square, and surrounded by high walls. The two walls which formed the angle bordered by the two streets were patrolled perpetually from dusk till dawn by a policeman in the employ of MANSFORD, the owner, who lived there. The other two walls could not be approached without going through a vast number of other gardens and back yards. MANSFORD was a curious old fellow; he had been a great traveller, and had made a speciality of pearls. In fact, he had spent the greater part of a considerable fortune on pearls, and was said to have the finest black pearl in Europe. It was also said that his precautions against burglary were something extraordinary. I tried to get further information; I particularly wanted to know where the pearls were kept at night. I sent two of my cleverest men down for that purpose. One of them tried to work the servants; but they were all dead honest, and wouldn't talk at all. The other went about among the tradespeople in the district, and the only piece of information that he could bring me back nearly made me give up the whole thing; he had heard that MANSFORD kept some kind of a wild beast. Nobody seemed to know what it was exactly, but one man had complained of the noise it made at night when the moon was bright, and had said that he would have made a row about it but that MANSFORD was such a good customer. However, nothing venture nothing have. I made out my plan of campaign."

"I determined to make my approach from the street. If I had tried from the other side I should have had to go through, or over, a dozen different private premises; that would have meant a dozen different chances of being caught. As it was, I had only to fear the policeman guarding the walls next to the street; and I soon found a way by which I could easily get over the walls, without a chance of the policeman discovering me. There was a row of elms in the garden against the walls. They had been pollarded, but not very closely, and had sprouted again well; they overhung the pavement. I had also noticed that two evenings in the week loaded hay-carts came in from the country, and passed down one of those streets. I had only to put on my equipment, and wait for the cart on one of those nights."

"What was your equipment?" asked Miss SMITH.

"I had a machine for safes—my own invention—in my breast-pocket, with a pair of wire nippers, a box of silent matches, and a piece of curved wire with which I could give an account of most locks that were ever made. In another pocket I had a small bottle of treacle and a sheet of brown paper. Finally, in my hip-pocket I had a loaded revolver, the burglar's best friend."

"No extra cartridges?" asked POYNT.

"No use," said HEREWOOD, with an indulgent smile. "When it reaches the point that revolvers become necessary, the burglar never gets a chance to re-load."

"I see," said POYNT humbly.

"Isn't it horrible and nice!" said Miss SMITH.

Just then ANNA entered, made up the fire, and withdrew again. HEREWOOD resumed:

"Well, one night about nine I swung myself up on to the tail of the hay-cart unseen, climbed up the trusses, and waited till we approached the house. Then I got into one of the trees,



which I could now easily reach. The policeman was immediately underneath me, but he noticed nothing. People will look in front of them, or down, or left, or right, without any special motive. But ninety-nine people in a hundred never look up, unless for some particular purpose. You may have remarked that. As soon as the policeman had turned the corner, I let myself down from the tree into the garden. I had no intention of beginning until the house was quiet for the night, but I thought I had better look round to see if I could get any useful information. I got a good deal; the whole place was a mass of traps, alarms, and spring-guns. As no one was about I moved round, snipping wires and taking care to keep on the grass, for a step on gravel makes as decided a sound as a gun. By the time all the lights in the house had been out half-an-hour I was ready to start. I found a likely window, spread the treacle over the brown paper, put that on one pane, and then smashed it with my fist. Of course, as the broken glass stuck to the paper there was no sound. That enabled me to get my arm through and cut the alarm wires; there were no less than three of these. I had expected it, as the window was not shuttered or barred. I soon slipped in through the window, went to the dining-room, and started work on the safe. It was a poor safe, and I had it open inside five minutes; it contained a few pounds in gold, and nothing else. I was sorry for this, because it meant that the old man took the pearls up to bed with him at night; and that meant that there would be trouble before I should be able to get away. I knew he would not let them go without making a fight for it; and I felt pretty sure he would have some dodge up there by which he could communicate with the police outside. However, I had started and I had to go on. I struck a match that would burn for two minutes, and crossed the hall to the front staircase. I didn't like the look of the first step; I bent down, and tried it gently with one finger. It was so arranged that if I had trodden on it, it would have swung round and struck a gong concealed beneath it. It was a nice little trick, and I was glad to see it because it showed me that I was on the right track for the pearls. I found the fifth and sixth stairs provided with a similar dodge; the rest were solid. After that I went very carefully. At the top of the stairs I entered a long and narrow passage; as I was going along this, I suddenly saw that the floor was up just in front of my foot. A deep pit yawned before me. I sprang back just in time, but in doing so I made a good deal of noise; I heard MANSFORD moving in his room, and I thought I was done for. In a moment he was out in the passage, in his dressing-gown and slippers, with a skull cap on, grinning like a monkey. He held his candle high. I had my revolver in my hand now, but I never shoot until I must. 'Say your prayers,' the old ruffian said, 'for you will be dead in a minute. Hero, LENA!'

"Out from another room slunk a full-grown tigress. The old man just pointed at me, and the brute began to slink towards me, rubbing against one wall of the passage. There was I with this pit before me, of no great breadth but terribly deep, and beyond that a tigress coming nearer and nearer, getting ready to spring, urged on by its master. The time had come; I was too near the pearls to go back. I fired at the brute—and missed. It slunk back growling, then came on again, and twice more I missed; the old man was waving his candle about to spoil my aim. But the fourth time I wounded her, and

immediately she sprang for me. As she sprang, I fired once more and she dropped like a stone down the pit. MANSFORD rushed back to his room, as I guessed, to get his revolver. I jumped across the pit, and went after him; I could hear servants moving, and I knew the police might be expected any moment now, but I meant to have my pearls. I found an electric-light switch just inside the door, and switched the light on. Now I could see better what I was doing.

"The old man had got his revolver pointed at me; but before he could do any damage I shot him in the hand, and he dropped it. He then rushed towards the head of the bed; that gave me my clue. He kept the pearls under his pillow, then. It was all I could do to keep him away from that bed without actually killing him. However, with a couple of shots I managed to hold him off while I thrust one hand under the pillow and drew out a canvas bag. By that time the stairs and passage were full of servants and police, and I knew it was hopeless to try to get back that way. I flung up the window, let myself down by one hand, and then took my chance and dropped. I dropped right into the arms of a policeman standing in the street under the window."

Here ANNA entered with a letter for Miss SMITH as per contract. Miss SMITH seemed impatient at the interruption. "Pray, go on," she said. "This letter is nothing of importance."

"There was a short struggle," HEREWOOD went on, "and then I managed to free myself. I had thrown him to the ground; but he was up in a minute, blew his whistle, and came after me. There are as plucky men in that division as you will find anywhere in the force. I fired twice over his head; I did not want to touch him, but only to keep him back. But he still came on, and now he had two more coming up behind him. I had no choice; I had to drop him, and I did. I only trust that the wound was not serious, for he was a brave man. The rest of the story is soon told. I hid between two piles of wood blocks where the road was up, until the pursuit had gone by. And then, worn out, I went home to sleep. On the following morning I took the first train to Herne Bay."

"Thank you so much," said Miss SMITH, with ecstatic eyes. "How wonderful it all is! And how insipid ordinary life must seem to you after that adventure! Tell me, what did you do with the pearls?"

"The less important specimens will be sold gradually. I have an agent who does that sort of thing. The best specimens will go, after my death, to the British Museum."

The little clock on the mantelpiece here gave the preliminary grunt which signified that in another minute it would strike the hour. Miss SMITH rose from her chair.

On the last stroke of six the two men found themselves outside her door. POYNT touched HEREWOOD on the shoulder, and HEREWOOD jumped; he was certainly a nervous man. "Come and have a smoke down stairs, won't you?" said POYNT genially.

HEREWOOD thanked him, and assented. POYNT put up his eyeglass, and there was a flash of triumph in it. He had his excitement well under control. "Here we are," he said, opening the door of his sitting-room.

(Continued in our next.)





## COMFORTING, VERY!

*Sportsman (who has mounted friend on bolting mare) shouts. "You're all right, old chap! SHE'S NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO REFUSE WATER, AND SWIM LIKE A FISH!"*

## CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

## CHAPTER I.

*Old Days in the Stables—The Fate of Small Boys—The Coachman's Conversion.*

WAS anything more delightful in the old days, when we were all young, than to run across to the stables and spend an hour or so in talk with the coachman and the horses and ponies? There is nothing, at any rate, to which I look back with greater pleasure than these chats with MATHEW and his charges. MATHEW was a busy man, very smart on horseback or on the box, but of the usual looseness of shirt and slackness of trouser which mark the workmanlike coachman when he is on cleaning duty in his stables. As I think of him the air seems to fill with hissings, and the heavy clop-clop of his great water-boots is in my ears. Inside the stable there is a rattle of rack-chains as the big, patient, kindly horses and the keen little ponies turn their heads to take stock of their young friend, not without hope of sugar or a slice of apple or even a carrot, as a preliminary to friendly intercourse. Then the conversation began.

*Mathew.* Now, Master 'ARRY, you're ten minutes afore your time. 'Ow ever you gets away, from your lessons I dunno. Seems to me they ain't drivin' you 'ard enough; ah, and I'll tell your Pa so if you comes into my stable again when I'm out and lets the corn-slide run. I never knew a boy yet as could keep his 'ands orf o' the corn-slide. Ah! would you, you young radical!

*Harry.* Oh, but, MATHEW, I only just touched it, you know. I won't pull it out, I swear I won't—at least, not till you tell me to.

*Mathew.* Well, you'll 'ave to wait a long time fust, then.

Did you ever 'ear the story of the little boy that crep' into the stable and filled 'is pockets up with oats, and the near side 'orse of the pair I used to drive—a bay 'orse, 'e was, with a white blaze on his forehead and a very wicked eye, much the same sort of 'orse as our old Gadfly there—well, the boy 'e went into 'is stall and that there 'orse ate him up, ah! swallowed 'im boots and all, and 'is father and mother only knew of it through 'earin' 'is little silver watch tickin' away in the 'orse's inside when I come round with the pair two hours arterwards. That boy—name of WILLIE ROBERTS, 'e was—stood much the same as you, Master 'ARRY, maybe a 'alf-inch taller, and 'e'd been away from his readin' lesson that mornin'.

*Harry.* Oh, but, MATHEW, last time you said his name was TOMMY WILLIAMS, and he'd come to the stable because he'd broken all the tea-cups.

*Mathew.* Ah, did I? Well, that was another boy o' the same sort. They all come to a bad end. Now you run along and give the 'orses their sugar, and then you can go into the 'ayloft and 'elp JACK; 'e'll be pleased to see you, and I shan't be sorry to get rid o' you.

But there was one story of MATHEW's which was the show piece of his *répertoire*, and which he only related on grand occasions, as it were, when he was smoking his pipe on Sundays after his tea. It was the story of his conversion to teetotal principles, and, as far as I can remember, this was how it went:—

"When I was a young chap, a matter of more than twenty years ago, I was a bit wild, same as other young chaps, and when I got a month's money I wasn't too careful 'ow I spent it. Those days is all past and gone, and they won't come back again—no, and I don't want 'em to; so I don't mind tellin' you now, Master 'ARRY, that some of us made too free with the



bottle—which, if ever I see you a-doin', I'll put you in Peacock's crib, and I'll let 'im chaw your weskit buttons orf slow and gradual. I wasn't one of the worst of 'em, but I don't mind sayin' now I didn't keep my curb-chain tight enough, and consequence was, I went too fast. I was groom then to Mr. FARNABY, near Devizes, in Wiltshire, a gentleman as 'ad as nice a lot of 'orses as ever you want to see, and one evening in winter, the third year o' my bein' there, I was drivin' the dog-cart 'ome over the Downs. A very cold night it was, and I'd taken somethin' to keep me warm before I come away from Devizes. I was drivin' the old brown 'orse, *Carastacus*, or some such outlandish name, and we got on well enough for a bit, though I do remember there was a kind o' singin' goin' on in my 'ead all the time, and every now and then a voice come up and said, 'MATHEW ALLGOOD, take care'; but I didn't pay much attention, for I wanted to get 'ome quick. Well, suddenly, when we come to the 'ighest part 'o the road, the old 'orse 'e stopped dead, and I couldn't make 'im budge, not anyhow. I talked to 'im, I give 'im the whip, but never an inch 'e moved; so, at last, I got out and went to 'is 'ead to see what was up. When I got there you might have bowled me over with a wisp of 'ay. Instead o' the old 'orse's face, 'e'd got a man's face on 'im with a long white beard and whiskers, the same for all the world like my old father's, who was dead seven years. And there was a lot of other 'orses, black 'orses, and grey 'orses, and roan 'orses, all on 'em with men's faces, standin' round and lookin' at me; and up above there was the prettiest, softest neighin' you ever 'eard from a dozen o' little Shetland ponies flyin' about in the air like swallows. Then old *Carastacus* opened 'is mouth and began to speak. I wasn't surprised then; I'd got beyond that, and it seemed quite natural 'e should speak, 'avin' my father's face on 'im: "MATHEW, my boy," 'e says, "I ain't agoin' to 'ave you drinkin' yourself out of a good place and ruinin' yourself—you 've got to swear off liquor, or I'll know the reason why. D'ye see them ponies? Well, I've only got to say the word, and they'll peck you to bits, peck every ounce o' flesh orf o' your bones, and fly away with the rest of you. Now," 'e says, "you swear off, and we'll get along 'ome." I didn't know what to say, the old man takin' me so sudden like, and before I knew what 'e was up to, 'e'd called one o' them Shetlands, and it came swooping down and gave me a rare peck o' the elbow. That settled me. "I'll swear, father," I said, and then, somehow, I found myself driving into the avenue, and so to the stables. I've got the mark on my arm now, and 'ere it is to prove that what I've told you's true, and that's why I 'aven't touched a drop of anything barrin' water and ginger-beer from that day to this."

#### A FELT WANT.

["A school for mistresses is to be started at Brighton."—*Daily Paper*.]

I'M very glad to 'ear it witch I thinks a fust-class plan,  
I'm a-goin' to send the Missus for 'er lessons, MARY ANN,  
For it drives me mad to see  
Wot a idle thing she be—  
An' all for want o' trinin' witch it 's wot is wrong with she.  
  
There ain't a thing I knows on as the Missus she can do;  
If I forgets to black her boots, she wears 'em dirty—ugh!  
And I really 'ardly like  
For to let her clean my bike,  
You never see such mud as she 's bin leavin' on the brike.  
  
I 'opes 'er faults is hignorance—she 's at an awkard ige,  
With care and eddication she 'd be willin' to oblige;  
And if she ain't a fool,  
She will learn at this new school  
The wy to keep 'er proper plice an' blessed temper cool.

#### TARTARIN A LONDRES.

##### UN VOYAGE PÉRILLEUX.

PAR une triste matinée de décembre plusieurs hommes, guétrés, le pic en main, le sac sur le dos, sortirent d'un hôtel près de Scharing Crosse. A cause de l'obscurité on les voyait à peine. C'étaient les délégués du Club Alpin de Tarascon, résolus d'essayer l'effroyable ascension jusqu'à Mansionouse, en traversant les crevasses, les abîmes, les gouffres, les gorges, les cols, et les montagnes de Londres. Silencieux, debouts sur le pavé mouillé, ils attendaient le moment du départ. Ils ne parlaient pas. Même les Tarasconnais les plus héroïques, les plus bavards, reculaient devant les dangers de cette terrible ascension, et restaient graves et mornes comme des hommes du Nord.

Il était huit heures du matin, l'heure officielle du lever du soleil, mais à Londres, surtout en hiver, le soleil ne se lève pas. Il pleuvait. Il pleut toujours en Angleterre.

Soudain un gros homme sortit de l'hôtel, un homme barbu, en bottines énormes, guétre, l'alpenstock et le piolet en main, un sac, un paquet de cordes sur le dos. D'une voix tonnante il poussa un cri, "En route!" C'était l'illustre TARTARIN, Président du Club Alpin de Tarascon. Lui seul ne craignait rien. Après l'ascension de la Jungfrau, après cette chute épouvantable sur le Mont-Blanc, il avançait hardiment, même joyeusement, vers le Stran. Celui qui a surmonté les obstacles les plus terribles de la Suisse ose affronter les cols, les crevasses infiniment plus dangereux de Londres.

"En route!" cria-t-il, et suivi des délégués, il s'engagea dans l'encombrement du Stran. L'instant d'après il disparut. Les autres, effarés, s'arrêtèrent. A leurs pieds une crevasse effroyable! De ses profondeurs ténébreuses une voix murmura, "Et autrement, aidez-moi, au moins!" Ses camarades, laissant tomber une corde, parvinrent à tirer leur Président de l'abîme. Heureusement il était sans blessure, mais couvert de boue. "En avant!" dit-il, "ne craignez-rien, suivez-moi. Nous irons plus doucement." Et ils avancèrent avec mille précautions. Soudain devant eux se leva une masse gigantesque, informe.

"Du sang-froid!" dit TARTARIN, "nous allons grimper." D'un pas rapide il monta immédiatement, suivi du commandant BRAVIDA, courant comme à l'assaut d'une place forte. Mais ils ne connaissaient pas les dangers des montagnes londoniennes. Cette masse n'était pas un rocher. C'était tout simplement de l'argile, trempée par la pluie continuelle de l'Angleterre. Un instant TARTARIN s'arrêta, agita les bras, plongea son alpenstock dans la masse si peu solide, et puis glissa sur le commandant. Tous les deux roulèrent en bas, et leurs camarades, poussant des cris épouvantables, tombèrent sous le poids de ces deux corps assez lourds, chargés de pics, de piolets, et de sacs.

TARTARIN se leva le premier. "Outre, quelle boue! Impossible de grimper là-dessus. Il faut côtoyer la montagne, hein?" Les autres se levèrent péniblement, et suivirent cet homme infatigable. La fine petite pluie tombait toujours. Autour du pic, s'étendaient des lacs de boue, des glaciers d'argile. Mais, après une heure d'efforts surhumains, les Méridionaux atteignirent un terrain plus solide, fermé cependant par une barrière en bois. A l'autre côté un lac noir, et un homme. Et quel homme! Là, au milieu des crevasses de Londres, un vrai paysan suisse, tenant à la main des outils assez curieux.

"Té, vé," dit TARTARIN, "vous cultivez vos champs, mon ami?" "Non, mossié," répondit l'homme, "c'est l'asphalte."

Pour passer plus loin il fallait suivre un petit sentier boueux, large de cinquante centimètres. Les Tarasconnais, glissant, tombant, rencontraient après quelques instants une foule qui se pressait de l'autre côté. C'était une bousculade effroyable. Cependant ils parvinrent à se dégager, et, évitant les crevasses, longeant les gorges, côtoyant les pics, au milieu d'un encombre-



ment d'omnibus, de voitures, de flacres, où tout le monde criait, hurlait, jurait, ils arrivèrent enfin au sommet d'une montagne, où l'on distinguait, à travers le brouillard et la pluie, la forme d'un pic gigantesque. Ils avaient fait l'ascension du Ludgatil.

Les délégués, éreintés, voulaient se reposer après cinq heures de lutte contre des obstacles incroyables. Mais l'infatigable TARTARIN s'y opposa. "Du courage," dit-il, "les plus grands dangers sont passés. Encore deux heures, et nous arrivons à Mansionouse. En avant!"

H. D. B.

(To be concluded.)

### HAUNTED!

#### A Latter-day Ghost Story.

It was midnight, and the old church clock had just sounded the hour. As the last reverberating clang smote the air there was a curious stir among the tombstones in the churchyard. Then a grey wavy cloud rose into the air—a few dispirited ghosts who felt that gibbering time had arrived. But they were melancholy, as anyone could see who carefully regarded their hollow sockets. I noticed by the uncertainty of their movements when they glided through the trees how dreadfully out of form they were.

"Brothers and sisters," said the eldest spectre, "this country town is no place for us; we are outwitted—humiliated night after night. Why, only the other evening I met a stray member of the Local Rural Council, and though I've never been in better blood-curdling form, he only laughed. I would have forgiven him his hair not rising," added the spectre bitterly, "as he was bald; but to laugh. . . . Well, in response to a rude inquiry as to what I was doing, I told him in a hollow, sepulchral tone that I was a spirit, and he actually asked me whether I had a licence—a spirit licence, as if not, he must report the matter! Faugh!" The bones of the Spectre rattled angrily together.

"That's not the worst," said a young phantom heatedly. "I've discovered the source of the mischief: the reason for the gross materialism of these inhabitants. Last night as I flattered round the Town Hall, hoping to affright some belated person, I saw a notice upon the walls that a course of University Extension Lectures were being given on—what do you think? Why, 'Scientific Discoveries of the Age.' Science—forsooth! How can we meet subtle superstitions like that?"

At this point a particularly gaunt and decrepit spectre moaned dismally. "What's the matter with you?" cried the others irritably.

"Matter!" squeaked the Spectre. "Isn't it enough to make one miserable, being turned out of 'The Hall' after



Fair Customer. "I WANT A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR MY HUSBAND."

Dealer. "YES, MUM. HOW WOULD THIS OLD CLOCK SUIT YOU?"

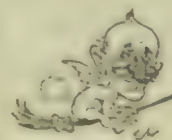
Fair Customer. "LET ME SEE. I'VE GOT A CORNER IN MY ROUDOIR THAT WILL JUST DO FOR IT! AND I'VE BEEN WANTING AN OLD CLOCK FOR A LONG TIME. YES, THAT WILL DO!"

haunting the Blue-blood family for centuries? Haven't I done my duty faithfully and well in the Grey Corridor year after year? Why, I've made the practice of all the local doctors through the number of faints, fits, and nervous diseases that my antics have caused. And yet, despite the mystery with which I have wrapt the house and added to the Blue-blood prestige, they now have dances and private theatricals there every week. You don't expect my constitution will put up with common dance music. How can I haunt to the tune of Sir Roger——"

"Stay!" said the eldest Spectre in sudden trepidation. "What's that. . . . I thought I heard——"

The ghosts looked eagerly in the direction of the road. Several substantial and hearty-looking men could be seen ap-

proaching. "Brothers and sisters," said the Spectre, trembling all over, "my worst fears are realised. Instead of haunting, we are being haunted by these odious human beings. My nerves are weak—they look so fat. Stoutness invariably unnerves me." [With a shriek the ghosts, one and all, took flight.



#### Mild Jest for Mild Winter.

WHERE is the good old-fashioned snow?  
Go where  
You will, and ask "Where is the snow?"  
'Tis no-where.



## PIECE AND WAR.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL'S play at the Haymarket Theatre, *The Second in Command*, is as near being a genuine comedy as that article of stage furniture is made now-a-days. Anyway, it is thoroughly successful. Here is no society "problem" to be worked out; here is no woman with a damaged past, a perilous present, and a hazy future; there is not a breath of the divorce court about it. We are in pure air, among sane (with, perhaps, the exception of the heroine in love with a "portrait of a gentleman") and sound English ladies, officers and gentlemen. The plot is "*simple comme bon-jour*." It is just a slight misunderstanding giving rise to serious consequences.

It is full of improbabilities, all having the appearance of probability; wherein lies the art of the dramatist and the skill of the actor. Everyone at the Haymarket acts as if they all implicitly believed in themselves, taking quite seriously the characters they represent. This faculty, supplemented by talent and experience, makes success. From the first moment after the rising of the curtain, when we have seen Mr. CYRIL MAUD, simply perfect in every respect, as *Major Kit Bingham*, stretched out on a sofa, until the last moment, the piece goes joyously "with leaps and bounds" up to the triumphant finish.

Mr. HERBERT SLEATH plays the rather difficult part of *Sir Walter Mannering*, a youthful subaltern who has been plunging and has stuck in the mire of debt (he, in fact, is the pivot on whom the whole plot turns), with great care and, on the whole, with commendable self-restraint. Messrs. GRAHAM, OUGHTERSON and TROLLOPE, are all good, which may be said of every representative of the Gallant un-"submerged Tenth." There is only one civilian, a Mr. *Fenwick*, solicitor, and money-lender in a quiet unobtrusive way, well-played on these lines by Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON. Mr. VANE TEMPEST as an Imperial Volunteer and Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT as *Norah Vining*, his betrothed, contribute artistically to the mirth-moving scenes, as does also Miss FANNY COLEMAN who plays *Lady Harburgh*, a style of character that, with her perpetual allusions to her ancestors the McLOCHLYNS (or whatever the Scotch name may be), must remind the elderly playgoer of the "Marquizy," in *Caste*, whose quotations from FROISSART and her pride in the Plantagenets, verged on boredom.

In fact, the whole play seems to suggest that Captain MARSHALL, having pined for some opportunity of showing how ROBERTSON ought to have represented military life on the stage, has now got a chance, of which he has made the most. But where would his structure, resting as it does on a very treacherous basis, have been, but for the actors and actresses now at the Haymarket? Nothing but the bright dialogue admirably given, the homely pathos of the situations, and the undeniably clever acting, could have achieved success for so flimsy a plot. Excellent is Miss SYBIL CARLISLE'S acting in the scene where the Colonel hardens his heart and breaks his engagement. Here, too, Mr. AYNSWORTH achieves a triumph of "reserved force." As to Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, well—he simply makes you fond of that dear, good, lovable, manly Major, who never has any luck until the unexpected happens and he wins the Victoria Cross. Ah! the audience were delighted at that! And how is this event, as welcome as it is surprising, brought about? Here also has Captain MARSHALL shown himself, as a dramatist, bolder than any one of his own bold dragons.

Listen, perpend. Here is Act IV. All has been said that was necessary; all has been done that was obligatory; in a few sentences after the commencement of Act IV., we know that everything is to end happily. Now, how to prevent this brilliant piece from ending in a futile fizzle? "Happy thought!" Bring in "His Royal Highness the Duke commanding the district!" Let him, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, enter bearing to the wounded hero, the Major, the Victoria Cross, sent

by Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and let His Royal Highness the Duke fasten the decoration on Major CYRIL MAUDE'S manly chest. Admirable! And here is the very man for this distinguished part in the person of Mr. WILFRED FORSTER.

Never was weak last act brought to so triumphant a conclusion! How all on the stage receive this *Deus ex machina*! Ladies curtsying deeply, men bowing and bending, inviolated soldiers trying to stagger up and salute! The enthusiasm of loyalty spreads among the audience! This is a Royal Prince, surely! Why, in another moment (he stays scarcely five minutes on the stage, quite royal in his rapidity of action) the audience would have risen respectfully and would not have ventured to re-seat themselves until H.R.H. has quitted the scene. But he remains no longer than "while one with moderate haste might count a hundred." We breathe again. The magnifico has vanished! modesty and bravery are rewarded! and, to the enthusiastic plaudits of a crowded house, the curtain descends, only to rise twice again in order to show Major CYRIL MAUDE, decorated, and all his clever companions "Marshallled" in a row, bowing, smiling, and supremely happy. A well-deserved success all round.



## THREE SINGERS.

WHILE still in the prime of his tenorial powers Mr. LLOYD, last week, retired from professional life. "To other lips" must now fall the singing of "*Songs of Araby*" and of his incomparably given "*Lend me your aid*," from Gounod's "*Reine de Saba*." Not "*Adieu*," as to one sweet singer, SIMS REEVES, who, when almost a nonagenarian, was taken from us but a short while ago; not "*Adieu*," as to HENRY RUSSELL, that grand old man who having weathered the storms of life, was "ready, aye, ready," up to within a very short time of the end, to sing his ever popular "*Cheer, Boys, Cheer!*" and "*To the Land of the Free*," accompanying himself on the piano as dramatically as ever, but "*Sans Adieu*" we may say to Mr. EDWARD LLOYD, for, as the old familiar song has it, "*He will return, we know him well*," and when special occasion (as may seem good to him) shall demand, maybe in the sacred cause of charity, EDWARD LLOYD will be to the front of the platform, and once again, nay not infrequently, shall we hear the "*Songs of Araby*" and "*When other lips*," as no other lips save those of EDWARD LLOYD can give them. So he "retires," and as, with a light heart, he, in his retirement, sings to himself, may happiness accompany him! Not "*Good-bye, Sweetheart, Goodbye!*" for "*You will not leave us, Though you've said, 'Good-bye, good friends, Good-bye!'*" But, let us insist upon it, "*Au Revoir!*"



## A CHANCE FOR CHARITY.

MR. PUNCH directs the attention of his friends once more to the "MONTAGU WILLIAMS Blanket and Clothing Fund," established some years since in connection with the Worship Street Police Court. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, one of the best and kindest men that ever lived, did his best during his short magistracy to alleviate the misery and distress he saw around him. Let those who care to honour his memory, and to help in carrying on his good work, send contributions, either in money or in kind (soup, boots, blankets, clothing), to Mr. JOHN MASSEY, the Worship Street Police Court Missionary, whose address is 25, Mildenhall Road, Lower Clapton, N.E., or to the Magistrates of the Court, Mr. HADEN CORSER and Mr. A. R. CLUER.





*Sanborn, Del.*

"DE WET O' DE WISP."



## THE DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

(By an Ambitious Housekeeper.)

[A clever mistress can, it is said, keep her servants a long time. The following illustration of this contention is taken from that well-known society paper, the *Morning Leader*. "In Dumfriesshire, Lady LAURIE kept a cook eleven years and parted with her last year with mutual expressions of regret. Lady DARNLEY's upper housemaid in Hill Street, has been in that responsible position nearly ten years, and Lady HELENA WICKHAM's has been with her over thirteen."—*Fancy that!*]

IN the giddy upper circles, where the *Leader* circulates,

Though there isn't a millennium as yet,

Still the mistress and the servant sometimes part, the *Leader* states,

With mutual expressions of regret.

Then the years the ladies keep them, ten, eleven or thirteen!

Where, oh where, are such rare treasures to be met?

If some servants I have known I'd kept so long, it would have been

With mutual expressions of regret!

I raise their wages once a month, they have champagne for tea,

They give "at-homes" and entertain their "set,"

And yet we part, and do not part, as far as I can see,

With mutual expressions of regret.

Only yesterday our cook for some mistake—no matter what—

Had to go; our parting ne'er shall I forget.

But, in confidence, the *Leader* I inform that it was not

With mutual expressions of regret.

The great domestic problem I am taking much to heart,

And shall think myself a "clever mistress" yet,

If I keep a cook a year or so, and then we fondly part

With mutual expressions of regret!



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

It is no discredit to Mr. E. V. LUCAS, who contributes the letterpress to *Four and Twenty Toilers* (GRANT RICHARDS) to say that the eye rests most lovingly upon the work of his collaborateur, Mr. F. D. BEDFORD, who does the pictures. The verse is excellent in its way. The pictures, alike in drawing and colouring, are supremely good. They are, indeed, much too bright and good for an ordinary volume's daily food. If any fond mother wants a Christmas surprise for her darling, she will be grateful for my Baronite's suggestion to get this book, take out the pictures, neatly frame them, and therewith adorn the nursery walls.

JOHN LANE's little books, with such great poems in them as *The Blessed Damozel* and *The Day Dream*, might be well termed a series of "Treats for Travellers," as of course could be all the easily pocketable and portable books, such as are those to whose worth and merit the Baron has from time to time most willingly directed public attention.

When Oom PAUL flared his Ultimatum in the face of the British Empire, Mr. ERSKINE CHILDERS, Junior Clerk in the House of Commons, lay down his pen, put away his copy of the Orders of the Day and joined the Hon. Artillery Company forming the battery of the C.I.V. In the Ranks (SMITH ELDER) is a record of his personal experiences. With his gallant comrades he went pretty well through the war. But, as he writes at one epoch, where "there is much vague talk of a General CLEMENTS

and a brigade being connected somehow with our operations . . . we know as little of the game we are playing as pawns on the chessboard." Like many sentences in this lively book that throws a flood of light on the position and point of view of the private soldier through a campaign. Mr. CHILDERS, leaving the general direction of affairs to Lord ROBERTS, accordingly devotes himself to noting down things that come under his observation inside the tent and further afield. The result is a series of unpremeditated pictures of campaign life invaluable for their graphic touch. One day Mr. CHILDERS comes across a Sergeant of the 38th Battery forlornly looking out for his lines. Among many commentaries complimentary rather to Boer than British methods of war he described how "our cavalry go along, heels down, toes in, arms close to side, eyes front, all according to regulation, keeping distance regardless of ground, while the Boer cares nothing as long as he gets there and does his work." Here, more effective because no moral is tagged on, is the explanation of many disasters to British arms during this fateful campaign.

Nor does a more pleasant way of attaining the familiarity with the works of GEORGE MEREDITH occur to the Baron than that invented by ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, of Westminster, who gives us early and short works (short, by George!) of this author, whose every paragraph is well worth studying, and whose meaning in these small books, at least, is not "past finding out." His *Tale of Chloe* is delightful. Are we to have *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril* and *Evan Harrington* in the same form? Likewise *The Shaving of Shaggypate*? By all means. GEORGE MEREDITH will have been run in and taken up by this CONSTABLE to some purpose.

*All About Dogs* (JOHN LANE) is a book well described by its title. What Mr. CHARLES LANE doesn't know about dogs is not worth telling. As breeder, exhibitor, and judge, he has learned much, and has a pleasant, simple way of communicating his information. The value of the volume is increased by nearly a hundred illustrations of the most celebrated dogs of recent time, drawn from life by R. H. MOORE. Everyone of these dogs has had his day. Gathered within the boundary of a volume, they form a rare gallery of beauty and strength. As a practical guide to the purchase and keep of dogs, my Baronite finds the work invaluable.

In *New Rhymes for Old* (JOHN LANE), Mr. ANTHONY C. DEANE gives renewed proof of his now well-known skill, dexterity and versatility. The Baron's Assistant, as one who has himself wrestled with light verse, gladly bears his testimony to Mr. DEANE's success. Here are excellent parodies of KIPLING, DOBSON, HENLEY, LANG, NEWBOLT and others, all of them striking the nail on the head with no uncertain hammer. But, good as these are, the best and happiest, in the opinion of the B. A., is *The Cult of the Celtic*, in which the mannerisms, the indeterminate imagery and the gorgeous vagueness of Miss FIONA MACLEOD and Mr. W. B. YEATS are hit off to the life—or rather to that semblance of life which the Celtic school affects. Light verse well-written always gives an impression of perfect ease; the words fit inevitably into their places, the rhymes never strain the sense or jar on the reader—the whole thing seems to have run trippingly and without effort from the pen, and there is no visible sign of the labour that went to the attainment of the result. Mr. DEANE's verse, and in this volume he is at his best, fulfils these requisites both in parody and in the higher class, of which "Speech Day" is a good example.

If any one of the Baron's friends wants a novel with a good plot, full of sensational situations, let him ask for *La Ténébreuse*, by GEORGES OHNET. The book is marked "Librairie P. Ollendorff, 1901," but the Baron has had it on his table any time during the last six weeks and has only read it within the last few days. Also it is "deuxième édition," so evidently it was not absolutely unknown to fame when it fell under the Baron's notice. Anyway, it is a strong melodramatic story.

THE BARON DE B.-W.





HOW COMES IT THAT YOUNG SIMPIN, USUALLY SO GAUCHE AND SILENT IN SOCIETY, WEARS TO-NIGHT THIS EASY AIR OF INSoucIANCE AND ASSURANCE?

IT IS BECAUSE HE HAS JUST REALISED THAT THE DATE IS DECEMBER 22, AND HE NEED NO LONGER CUDGEL HIS BRAINS DESPERATELY FOR CONVERSATION-OPENINGS. BEHOLD HIM, AFTER INTRODUCTION TO THE FAIR MISS TOWNLEY, EASILY OBSERVING—“THE—ER—DAYS BEGIN TO—ER—LENGTHEN OUT, DON'T THEY!”

#### “TOKO” FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have long wanted to be made acquainted with effective methods for correcting the impertinences of youth. I am glad to find that satisfactory recipes are provided by the *Brixton Free Press*, as you may judge by the following extracts:—

“To prevent scratching, make close mittens of cotton cloth; secure them by winding pieces of tape round the wrists and tying firmly.”

My only objection to this salutary treatment is that it would not prevent glove-fights. However, to resume:—

“When the offence is slapping, the hands may be bound together with a soft strip of cotton, emphasis being laid on the fact that they cannot be undone until they are ready to pat brother instead of slapping him.”

But surely, father, mother and sister, share in the pacification of patting as well as “brother?”

“Kicking may be treated in the same manner,

the feet being bound with a broad ligature and the little sinner put on a chair or out of harm's way.”

In this latter respect I should suggest the coal-hole or the dog-kennel. But the subjoined is better still:—

“Biting should be promptly discouraged. Two strips of surgeon's plaster an inch wide and six inches long make an effectual bandage for the naughty mouth. Fasten the ends of the strips under the chin, cross them over the lips and press the other ends on each side of the nose. A little turpentine will remove the traces of the plaster, when it is taken off.”

Hang me, Sir, if that eminent pedagogue *Wackford Squeers, Esq.*, could have beaten that arrangement or the equally famous *Bumble* ever imagined such salutary punishment. The turpentine, too, at the finish, almost realises the salt rubbed into the backs of sailors who were flogged in the good old days. I send this in the hope that others may profit by the above.

Yours, BIRCHINGTON DE BLOCK.

#### TO PORTIA AT THE BAR.

[“The first lady barrister has just taken the oath at Paris.”—*Daily paper.*]

O PORTIA, many maids there are  
Who wear their wigs as gaily  
As thou, appearing at the bar  
To take refreshers daily;  
They rustle too, in silk like thee,  
With oft a clerk resplendent  
And, not infrequently you see,  
Solicitors attendant.

Their trade is legal—so is thine,  
Yet not their craft thou pliest,  
For they are in the liquor line  
And thou in law—the driest.  
But welcome, bar maid! hail to thee!  
Bright be thy lot and griefless!  
And may thy portion never be,  
Like this poor writer's, briefless.

THE LOVER'S CHRISTMAS CARD.—Yule be mine!



## CÆSAR'S WIFE.

[*Historical Reminder.*—The discovery of CLAUDIUS in the house of CÆSAR'S wife, assisting, in woman's disguise, at the exclusively feminine mysteries of the Bona Dea, compelled CÆSAR to divorce her. Though protesting a firm belief in her honour, he was understood to remark that the wife of CÆSAR should be above suspicion. The phrase has acquired some popularity in the present Parliament, where Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, for one, undertook the rôle of the scandalised Pontiff.]

J. CÆSAR (*Pontifex Maximus*) loquitur :—

Nor that I doubt your purity of heart,  
Nor deem your honour even slightly soiled,  
No, my POMPEIA, that is not the point!  
To me you ever were most white of soul,  
A thing immaculate, sans blot or blain;  
But, for the general cause, I lay it down  
That CÆSAR'S wife should be above suspicion.

And, first, ascribe it not to jealousy  
Nor livid malice nor unlovely spite  
(Humours this genial frame has never nursed),  
If I repeat the mouthings of the mob,  
And have, regretfully, to touch upon  
This raid of CLAUDIUS, found in flagrant fault,  
Big with the secrets of your own department,  
And sure to give its mysteries away.  
That you were privy, prior to the event,  
Or screened him after, I will not believe;  
Yet CÆSAR'S wife should be above suspicion.

Next, other tales, mere savage ducks to me,  
Come bruited by the common scavengers  
That rake the market records; thus, I hear  
How, on the eve of war with Mithridates,  
Whereof the whisper passed these dotting lips,  
You did a covert deal in catapults;  
Yea, joined your family in some concern  
Designed to corner brazen battering-rams  
And martial tubæ; how your brother formed  
A syndicate for welding links of steel  
Wherewith to load our captives as they walked  
The Sacred Way in rear of POMPEY'S car;  
And how the total profits you amassed,  
Direct or indirect, amounted to  
The sum of sixty odd *denarii*;  
A trifling increment, you may protest,  
Yet CÆSAR'S wife should be above suspicion.

And still another scandal: it is said  
That you have leased three acres and a cow  
Abutting on the banks of Rubicon;  
The acres for erecting public stands,  
The cow to ease the throats of thirsty troops,  
Against the hour when I shall march that way.  
My compliments upon your sound prevision,  
Seeing a waste of winters must elapse  
Before my legions cross that crucial borne!  
Unless I speculate aloud in dreams  
And you have stole these wrinkles while I slept,  
I know not whence your information comes,  
Nor count you capable of such a craft;  
Yet CÆSAR'S wife should be above suspicion.

Lastly, they say, my love, that you have hedged;  
That you have bought a minor interest  
In a Small Toga Manufactory,  
Ready to pluck the day when arms shall cede  
To civil raiment. 'Tis a paltry charge,  
And, like the rest, incredible to me;  
Yet, heaped together, such insinuations  
Impose themselves upon the popular mind,  
And CÆSAR'S wife should be above suspicion.

Therefore, despite my fond uxorious heart,  
Despite my reverence for one who stands  
So near the highest, yet, that we may keep  
Intact our purity of public life,  
I needs must send you letters of divorce.  
But, my POMPEIA, pray do not suppose  
That you are personally singled out  
For vulgar scorn to serve a private end,  
As though I meant to marry someone else.  
I love you, love you, let me say again;  
And if, in time, for purposes of state,  
I steel myself to wed another wife,  
The rule will equally apply to her;  
All CÆSAR'S wives should be above suspicion!

O. S.



## "WE'VE HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE!"

SANTA CLAUS has a dashing haberdasher in TOM SMITH, who makes the Christmas stockings and sends them out, moyennant a certain sum, to all fathers and mothers of families, guardians, uncles and aunts with little nephews and nieces passing their Christmas holidays with them, who straightway become the sub-agents of Santa Claus for hanging up the stockings outside the bedroom doors, so that on awaking the children may peep out and see what gifts have been sent them while they slept. And what Christmastide gifts besides! Where is Christmas without crackers? Khaki crackers, of course; Japanese ditto: pale blue and silver, dainty crackers for the dinner-table and all sorts of "surprise parcels" which will add to the merriment and pleasure of many Christmas parties, small parties and grown-ups. Here's a cracker motto for you—

Now all around you, kin and kith,  
Cry with one voice, "Hurrah, TOM SMITH!"

This is a couplet which should make the fortune of any aspirant to the honour of Christmas Laureate.



## CHOOSING THE CARDS.

(A before Christmas consideration.)

Now, let me see, what shall it be *this* year? Last Yule Tide I sent a portrait of myself and a picture of my house. Can't very well repeat that idea—used up. Must try something quaint. Time in a balloön, or the New Century entering through the open door with a brass plate with my name on it, on the portals. But that wouldn't do, because I am neither a doctor nor a solicitor. As a matter of fact, I am a member of the bar and have a soul above brass plates. Besides, droll ideas and quaint conceits have been done to death. Well, then, I can fall back upon Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so, wish their friends the compliments of the season. This, too, I have done in days gone by.

Suddenly I get an idea—a novelty. This year I will send no cards at all! Splendid! The notion is original and certainly economical!

SATISFACTORY.—The gentleman described in the police report as "of no fixed abode," had lodgings found at once for him at a highly respectable address by a paternal government on the recommendation of a magistrate.



## A LETTER OF THANKS.

OH, ALICE, MARGARET, AGNES, MAY,  
(My cousin first and kind)  
How sweet of you this Christmas Day  
Of me to have a mind.

And EMMA, GERTY, CLEMENTINE,  
KATE, NELLY, PHYLLIS, SUE,  
ROSE, FANNY, LUCY, EMMELINE,—  
How very sweet of you!

But—a coincidence that shows  
Your never-failing tact—  
Each one a pretty ash-tray chose,  
The very thing I lacked.

Yet, while with gratitude I'm fired,  
And while on smoking keen,  
And while an ash-tray, I required—  
I did not want fifteen.

## THE FASHION IN FAIRY-TALES.

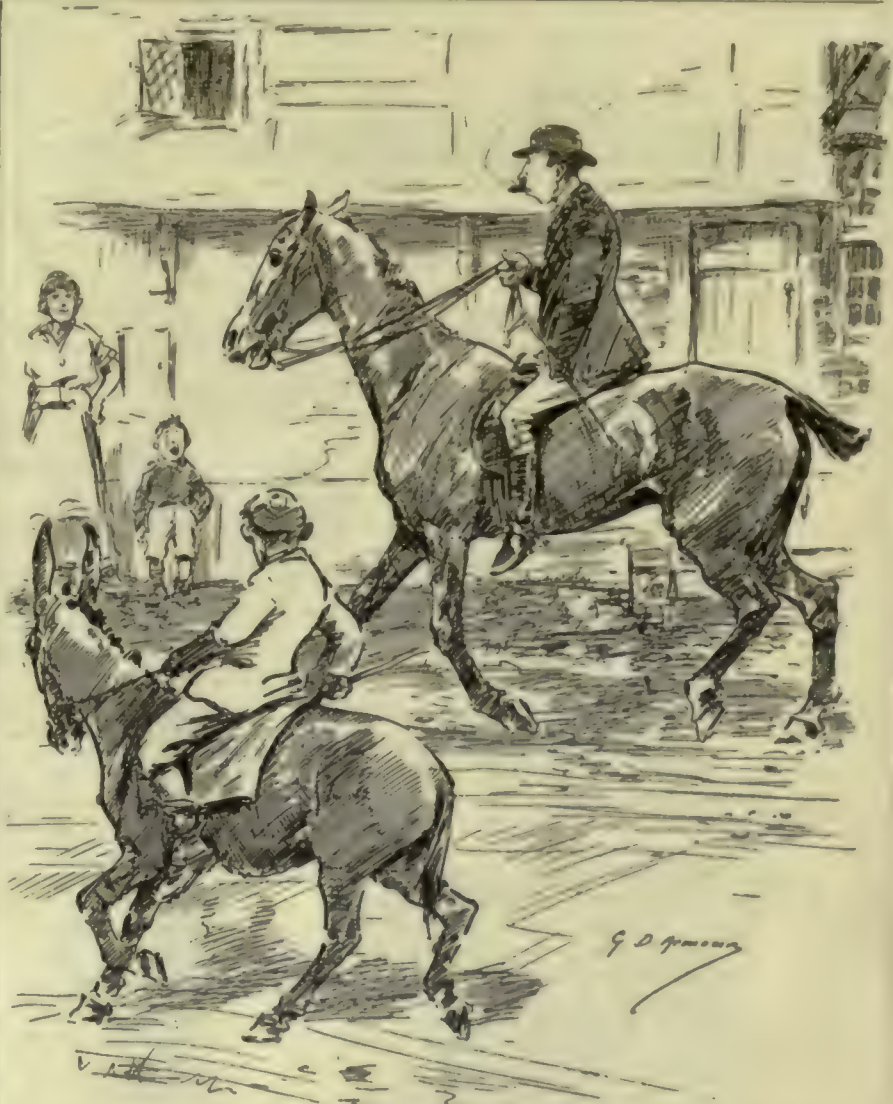
(What modern children have to put up with  
—Vide many of the "Children's Books"  
recently published.)

... So Jack climbed up the beanstalk, decorating each leaf with red paint as he went. That meant, as every wise child will understand, that it would appear in all the maps ever after as British Territory. And when he had reached the top and set foot upon the strange land he found there, I need not tell you that his first act was to take a Union Jack from his pocket, to fix it on a tall stick, and then to sing "God save the Queen" as loudly as ever he could. For Jack was a good little Imperialist, just as you must be, my dear children, when you grow up. And whenever you travel, you must be sure to take a Union Jack in your pocket, and wave it in the faces of the nasty, dirty foreigners. That is the way Britain has become the only empire in the world worth mentioning, and loved by everybody.

When Jack had ended the National Anthem and was just about to begin "Soldiers of the Queen," he saw a strange little boy running towards him with a very pale face. "Oh, hush!" said the strange little boy, "you must not make that dreadful noise! A great big wicked Ogre lives here, and if you wake him up he will come and eat you!" "Pooh!" said Jack, "I am not afraid of any Ogre! Britons never, never will be slaves. As for you, I believe you're a Little Englander!"

The strange boy grew paler still, but he had no time to say anything before Jack had seized him by the collar and kicked him very severely. That, dear children, is the way in which you should always treat anyone whom you suspect to be a Little Englander. They are very, very wicked people, who deserve to be punished. And if the person whom you have kicked proves, after all, to be a Liberal Imperialist, he will be only too glad to have suffered for the sake of his country.

Just as Jack finished off that horrid



Juvenile Sportsman on Donkey (to Arry). "STICK TO IT, GUV'NOR! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT!"

little boy—who ran away shrieking, "See if I don't tell STEAD!"—a noise like thunder was heard, and the Ogre himself appeared, hastening towards Jack, and waving a large knife in his hand.

"Stop!" commanded Jack. "By the power of this magic talisman"—he pointed to the Union Jack—"I command you to stop!" and the Ogre found himself rooted to the ground, and gnashed his teeth with impotent rage. "What are you doing in my country?" he roared.

"Pardon me," said Jack, "but it ceased to be your country"—he looked at his watch—"just seven minutes ago, when I formally annexed it in the name of the British Empire."

"Rot!" said the Ogre—he was a very rude Ogre indeed, and used quite slangy words when he was angry. "Rot! This is my country, and as for you, you miserable mannikin, I'll eat you as an entrée at dinner to-night."

"Are you aware," replied Jack sweetly, "that I belong to an Empire which could annihilate the united armies of Germany, France, and Russia in two days?"

"The dickens you do!" rejoined the Ogre, looking very crestfallen.

"The fact is indisputable," said Jack. "I will read you a few articles from really patriotic papers which prove it." (You will find these articles printed at the end of my story, and every good child should learn them by heart.)

Then Jack read all the articles, and the Ogre listened most attentively. "Well, then, the game's up," he remarked. "You've come after that Princess, I suppose? All right, I'll hand her over at once."

So Jack formally annexed the Princess and married her, amidst general maddening, while the Ogre became their faithful servant, and they all lived happily ever after.

A. C. D.





### LAND AND WATER.

*Prospective Purchaser (arrived from town to see the locality as advertised some three weeks ago. He has not heard of the recent floods in this part of the country). "LOOK HERE. ARE YOU SELLING THIS PROPERTY BY THE YARD OR BY THE PINT?"*

#### WAITING.

THOUGH I would not like to hint a  
Notion of its being too bad,  
I have waited, ARAMINTA,  
Till I'm weary and I'm sad.  
Life, and love, and joy have perished,  
Flowers for me have ceased to blow,  
Faded are the hopes I cherished,  
A decade or two ago.

I have languished as I waited  
But my love has not declined;  
Nor despair a jot abated  
The devotion of my mind.  
Come, before I cross the ferry  
Let me gaze upon your face,  
Quickly come or CHARON'S wherry  
Will have borne me to my place.

All the horror of that parting  
In a far and distant clime,  
When I said we must be starting  
If we meant to be in time,  
Haunts me ever—when I kissed you  
Madly (as you kiss the cat)—  
ARAMINTA, how I've missed you  
Since you went to change your hat!

#### TO THOSE IT MAY CONCERN.

(An open letter.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You represent everyone—among them, such persons as are supposed to possess brains. Well, I believe I may claim to belong to the latter class. At any rate, my name appears in the pages of a popular volume advertised as "the Debrett of Intellect." In that valuable work you will find my place of birth, school, age, and favourite recreation, together with the books I have written and the offices I have filled during the last forty years. Now I want to ask your advice.

Apparently because I am mentioned in "the Debrett of Intellect," I am inundated with letters from perfect strangers asking all sorts of questions. I will give you a few instances.

A lady wants me to say what I know about animals. Am I fond of dogs, or do I prefer horses? Now I am to describe some stables I possess myself, or some others I have seen at the house of a friend.

Then a second lady is kind enough to ask me to see her that I may "give her an

idea how I live when I am at home." She says she will not detain me more than half an hour, and will be glad if I will get my butcher's book ready for inspection. Altogether a charming prospect.

I might go on for columns—if you could afford the space—telling you of all the requests made to me of a similar character to those above recorded. But I pause to ask your advice. Considering that I have a wife and children and all the expenses of a fairly extensive household, do you think I am justified in giving to others particulars to convert into copy, i.e. money, when by following the same process I could earn the cash myself?

Yours faithfully,

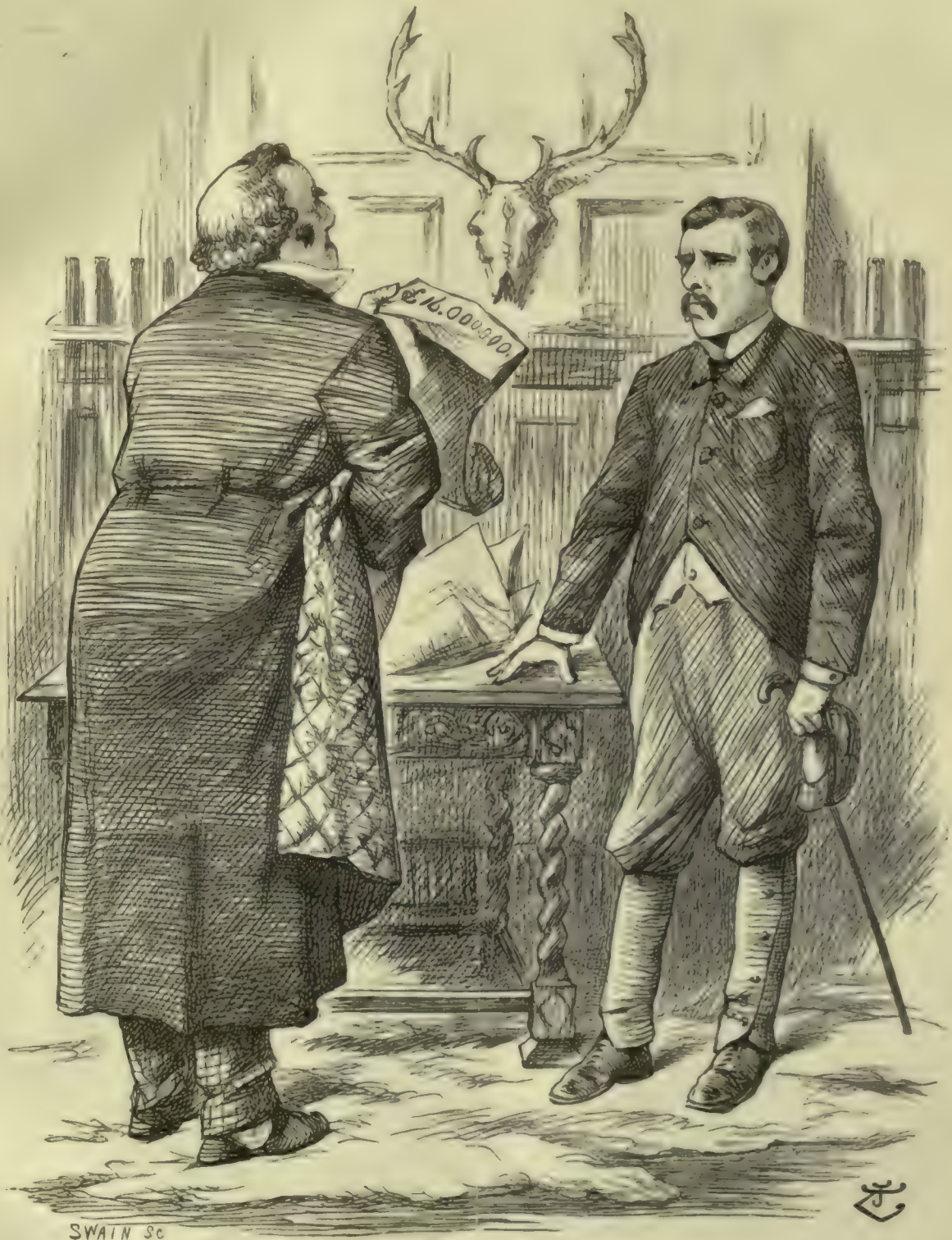
"AN INTERESTING PERSON."

#### A POLITICAL PROPOSITION.

She. I'm afraid that Papa would never consent to our marriage, for you are such a vehement Conservative and he is such a strong Liberal.

He. Well, then, why shouldn't you be a Liberal-Unionist? That'll solve the difficulty. [And it did.]





## MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

SQUIRE BULL (to his Agent). "YES, IT'S A BIG BILL, BRODRICK, BUT YOU NEEDN'T CROAK ABOUT IT. I'M IN FOR THE JOB, AND I'LL SEE IT THROUGH!"







## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 10.  
—HENRY GRATTAN noted in one of his memoranda: "I wrote a reply to GEORGE GRENVILLE which I thought very good, for I had taken much care. It touched every point except the question. It kept clear of that."

Listening to-night to PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ severally; replying to two damaging attacks upon the Government, recalled this cynical avowal. The BLAMELESS BARTLEY submitted what was practically a vote of censure on the MARKISS, forasmuch as he had shown himself unduly susceptible to family affection. LLOYD-GEORGE moved Amendment to Address raising whole question of connection of certain enterprising Birmingham industrial firms with particular Government Departments. PRINCE ARTHUR, with great skill, availed himself of certain irrelevancies introduced into his speech by the BLAMELESS ONE; chafed him, sneered at his heroic attitude. But, as to question of probability that a Premier charged with distribution of patronage affecting highest interests of the State should have found the five very best men under the family wing he said never a word.

DON JOSÉ adopted same tactics. LLOYD-GEORGE, ROBSON, and others supporting Amendment, reiterated utter absence of desire or intention to impute personal corruption. Took their stand on lofty platform erected by DON JOSÉ only five years ago. Lord ROSMEAD then nominated to Governorship of Cape Colony. Before such promotion was anticipated he, shrewd business man, invested certain moneys in Rhodesian enterprise. DON JOSÉ shocked. Like LLOYD-GEORGE to-day, he imputed no dishonourable intention.

"But," he added, "something more is



The Islington India-rubber Bouncing Ball.  
A new Christmas toy for the youthful scions of the House of Cecil.



"The Jackdaw  
(J-m K-w) of South!"

"They cursed him in eating, they cursed him in drinking,  
They cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;  
They cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;  
They cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying.  
They cursed him in living, they cursed him dying!  
Never was heard such a terrible curse,  
But what gave rise To no little surprise,  
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!"—Ingoldsbay Legends.

expected of a person who has been appointed to represent the QUEEN. It is not only necessary that he should be pure, but, like CÆSAR's wife, he must not be suspected."

With this principle applied to later circumstances DON JOSÉ had nothing to do. Insisted that after twenty-five years' service he was called upon to explain that he was not a thief and a scoundrel. This he did effectively and effectually; but throughout forceful, animated speech House felt that was not the question.

However, DON JOSÉ came out at the end on better terms than did the MARKISS. The beneficent head of a Family got off by a majority of 102; thirty-two below the normal Ministerial majority. DON JOSÉ carried a majority of 142, eight above it.

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Tuesday. What a night TIM HEALY did have to be sure! Afar off, on the banks of the Liffey, the once more united Irish Party beginning their new career of brotherly love by thrusting TIM forth neck and crop. Across the Irish Channel, floating over quiet English meadows, hurrying by bustling towns, you could almost hear the blood-curdling yells that filled the Rotunda when (1) WILLIAM O'BRIEN, fully clothed, moved a resolution drumming TIM out; when (2) T. HARRINGTON opposed it; and when (3) REDMOND aîné, emulous of the Vicar of Bray, explained that he thought the resolution unwise but was prepared to bow to decision of the majority.

Meanwhile TIM, safe in Sanctuary at

Westminster, addressing genially laughing House, let himself go on question of War in South Africa. Is endowed with keen perception, gifted with logical mind. What added to pleasure of the moment (apart from thought of what was then going on at the Rotunda) was conviction of what would have happened had he delivered analogous speech in another latitude. Here, in the very hub of the Constitution, he was as nearly talking treason as was possible to a man of unlimited vocabulary. He abused Her Majesty's Ministers; denounced as dishonest the national policy in connection with the War; characterised the actions of the British (and Irish) soldiers in the field as brutal; extolled the character of the gentle Boer, fervently wishing him luck in his guerilla campaign.

Had he chanced to be a Uitlander, resident in Johannesburg, he would, of course, have been "agin the Government." With his generous heart throbbing for liberty, his breast warm with sympathy for oppressed minorities, he would have regarded Oom PAUL as a species of debased brutalised IRISH SECRETARY, and would have "gone for him" accordingly. To be precise, he would have desired to go for him, but contemplation of inevitable consequences would have curbed his tongue.

Had TIM, in brief, being a resident in Johannesburg, said about the Boers, in connection with the War, what he has cried aloud about the British he would, like a forgotten nobleman, have long ago languished in prison at Pretoria. In the



Commons to-night he jibed and jeered, denounced and derided, a crowded audience listening to him with no more show of resentment than if the people and the policy he reviled were resident in Saturn.

It is only an Irishman, a race instinct with humour, who could maintain a grave countenance, successfully preserve an air of conviction, through this screaming farce.

*Business done.*—The SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR asks for a further sixteen millions for War Expenses.

"Certainly, my boy," says CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER; "I'll go and borrow it for you."

*Thursday.*—No one to equal the SPEAKER in the graceful art of helping a lame dog over a style. To-night in Debate on Appropriation Bill, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE desired to make few remarks upon others offered by ALFRED MILNER when receiving deputation presenting resolutions of Afrikander Congress at Worcester. You can on Second Reading of Appropriation Bill discuss almost any topic under the sun. But, really, this seemed a little outside the extended circle.

"Order! Order!" cried the SPEAKER. "That subject is not relevant to the question before the House."

"The way I am introducing it is this," said the SAGE in most persuasive voice, his innocent face illumined with beatific smile. "I have doubts in my mind whether I ought to vote for this Bill."

"The hon. Member's mind," said the SPEAKER, "might be swayed by the most irrelevant considerations."

Whilst the SAGE was thinking over this occult observation YERBURGH, called on by SPEAKER, had made some advance with a speech in which China wasn't mentioned.

*Business done.*—Appropriation Bill read a second time.

*Friday.*—When, the other day, FERGUSON and FARQUHARSON moved and seconded re-election of SPEAKER, memory went back to earlier days when Sir JOHN MOWBRAY used to take part in similar ceremonies. Characteristic of fine type of English gentlemen that MOWBRAY, having nominated WHITE RIDLEY in opposition to Mr. GULLY and been defeated, next time Mr. GULLY came up for election proposed him.

Reading to-night Recollections of his "Seventy years at Westminster." Appeared first in pages of *Maga*. Now, edited by Miss MOWBRAY, BLACKWOOD publishes them in book form, enriched with portraits of Speakers from SHAW-LEFEVRE's time. Most interesting of illustrations is reproduction of a drawing showing SPEAKER'S House, before the fire at the Houses of Parliament. The book is a pleasant reminder of one who lived to be Father of



Hatfield to the Foreign Office *via* Pretoria.  
(Lord Cr-nb-rne.)

the House, and was revered and loved by all his children.

*Business done.*—Winding up work.

*Saturday.*—Parliament prorogued.

"Dear me," said the Member for Sark, looking over the Society column in the *Clerkenwell Herald*. "How rapid are the movements of the aristocracy among our chaps in the House. I see that Count Out has already left town for his country seat, Lobby Lodge, Whogoeshomeshire."

#### TO A STAR.

(By a disappointed rush-light.)

TWINKLE! twinkle! mighty star;  
I don't wonder what you are,  
Shining on the boards so bright,  
Gaining plaudits every night,  
Making duchesses turn green,  
At your splendid, jewel sheen,  
Causing hearts to throb and break,  
By the smiles you give and take.  
Nurtured on the choicest food,  
Worshipped by the great and good,  
Photographed both near and far,  
Sung in lyric, puffed in par.,  
These things do not make me stare,  
I but wonder what you were!

#### ONLY HALF COWED.

[A London milkman, charged with adding water, pleaded "guilty under great provocation due to the weakness of a cow."]

FOR the worst adulteration  
There is such extenuation  
As the circumstances palpably allow,  
And I wish you had been able  
Just to see inside the stable  
Where I keep the thing that passes for a  
cow.

The very week I got her  
I distinctly saw her totter,  
And she scarcely touched the shavings in  
the rack;  
So continually ailing  
That her milk was always failing,  
And the sawdust never seemed to fetch it  
back.

There is something very galling  
In the cow you're milking falling,  
And a granite floor is seldom very soft;  
But it makes one even madder  
When she tries to climb the ladder,  
Just because she smells a turnip in the  
loft.

So I yielded to temptation,  
Under heavy provocation,  
And I did a little juggle with the tap;  
For the time it takes to tell in  
May pervert a child to MELLIN,  
If you're tardy in providing it with pap.

A milkman has his trials,  
And, in spite of all denials,  
There are still two ways of plenshing his  
pail:

An iron constitution  
In a cow is one solution,  
And the other is some iron in its tail.

#### PLAN FOR INVASION OF ENGLAND.

(By le brav' General Sans-Merci.)

MES AMIS,—It is simplicity itself, my plan. And I may, at the outset, call your attention to my own good taste in discussing in open parliament schemes for the making of war upon a friendly and neighbouring nation. Now to my plan. Fifteen *corps d'armée* would march to Boulogne, where they would pick up a sufficient number of fishwives at the *Halle* to supply a corps of *vivandières*; then proceeding on to the sands they would roll up their trouser-legs and wade across to Dover. The officers and *sous-officiers* only would go by mid-day boat from Boulogne to Folkestone, whence they would proceed to Dover in four-wheel cabs. Officers must change francs into shillings on board the steamer, so as to provide themselves with cab fares. The troops would then take the boat-express to London, and the invasion of England is *un fait accompli*. *Voilà tout!* I myself will take command, and give all directions—from Paris.



## THE ANOMALOUS VERB TA BOO.

(As conjugated by Booligans.)

## CRITICAL MOOD.

## ASSERTIVE PRESENT TENSE.

I boo.  
 Thou boozest.  
 He bawls.  
 We blow tin trumpets.  
 Ye yelp.  
 They are boors—I mean boozers.

## CONTINUOUS PAST TENSE.

I was booing.  
 Thou wast howling "Author!"  
 He was wanting his shilling back.  
 We were busting with importance.  
 Ye were posing as critics.  
 They were bouncing the verdict.

## ZOOLOGICAL FUTURE TENSE.

I will boo.  
 Thou shalt cat-call.  
 He will hoot.  
 We will bellow.  
 Ye shall bow-wow.  
 They will baa.

## JUDICIALLY PERFECT TENSE.

(We don't keep it in stock.)

## POTENTIAL MOOD.

## CONTINGENT PRESENT TENSE.

I may boo.  
 Thou mayest play the Hooligan.  
 He may get run in.  
 We may turn Yahoos.  
 Ye may have to be chucked out.  
 They may get five shillings or seven days.

## QUERULOUS INTERROGATIVE TENSE.

Why shouldn't I boo?  
 Wouldst thou not guy the manager?  
 Should he lose his hair?  
 Why should we submit to the claque?  
 Wouldn't ye jump on a lady-dramatist?  
 Why should they boom a rotten piece?

## POLITE SUGGESTIVE TENSE.

I might refrain from booing.  
 Thou mightest behave like a gentleman  
 (if possible).  
 He might just walk out, as the Yankees do.  
 We might turn up our thumbs, like the ancient Romans.  
 Ye might do ditto with your noses.  
 They might simply sniff.

## IMPERATIVE.

Blymy!  
 Boo thou.  
 Let him blither.  
 Let's queer the actors!  
 'Eave ye 'arf a brick at 'is 'ead!  
 Let them get "the bird."

## INFINITIVE.

Taboo.

## PARTICIPLES.

Present: Boohooing.

Passive: Booted.

A. A. S.



*Devoted Little Wife (to Hubbie, who has been late at the Club). "Now, DEAR, SEE, YOUR BREAKFAST IS QUITE READY. A NICE KIPPER, GRILLED CHICKEN AND MUSHROOMS WITH BACON, POACHED EGGS ON TOAST—TEA AND COFFEE. ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D LIKE, DEARIE!"*  
*Victim of last night (groans). "YES—AN APPETITE!"* [Collapses.]

## TO THE BOTTLE.

(By a Poet with a cold.)

O BOTTLE—Nay, Sir WILFRID, nay,  
 Frown not upon my simple lay!  
 Although I wear no ribbon blue,  
 This guarantee I offer you;  
 I draw the subject of my song  
 Uncommon "hot," but far from  
 "strong."

O Bottle (to return once more  
 To where I had begun before),  
 To me your virtues small and great

Are "precious things discovered late."  
 I used to know but one, O Bottle—  
 You pour strong drink down no one's  
 throttle!

O Bottle, in my hours of ease  
 You've found me thankless, hard to please,  
 And prone to kick you, be it said,  
 Incontinently out of bed.  
 When chills and shivers freeze my feet,  
 I must admit you're quite a treat!





## CHAPTER V.

“**W**HAT kind of revolver do you use in these expeditions?” asked POYNT casually, as he unfastened the wire on a soda-water bottle.

“An ordinary six-chambered revolver. Mine’s quite an old one; but it shoots straight, and that’s the great point. It belonged to CHARLES PEACE of famous memory, and I got it from a friend of his.” HEREWOOD lay back in his chair, diligently sucking a cigarette, and appeared happy and pleased with himself. “This is really quite exceptional for me,” he said, as he raised his glass to his lips.

POYNT took the chair on the other side of the fire. “Not many old houses with gardens all round them left in Fulham now,” he said meditatively,

“Very few, very few,” the deep bass voice assented.

“Mr. HEREWOOD,” said POYNT, his eye-glass flashing, “you fired five times at the tigress, three times at MANSFORD, and three times at the policeman. Eleven shots with six cartridges is good. Also, while I am on the subject, there was a garden all round the house. But when you dropped from the first-floor window you dropped—not into the garden, but into the street. That is even better. I might mention other points, but these are enough. Have you any explanation?”

HEREWOOD took a long drink and cleared his throat. He then said, not without dignity: “If you were not deceived, I cannot see what you have to grumble at.”

“I might tell you that I have good cause to resent an attempt to deceive me, whether it was successful or not. But I prefer to remind you that I was not the only person present, and that the other person was most distinctly deceived. Take another cigarette.”

“Thanks, I will. Has Miss SMITH given you any right to speak on her behalf?”

“That has nothing to do with it. If you see anybody being swindled, you do not want any special authority from them to warn them of it.”

“Good heavens! You don’t mean that you would tell Miss SMITH?”

“Why not? You come swaggering here, making yourself out to be so much worse than anybody else, and the whole thing is a fraud. Why do you pretend to vices which you do not possess? It’s hypocritical; and it’s done to make a noble-hearted girl think better of you. You with a tigress! You with a bag of pearls! You attitudinising with a halo of crime on your head! How dare you call yourself a criminal? How dare you say that the police are after you? I accuse you of absolute innocence. That’s what’s the matter with you. And I’ll prove my words; I know a house in Herne Bay where the morning’s milk is left on the doorstep in a can at seven every day. If you are what you pretend to be, go and sneak that milk. Will you? Yes, or no?”

“I should prefer not to,” said the abashed Viking.

“Come along. You may take your patent revolver and one cartridge with you; that will be enough to kill a peek of policemen and any tigresses that there may happen to be about. You can get your agent to sell the can, and send the milk to the British Museum after your death.”

“Do not be bitter. It is true that I have been very eager to win the respect and admiration of Miss SMITH, and that for that reason I have been led into some inaccuracies. But further than that I can never go. Suppose I were her accepted suitor, sooner or later the truth would come out that I was not the blackguard I had pretended to be. She would never forgive me. You have nothing to fear from my rivalry. Let me remain here, and do not tell Miss Smith. If you only knew my story, you would make allowances for me; I am sure of it.”

“Your allusion to rivalry would seem to show that you misunderstand my attitude in this matter altogether. If I interfere, it is because I know the mischief that an imitation criminal may do to a girl who, like Miss SMITH, is devoted to folk-songs. If you tell me your story, how am I to believe it?”

“Many of the facts you will be able to check from independent sources.”

“Proceed then, but be more brief than you were when recounting your burlariousness.”

“Briefly, then, I am not what I seem. I am a Clerk in Holy



Orders, and Curate of an Evangelical Church in a northern manufacturing town. My name is RALPH HEREWOOD, and I am a B.A. of Oxford. I am compelled to take my holiday at the time most convenient to my vicar, and this year he directed me to take it in February. For two years before that I had no holiday at all."

"Well?"

"I own that when you accused me of being innocent, there was some slight truth in the charge. Think what it means to be a good example for a little over two years without one holiday. I was not allowed to dance—a pastime of which I am fond. I was not allowed to play whist—a game that I enjoy and understand. I was not allowed to drink one glass of wine—a beverage to which, in moderation, I am partial. Every little action was watched and criticised. The fierce light which beats on a throne is a glow-worm to the illumination which a provincial parish of some enthusiasm throws on the doings of the curate. When at last my holiday came, I said to myself, I must have change, and change of manner of life more than of scene, if I am to preserve my health and sanity."

"Reasonable enough," said POYNT.

"I have a brother in Australia, whose figure is the same as mine. When he wants clothes I order them here, try them on, and send them out to him. In this way I was able to procure lay clothes for myself without exciting the least suspicion in the parish. It was my plan to come to London, and live a life which, though not characterised by excess, would be as different as possible from that which, for so long, the narrowness of my parishioners had forced on me."

"Then why the devil didn't you?"

"Many of my parishioners are men of business, and are compelled to be frequently in London. Suppose they saw me in these clothes! Worse yet, suppose they saw me coming out of a theatre! There was too much risk. But who ever comes to Herne Bay in February?"

"At the same time," said POYNT, "it hardly seems to me to be the place for a man who wanted to be a bit of a dog for a change."

"Being a dog is, after all, a question of proportion. I can assure you that I read novels as much as I like, smoke when I like, have had some pleasant conversations with Miss SMITH (whom you must admit to be a lady of great attractions), and have had my half-bottle of claret every day and no heel-taps."

"I have no objection to your being a dog on those lines, or even on somewhat broader lines. But why did you deceive Miss SMITH? Why did you become that much more objectionable animal, a sheep in wolf's clothing?"

"I hardly know," said the wretched Viking. "Her Tam o' Shanter blew off, and I rescued it. She was very grateful. It appears that she is not wealthy, and has to limit her expenditure on clothes severely. We got into conversation, and she said something about the romance of crime, showing that she could appreciate it. I dropped a hint or two designed to give myself a little interest for her. She took up the hints quicker than I should have expected, said that she knew that one did not come to Herne Bay in the winter for nothing, and made guesses as to what I was. I allowed her to think that the guesses were correct. You may think I was wrong, but if you could only have seen the look of pleasure on her face I think you would have forgiven me. She has few pleasures, I fear."

"Have you anything more to say?"

"I think not."

JULIUS POYNT finished his whisky-and-soda, and paced the room in thought and in silence.

"Well," he said at last, "it was my intention to call Miss SMITH's attention to the fact that you fired eleven shots with a six-chambered revolver without reloading, and that the garden of that house obliged you by moving away and making room for the street; I should then have left her to take any action which she thought proper."

"Oh, not that—not that!" pleaded HEREWOOD.

"It is more from pity than anything else that, to some extent, I alter my decision. I will say nothing to her at all, provided that you yourself will inform her in any way you like that you have no claim to the reputation that you have usurped, a reputation that many worse men than yourself have given time and suffering to obtain. You must dare to say frankly that you never thieved at all."

"May I say that I confined myself to the manufacture of counterfeit coin?"

"No, no. You must wrestle with your pride, and give up the whole thing."

"It shall be done. Is there any other condition?"

"You must leave Herne Bay by the first train to-morrow morning."

"I should have done so in any case; after the humiliating confession that you force from me, I could not wish to stay."

"Go to London," said POYNT, not unkindly. "The chances are a million to one that you would not be recognised, even if any of your parishioners met you. Clothes make a great difference."

"What is there in London for a broken man, one whose virtues have found him out, who has lost a proud position and, for all you know, something dearer still?"

"In any case, you said yourself, you could not have married Miss SMITH. Do you wish to remain here and break her heart?"

"That," said HEREWOOD, "is well put."

"And I can give you a pass to the stalls at the Empress's Theatre for to-morrow night."

"Now you're talking. You should have said that before. I will go to London."

"Hand that card in at the box-office, and they will look after you. Good-bye."

HEREWOOD rose and walked to the door. Here with one hand on the handle, he turned, making an impressive figure. He cleared his throat, and said with considerable dignity:

"You are hard and cold. It is your turn to exult now, but who knows whether my turn may not come next? There is a weak spot in your armour; why is it that you are at Herne Bay in the winter? I may yet be able to answer that question. You have shown little mercy: expect little. I shall never marry Miss SMITH; my own senseless folly, your power over me in consequence, and the fact that I happen to be engaged to another girl, alike combine to prevent it. But do not think that you are sure to succeed where RALPH HEREWOOD has failed. Good-bye."

He swept from the room, but returned again almost immediately.

"I say," he said, "they have left that brute of a torrier on the landing again. Would you mind holding him while I get past?"

"With pleasure," said POYNT.

When POYNT returned to his room, he remained for some time deep in thought. He had done a rash thing in bestowing that pass on HEREWOOD. It might be, of course, that HEREWOOD would never notice that the serious comedy, *Irene*, was by JULIUS POYNT. Though all London was ringing with nothing else, though allusions to *Irene* and the author were certainly to be found in every periodical issued, though its reception had been the most astonishing scene of wild enthusiasm that had been witnessed in a London theatre for the last twenty years, it was possible that the provincial might succeed in not knowing what everybody else knew. Even if he did find out, gorgeous in a rough way though his imagination was, it might never occur to him that here was the motive for POYNT's visit to Herne Bay.

To take a success gracefully requires a great deal of practice, and POYNT had had none. He dreaded that a foolish smile under congratulation might stamp him as weak; he dreaded that a more reserved manner might be accounted as



evidence of a swelled head. He dreaded that success might lead him into extravagance in living or carelessness in his work. His nerves were upset by success; he had suffered more than he had enjoyed from it; he had the instinct of decent people at times of emotion to hide themselves. Herne Bay had promised a salutary depression.

But Miss SMITH had banished the thing from his mind altogether.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE departure of the Rev. RALPH HEREWOOD for London took place early on the following morning. He left behind him a letter for Miss SMITH. Miss BIRD was annoyed with him. ANNA was so disgusted with what she had overheard of his story that she could not bring herself to thank him for the five shillings that he slipped into her hand. It was raining. The cab-horse was lame in its off foreleg. Everything seemed to be against him. Can it be wondered at that his thoughts turned to revenge?

Later in the morning JULIUS POYNT, sitting at his table and writing, heard a burst of music from the piano upstairs. He recognised it as the symphony of a well-known folk-song, a folk-song so surcharged with primitive instinct that if it had not been a folk-song, it would have been almost improper. Then came a pause, a modulation into a different key, and an exercise intended to give flexibility to the voice rather than pleasure to the hearer.

What (he asked himself) did this mean? Had she forgotten for a moment that his room was underneath? Or had she meant to please him by singing the folk-song, and then been driven by coyness to deviate into the exercise? He was inclined to the latter view until that and other exercises had gone on for thirty minutes; then he did not feel so sure about it.

The rain ceased and the sun shone; the wind blew gently from the west. The change in the temperature had been great the last twenty-four hours. Presently Miss SMITH passed his windows; she held two circulating library books in her hand. JULIUS gave her a timed four-minutes' start by his watch, and then put on his cap and went in the same direction. He felt that every minute was wasted until she was assured of his adoration. In the bright lexicon of JULIUS POYNT there was no such word as prematurity. A little later, at the door of the circulating library, he was asking Miss SMITH if he might carry her books home for her.

"Thanks very much," she said. "I wish you would. I was going the other way myself."

To his experienced eye it looked as if she were trying to get rid of him. "Let me," he pleaded, "come with you. I have something to say."

Her air of confidence and independence had gone; she smiled nervously. "I am afraid of you," she said.

"Afraid of me? Why?"

"You have already guessed one secret; I had a note from Mr. HEREWOOD this morning. He could not fly from his past. The conscientious curacy that he thought lay safely buried in a northern manufacturing town has risen up against him. Why did I ever seek romance, and forsake the steady security of the commonplace? Why did I come to Herne Bay in the winter—that hotbed of Macchiavellian intrigue, in which I already feel myself too weak to hold my own? But the other day I thought that I had guessed your secret, or that I had but to wait to learn it; to-day I see how wrong my estimate of you was, and my principal terror is that you may learn my secret too."

"Even if I have learnt it already, you have nothing to fear. Shall we take this path?"

"Yes, yes. You know it already?"

"Miss SMITH," he said quietly, "you are an heiress."

She turned her head away from him. "Oh, you are hard—you are brutal!" she murmured,

"No. I call a plain thing by a plain name; that is all."

"It is true," she said. "My poor mother was like it before me. It is in the blood."

"I say again that you have nothing to fear from me. When I stripped the disguise of dashing brigandage from HEREWOOD, and left him shivering in the white surplice of a stainless life; when I took, so to speak, the gilt off his gingerbread, then I was actuated by far other motives than those which move me now."

"If you only knew my story," she said.

"Tell it to me; I long to hear it."

"I am an orphan, but not as other orphans. Before I was twelve years old I had read enough story books for the young to realise that. Other orphans wept continually; I wept seldom, if ever. It is impossible to feel poignantly the loss of people whom you have never known, and I had no sort of recollection of my parents. Other orphans were habitually ill-treated by their guardians, especially by the jealous wife of the guardian who favoured her own children and had no love for the little stranger who had been thrust on her. Other orphans looked in the glass and wept because they were not beautiful, though they generally picked up the trick of it later on. Other orphans spent whole days in the old library, and learned Latin and Greek without a tutor. What pathos, what romance, seemed to cling to every other orphan that had ever lived except myself! I was not at all like that. My uncle and guardian, the Archdeacon of Bunchester, and his wife, were uniformly kind to me, perhaps even excessively indulgent; they had no children of their own. Beauty is no sort of a treat to one who, like myself, has always been beautiful; I once thought of cutting off my eyelashes——"

"Don't say that, even in jest," POYNT interrupted her, breathless with emotion.

"It is true. I did not do it, but I thought about it, in order that I might be able to enjoy them when they grew again. I did not do it, because I was not certain if they would grow again, and if they had not I should have been annoyed. I never frequented the old library. The Archdeacon was generally there, and if I went there I had to keep quiet; and I was rather a rowdy child. I never learned anything without a tutor, and very little with tutors, except music, which I take seriously. I had everything in reason that I wanted; and nowhere in my life was there a touch of pathos or one breath of romance. Action, colour, warmth, thrill—all that the novels that I read had made dear to me never came within my own experience. One day was like another, and all were uneventful. Then, but a few months ago, I was told I was an heiress. That blow prostrated me. However well I sang, I should always be sneered at as an amateur. If in days far on ahead some one fell in love with me, and wished to marry me, he would learn that I was wealthy; and thinking that though he was poor he might yet act with nobility, he would go away to India and leave me. People who are really noble are generally poor, and their nobility prevents them from marrying anybody who is any richer. The wealthy woman is a pariah and an outcast now-a-days; the ignoble would marry her but only for her money; the noble will not marry her because of her money. When I have control of my fortune, I think I shall throw it into a hospital."

"Better do that than cut off your eye-lashes. Then you came here because——"

(Concluded in our next.)





SCENE FROM A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME WE DON'T WANT REPEATED.

## TARTARIN A LONDRES.

UN VOYAGE PÉRILLEUX. (Suite.)

SANS perdre un instant les Tarasconnais quittèrent le Ludgatil. Toujours au milieu de crevasses et d'abîmes, heurtés par les omnibus, bousculés par les voitures, effrayés de temps en temps par la chute d'une avalanche de terre ou de boue, ils marchèrent résolument. Leur illustre Président avait raison. Seulement il fallait trois heures pour le trajet. Sept heures après le départ de Scharing Cross, les ascensionnistes arrivaient à Mansionouse. C'était un record.

Pour traverser à pied ces crevasses, ces gorges, ces montagnes il faut ordinairement deux jours. En voiture il en faut au moins quatre. Par conséquent les Tarasconnais, le bruit de leurs exploits se répandant très vite dans la Cité, furent reçus en héros par ce peuple si amateur de records. Couverts de boue argileuse, les Méridionaux avaient l'air d'être habillés en *khaki* comme les soldats anglais. La populace les saluait de vivats frénétiques.

TARTARIN, la tête haute, le regard fier, marchait de son pas vigoureux et infatigable. Les délégués, enchantés, de l'accueil populaire, le suivaient gaillardement. En face du Mansionouse les membres du Stocks Exchange, comité pour organiser l'enthousiasme à Londres, les attendait, et les pria de visiter leur hall. Aussitôt arrivés, les Méridionaux recevaient les plus chaleureuses félicitations des Stocks Exchangers. Ces braves messieurs, tous sportmans, entonnèrent vigoureusement en l'honneur des Tarasconnais le chant guerrier de l'Angleterre, "Say the conquerings Hero comes."

Enfin TARTARIN monta sur une chaise. "Messieurs"—(Applaudissement)—dit-il, "au nom du Club Alpin"—(Hipip)—"de Taraseon"—(Hourra!)"—"au nom de mes concitoyens"—(Hipip)"—"de mes compatriotes"—(Hourra!)"—"je vous remercie"—

(Hourra!) "Fatigués, éreintés"—(Exclamations)—"après avoir traversé les Alpes"—(Bravo!)"—"de Londres"—(Hipip)"—"nous arrivons"—(Hourra!)"—"chez des amis"—(Alright!)"—"des amis inconnus jusqu'ici"—(Hipip)"—"des amis sportmans"—(Hourra!)"—"comme nous"—(Applaudissement)"—"des amis inoubliables à l'avenir"—(Bravo!)"—"Notre ascension est finie"—(Hipip)"—"nous ne pensons plus à ses dangers."—(Hourra!)"—"Mais, pardi, au Midi"—(Hipip)"—"de la France"—(Hourra!)"—"loin des crevasses, des abîmes, des pics, et des gouffres de Londres"—(Bravo!)"—"le Club Alpin"—(Hipip)"—"de Taraseon"—(Hourra!)"—"gardera à tout jamais le souvenir de votre magnifique accueil." (Enthousiasme frénétique.)

Au milieu des cris et des adieux des Stocks Exchangers, les Tarasconnais se rendirent à la gare du chemin de fer "undergroun," seul moyen sans danger de traverser, en dessous, les montagnes de Londres.

Et dire que ces crevasses, ces abîmes, ces cols, ces gouffres sont artificiels, que les habitants de Londres font construire cette petite Suisse, bouseuse et sale, pour faire plaisir aux alpinistes du monde. Car tout ça est fabriqué par un département spécial du gouvernement, dont le président est toujours anobli, et prend le titre de Lord LONDONBURY, parce que toutes les rues de la capitale disparaîtront, tôt ou tard, dans les crevasses officielles, et sous les montagnes de l'administration.

H. D. B.

CUISINE À L'ANGLAISE.—MY DEAR ANATOLE.—You have had your General BOLLANGER, you are now exploiting your General MERCIER. Probably he will be succeeded by General PÂTISSIER and General JARDINIER. I make haste to inform you that we have also a noted General, none other than General CUISINIER, who is famous for his MARCHAND and Fashoda Sauces. He can cook geese to perfection.—Yours fraternally,

JOHN BOS.





### A GENIAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT!

*Lady Bountiful* (to decent old body, village dame). "I HOPE YOU TOLD YOUR HUSBAND THAT I WISHED HIM PLENTY OF HEALTH AND GOOD SPIRITS."

*Dame*. "PLEASE, MY LADY, HE WAS MUCH OBLIGED, BUT HE WAS RATHER SHORT IN SPIRITS, AND HE HOPED YOUR LADYSHIP WOULD SEND HIM SOME!"

[*We understand that her Ladyship promptly and most kindly forwarded a small hamper of ginger wine.*]

#### CHRISTMAS CARDS.

AH me, those Christmas cards! Half dead  
O'er countless counters how one's head

One bends,  
Seeking good wishes aptly writ,  
Phrases that happily may fit  
One's friends!

Cards for one's friends—'tis only right—  
Love's labour's ended there, you might  
Suppose;

Yet how much finer, I would add,  
By some remembrance to make glad  
One's foes!

That's why I want a pleasant card  
To send a lady I regard  
A Bore—

The fiend—is that too impolite?—  
Who strums the piano half the night  
Next door!

For such a Christmas card in vain  
From shop to shop, with toil and pain,  
I've sought—  
(Although, I think, in days lang syne  
I might a fitting Valentine  
Have bought).

Yet with more satisfaction I  
My Christmas pudding and mince-pie  
Shall munch,

In certain hope she'll take as said  
All my good wishes, when she's read  
Her *Punch*!

THE MOTTO OF THE MISTLETOE.—Kis-met.

#### A BOXING-NIGHT ROUNDEL.

HERE we are again, dear SUE,  
With the children at "the Lane";  
Old and young, a merry crew,  
Here we are again.

Wicked fairies' wiles are vain,  
Through the briars the Prince breaks  
through,  
Frees his bride from slumber's chain.

All is old, and all is new;  
One forgets how seasons wane,  
Once more children, I and you,  
Here, we are again.

#### SIX "WAITY" REASONS.

(For suppressing Street Musicians.)

BECAUSE carols are never entirely satisfactory when suggestive of frequent visits to a public-house.

Because a trombone, a bassoon, and a concertina should be in time and tune to give due effect to a midnight rendering of the *Mistletoe Bough*.

Because "merry gentlemen" can never "sit at home at ease" with howling on the *crescendo* in the street outside.

Because an application for largesse at 1 a.m. is inappropriate and irritating.

Because the plea that "Christmas comes but once a year" is absolutely unnecessary.

Lastly, because Yuletide would be a long way the "merrier" without them.

#### A DETERMINATION.

TIME was I basked in pleasure's sun  
With none to copy fair my life  
Before I met and loved and won  
My wife.

I did exactly what I pleased,  
Leaving undone what I disliked;  
Time by the forelock ne'er I seized  
Nor biked.

I cared not in the early morn  
To dally with that edged tool  
The razor, for I was not born  
A fool.

My substance I on barbers spent  
To wave a blade my face about,  
Or even on occasion went  
Without.

Now, though the pain make me use "d,"  
A warning on my heart is graven  
Not to descend until I be  
Well shaven.

And if misfortune cuts me sore,  
I'm told I look supremely horrid;  
Lips are but lightly passed before  
My forrid.

No razor can I get to go,  
Although for months I've persevered;  
The thing is monstrous—I shall grow  
A beard.



## IN RE HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

(A Topical Interview.)

"WHY, Father, you don't look very cheerful," said a 10, Bouverie Street Man.

"No, Sir, I don't. And, what is more, Sir, when I am at home and off duty, I don't intend to look cheerful."

"Keep your hair—I beg pardon—your holly and mistletoe on."

"There, again, Sir, you are in the wrong. I don't appear in holly and mistletoe in the house. I keep my official costume for the posters of goose clubs and the outside of boxes of cosaques."

"You need not be so snappish," remonstrated the 10, Bouverie Street Man. "After all, you come but once a year."

"And sufficiently often," acquiesced the Father, and he continued in querulous tone, "Yes, Sir, sufficiently often. Times are not what they were. Why! in the day of DICKENS I was welcomed with effusion. Lord! how they gushed about me!"

"You refer to the Christmas Carol."

"Yes; that was an enormous success. But now it's out of date—except as a reading."

"But surely you are still popular,"

"Not I. Everyone couples me with unpaid bills and vacant chairs. Instead of romping in with boars' heads and minstrels and the rest of them, I am scarcely recognised. There's a spectacle at Drury Lane, and some of the provincial theatres give me a pantomime."

"But don't you do a little in your character of Santa Claus?"

"Not much. The rising generation don't believe in me. The girl and boy must be very young to look forward to my conventional stocking. Besides, the grocers sell my *cadeaux* of gifts weeks and weeks before the date fixed for my appearance."

"But don't you still do a fair trade in cards for Yuletide and the New Year? They are a help to the G. P. O."

"Sad falling off. I was talking it over the other day with St. Valentine, and he said he was not surprised. I cut him out, and now I am cut out myself."

"By whom?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose it's the new idea to believe in nothing. So, of course, they don't believe in me."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"Oh, I think I shall go to Germany. Some English products are made there. Besides, they still are fond of my trees with their shining candles and glistening gifts. Yes, I shall certainly go to Germany."

"Well, at least let me offer you the compliments of the —"

"Oh, please, don't! I'm sick of all that. I dare say you mean well. Good-bye."

And with this curt farewell Father Christmas shut the door in the "face" of his visitor.



## BOXING DAY.

*Squire* ("more in sorrow than in anger" to incorrigible offender). "AGAIN, EH? AGAIN! NOT SOBER, I'M AFRAID."

*Farmer Swiggles* (confidentially). "MORE AM I, SQUIRE, BUT (chuckles)—NO ONE 'LL NOTICE US."

## SOME CHRISTMAS WISHES.

To the German EMPEROR—The firmer grasp of British hand.

To the CZAR—The better health, not better land.

To the Emperor of AUSTRIA—The means to quench the smouldering fire.

To the President of the United States—The wit to play your game of bluff.

To the King of the BELGIANS—Of Belgian bluster *quantum suff.*

To the President of the French Republic—Ten thousand tons of common sense.

To the Sultan of TURKEY—The fact that pounds are made of pence.

To ex-President KRUGER—A refuge in the Scilly Isles.

To ex-President STEYN—A box of WILHELMINA'S smiles.

To the Lord CHANCELLOR—A vast array of interpleaders.

To the Public—A Merry Christmas to our readers.



## CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG RIDERS.

## CHAPTER II.

It was from MATHEW ALLGOOD that I first learnt the conversational value of many of the points and attributes of a horse. At that time, being, like Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, a mere child in such things, I did not, perhaps, fully realise their importance, but I have come since then to appreciate them and to be properly thankful for having been well grounded in these matters. Indeed, it is difficult to over-estimate their importance. Everybody who rides must have seen, at one time or another, how great a gulf separates the man who merely gets on a horse without any knowledge of the animal that is to carry him, from the man who, while he rides, can talk intelligently of his own mount and those of other people. My friend BUTTERFIELD is an excellent member of the Stock Exchange and devoted, like many other members of that illustrious body, to sport in its varied form. Many years have passed since I first saw him brilliantly arrayed in scarlet, riding as straight as a dart after the Surrey Stag-hounds. It was a fast run, the country was none of the easiest, but BUTTERFIELD cleared the banks and ditches with a contemptuous ease that excited my enthusiasm. Spurred on by this feeling I ventured to make his acquaintance, which, I am proud to say, I have ever since retained. But I am forced to confess that BUTTERFIELD, though he is a gallant rider and admirable as to his clothes, his hat, his boots and his spurs, knows no more about a horse than his grandmother. If you told him, for instance, that "a horse's thigh is bordered by the stifle, flank, croup, buttock and gaskin," his first impulse would be to think he was being "got at"—so suspicious can even a stockbroker sometimes become—and his next, on being assured that you were speaking by the book, would be to pooh-pooh the statement and to declare (what is, no doubt, true) that he didn't find it necessary to bother his head about such rubbish, and never had found it necessary to discover where the gaskin was before he put his horse at a fence. On all this I shall have something to say later on, but in the meantime I urge my young readers not to allow this *poco curante* spirit to infect them, for I can assure them that nothing sets off a horse-back conversation more than a proper knowledge of the points of a horse. I return for a moment to MATHEW ALLGOOD, and what I may call his stable talk. Here is another example:—

Harry. I met Mrs. CHATTERTON out riding this morning, MATHEW. It's a beastly shame for her to ride that grey horse, for it's very lame on its left front leg.

Mathew (amazed and indignant). It ain't true, Master 'Arry. No 'orse ever went lame on its left front leg.

Harry. Well, I swear this one was, anyhow.

Mathew (more in sorrow than in anger). Oh, Master 'ARRY, Master 'ARRY, I wonder if you'll ever learn. I'm breakin' my 'cart a-tryin' to teach you, and there you come again—and you gettin' to be a big boy, too—and talk to me about a 'orse's 'left

front leg. Why, a Frenchman 'ud be ashamed o' such ignorance. If you'd said to me as Mrs. CHATTERTON's grey 'orse was a-goin' lame on his near fore-leg I should 'ave understood you direckly. But, there—I suppose because you 're gettin' on a bit with your Latin you think it 's right to forget all I ever told you about 'orses. Now just you remember this: 'orses 'as got two sides like other beasts, and one on 'em 's the near side and the other 's the off, and don't let 's 'ave any more talk o' lefts and rights."

Thus was the young mind trained in MATHEW's stable.



## THE OPPOSITION.

"NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU MAY PROPOSE TO LIKE US, WE MEAN TO DISAGREE WITH YOU ON EVERY POSSIBLE OCCASION."

[*Delight of the Night Mare.*]

OVERHEARD AT THE HAGUE,  
DEC. 14.

[After dinner, Mr. KRUGER had half-an-hour's conversation with the Queen in the drawing-room, mainly on the agricultural and ethnological conditions prevailing in South Africa.]

"AND what does your Honour consider to be the chief agricultural products of South Africa?"

"Magaliesberg tobacco, ma'am [*Aside*—Confound that Leyds for not letting me bring my pipe!], and concessions—before the *verdomde rooieks*—I mean, before the ungodly came."

"Concessions—what kind of crop is that?"

"It grew of itself, ma'am, mostly on stony ground, and bore me and my burghers fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, with the aid of the honourable law-givers of the Volksraad. All that it behoved them to do was to pass the necessary bill, and lo! the produce of the Uitlanders' toil was ours, to convert into ammunition for the use of the righteous. Woe is me for the good old golden times!"

"And the races, who are they?"

"There were my twenty thousand burghers, of whom, alas! I have now lost a dozen or more, murdered by the barbarians; all the rest were sons of Belial, except for some pious, God-fearing Afrikanders at Kaapstad and in the *veld*."

"And are there not a few natives?"

"The *Kleurlings*, ma'am, are Nehushtan—they have no souls and no rights, save to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the chosen people. They and the Englanders shall yet be our beasts of burden, when your Majesty helps us to come by our own—"

"Your Honour had better consult Mr. STEAD upon that subject."





*Leslie Sambourne. Not in Town.*

### OUT IN THE COLD.

*Dame Europa (to the Waifs, Ex-President Kruger and Dr. Lyds). "GO AWAY! GO AWAY! I'VE GOT NOTHING FOR YOU."*





### RESPICE FINEM.

*Excited Shepherd (to careful Sportsman, inspecting fence with slight drop). "COME ON, SIR! ALRIGHT! ANYWHERE 'ERE!"*

*Careful Sportsman. "ALL VERY FINE! YOU WANT TO GIVE ME A FALL, AND GET HALF-A-CROWN FOR CATCHING MY HORSE!"*

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NEARLY half a century ago GEORGE ELIOT, meeting HELEN FAUCIT at an evening party in London, straightway fell in love with her. "She is," she wrote, "the most poetic woman I have seen for a long time. There is the ineffable charm of a fine character, which makes itself felt in her face, voice and manner." Here is the great actress depicted in a sentence. Sir THEODORE MARTIN has extended the study over a closely printed volume exceeding 400 pages. *Helena Faucit, Lady Martin*, is appropriately published by BLACKWOOD, to whose famed magazine she was in recent years a contributor. Miss FAUCIT, my Baronite finds from her husband's biography, came of a theatrical family alike on father's and mother's side. Her maternal grandfather was a Frenchman who, having tried various ways of earning a living, became an actor. A singularly unfortunate man, he appropriately concluded an active life on the stage by breaking his leg. His daughter married a player, and became the mother of one of the greatest actresses the English stage knew in the nineteenth century. The narrative closely follows HELEN FAUCIT's professional career. It is enriched with letters and verses from eminent men and many of her own written reflections. Possibly the reader to-day does not care so much as he might about what the *Evening Packet* of February 30th, 1845, thought of her presentation of *Antigone*. Precious to the player's heart when fresh from the press, these notices—of which many are preserved in the volume—fall a little flat on the eve of the Twentieth Century.

My Baronite remembers reading in the *Speaker*, some years ago, a series of *Reminiscences of Oxford* signed "NESTOR." They were something to look forward to week by week, and will be doubly welcome now in book form (CASSELL), since they are supplemented by fresh chapters of memory, and

illustrated by a number of portraits, including a striking pen-and-ink drawing of PUSEY, in the Thirties. The Rev. Mr. TUCKWELL, late Fellow of New College, stands revealed as the author. For his contemporaries in the far-off time when young TUCKWELL first went up to Oxford, and for two generations that have succeeded him, the volume will have a special charm. Those who know Oxford only by name will find it delightful, full of subtle flavour none the less pleasant because unfamiliar. Mr. TUCKWELL has a marvellous memory, a keen sense of humour, and writes as he would chat across the walnuts and the wine. That is the way a book like this should be written.

Little books for big people! *The Nut-brown Maid* and *A Ballad upon a Wedding* (JOHN LANE), the latter aptly illustrated by JOHN COLE, both pocketable and profitable companions.

*The Story of Assisi*, by LINA DUFF GORDON (J. M. DENT & Co.), a story of a place ever memorable in mediæval history told clearly, full of stirring interest, and an invaluable guide to the traveller in the land of CIMABUE, GIOTTO and S. FRANCIS the great Reformer.

*New Rhymes for Old and Other Verses*, by ANTHONY C. DEANE (JOHN LANE). Excellent old friends from various publications now gathered together, at this season for all happy reunions, by the Deane in his Deanery.

Here is MATTHEW ARNOLD's *Forsaken Merman*, not to be left out in the cold at this cheery time of year, and brought before us by J. M. DENT & Co., who have employed JEAN C. ARCHER to re-introduce our dear old friend to us in highly decorative style.

Down, down, down,  
So "down" in depths of the sea,  
Sits a merman alone  
Who sighs "Ohone!  
She'll never return to me!"

May he meet with some nice young mermaid of his own class in sea-ciety, and keep a Merry Christmas with a Happy New Century before him!

And—"Nöel, Nöel!"—Christmas again! Capital little shilling books with ancient nursery rhymes and fairy stories (CORNISH BROTHERS, of Birmingham), recalling to us the illustrated tale of *The Old Woman and her Pig*, the *Daisy*, the *Three Wishes*, &c., &c., in fact, all our old friends in old-fashioned form, with ancient woodcuts that have delighted former generations, and will probably delight the present, and many others "yet for to come." THE BARON DE B.-W.

### THE SEVEN AGES OF LUGGAGE.

*Baby*.—Perambulator, bottle, robe, fingerless gloves and woollen shoes.

*Schoolboy*.—Bat, ball, and aids to education.

*Lover*.—Guitar, music-book, writing materials, and fur-lined overcoat.

*Justice*.—Capon in basket, robes, and treatise upon ancient saws and modern instances.

*Soldier*.—Sword, uniform case, standard work upon Reputation.

*Pantaloon*.—Sausages, property red-hot poker, costume of motley, slippers and spectacle case.

*Veteran*.—Travels without luggage.





*Agricultural Parishioner (wishing to ingratiate himself with the new Curate, who had given a Lecture on the previous evening). "THANK YE, SIR, FOR YOUR READING TO US LAST NIGHT." New Curate. "GLAD YOU LIKED IT, JOHN. I WAS A LITTLE AFRAID LEST THE LECTURE MIGHT HAVE BEEN JUST A LITTLE TOO SCIENTIFIC." Agricultural Parishioner. "NO, BLESS YOU, SIR, NOT A BIT OF IT. WHY, WE IN THESE PARTS BE JUST LIKE YOUNG DUCKS. WE DO GOBBLE UP ANYTHING!"*

### AN ODE OF FEDERATION.

(Dedicated with apologies and affectionate compliments to the author of "Herod.")

[See Mr. PUNCH's preface to the 120th Volume in the current issue. The sentiments of the audience, anticipated below, are introduced for the convenience of reporters who may not happen to be present at the recitation.]

I HEARD a Cherub sitting up aloft  
Cry: "She shall build a mighty Metropole  
Almost at once; and in its port shall swim  
The Universal Sailor girt with sharks;  
And bastioned forts shall beetle over that  
Locality where ——— comes to birth."  
(This space is left for the New City's name,  
A vexed and indeterminate question; I  
Will pay a topaz for the Missing Word).

[Murmurs of satisfaction.]

There shall the kangaroo bound at his ease,  
And there the Federated Lands shall build  
(Australia! do you notice this remark?)  
A Stock Exchange, where Ophir and the East  
Shall vie for options; with whose hoarded wealth  
The fabled pearls of SOLOMON, deceased,  
Shall relatively rank as pumpkin-pips!  
There the Congulated Parliament,  
Incurious of cost, shall house itself  
In walls barbarically fine and large,  
Shaped to discapitol that ancient Ark,  
The tutelary haunt of Roman geese!

Of adamant shall be the basal stone  
And laid in person by His Royal Highness  
The Duke of YORK; and military bands  
Daily from two to four shall blow it up,

[Murmurs of apprehension.]

As Ilium's towers rose to APOLLO's touch.

[General relief.]

One night I dreamed (Australia! please attend)  
About this Chamber, how its dome should shine  
With burnished nuggets drawn from neighbouring deeps,  
Great Boulder's ore, and ooze of Ivanhoe,  
To be an educative object-lesson  
To the great L. C. C.'s artificers  
Absorbed in wedding Holborn with the Strand.  
Only a few more words and I have done.

[Repressed applause.]

There shall the Sun replace his blighted beams,  
And there about a new ENDYMION's neck  
Pale ARTEMIS shall arch her ambient arms.  
Before the glamour of its aureate rays  
The scalp-compelling South-Sea islanders  
Shall veil their tomahawks: and it shall be  
A joy to earnest heliographists,  
And warm the chattering spooks of Diemen's Land.  
There shall the wide-world wombat flap his wings,  
And there, itself a prey to fascination,  
The boa-constrictor, stealing up to town,  
Shall ask the rabbit what the dence it means.

O. S.





**"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEMORY DEAR."**

'Bus-driver. "WOUNDED, SIR, I SEE!"

Gentleman in Khaki. "Yes."

'Bus-driver. "BIN OUT IN SOUTH AFRICA!"

Gentleman in Khaki. "Yes."

'Bus-driver. "SEE ANY OF OUR 'ORSES OUT THERE, GUV'NOR?"

**SEASONABLE STATISTICS À LA MODE.**

If the beef eaten in Kensington on the 25th of December were represented by one animal, the horns of the ox would touch Jupiter and its tail extend well into the Milky Way.

If all the music provided by amateurs at Balham on Christmas Eve were massed into one gigantic sound the noise would travel from Sydenham to Siberia *via* India, the Netherlands and Hong Kong.

If the Yuletide wishes uttered by Englishmen were computed they would number 20,000,000,000,000 words.

N.B.—As the above statements were not made by the card, their verification would perhaps be advisable.

**THE SONG OF THE RAZOR.**

WITH fingers weary and cold,  
With costume simple and slight,  
A man at his dressing-table stood  
And shaved in the morning light.  
Strop! Strop! Strop!  
He'd worked at the razor long,  
But the edge was dull as a Saturday "Pop,"  
And he sang the following song.

"Scrape—scrape—scrape!  
Till the skin is tender and sore;  
And scrape—scrape—scrape,  
Till I cover myself with gore.  
It's oh! to be a man

In the grey and cheerless morn,  
When the lukewarm water is in the can;  
But the ordeal must be borne.

"Scrape—scrape—scrape  
At an embryonic beard;  
Scrape—scrape—scrape,  
Till the stubble has disappeared.  
On cheek, and lip, and chin,  
On chin, and lip, and cheek,  
And I do it over and over again  
Every day in the week.

"O men who do not shave!  
O men with money to spare!  
Who get a barber to do the job,  
How can you feel or care?  
Strop—strop—strop,  
Before I'm properly dressed;  
But you sit down in a nice warm shop  
And put your heads in a rest.

"But why do I talk of shops?  
For hairdressers make me sick;  
They keep their razors so nice and sharp,  
Yet I cannot learn the trick.  
No, I cannot learn the trick,  
Though months and years go past;  
To think that I should be so slow,  
And my beard should grow so fast!

"Scrape—scrape—scrape!  
My life of this is full;  
And what's the result? I have to stop  
The bleeding with cotton wool.  
I go down to breakfast pale and faint,  
But my bosom its sorrow bears;  
And who is to guess at the wild distress  
That has been my lot upstairs.

"Scrape—scrape—scrape,  
Up and down and around;  
Scrape—scrape—scrape,  
With the finest "hollow-ground,"  
On chin and lip and cheek,  
On cheek and lip and chin,  
And my heart goes out to that struggling  
blade,  
Except when it goes in.

"Scrape—scrape—scrape,  
When in bed too long I've lain;  
Scrape—scrape—scrape,  
When I have to catch a train.  
My razors once were "set,"  
And it gave me a gleam of hope,  
But the dear delight was fleeting as  
The lather upon the soap.

"Oh, for a beard and moustache  
That never would grow at all!  
Then my chin would be as smooth  
As an ivory billiard ball.  
To feel when I awoke  
There was nothing on earth to do,  
Except to tumble into my clothes,  
Which takes a minute or two!"

With fingers weary and cold,  
With costume simple and slight,  
A man at his dressing-table stood,  
And shaved in the morning light.  
Strop! Strop! Strop!  
He'd worked at the razor long,  
But the edge was dull as a Saturday "Pop,"  
And with sheer fatigue he was fit to drop,  
So he sang this sorrowful song! P. G.





TO "ABSENT FRIENDS!"











dozen; but unless they are foreign and have the word folk-song woven into every half-yard at the back they do not amount to anything.

That night HEREWOOD witnessed the performance of POYNT's remarkably successful comedy "*Irene*" at the Empress's Theatre. At least, he witnessed as much as he could see of it from a seat behind a pillar at the back of the dress circle. He was disappointed with the seat; but the house was packed, and for some time it had been a question whether they could give him a seat at all. He had already found out about the authorship. In fact, he had made a little collection of newspaper cuttings that day connected with it. The question which agitated him was if the authorship had been the reason that had brought POYNT to Herne Bay; it seemed to him unlikely. If it was so, could he use his knowledge for the purposes of revenge? That also seemed to him to be unlikely. But he decided that it was worth while to go to Herne Bay himself again the following morning, to see if he could do anything unpleasant.

#### CHAPTER VII.

ON the following day Herne Bay gave its imitation of the Riviera to a small audience. It was a glorious morning, something on account from the summer to follow. HEREWOOD arrived early, breakfasted at an hotel, and then made his way up the East Cliff. His plans were not matured; he had the knowledge, which Miss SMITH had not, that JULIUS was the author of a very successful comedy, and was much talked of in London, but he had not hit on any plan by which this would work his oppressor's downfall. He felt that his materials were not strong, but he was determined to do the best he could with them. He was, indeed, the more irritated that POYNT had written a play when he might have been guilty of cruelty to children; it looked as if he had intentionally thrown obstacles in his way.

Presently, from a seat high up on the cliff, HEREWOOD saw a man come slowly up the asphalt path. A portion of this man's face twinkled like a diamond in the sun. Instantly, HEREWOOD formed the conclusion that the twinkling portion was an eyeglass. A moment later he recognised that the rest of the figure was JULIUS POYNT. POYNT turned down off the path to a shelter facing the sea, near to a diminutive band-stand, without seeing HEREWOOD. He took a seat in the shelter facing the sea. The important point to HEREWOOD's mind was that he was not smoking a cigarette; it prepared HEREWOOD for what was to follow. Ten minutes later Miss SMITH appeared, and also went to the shelter; POYNT saluted her, and then they both sat down together.

HEREWOOD's conviction was that his next action was brilliant; others than he have done their lowest on record with a similar idea. He stole softly down the cliff and seated himself in the same shelter, but on the other side of the screen, where, without being seen, he could hear every word that was said. He did not arrive in time to catch the first words of the conversation. When he took up his position POYNT was saying that he would be only too glad. HEREWOOD's facial expression was unworthy of a curate. Then Miss SMITH spoke:

"I must tell you then that the idea I had was, that if ever I married it should be either to a leader or a creator. I would have married a great general, or a chief of brigands who was adored by his men. Or I would have married a great artist, or a poet, or a dramatic author—the latter of the three for preference. How foolish it was!"

"I don't think that," said POYNT. "At least, not entirely."

"Blackguard!" murmured HEREWOOD, under his breath.

"Yes, entirely wrong," Miss SMITH continued. "Woman's place is not to marry the strong, to shine with a reflected glory alone, to have the whole of her own individuality swamped in another stronger than her own. It is her place rather to comfort and sympathise, to marry the absolute failure, or at least the man who has not yet succeeded. The more I think of it, the stronger is my repulsion to marrying anyone who has succeeded in any of the careers that I have mentioned. I do not want the full-blown flower; I could take no interest in it. I would rather see the bud open, and feel that my tender care had something to do with its development. I could find, too, a melancholy charm in faded petals. But I will have nothing to do with success."

"Good!" whispered HEREWOOD, on the other side of the shelter.

"Success," she went on, "makes men braggarts; it makes them give up taking trouble; it makes them independent of a woman's love. It spoils them utterly."

HEREWOOD felt that his moment had come. He sprang to his feet, swept round to the other side of the shelter, slipped on the short grass and fell over. Then he rose, brushed his clothes with his hand, and said with severity:

"I have heard all!"

"Then," said Miss SMITH, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"Surprised at you," said POYNT. "You ought to be in London. Go back at once, and don't give me all this trouble."

"At the Empress's Theatre last night I saw a comedy in which a man hides behind a screen, and is thought rather highly of for it."

"We've nothing for you," said Miss SMITH. "Do go away, please."

"Yes, I will go; but first hear what I have to say, for it concerns you nearly. Your sentiments as to success are admirable, and I share them myself. But were you aware that the very man to whom you were speaking is himself a success, and of a most marked and notorious kind? Do you know what he has done? He has brought the scent of the hay-field across the footlights, that's what he has done. It was he who wrote the blatantly successful comedy that I witnessed last night. There was not a vacant seat in the house, nor a dry eye, nor any of the usual things. And this is the man who has attempted to take advantage of your ignorance of his past! He is a common object of conversation; he is in all the newspapers. Listen!"

HEREWOOD pulled a packet of newspaper cuttings from his pocket "Here is one extract, saying that he is at present in the Italian Riviera. Here is another, saying that his favourite pastime is lawn-mowing. Here is a third, saying that he has been offered twenty thousand for his next piece, and that he has never been out of London in his life, for romantic reasons which are known to the writer but which he cannot divulge. He is the talk of the clubs. I heard a man in the hotel where I was stopping ask how the name POYNT was spelt. Doubtless he has concealed this from you, but I was watching your interests. I tell him to his face that he is a black-hearted success; he is full-blown; he is a braggart. There will never be any privacy in his life, either for himself or his wife; personal paragraphs will dog his steps wherever he goes. And that is the man who—but I will return to the subject later if I have an opportunity."

This somewhat hurried conclusion was due to the fact that Miss SMITH's little terrier *Vixen*, having escaped from confinement, had just appeared on the path above in quest of her mistress. On sighting HEREWOOD *Vixen* came towards him with every sign that she wished to eat him, and he left with rapidity.

"What he has told you," said POYNT, "is partly true. You know you would have heard it later from me if that insufferable idiot had not interfered. I have produced a comedy which has had some success. But the next that I do may be a failure; these things are largely a matter of luck. Do not let one success spoil my whole life. Again, all that you said about the successful is true, as a general rule; but it was precisely because I knew it to be true that I ran away from compliments and flattery, to hide myself in Herne Bay. With your help, I think I might escape the curse of the successful. Do not fear the personal paragraphs that he showed you; if ever they say one word which is true, I promise that I will write and deny it at once. Come; you are an heiress, but I have forgiven and forgotten it. Will you not be equally generous to me? I adore you."

"I seem to have changed my mind a good deal," said Miss SMITH, shyly. "Can't I—if you don't mind—leave all this to you?"

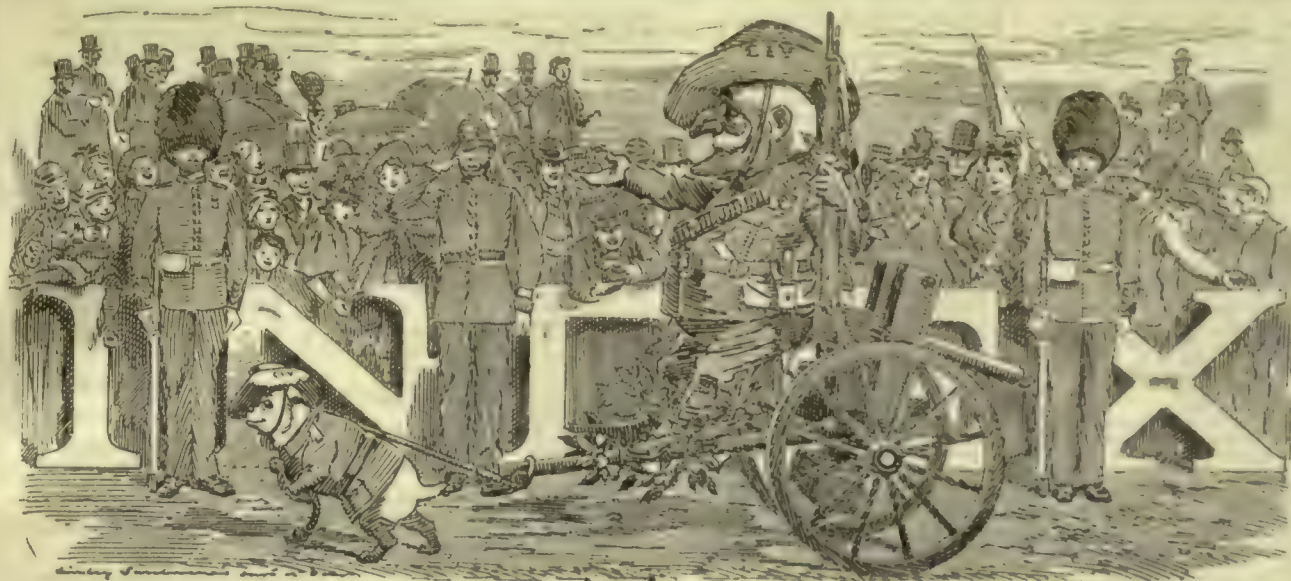
He said something to the effect that she could.

They were both very late for luncheon again that day.

In consideration of very ample apologies, coupled with a pair of silver-backed hat-brushes, all in the best possible taste, HEREWOOD was forgiven; he assisted the Archdeacon in performing the wedding ceremony.

*Barry Pin*





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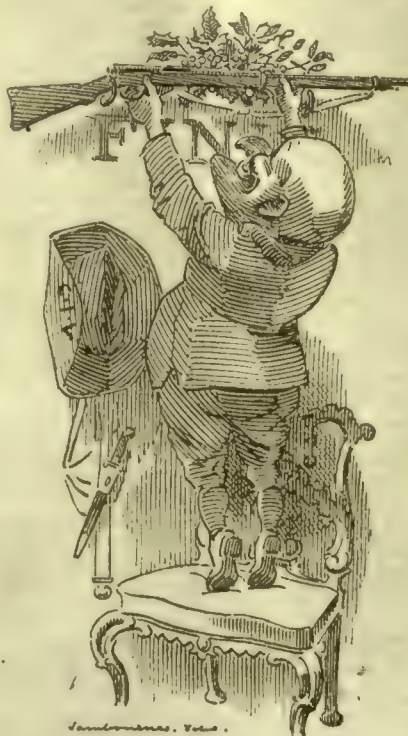
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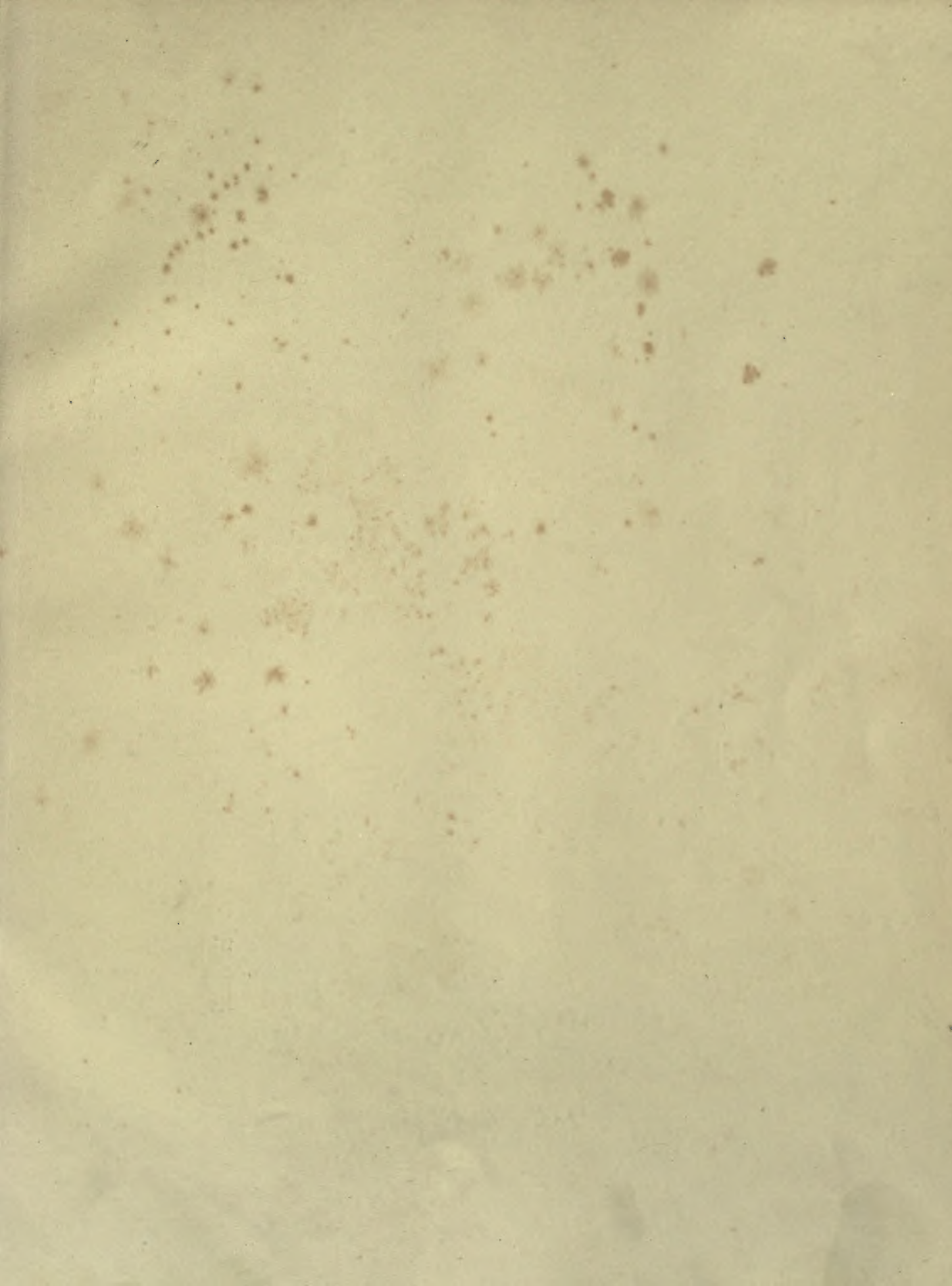


















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